

# Fashion Spread

The best dressed stars at the MET Gala



18-19

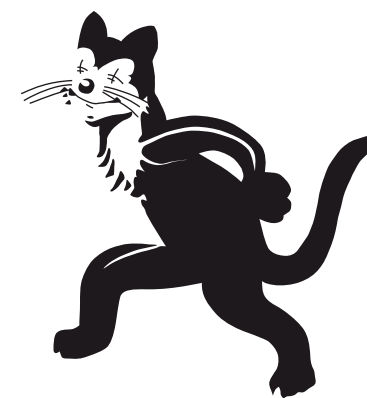
# Four Fantastic Film Pages

What to know what to watch when you should be revising?

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# FELIX

"Keep the Cat Free"



09/05/14  
Issue 1575  
felixonline.co.uk

## College gets a 2:1 for Sexual Health

Joe Letts  
Editor-In-Chief

In a Superdrug study of sexual health provision by universities nationwide College was rated 14th and provided with a 2:1 classification.

Using a list of the top 50 universities (as listed by the Good University Guide), Superdrug rated them against nine criteria regarding sexual health provision for students.

Receiving 63 points, a full 17 points behind table leaders Bristol University, College's lowest score, F, was received in *Sexual Health Information Found On Campus*, while College received a D for the ease of finding sexual health information on its website.

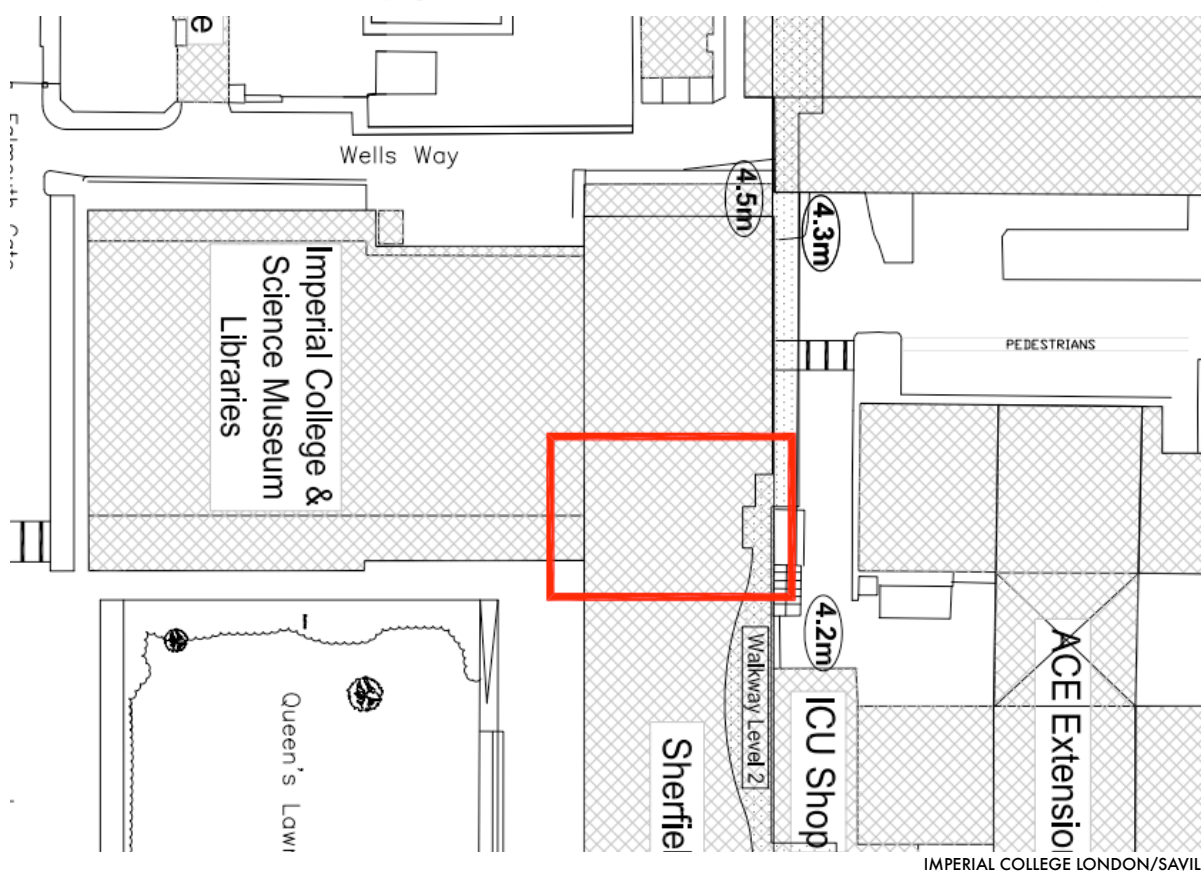
In total seven universities received a 'first class degree' from Superdrug's Online Doctor, while half of the group received a 2:1 or better.

Some of the main problems observed by the researchers compiling the table included the fact the universities were often not involved in sexual health campaigns or provision, leaving it to elected welfare officers who change every year. Also, they pointed out that while many universities provide a good sexual health service, they often don't promote it enough or do not give detailed information.



## Library Inches Closer Towards Air Conditioning

College submits planning application to Westminster Council for cooling plant on roof of Sherfield Building



Joe Letts  
Editor-In-Chief

After many years of complaints from students regarding the sweltering heat on the top floors of the Central Library, Felix is happy to announce that College has finally responded by providing air conditioning in the library.

According to documents filed with the City of Westminster Council by Savills on behalf of college, the application asks from Planning Permission for the 'erection of ventilation roof plant and associated ducting to serve the Central Library'. The proposed chilling machinery will be built on the roof of the Sherfield Building. At 11 metres in length and almost 3 metres high, the plant will

take up a volume of 68 cubic metres, and will be connected to the library by ductwork that will mostly be built internally.

As the planning application notes, "The library has long suffered with overheating issues, most notably during summer spells of warm weather where the largely glazed building suffers from solar heating, resulting in working conditions unsuitable for the study areas."

This will hopefully be a great relief to the hundreds of students who have tried to revise in the library during each summer examination period, and may bring to an end the rite of passage of smuggling a fan into the library for some desperate students.

We spoke to Marissa Lewis, the Union's Deputy President (Welfare), who said: "The temperature in the library is a common complaint from

students, especially during the already stressful exam season – it's fantastic news that this is going to get fixed... it's a really *cool* idea."

We approached College and asked why it had taken so long to make changes to the Library cooling system. A College Spokesperson replied, "The College conducted a survey last year which identified temperature control as the improvement most sought by student users of the Central Library on the South Kensington Campus.

Imperial is currently applying for the necessary planning permission to install climate-control in the Library. The timeframe for installation has not yet been established. Library users will be kept informed of plans once the likely start date for the work has been determined"

*Felix is just happy that College has stopped giving students the cold shoulder. -Ed.*

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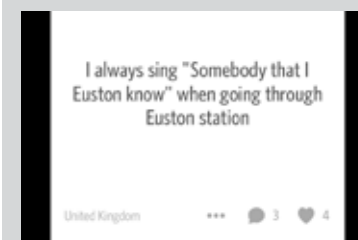
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Arts is back baby! What do you think about the nude male in art?



## Things to do this weekend

**Imperial Festival**

**Watch a film**

**Revise**

**Read a youtube book**

**Learn the 4 Chord Song**

**Imperial Festival**

**BP Walk Through British Art**

**Revise**

**Take a #SELFIE**

**Book a summer holiday**

**Revise**

**Find an internship/job**

**Read me front to back :)**

## Here's some extra joy we managed to find...

**Tighten your belts**

**A**ccording to the Metro, London's "thinnest" house is to undergo surgery after council inspectors ruled that it does not meet housing standards.

The makeshift house, situated in Waltham Forest will have to be destroyed within 3 months, despite appeals by owners Zim Properties.

**Tat fails to impress**

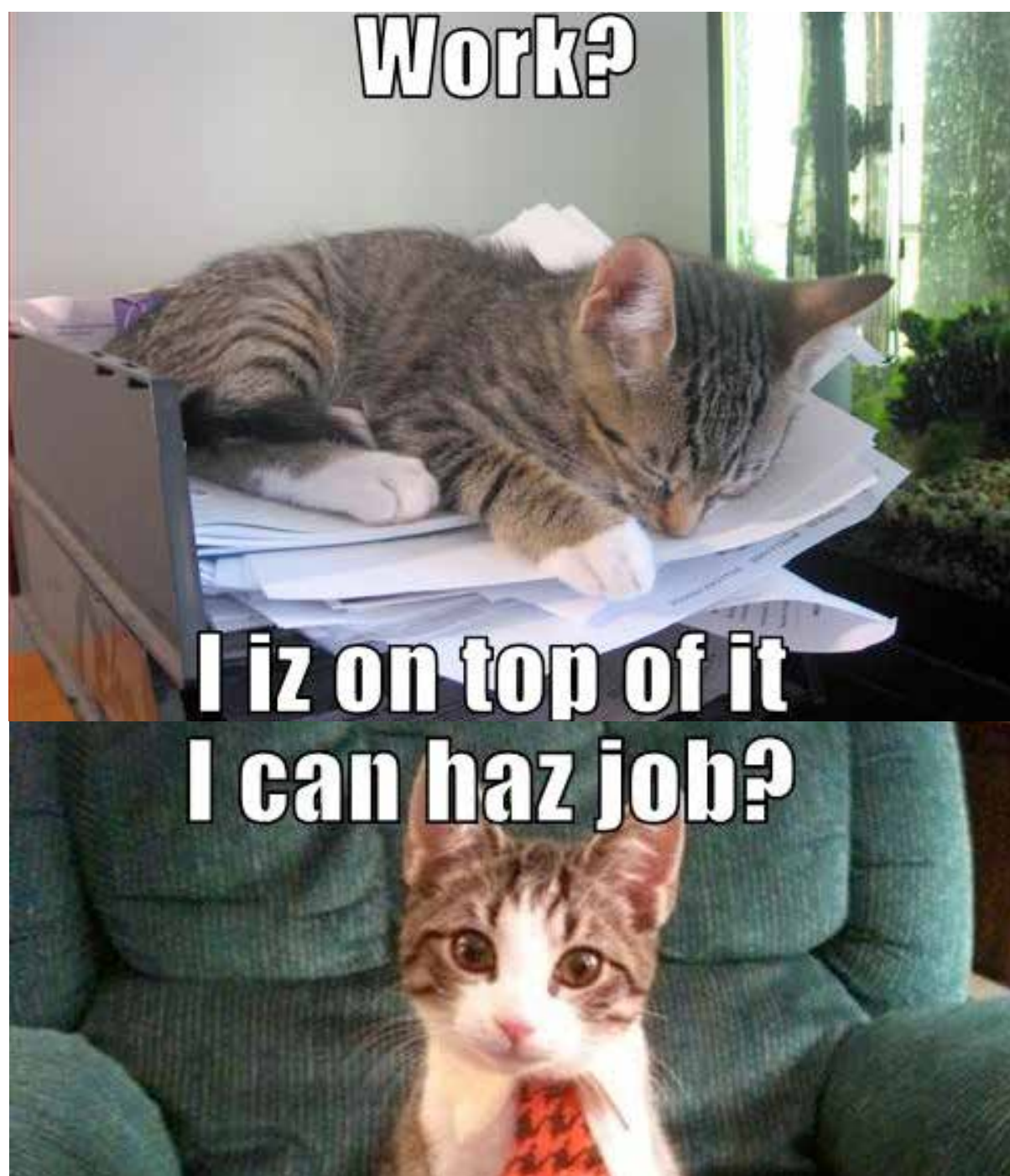
Surrey resident Bradlet Holman recently received his 15 minutes of fame after showing off a new tattoo.

Holman, while on holiday in Malia, Crete was inked with a tattoo of the Nando's logo on his right buttock, in the hope of receiving a legendary "Nando's Black Card" that provides the holder with free chicken for life.

Nando's did not play ball.

Holman has since threatened to replace his tattoo with the logo for KFC...

**LOLCAT OF THE WEEK: More from teh Lolcat editor**



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

# NEWS

## Eurovision voting pattern reveals no prejudice against the UK



EUROVISION.TV

**Aamna Mohdin**  
News Editor

Statisticians at UCL and Imperial College London have found that contrary to popular belief UK entries to Eurovision have not been “systematically shunned” by the rest of Europe. Statistical analysis of voting patterns have shown that while there is more to winning than just musical talent, there is little evidence to back up Terry Wogan’s claim that the song contest has issues of bias and discrimination. The study, published in *Journal of Applied Statistics*, analysed how countries voted since Eurovision introduced televoting in 1998.

The results of the statistical analysis showed virtually zero negative bias. There was no evidence of prejudice or discrimination against anyone as the study demonstrated that countries didn’t systematically give low points to other countries.

Voting patterns may instead be

motivated by positive loyalties based on culture, geography, history and migration. Dr Gianluca Baio, one of the lead authors of the paper, said: “Migration seems to be an interesting explanation for some of the patterns that we see in the data. For example, Turkey seems to be scored highly by German voters, possibly due to the large number of Turkish people who have migrated to Germany, and potentially televote from there. But our analysis found no convincing evidence of negative bias or discrimination against anyone – no country really has any enemies.”

“In our analysis we used what we call a ‘Bayesian hierarchical formulation’ to model the scores,” explained co-author Dr Marta Blangiardo. “We took into account factors like the language of the song and the gender of the singer both of which have known effects on the votes. This left behind an underlying trend for us to measure. This trend is based on cultural and geographical similarities, as well as migrations of people.”

Bayesian hierarchical formulations are a powerful statistical tool, which

properly accounts for underlying correlations in the observed data. This model allows scientists to focus on repeated voting behaviour over the years, rather than one-off factors. However, while statistical methods can identify trends in the data, they cannot directly tell us about the underlying causes for people’s motivation to vote a certain way.

“The observed data can only suggest whether there is bias, and there can be many reasons for this,” Baio says. “To prove something stronger like ‘discrimination’ or ‘favouritism’, we would need more complex data, for example polling on people’s motivations for voting the way they do.”

Eurovision 2014 is being held in Copenhagen, with the final taking place on Saturday 10 May.

The UK entry, “Children of the Universe” sung by Molly Smitten-Downes was written especially for this year’s competition, the 59th Eurovision Song Contest.

Dr. Marta Blangiardo is a lecture in Biostatistics in the Department of Epidemiology and Biostatistics.

## Postgraduate Graduation ceremony in Royal Albert Hall



IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON

**Joe Letts**  
Editor-In-Chief

This week 2,700 students graduated from various postgraduate course in the Royal Albert Hall.

The ceremony, held on Wednesday, was the last postgraduate graduation event held in the history of Imperial, students received their degrees while observed by an audience of 6,000 supporters, spread over three sessions throughout the day.

As with the undergraduate ceremony the Union President David Goldsmith gave a speech to the graduating students, and each shook the hand of President and Rector Sir Keith O’Nions.

In a speech, Sir Keith said, “Each of

you has been at the frontier of your subject. You have pushed, tested and in many cases moved the boundaries of knowledge and achieved a new level of understanding. The full impact of your achievements and success will unfold down the years as your careers develop further.”

The day also saw honours being conferred on several notable academics, with Professor Dudley Brian Spalding FRS, FRAE, retired Professor of Heat Transfer receiving an honorary degree in recognition of his research into Computational Fluid Dynamics, followed by Dr Rodney Eastward, a former College Secretary, upon whom was conferred an Imperial College Medal for outstanding contribution to the life and work of the College.

### Sponsored Editorial

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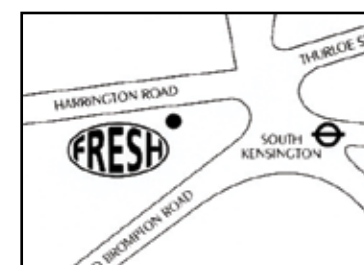
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## Remember the Science Museum Library?

**Joe Letts**  
Editor-In-Chief

Have you been wondering what has been happening on the 3rd floor of the Central Library? Us too?

Quick thinking reader Reuben Margerison managed to charm his way in for a quick picture of the space that used to hold the Science Museum Library. Voilà!

In the meanwhile, what will happen to level 3? Plans are ongoing but will be influenced by the Library Space Survey that 1216 of you filled out last term (<http://bit.ly/libpsv>).

If you want to retrieve a book in the meantime make sure you visit: <http://bit.ly/1fSjUIf>.



R. MARGERISON



# NEWS

Editors: **Nida Mahmud, Maciej Matuszewski, Aamna Mohdin, Aemun Reza, Kunal Wagle**  
news.felix@imperial.ac.uk

## Higher Education

### Oxford Union President Arrested

**Joe Letts**  
Editor-In-Chief

**A**ccording to the Tab Oxford, this week the Oxford Union President Ben Sullivan was arrested by Police and questioned concerning allegations over an incident of rape and another of attempted rape.

Sullivan was woken up by police at 7.10 AM on Wednesday morning and was released on bail until June 18.

This news follows recent turmoil in Oxford's debating Union, which has led to the resignation of two officers under Sullivan's command after Sullivan attempt to use the society's money to stop the press printing a story about his membership of an elite Christ Church College drinking club.

The allegations, which were later covered by the Times, accused Sullivan of belonging to the Banter Squadron, an "informal" elite drinking society. Sullivan attempted to use £1,200 of Union members' money to stop the press, and later was forced to admit membership after this attempt failed and the press refused to accept information about blackmail incidents involving other members of the Oxford Union.

In a statement to the press, Sullivan later reverted his story, claiming "I said I was not aware of what the 'Banter Squadron' was and that I had never been a 'member' because the idea that the 'Banter Squadron' is a formal organisation is frankly ridiculous.

The phrase is an ironic term that has sometimes been used to refer to our group of friends. I apologise for not being more clear originally."

## Political Shenanigans

### Lords Seeks Fracking Cabinet Committee

**A**ccording to a report published by the House of Lords Economics Affairs Committee, PM David Cameron should establish a cabinet committee dedicated to fracking.

In the report, the Lords' committee mentioned that the UK has shale reserves that could provide 40 years worth of UK gas consumption, providing energy security and possibly 250,000 jobs.

However, the peers were concerned that the Environment Agency had not received any new applications for fracking permits since the temporary UK fracking ban in 2012 triggered by a potentially fracking-related earthquake caused by Cuadrilla Resources during an exploration

operation in Lancashire.

The peers also support changes to trespass laws which would allow companies to carry out hydraulic fracturing operations under people's properties without consent.

### Political smear campaigns off to a good start

**T**he last fortnight has seen a several interesting points in the run-up to the May 22 European Parliament elections.

From the not-so-secret BNP "banned" party political broadcast that bore all the hallmarks of an attention-grabbing viral-flopping low budget flick to Labour's over-produced video about Nick Clegg the "Un-amazing shrinking man" parties are seemingly anxious to engage and amuse voters, rather than spending time explaining their policies. Let the games, begin!

## Things that might make you say hmmm?

### Lost something?

**O**n Sunday the Twitter account run by Burnley Police station tried to inject a bit of humour into the early morning shift, tweeting

"Anyone lost a huge amount of cannabis in the Burnley area? Don't panic, we found it! Pop in to the station to collect it.. #we'rewaiting"

Officers, clearly bored with the lack of evening entertainment provided by their job followed up with a tweet late that evening providing an interesting offer:

"#specialoffer free overnight accommodation, in walking distance of local shops & each room has a nice selection of bars! #anytakers #free"

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# FEATURES

## Tell me friends, what is your Secret?

Rory Fenton reveals (almost) all with a look at the hot new "Secret" app.

Rory Fenton  
@roryfenton



It's often said that in the Internet Age there is no more anonymity but this is only half true. Yes, thanks to Facebook I'll know that the girl from my old English class in Year 12 has just broken up with her boyfriend and is playing Taylor Swift on a tear-filled triumphant loop on Spotify but the internet has also opened up so many ways to be completely expressive and yet completely anonymous. Take Twitter. While my own handle is @roryfenton (Hint: follow me. I'm lonely), many of the people I follow use anonymous accounts. @LetterOfNote shares interesting letters written by famous and not-so-famous hands. @IAM\_SHAKESPEARE ("Willy Shakes") fills my timeline with accidental innuendos from Shakespeare's plays (today's include "His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide" from As You Like It). These don't, however, represent the bulk of anonymous tweeters. Less interesting or humorous are the countless accounts set up to anonymously abuse other Twitter users. When you see someone like Lenny Henry told to "EFF OFF BACK TO \*insert misspelt African country\*", there's a good chance that was sent from an anonymous account, possibly set up just to send that tweet. To exaggerate a little, it seems we're stuck with either arseholery on anonymous Twitter or Too Much Information on nonymous Facebook. Yes I made the word "nonymous" up.



Into the fray steps new app Secret, aiming to provide an anonymous platform for users to share their biggest secrets with friends. Launched just weeks ago, I decided to try it out. I first heard about the app when it shot to fame after a Nike employee posted that the company was about to fire its Fuel Band staff. I say "Nike employee", it could have been absolutely anyone because Secret is anonymous in extremis. Loading up the app for the

first time you enter your email address but create no username or handle. When you post a "secret", it is not linked to any particular user, not even to a pseudonym. You can publish "I like Steve" and immediately after "I have mixed feelings about Steve" with no way to tell it was the same person saying both.

Unlike Twitter, you can't choose whom to follow. Your Secret friends will be automatically added using your iPhone contacts (an Android version is en route) so, short of actually asking them, you'll never know which of your friends are populating your timeline. If you like a post (a "secret"), you can swipe right on it to "love" it just like a "like" on Facebook and you can comment too. Commenters are identified by little symbols beside their comments (such as a blue ship or a yellow flower) so you can have conversations on a secret and keep track of who says what but when you comment on another secret, your symbol will change, keeping your identity hidden.

When you love a secret, that secret will appear on your friends' timelines, enabling secrets to go "viral" like a tweet being retweeted and until you reach ten friends using the app (I currently have an embarrassing 5) you can't tell if a secret was posted by a friend or simply loved by them.

The app itself is one of the nicest apps I've ever used. Secrets come with the text itself (limited to about the length of a tweet) and a background, which can be a photo or just a colour. The result is a timeline that looks much neater than the clutter on either Facebook or Twitter, with text appearing in larger font. When I first got Secret my Secret-using-friend count stood at 1 so I had a timeline with a total of 5 secrets in it, none too exciting, mostly slagging off engineers. I decided to dive in and share my first secret: "I spent at least one hour of everyday for the past two weeks watching Graham Norton YouTube clips and now there are none left". I gave it an orange background because that's Graham's colour. The fact that I'm sharing this "secret" in Felix gives away that I'm not all that ashamed of it; it wasn't, really, a proper secret. Nonetheless within an hour my 21st Century need for sanitised human contact was satisfied by a pity love from that one friend and a simultaneous pity comment-"approved". Thanks one friend. Happy with my first attempt at secretting, I invited a load of my phone contacts (they receive anonymous emails from Secret itself) and tucked myself into bed to dream-up new scenes for Graham Norton.

Upon waking, I opened up Secret



to find my friend count had swollen to 3 friends. This three-fold increase actually had a huge impact on the number of secrets I could see, as not only did my friends' secrets enter my feed, so did those they had loved. I could now get an idea of just what kind of thing people were posting. A typical "secret" is wildly removed from TV chat show addictions. Gentle reader be warned: Secret contains a \*lot\* about sex. Nothing especially explicit and seldom swears, just people being really honest about their likes and dislikes. Of course, this could really just be representative of the kind of people I'm friends with- your timeline will be unique to your friendship group.

I decided to follow suit and send out a slightly saucier second secret, one I certainly won't put in Felix. This one was a proper secret, enough to make me Google "secret app security" before posting it with all the caution of a mother duck setting her little baby duck on the pond for the first time. It was at this point, kind reader, I became a bit of a Secret Super Star. Extending well beyond my three friends, within an hour my secret had been loved by 20 different people and attracted approving and shocked comments respectively from a red cat and green bottle. I set my phone aside to do some revision (and, let's face it, scrape the barrel of Graham Norton clips) to find my 20 loves now stood at 50 as I tucked myself again into bed, feeling smug. Bedtime for Rory is just early evening in the States, where the app is most popular. While I dreamily planned the interactions in a fantasy interview between Graham and Elvis, my secret sped down the zipline of friend-to-friend connections across the Atlantic and as I groggily opened the app that next morning, it had been loved by over 250 people. That's 250 people who were sufficiently moved by my tale of smut that they moved a finger the full width of a phone screen in loving admiration. Red Cat and Green Bottle had now been joined by ten other friends, including

a disapproving blue bicycle helmet. Helmets, eh?

Being, as I am, a Massive Big Deal, this wasn't my first experience of Going Viral as last month I managed 500 retweets on what turned out to be the first photo of the UK's first married same sex couple outside Islington Town Hall (seriously, @roryfenton, do it). Being Secret-viral, however, is a very different thing. I couldn't help but be pleased that so many people were loving something I'd done and yet it was something I was far too embarrassed to actually tell anyone about. I took a screen shot of the wild number of notifications I'd racked up and tweeted it boastfully but without the content of the actual secret, nobody cared. In boasting about my Secret success, I was getting Secret all wrong; the whole point is the anonymity. In providing pure anonymity while among friends, the app works like the perfect masquerade ball where the fun isn't in working out who everyone is or who has the most exciting disguise but in being completely and utterly open, throwing caution to the wind and just standing there in your brilliant, ugly, faceless, truthful nudity. In boasting about attracting so much "love" I was desperately grasping at identity, at a way of standing out. To fully do Secret is to fully let go of the self. It's fucking deep.



As I got more and more immersed I started to notice two different categories of non-sex secrets. First, there are the secrets that aren't really "secrets" at all but jokes of the "I'm secretly Batman" type. Funny, yes, but nothing that couldn't be posted to Twitter. The second non-sexy category is something I really wasn't expecting: there are some incredibly honest, highly private posts that you simply would never see on Twitter or Facebook. "I'm going to hurt someone on Thursday and I can't help it but I feel so terrible", for example, posted by someone about to break up with their boyfriend/ girlfriend elicited dozens of comments with advice and personal experience from other

people who have been through the same thing. "I'm worried my taste in porn conflicts with my gender politics" started a very frank, erudite debate on feminism and pornography between friends that could only have happened anonymously.

I am just over a week on Secret and I'm utterly hooked. When someone posts something highly personal to Facebook, it can feel fake, as if they are seeking attention or passive aggressively getting at someone else. On Secret these possibilities are stripped away as people fully, honestly expose a part of themselves in search of advice or maybe just the knowledge that someone knows their truth, albeit not whose truth it is. On Twitter I can follow anyone in the world and in turn be followed by anyone. With Secret, I know that I am hearing from friends and their friends which adds a weight and proximity to what they say. When I post a secret I could be receiving sincere advice from my best friend or a stranger on the other side of the world connected to me by a complex web of mutual acquaintance- I can judge advice on content alone. "I have chronic depression that once became so severe that I took several weeks of absence from work while I sought treatment. I told my boss and coworkers that I had mono. I didn't want to deal with the stigma". When was the last time someone opened up to you like that? Someone did to me, 5 minutes ago, on Secret. A friend of a friend. The secret has no comments (what could you possibly say?) but loves. Hundreds of them. Letting that person know that even if they don't want to be named, people care. And as that person uses Secret they will see from others that they are not alone. Anonymity among friends is a powerful thing.

With fewer Batman jokes and more openness, Secret has enormous potential. It is wonderfully therapeutic to be so open and with fewer friends than fingers, each secret can be properly appreciated. The fact that only one secret fits on the screen at a time adds to this. If I were the app's developer, I would keep "love" but stop telling people how much love they've received. That would stop the occasional jokey attention seeking and bring the level up to just letting stuff go. I look forward to seeing where Secret goes over the next months and years. It has found something very special that no other social network has quite managed. Give it a go.

And if you're wondering, my viral Secret currently has over 450 loves

#BigDeal  
#HashtagsOnlyWorkOnTwitter  
#ThisIsANewspaper  
#GodINeedToGetOutMore



# FEATURES

Editor: **Shiladitya Ghosh**  
felix@imperial.ac.uk



## Felix goes to #SPANC for the weekend

Laurence de Lussy Kubisa reminisces about the Student Publication Association National Conference



PHILIPPA SKETT

Logging the recommended 200 copies of Felix, I skilfully avoided Friday rush hour and made my way to King's Cross to attend the Student Publication Association National Conference (#SPANC) being hosted at Nottingham Trent University. Due to an administrative oversight (idiocy) tickets were exclusively via Grantham (lovely station) and highly reasonably priced (expensive). After relieving myself of about 30kgs worth of newspaper at the hostel, I headed on down to Nottingham Trent Union (NTU) to meet with my hosts and the other Felix rep (our estimable Editor-elect).

NTU is plush. Opened mere months ago, this billion-dollar facility boasts everything you could ever need from a union (in-house Costa anyone?). Indeed, if you like thinking 568 and Metric are 'ok' then I recommend you never visit NTU.

Our hosts were warm and welcoming and we were soon chatting and sharing publication stories over £2.75 Guinness'. SPANC proper didn't start until the Saturday morning so we

let ourselves be taken on the 'Average-Bars' tour of Nottingham. Despite the distinctly mediocre environs, we had a roaringly good time getting to know some of our fellow student editors.

The 9am Saturday morning start wasn't the best way to recover, but Felix are nothing if not hardy. There were speeches from an eclectic bunch of journalists giving us an excellent insight into both how a career in the field can evolve as well as how to improve our own publications. We finally managed to rid ourselves of all the Felixes at the swap-shop only to quickly regain the weight by picking up a diverse range of excellent student publications.

Felix then decided to split so as to give an official presence at both the next sessions – a talk with the local representative of the National Union of Journalists (Diana Peasey) and a Q&A with Nick Petrie of The Times. Petrie is one of those infuriatingly successful young people who, at 26, is already Deputy-Head of News Development at The Times. This success is made all the less bearable by the fact that he was lovely guy who's impossible not to

like and who also does a huge amount to help out budding hacks (check out wannabehacks.co.uk). I managed to pose a Q relevant only to myself (journos with science backgrounds) which prompted a palpable collective eye-roll from the others.

We then headed for an afternoon group-therapy session about our respective unis and unions with James Thornhill of The National Student. Some of the stories were truly horrific involving power-hungry sabs and dictatorial universities with the papers involved showing the kind of courage and fight that puts our protests against Imperial West to shame.

Due to another admin oversight, I had been unable to book two consecutive nights at an establishment and thus needed to move to the Clarence Hotel. Now, this is the point where I bestow upon you an important life lesson – there is no official criteria for calling yourself a hotel.

Arrival at the 'hotel' did not bode well. A sticker on the window informed us that the place had once been "rated on Trip Advisor". It took the 'manager' 20 mins to find my

keys in a Fawlty Towers-esque mix up that culminated in us disturbing an amorous couple. After navigating my way through corridors containing [presumably] broken bed frames, the room did not disappoint. A quantity of plugs that suggested that the hotel was scared I would run out of energy was accompanied by lashings of stains. To cap this, my bathroom was a 1m2 crime scene capped with a convenient murder weapon/drug hole.

Highlights from neighbouring rooms (Editor-elect and Cardiff Uni) included plastic spoons for door handles (logical), wardrobes that couldn't store clothes but could provide multiple entrances to magical lands (exciting) and sinks that were not connected to plumbing/mains (aesthetic). But hey, the beds were clean and doors were lock-ready.

The evening entertainment was an awards dinner followed by the NTU event Climax. Both were highly enjoyable though I may have outstayed my welcome with the bar staff by constantly asking them if they took Euros.

Suddenly, it was 9.45 in the morning

and we were late for the Sunday morning death session back at NTU. Thankfully NTU is wonderful and has a plethora of highly comfortable chairs. By not moving any of my core and ingesting a constant rate of fluids, I was just about able to concentrate.

Our final guest speaker was tabloid journalist and writer William Coles – a fascinating and entertaining talker who covered everything from finding a story to increasing your charm. Finally, there were the elections to the committee of the SPA where our Editor-elect continued her election-winning habits and duly bagged herself the role of Events Officer.

My soothing stop at Grantham (still lovely) allowed time for reflection on what was a brilliant weekend. It's well worth getting involved with Felix to attend these sorts of things. At the very worst, your Twitter following will increase by about 350% (as mine did) or even better, you'll meet some genuinely interesting and intelligent people doing some really exciting stuff. Keep an eye out for SPANC 2015 as Felix has high hopes for hosting next year!

## Student Media and Union Censorship

Editor-Elect **Philippa Skett** ponders the relationship between student publications and free speech

The Student Publication Association (SPA) is very much in its infancy, especially when compared to other media associations, such as the Student Radio Association. This is particularly surprising considering nearly every university has a newspaper, either independently ran or overseen by their union, like Felix.

With this in mind, is there even a need for the SPA, if it is apparent that publications have been running successfully without this overarching representation? Not only that, but what can the SPA actually do?

After talking to other editors of the various newspapers and magazines

across the country, it seems that the interactions some publications have with their respective institutions are in fact often strained, and sometimes pushed to breaking point.

There seems to be a spectrum of censorship across student media, and it seems that few publications are true avenues for free student press. I spoke to editors that were effectively usurped by censoring sabbaticals, others that had their publications hidden during open days, and yet others that were censored by media or communication sabbaticals hell-bent on protecting the reputation of institutions at the cost of free speech.

One of my manifesto points was to reduce the union influence over

the publication, and after attending SPANC, it has come to light just how important this will be to uphold. The position of Felix within this censorship spectrum has wavered over the years, and at the moment the relationship between the paper and the union is a pleasant one, but we need to ensure that this continues.

Joining the SPA executive committee was a decision I made because I believe that student newspapers, regardless of their financial background, should not be limited in what they print as long as it is factually accurate and within the interest of the student body.

Our motto is to "keep the cat free," and is something I will always uphold, despite being forever grateful that

the union keeps us financially in the black. However, there will always be times where simply repeating such an aphorism will not be enough, so hopefully one day, through the framework of the SPA, we will be able to turn to other publications for advice, support and aid, and vice versa. The successes of Felix can be used as inspiration for some publications, whilst we can draw off the strengths of others.

Through this unification of student publications, the SPA will be able to reach out to unions and universities alike to promote the benefits and indeed the rights of student media, and also keep them in check should things go awry. Not only that, the SPA has

the potential to introduce workshops to train student journalists, run future conferences to facilitate personal and professional networking between both student and full-time journalists and their publications, develop a media ethics code, and enhance their awards system to introduce a standardised seal of approval for all the work student publications produce.

The SPA is not promising to deliver all of this all at once, but it definitely has the capacity to do so, and is something I am willing to support as much as I possibly can. The student voice is a powerful one, and hopefully by unifying all of the avenues that propagate this voice, it can reach its full potential.



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# Boosting your brainpower?

**Utsav Radia** discusses new research on study drugs, and the problems they pose

**T**he London 2012 Olympics was not just a very fruitful and lucrative opportunity for the UK economy, which benefitted from a £9.9bn boost in trade and investment. It also placed a huge responsibility on the analytical chemists who had the job of identifying the drug cheats and keeping the Games fair.

Now, it seems, that the number of people relying on these chemical cheats for academic purposes is on the rise too. However, just how beneficial are these drugs for enhancing exam performance?

According to a study presented to the American Academy of Paediatrics, 18% of the students at an Ivy League College in the USA reported to misuse of a prescription stimulant (used normally in patients with Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder; ADHD) at least once while studying, with 24% of students admitting to have done so on eight or more occasions. Not only that, but a third of the students did not view this misuse as actually “cheating”.

The use of such ‘cognitive enhancing’ drugs has been a hotly debated topic over the past few years, especially with increasing widespread prescription access to drugs such as methylphenidate (Ritalin) and mixed amphetamine salts (Adderall) being used for non-medical (or worse, academic) purposes due to claims

that these can increase concentration, memory and allow prolonged periods of attention whilst working.

Such classes of drugs are normally used in medical practice for patients with narcolepsy, fatigue, shift-work, sleep apnoea (a form of sleep disorder) and psychiatric disorders such as ADHD. Of the 616 non-ADHD sophomores sampled in the study, 69% of those who misused stimulants did so to write an essay, 66% to study for an exam and 27% to sit a test.

The survey showed that nearly three times as many students who did misuse ADHD stimulants thought that this was a common practice on their campus, compared to students who did not. Evidence shows that at some US universities, 7% of students regularly use these drugs whilst studying and the trend is expected to increase in the near future.

Interestingly, these drugs are believed to principally benefit (as far as cognitive enhancement is concerned) those individuals who already have ‘below average’ cognitive abilities. A newer drug, modafinil, has shown promise by inhibiting inappropriate impulsive responses and improving performance when fatigue sets in.

However, it has only significantly improved certain types of memory (pattern recognition memory) and is associated with a multitude of side effects. Some of the main side effects of commonly used medication



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include headache, nausea, dizziness, sleeping problems and a decreased appetite. Although well tolerated by the vast majority of people taking the medications, in under 10% of those affected, these events can be significant. Furthermore, the main worry is of the unknown side effects that these drugs may present with in

the future, with increased and more widespread use. Although ADHD patients may consider the side effects of such medication reasonable, is this justifiable in people who take them recreationally or just to ‘pass exams’?

Principle investigator for the study done in the Ivy League College, Natalie Colaneri, agreed that this

issue needs to be “approached from an interdisciplinary perspective: as an issue relevant to the practice of medicine, to higher education and to ethics in modern-day society”. Perhaps, we ought to introduce a branch of the World Anti-Doping Agency in schools as well, before the summer exams.

## Researchers produce an even greener solar cell

**Pavitar Devgon**  
Science Writer

**A** new solar cell is being pioneered by researchers at the Northwestern University, USA. Rather than using lead perovskite as the conductor to harvest light, the research team developed cells which utilise tin. The research paper was published in the Nature Photonics journal earlier this week.

The main benefits of this structure are the low cost of manufacture and the fact that it is more environmentally friendly, as lead compounds are often hazardous and require specialist equipment to use safely.

The team was led by Mercuri G.

Kanatidis, an inorganic chemist, who explained their choice of materials: “Tin is a very viable material, and we have shown the material does work as an efficient solar cell.” Perovskite is an oxide mineral which are being used increasingly in the field of photovoltaics. Lead perovskite solar cells can achieve an efficiency of 15% and by replacing the lead in the compound with tin, the team hopes to match or even surpass this benchmark.

While perovskite can appear organically, Kanatidis has been able to synthesis a tin-iodide perovskite compound. Collaborating with nanoscientist Robert P. H. Chang, they set about creating a working solar cell from the material. The perovskite materials are used as light harvesters in the solar cell and using tin, the research team noted that the charge

accumulates in the perovskite as well as in the electrode contacts. This led to a lower open-current voltage, which could be tuned by substituting iodide atoms with bromide.

Comparison tests were performed between tin halide compounds (notably iodide and bromine) with lead counter parts. The optical bandgap in the tin-iodide perovskite compound was measured at 1.3 eV, which is lower than the lead cells’ 1.55 eV. The absorption spectrum was also red shifted to a higher wavelength of 950nm.

While their tests were only able to reach efficiencies of just below 6%, the manufacture process with these new materials is an important starting point, Kanatidis believes. “Other scientists will see what we have done and improve on our methods, here is no reason this new material can’t reach



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an efficiency better than 15 percent, which is what the lead perovskite solar cell offers.

Tin and lead are in the same group in the periodic table, so we expect similar results.”





# On the hunt for young blood

**Matilda Hays** discusses the anti-aging properties of transfusions for mice

**W**hy do our bodies wear down as we get older? What turns us from jumping, frolicking children into aching, creaking OAPs? And could we ever stop this process?

Twilight fans will be thrilled to hear that the secret to immortality might really lie in people's blood.

Neural stem cells, the self-renewing, pluripotent cells that develop into the different type of cells that make up the nervous system, have been noted to decrease with age.

They are also located near the blood vessels in our brains so researchers thought that they might be receiving signals, not only from the nervous system, but also from signaling factors carried in the blood, and this may be influencing their decline.

To test this idea they joined the blood supplies of an old mouse (18 months, apparently the equivalent of 70 human years) and a young mouse (only 3 months) together, and found that this boosted the number of neural stem cells in the older mouse, indicating that something in the young blood was stimulating their growth.

They then simply injected old mice with blood plasma from young mice, and got similar results. Although it is important to bear in mind the sample size was only 8, the results suggest the young blood had a significant effect on cognition, with the old mice also performing better on maze learning and memory tests. But whilst some researchers are calling for clinical trials to see the effects on Alzheimer's,



Stephanie Meyer called, she wants her sexual aphrodisiac back

SIKHANSWERS.COM

others are cautioning that we need to identify what these 'rejuvenating factors' are first and shouldn't get carried away.

Excitingly, a team of researchers at Harvard think they have identified one. It's a growth factor called GDF11, found in our blood, and it's levels de-

crease as we age. On top of that, this protein is identical in both mice and humans, so any effects on the mice ought to be similar in us.

Injections of GDF11 have been shown to increase the number of blood vessels in our muscles, and to improve the structure of older muscle

fibres that become more disorganized with age. This might explain why young blood appears to rejuvenate muscle tissue and increase exercise endurance.

There are also suggestions that GDF11 reverses the effects of cardiac hypertrophy in old mice. This is a form of heart disease where the muscular walls of the heart become stiff and less efficient at pumping our blood, and a characteristic of the disease is that the heart increases in size.

After 10 weeks, the diseased hearts of older mice had shrunk considerably in size, suggesting the hypertrophy had been reduced. However the mechanism behind the process is not fully understood and there are still many questions, for example would the shrinking have continued indefinitely or levelled off at an optimum size?

This paper has also been criticised for focusing mainly on heart size and not including other functional heart tests. However, it is certainly a promising start so watch this space for possible future heart therapies!

Another idea is that the effects of ageing occur because the number and quality of our stem cells in various tissues declines. Stem cells are special because they can continuously renew themselves, whilst also providing a

source of new cells for whichever tissue they are part of. For example, in our brain, neural stem cells will keep dividing to renew or replace the neurons in our brain. So if our neural stem cells stop functioning with age, this might explain why our cognitive functions decline.

Whilst such research can potentially offer life-saving therapies, where is the line between preventing age-associated diseases, and controlling our life cycle? We all want to grow old gracefully, but might this lead us to a point where we don't grow old at all, and what other effects might this have on society?

Overall, we're still not sure exactly what causes us to age. Theories range from free radicals damaging our cells, to our telomeres running out. (Telomeres are excess bits of DNA at the end of our chromosomes that get shorter each time a cell divides). In truth it's probably a complicated interaction between pre-programmed bodily changes and our environment. But what is clear is that age is a risk factor for developing many other diseases such as cancer, heart disease and Alzheimer's.

If we can understand the ageing process then we might be able to reduce the risk of developing these diseases.



BABYANIMALZOO.COM

Can baby mice like these hold the answer to a longer life?



# COMMENT

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



## Ukraine Revisited

**Christy Kelly**  
Columnist



**H**aving written about the Ukraine when the events there were all just kicking off, I feel it is about time to return to the topic. Then I wrote full of youthful enthusiasm but now I shall have to take a more sober perspective. I could look at this (and to some extent I do) as a further sad confirmation that a Luxemburgist spontaneous revolution simply cannot deal with the Thermidorean reaction. But Ukraine was always a little more complicated: there is a distinct lack of any sense of 'national' unity in the country, and without this most efficient of banners to mobilise behind, the student protests in Kiev never really had any scope to advance beyond the modest middle-class movements which they were.

Of course, the reaction of the

'international community' – by which I mean the US and Western Europe – to the secession of Crimea has been typically hypocritical. All of a sudden, governments which had been falling over themselves to insist that the Orwellian 'Right to Protect' transcends so petty a thing as national state sovereignty, have rediscovered the importance of, umm, well, national state sovereignty... The 'international community' is aghast at this annexation which cost the life of one soldier. Yet the Americans supported the Indonesian 'annexation' of East Timor, with a human cost of perhaps 200 thousand lives, mainly civilian. Meanwhile, Brussels has remained obstinately mute about the continued military presence of Turkey on Cyprus. It was the 1967 land-grab which made Israel life-long friends with the US, while settlements continue to be built illegally on Palestinian soil. Yet when Russia conducted a murderous campaign in Chechnya, Clinton congratulated Putin on the 'liberation of Grozny'.

This hostility towards Putin is

new and very interesting. Russia's actions, after all, are clumsy but quite understandable (in the admittedly narrow terms of geopolitics and IR). Russia is reacting to a quite real eastward thrust amongst NATO member states, and perhaps also sees recent American impotence as a sign that the US will not be capable of intervening, at least within Russia's own 'sphere of influence'. Syria and Edward Snowden were perhaps test cases. The hostile reaction seems to be a sign that US impotence is real. This might just be another example of American paranoia, there has been plenty in the past, but it is undeniable that after enjoying 25 years of global hegemony, the US can no longer boast the same share of world economic and military power it once had. It seems reasonable enough to assume that this will eventually be reflected onto the political influence the US can wield, and I believe we have seen the seeds of this here.

Ukraine has had the misfortune to be the stage on which these international tensions were played out. Ukraine is

still recovering from the disastrous shock therapy imposed upon it after independence, and hardest hit was the industrialised East, always closer to Moscow, economically and culturally, than Kiev anyway. Politically, Yanukovich never enjoyed the legitimacy to make his Premiership safe in a notoriously divided country, but then the Orange revolutionaries only distinguished themselves through their self-obsession and incompetence. This power vacuum has sucked in Washington, Yatseniuk is clearly their 'man' – see the sinister conversation between Victoria Nuland of the State Department and Ambassador Geoffrey Pyatt, available on the BBC website, if you don't believe me – at the cost of Germany's interests (ex-boxer Klitschko will not be running for President), while Russia has responded by pushing West.

Defensive though Russia's actions have been, the crudity with which they have been carried out has had horrific consequences for the people of Ukraine. Ignoring for now the growth of the far right after the secession of

Crimea, Yatseniuk's legitimacy has certainly been improved by what is, from Kiev, a blatant act of aggression on the part of Russia. Certainly the secession of Crimea would not have been possible without the 100 thousand Russian troops stationed on the border. Neither can Russia plead completely innocent for the ongoing violence in Ukraine, though we should note that the violence is both two-sided and in part a genuine expression of anti-Kiev sentiment, not purely a result of Russian agitation as the Kyiv Post likes to make out.

Finally, the IMF has now got its claws into Ukraine with Yatseniuk's government instituting the very same economic policies which shrank Ukraine's GDP to 50% of its Soviet level, increased corruption, created a space for the Mafia and decreased life expectancy. Events in the Ukraine have been dramatic, and the deaths in Odessa are too sinister to be tragic, but bad though the violence is, it will soon end. Yet when the smoke clears we may be left facing the rubble of another neoliberal shock.

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# COMMENT

# Something important and totally worth reading all the way through

Felix  
Editor-In-Chief



Sometimes, there are really busy weeks, and sometimes there are quiet weeks. Sometimes there are weeks that start of quiet and then get a lot more complicated. Sometimes many weeks are like these. Sometimes you wish these weeks were over. Sometimes you wish these weeks weren't the weeks that they were.

Do you understand what I mean?  
Do I?

Silliness aside (well mostly), one has to fill a column somehow (and apparently the old 1953 methods just don't cut it anymore), I'm sure that you've experienced many weeks like these, especially now, when many of you are in the middle of, or impatiently waiting for, exams.

This is a strange and confusing term for Felix, since, like you, most of our editors are busy with the stress of exams, the pain of revision and the mental gymnastics required to survive an ordeal in the Sahara simulation that is the 5th floor of the Central Library (well at least for the time being – see page 1 – if you haven't already, I assume you probably saw it when you picked this issue up, or read it online, or read the entire article wittily condensed by some know-it-all twitterati superstar into a twisted, debauched 140 character version of its

former self).

This means that the Editor spends a lot of time trying to work out who will actually be available, what will come in and how much extra they have to do, a situation which leads to weird, slightly transcendental articles like this.

This also, hopefully, explains why our issues are shorter this term, since after all we rely on your contributions and astute observations to fill our lovely papery pages.

Honestly, if we could, we would ban all exams, and not just because it would give you more time to submit articles to our section editors (they get fewer emails – trust me it's better that way), but also because as a student population, we've been continually tested since a very young age, wouldn't it be nice if we had a break one year, before we actually have to get a job.

However, such is life.



J. LETTS

Right, time to put on the opinionated hat. Now I am the cat in the hat, but not with capitals because then that could cause a few legal issues. Remember, it's descriptive, not titular.

The initialisation of a process that may bring cooling to the Central Library? Good. Great. FANTASTIC! Eurovison statistics you cry?

Engaging, interesting and amusing.

Summer Sun? Fabulous!  
Mysterious filming last week? Curious. Unusual. Who was it?

Oh, and just before you go: follow us on snapchat @feliximperial.

Oh, and if you send anything funny, we will screenshot it, and probably publish it :)

## Hey, guys,

What?

Something important that isn't in **Futura**?

Want to get involved in this year's Phoenix?  
(Imperial's Arts Annual)

**For submissions or other enquiries  
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# BEST OF LUCK FOR EXAMS

**(if you  
have  
them)**





## POETRY CORNER

### *Single Sheet*

By Henry Bennie

*That patch of lichen skin,  
that resides between the male breasts,  
familiar but alien.  
His body was fresh above the sheets.  
Afraid he was dead,  
I watched his chest, waiting for the  
Swell and ebb.  
A squirm.  
I was calm again.*

*Single bed,  
double duvet.  
Our bodies everywhere,  
not sure which limb was mine, his.*

\*\*\*

*March 16th  
With peach sun bursting across the grey,  
he was out on the water in his boat.  
I, the shore.  
Legs pushing, arms pulling, back arching  
the boat rowed  
farther into the further.  
Slicing, cutting, progressing, approaching...  
the other shore.*

\*\*\*

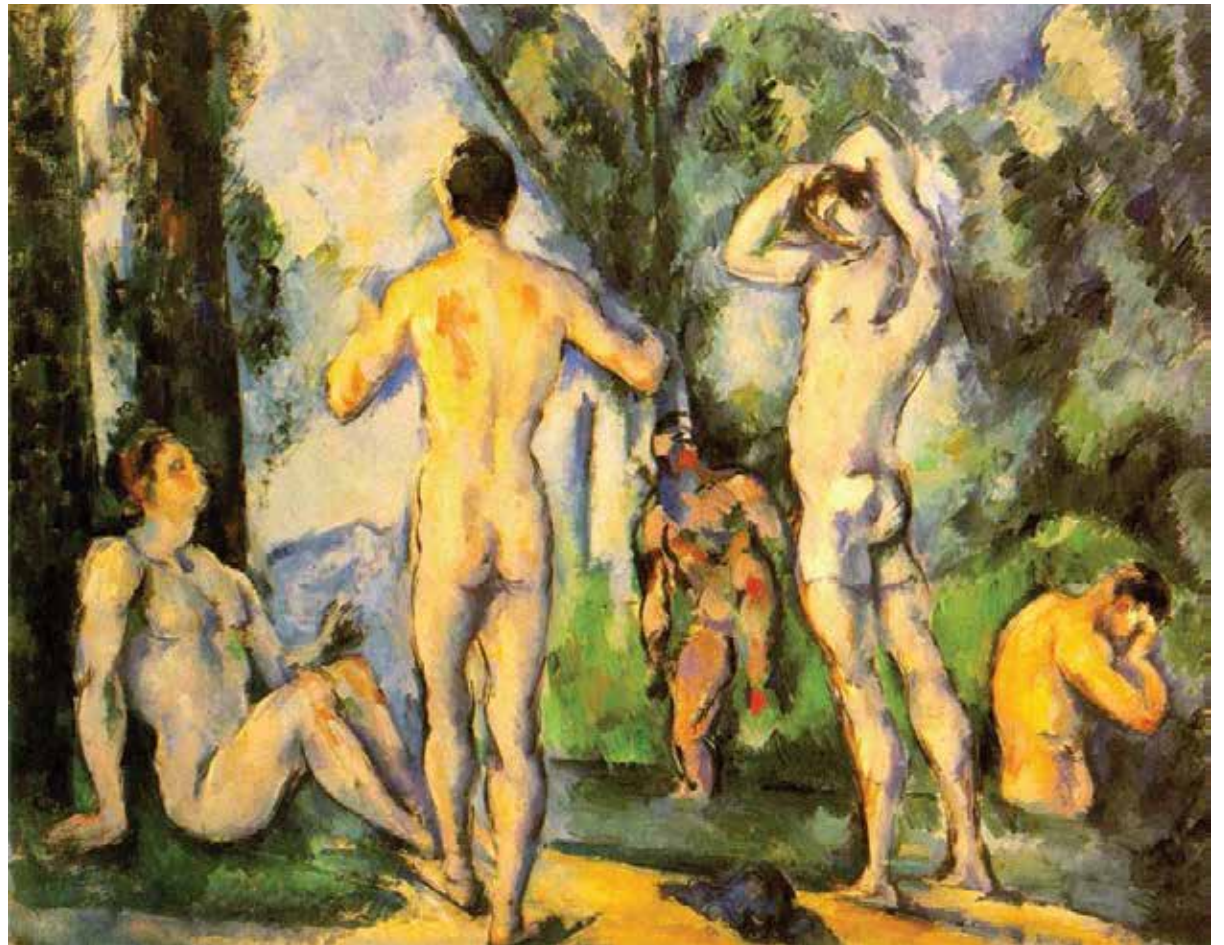
*The morning dies for the afternoon,  
the afternoon making space for the night, this  
night:  
My last night.*

*Single bed,  
single sheet.  
My body confined,  
of confirmed location:  
Unbound.*

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.

# The Great Cover Up

Rhian Jones discusses the depiction of the male nude in Western art



Paul Cézanne, *Baigneurs (Bathers)*, c. 1890

Back in February, Felix ran an article on the history of the female nude in art. But what of the male? The female nude is omnipresent and openly celebrated in Western art; she adorns the walls of today's galleries, magisterially inviting our appreciation. By contrast, her male counterpart is overwhelmingly underrepresented. Pendulous phalluses are few and far between.

Historically, this was not always the case. Until the 19th century, nudes in Western art were predominantly male. Over the centuries our society has developed a double standard in our attitude towards nudity – whilst female nudity has become increasingly accepted, that of the male has become somewhat taboo. However, current censorship of men's bodies is a sad reflection of the male nude's illustrious history in art.

The male nude was central to early classical art; as a paragon of beauty and embodiment of philosophical ideals. Nudes such as Myron's *Discobolus* 450-460BC (a marble copy of which can be seen at the British Museum) represent a Greek aesthetic ideal. Poised mid-throw, the athlete has the kind of physique many gym-goers today dream of attaining, his muscular thighs and gleaming buttocks symbols of his masculinity. To some extent, such sculptures are imitations, a reflection of everyday life in Ancient

Greece, where athletes traditionally competed naked. However, to depict a subject nude was also to venerate him – sculptures of mythological heroes and Gods stand naked alongside athletes. As a society open to male sexuality and homoeroticism, the Greeks saw no shame in male nudity. By contrast, until Praxiteles' nude Aphrodite, female deities in art were typically robed.

The introduction of Christianity in Europe saw a decline in both male and female nudes in art of the Middle Ages, and perhaps set a precedent for censorship of the male body. Nude studies were only deemed acceptable where necessary in religious representations, marking an end to the Greek and Roman exaltation of the male form.

The Renaissance heralded his return, as an idealised form to study "mankind" in anatomical drawings, and with the resurgence of neoclassicism. However, with prevailing religious ideals, depiction of the classical nude had become problematic. Renaissance Europe's reverence for Greek ideology and philosophy did not extend to acceptance of male nudity and homoeroticism. Nudes are not asexual – the art historian Kenneth Clark said "no nude...should fail to arouse in the spectator some vestige of erotic feeling... if it does not do so it is bad art".

But the majority of Renaissance artists were male, and homosexual acts were punishable by death.

Paradoxically, the threat of religious censorship appeared to liberate Renaissance artists in their representation of the male nude. Many religious paintings of the period are at once erotically charged and violent in their punishment of the male nude for the sinful feelings he evoked in the viewer; the rippling torso of Boticelli and Mantegna's St. Sebastian is studded with arrows. Such works associated the male nude with a new vulnerability absent from the heroic nudes of classical art.

Elsewhere, sensuality began to creep into male nude artworks, providing an outlet for homoerotic feelings prohibited by society. Donatello's *David* sculpture, one of the first examples of a classical male subject studied from life, is overtly seductive. Hand on hips, his come-hither stance and curvaceous contours also break from traditional depictions of the male nude. Threatened by the emerging eroticism in male nude artworks, the church continued to censor them. Fra Bartolomeo's painting of St. Sebastian was removed from a Florentine church after female parishioners confessed to lusting after him, and the Vatican famously painted drapery over any offending





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ARTS

male genitalia in Michaelangelo's *Last Judgement* in the Sistine chapel following the artist's death.

Although Renaissance art saw a rise in popularity of the female nude, it was not until the 19th century that she really began to eclipse the male. Mastering the male form remained a key part of an artist's formal training, and prestigious art prizes continued to honour male nudes. However, the salons became inundated with female nudes, reflecting an emerging preference for the "softer" feminine aesthetic ideal. Male nudes came to be associated with obsolete and stuffy academic teaching. The art historian Solomon-Godeau suggests that post-Renaissance, masculine identity was in crisis, with artists torn between virility and vulnerability. Through transferring the latter characteristic to female nudes, the issue could be avoided.

Despite its decline in popularity, the 19th and 20th century saw greater freedom in our attitude towards the male nude. Whilst the Impressionists' female nudes are well known today, artists such as Cezanne painted men frolicking nude (*Baigneurs*, 1890) and Caillebotte's paintings of men undressing have the same voyeuristic qualities as Degas' female nudes. The arrival of the realist aesthetic also led to the representation of different body types in art, further challenging traditional concepts of masculinity. Egon Schiele's gaunt self-portraits are a far cry from the classical nudes of old. Meanwhile, female and homosexual artists have provided important perspectives that deviate from the typical "male gaze"-artists such as Alice Neel paint men in reclining poses typically associated with

female nudes, focussing on her subjects' vulnerability. Andy Warhol's and Jean Cocteau's sketches of male lovers are both unashamedly erotic and lovingly tender.

So with today's freedom of expression in art, why are we still so uncomfortable with the male nude? An obvious answer is that the art industry is still predominantly controlled by heterosexual men, who may prefer to ogle females than self-scrutinize. It has also been argued that viewing a male nude places us in the uncomfortable role of the "male gazer". In a study where psychologist Beth A. Eck's assessed people's responses to male and female nudity, male nudes sparked feelings of "lust mixed with guilt or shame" in women, whilst many men admitted to feeling uncomfortable. Why does the female nude not incite similar feelings? Many have suggested that as the male sexual organs are external, they are more of an affront to the senses; symbols of sexual aggression. By contrast the female nude is "neater". Yet art demonstrates that this is not so - the male nude can be beautifully tender.

The art world is at last beginning to re-acknowledge the beauty of the male nude- recently the Leopold museum in Germany and the Musee d'Orsay in France held exhibitions dedicated to artistic portrayals of the male form (*Naked Man* and *Masculin/Masculin*). However, somewhat ironically for a museum seeking to open our minds to male nudity, the Leopold museum was asked to censor many of its' advertisement posters. In a society obsessed with female nudity, it is high time that the male reclaimed equal status in art.

# No Such Sweetness

Max Falkenberg McGillivray reviews a new one-woman play about Syrian refugees at the Young Vic



© SIMON ANNAND

In January of this year, the UK Government pledged to accept 500 refugees from the Civil War in Syria. *Oh My Sweet Land* tackles the other 2.3 million refugees who don't have that "privilege". A collaboration between Amir Nizar Zuabi and Corinne Jaber resulted in this play, inspired by their trip to the Syrian refugee camps in Jordan and hearing the stories of people in the harshest moments of their lives.

A one woman show, Jaber plays a young Parisian with Syrian roots who falls in love with Ashraf, a refugee

from the Civil War. Guilty about leaving his family and haunted by memories of the Syrian atrocities, Ashraf disappears from Paris without a word. In love with Ashraf and desperate to form a connection to her Syrian roots, the young woman travels to the Middle East to find the answers she needs. Meeting countless Syrians on her way, Jaber recounts the stories they tell her and builds a picture of a civil war which has "nothing civil about it".

When I went to see *Oh My Sweet Land*, I knew almost nothing about it, except that it was based on the Syrian civil war. I expected to hear a woman pleading for people to acknowledge what is going on in Syria, to do something about the crimes of the regime and their opponents. But instead, I found a woman simply talking about the embarrassment and pain of its people. With almost no effort, the play conveys a very simple message; the west might have forgotten about the Syrians, but they're just like you and me.

While it is hard for us to understand what these people go through, what really struck me was that while watching this play, I felt embarrassed, and I almost felt responsible in part for their hardship. This may seem a little overdoing it, I know, I'm not in any way

involved, but the play did masterfully force the audience to consider the role each individual plays in such conflicts. While the plot seemed somewhat fabricated in an attempt to frame the stories of the refugees, the play maintains a strong and damning tone throughout which conveys the mood of the civil war better than any of the plot in itself. Jaber's performance throughout was certainly not flawless, but it didn't have to be. What comes across as somewhat rusty at times seems justified when considering quite how damaged her character really is.

I would have liked to see more of the damaged side of Jaber's character and at times I felt there was a certain lack of conviction in her description of the stories people told her. However, what the play lacked in detail is more than made up for by the powerful stories told throughout and the chilling tone felt by the audience, from the first to the last minute of the play. A real calling card by the Young Vic, this great small theatre has once again shown its ability to give the stage a whole new face. While this won't go down as one of my favourite trips to the theatre, this play is certainly a must-see for all those who feel, like me, a strange need to understand the little details of the lives of people struck by such a terrible war.

# What's that in the background?

Clara Clark Nevola  
Writer

**What:** Building the Picture: Architecture in Italian Renaissance Painting  
**Where:** National Gallery, WC2  
**When:** Until 21st September  
**Price:** FREE

What are paintings all about anyway? In the Renaissance, paintings mainly represent stories from Saints' lives, mythology and history. Mary and Jesus are big players on the Renaissance canvas, mostly as a mother and baby duo but also found as adults, with Jesus shown performing miracles or wondering around doing biblical stuff.

You might be familiar with Gerome and his lion, the former resembling a hybrid between Father Christmas and your nicest tutor, the latter invariably looking adorable. Other minor saints

often feature, as do stories from the Old Testament and mythological characters.

So now you know- that's what Renaissance paintings mostly are about.

But is it? *Building the Picture*, a free exhibition at the National Gallery, challenges the centrality of the figures, reminding the viewers that the architecture in a painting is far more than just a backdrop. By assembling paintings from its permanent collection with a few loans (Sebastiano del Piombo's *Judgement of Solomon* from the Kingston Lacy collection and Verrocchio's *Virgin Adoring the Christ Child* from the National Gallery of Scotland), the exhibition walks the viewer through the role of buildings, streets and squares in Renaissance painting.

Buildings help tell the story, by creating different backdrops for the different characters. They tell you about the relationships between the characters, by providing hierarchical geometries or isolating certain figures in the painting. Sometimes, buildings do most of the story telling, by providing the time dimension in the painting. By showing ancient architecture, mixed with modern buildings, mythological

stories can be shown as happening in the past while maintaining their real-world element.

The architecture of a painting can also be used to draw in the viewer, including the observer into the scene by creating side-line perspectives, in which you turn into a bystander, or by welcoming you into a large open space like a guest.

Finally, buildings give a fantastical or realistic feel to the scene, by reflecting true cityscapes (with which contemporary observers were familiar) or by deliberately mixing architectural styles anachronistically, creating made-up buildings for imaginary settings. In a world in which moving images were inconceivable, the setting of a scene had to convey the temporal dimension, the reality of a situation and the relationship between characters and viewer. That's a lot of work for a pile of bricks in the background!

The exhibition also helps explain the role of painting in a city, by recreating the position of a tabernacle in a street. By showing an etching of the painting in its original location, this helps us understand the role that paintings had in a Renaissance city, in which small painting of saints were often to be found

on street corners and buildings.

But more than just learning about the role of architecture in Renaissance art, visiting this exhibition will give you an excellent key to visiting early modern art galleries in general. It's easy for your eyes to glaze over as you wonder around an art gallery, staring at painting after painting of Mary clutching baby Jesus or the three kings lined up neatly in front of a crib. The characters maintain their characteristic posture and dress in most painting because that's how contemporary viewers recognise them.

Ryan Gosling just wouldn't be the same without his slicked back blond hair-do right? Same thing for Mary and blue dresses. So what really changes in paintings are the objects and buildings around the figures: the setting and the props are telling the real story. So next time you walk into a room full of chubby looking babies, stiff looking saints and far too many gold halos, don't back out looking panicked. Have a good look at the real players, look at what the buildings are telling you about the picture.



Domenico Beccafumi, *The Story of Papirius*, mid 1520s



## MUSIC

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# It's like it's 2009 all over again

Stuart Masson reviews the recent albums by three of his old favourites

It may have been just five years ago, but 2009 seems like the distant past. I was still in sixth form, and, more importantly for the context of this review, I had fully immersed myself in the wide world of music. The landfill indie of my teenage years had been put to one side, and I was making the most of my discovery that alternative music meant a hell of a lot more than **The Libertines**. It was a great time to be getting into alternative music as well with **Animal Collective's Merriweather Post Pavilion**, **The Flaming Lips' brilliant double album Embryonic** and **Grizzly Bear's Veckatemit** all released in 2009. There were also superb debuts from **Japandroids, tUnE-yArDs** and, admittedly in 2008, **Titus Andronicus**.

There were three albums that were ever present on my iPod classic though: *Hospice* by **The Antlers**, **The Pains of Being Pure at Heart's** eponymous debut album and *Primary Colours* by **The Horrors**. *Hospice* is a dream pop / slowcore concept album about a hospice worker falling in love with a patient. It is absolutely heartbreaking, and one of my all time favourite records to this day. The Pains record was very heavily indebted to shoegaze behemoth **My Bloody Valentine** but with a pop sensibility nowhere to be seen on *Loveless*. **The Horrors** were perhaps the oddity, in that their debut *Strange House*, a horror punk meets **The Strokes** type affair, had been one of my favourites during the landfill indie stage. *Primary Colours* was something else entirely though. Gone was any trace of garage rock, and in its place was a psychedelic shoegaze record ending with the utterly genius *Sea Within a Sea*.

All three bands released albums in 2011, with **The Antlers' Burst Apart** being the pick of the bunch. Instead of trying to match the emotional depth of *Hospice*, they went down the textured dream pop route, with reasonable

success. The Pains' *Belong* was very much a slightly worse version of their debut whilst **The Horrors' Skying** felt like a no risk *Primary Colours* by numbers and I really didn't see the point. Coincidentally, all three have new albums out this year as well. **The Antlers' Familiars** is due out in June, whilst **The Horrors' Luminous** came out this week and the Pains new album *Days of Abandon* was released back in April. It's been five years, so what has become of these old favourites?

All three records start with a pretty dull track. The Antlers open with a long boring dream pop track that sounds somewhere between *Hospice* and *Burst Apart* with none of the charm of either. The Horrors also go for some benign dream pop, with none of the creativity of *Primary Colours* and lots of the banality that made *Skying* so forgettable. The Pains track is just bland as shit. There is very little feedback though, which implies that, against all odds, The Pains of Being Pure at Heart have changed direction. In reality, all three of them have to different extents. All three of them are definitely better than the first track would imply though.

The Antlers record manages to get through another couple of really dull elongated dream pop numbers before the good stuff, with *Doppelganger* and *Hotel* both being very forgettable. *Intruders* is much better though. It's still a long dream pop song, but with its occasional staccato guitar jabs and lilting vocal melody it's a much better crafted track. The piano laden *Revisited* and the chamber pop inspired *Parade* are also really pretty tracks. The final track, *Refuge*, has an almost sexy guitar part, and I never thought I'd write that in an Antlers review, but then it also kind of works. Instrumentally, this is probably as good as the Antlers have ever released. The arrangements have the same lush textures as *Burst Apart*, but with a variety and coherence that was

missing on that record. There's still something not quite right though.

Peter Silberman has one of the best voices in indie. Whether it's his hauntingly delicate falsetto or his anguished wailing, it was Silberman's voice that made *Hospice* so spectacular, but it's also the weak point here. His voice was the perfect vehicle for the subject matter of *Hospice*. Vulnerability and anguish are exactly what you want for songs about the love of your life dying of cancer, the kids you never had with her and the dreams you still have about her now she's gone. Compared to that, tracks about growing up and feeling a bit disjointed about it just sounds a bit disingenuous. They may have withdrawn the heavy subject matter with *Burst Apart*, but they also reined in Silberman's anguish, and that worked. They tried to create something separate, that could be judged on its own merits, and it worked. This seems like a regression back towards the hallowed turf of *Hospice*, and it ends up taking the worst parts of the two albums. It's not bad, and if I'm being honest, I'd be really excited if a new band came out with this. The Antlers set the bar too high with *Hospice*, and I'm slightly annoyed that they are even trying to jump over it again.

The Pains have a lot less pressure on them. *Belong* was a fairly forgettable rehash of the debut, and I was fully expecting another lazy effort from them with this one. As such, they come out of it looking a lot better than the Antlers. *Days of Abandon* is a far from perfect album, in fact it's probably a lot more flawed than *Familiars*, but it feels a lot fresher. After the uninspiring opener comes *Simple and Sure*, a song that sounds more like **The New Pornographers** than it does **My Bloody Valentine**. It's straight up North American indie pop and it's not half bad. The next track, *Kelly*, isn't even a little bit bad. A bouncy little indie pop number with a super catchy riff and a shimmering jangly background, it really does sparkle. It's distinctly something they would write, but the production elevates it to something different. This is the legacy of acts like **The Smiths** and **Felt**, and it's really quite superb.

Up next is another curveball. **TPOBPAH** have always done shoegaze with a pop sensibility, and after three tracks of pop sensibility with minimal shoegaze I really hadn't prepared myself for shoegaze with minimal pop sensibility. This is perhaps where the album lets itself down. There is virtually no coherence. Along with blatant MBV worship in *Beautiful You* and *Until the Sun Explodes*, the rest of the album contains a few more



Darby Cicci seems to be in his own wind filled microclimate in this picture of the Antlers

New Pornographers inspired tracks in *Eurydice* and *Life After Life* and a dreamy closer that has no place on this album.

The good tracks here are really good, and there's quite a few great ones. *Eurydice*, *Kelly* and *Until the Sun Explodes* are all some of the best work the band has done, and the only weak points are the opener, closer and *Coral and Gold*. This isn't a stone cold classic like the debut, but then it was never going to be, and at least it's better than *Belong*. This shows that the Pains weren't a one album wonder, and that there's still something potentially really good in the tank, even if this isn't quite it.

The Horrors were the band for whom I had the least expectations. Of the three albums mentioned at the beginning, *Primary Colours* is the one I play least frequently nowadays, and after the extremely dry *Skying* I had pretty much given up on them. I



Horrors frontman Faris Badwan doing something, with his fringe

decided to give *Luminous* a listen, and I'm glad I did. They aren't playing it safe this time around. This is at least as varied as *Primary Colours*, and whilst it's a bit more hit and miss, it's still one of the more exciting albums I've heard this year.

*So Now You Know* is a pulsating, swirling track with a catchy hook and so much else going on besides. It's the best thing they've done since *Sea Within a Sea*, but there's plenty more to interest the listener. *Jealous Sun* admittedly basically is a **My Bloody Valentine**, but it's good enough to forgive, whilst *Falling Star* channels some of the sound that **Tame Impala** have perfected, but with a twinkly synth creating an almost playful atmosphere.

There are few less successful tracks. *In and Out of Sight* has a dancey sort of thing going on that doesn't really work in the context of the song, let alone the album and the dream pop leviathan bookends aren't ideal. That being said, unless the Horrors are failing in trying something new this time around. The mistake on *Skying* was in a lack of ambition, but there's plenty of that here, even if it leads to a few mistakes. The Horrors clearly aren't done yet, and I don't think it's that absurd to think they might be able to top *Primary Colours* next time around.

My nostalgic revisiting of these three bands has produced a fairly predictable response. I had the biggest emotional connection with the Antlers and they have disappointed me by releasing something I just can't care about as much. The Pains have already disappointed me and I expected them to continue to do so, and they receive a partonising pat on the head for at least trying a bit harder this time around. The Horrors on the other hand, who I had no real expectations of at all, have actually released a really good record this time around.



The Pains of Being Pure At Heart looking, well, pure at heart, if not particularly pained



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# FASHION

Editor: **Cécile Borkhataria**  
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# The Best Dressed Stars of the 20

On Monday night the most exclusive fashion event of the year took place

This year's Met Gala theme, Charles James: Beyond Fashion, inspired a range of looks from flapper girl Prada ensemble to Kendall Jenner's

Cécile Borkhataria  
Fashion editor

## Zoe Saldana

The 35 year old actress looked stunning in this Michael Kors dress with Jack Vartanian jewels. Some say she looked like a tacky lampshade, but I think she looks gorgeous.

## Kendall Jenner

Kim Kardashian's younger sister stunned in a light pink topshop gown at her first Met Ball appearance. The 18 year model has such a thin figure that she could look wearing a brown paper bag! She is hands down the winner of the best dressed title this year.

## Lupita Nyong'o

Some say that Lupita's Prada look was too over the top, but I think she looked fabulous in her flapper girl inspired dress. Critics forget that the theme of the ball was 'Beyond Fashion!' She definitely dressed the part.



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# FASHION

# 14 Met Gala: Beyond Fashion

place in New York City, and its famous guests wowed us with their style

on, gave guests the opportunity to dress over the top! From Lupita Nyong'o's opulent jewel toned gown, here are the highlights from the night.

## Hailee Steinfeld

Hailee Steinfeld channeled understated chic in her Prabal Gurung black and white gown. Her satin Charlotte Olympia shoes polished off the look. It would have been nice to see more jewelry on her to dress up the look, but otherwise, the 17 year-old pulled off the mature look.



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## Emma Stone

Emma Stone chose to be alternative and wore a Thakoon crop top and skirt instead of a ball gown, teamed with a Tod's clutch. The two tones of pink looked very pretty on her fair skin, but the look was a bit casual for THE fashion event of the year!



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## Lea Michele

Did Lea Michele dress like an Oscar? The glee star shone in this golden gown by Joseph Altuzarra. Metro online put her on their worst dressed list, but Oscar look...woops, I mean Lea, looked fabulous in the shimmering dress.



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# Rise of the machine



## Transcendence

**Director:** Wally Pfister  
**Writer:** Jack Paglen  
**Starring:** Johnny Depp, Rebecca Hall, Morgan Freeman, Paul Bettany, Kate Mara, Cillian Murphy  
**Runtime:** 119 minutes  
**Certification:** 12A



**John Park**  
Film Editor

No one likes a know-it-all. But for Evelyn Castor (Rebecca Hall), her significant other, her partner in science and in life, Will Castor (Johnny Depp) really does know it all. This is after a deadly assassination attempt with a bullet laced in radiation slowly starts to shut down his body. Evelyn has the brilliant idea of uploading every single aspect of Will's brain onto a smart computer, thereby creating the world's first artificial intelligence of this scale. Once the transfer is complete, Will becomes the most intelligent, crafty being on the planet. As soon as this "Will" taps into the internet, something that enables him to accessing every known bit of information around the world, he becomes quite the useful company to have around.

Think of it as ARIA from the film *Eagle Eye* acting as a loving guardian angel, watching over your safety, instead of trying to (spoilers for the film

for anyone who hasn't seen it) use you to kill every important member of the United States government. Because the love Will had for Evelyn has also been directly lifted from his brain to this AI, he does everything to look out for her. It's touching, love knowing no bounds, not even physical death, but this being a science-fiction drama, it turns into something more creepy, which makes us question just what it is about another human being that makes us fall utterly in love.

But with a creation this powerful, comes obvious dangers associated with this. The question of this new Will's true identity of course comes into question here, the fear of "has he turned too evil" and "will he use his potentially limitless powers for good or bad" are the burning issues that need addressing before supposedly the world's safety is compromised. Or at least this is what the anti-technology domestic terrorist group Revolutionary Independence From Technology (RIFT) is most concerned about. Curiously enough, despite their strong, violent objections (they are the ones responsible for Will's radiation bullet wound), they themselves are not so opposed to benefiting from slick technology. Poor writing or intentional hypocrisy? You be the judge of that one. Led by Bree (Kate Mara), who looks dark and mysterious, she reveals herself to be not just in this for the dumb fun of blood and body counts, but actually has a legitimate reason of her own to be taking part in such a dangerous operation.

If you can look past the obvious major flaw without which the rest of

the film cannot continue, the idea that sticking some electrodes into a person's brain can somehow extract absolutely everything about that person to an inanimate storage unit, a process that takes quite a period of time that ultimately does absolutely no damage whatsoever to the uploader, *Transcendence* is an admirable, intelligent film pampered by wonderfully slick designs. First-time director Wally Pfister comes to grips with the many genre aspects of the film, quickly moving through the events with snappy sequences.

Taking refuge quite literally in the middle of nowhere, Evelyn sets up a brand new underground research laboratory to continue her work with her husband. Incidentally, this is thanks to Will's large contribution to her financial well-being. Being a super AI allows him to play the stock market incredibly well, one of the many benefits of having this sort of guy around. Even the remote, rundown location was found by him. There he develops a remarkable set of scientific advancements, a lot of them that seem quite simply out of this world. Does the film require a stretch of the imagination? Yes. But once fully immersed into the narrative, so much fun can be had toying with the endless possibilities Will the hologram presents.

But at the heart of it all is the fascinating exploration of the romance between Evelyn and Will. It's certainly one that is no doubt doomed for failure. Will is technically there, but then it can be argued that he is not, he watches and analyses her every move and emotion, although the same can-

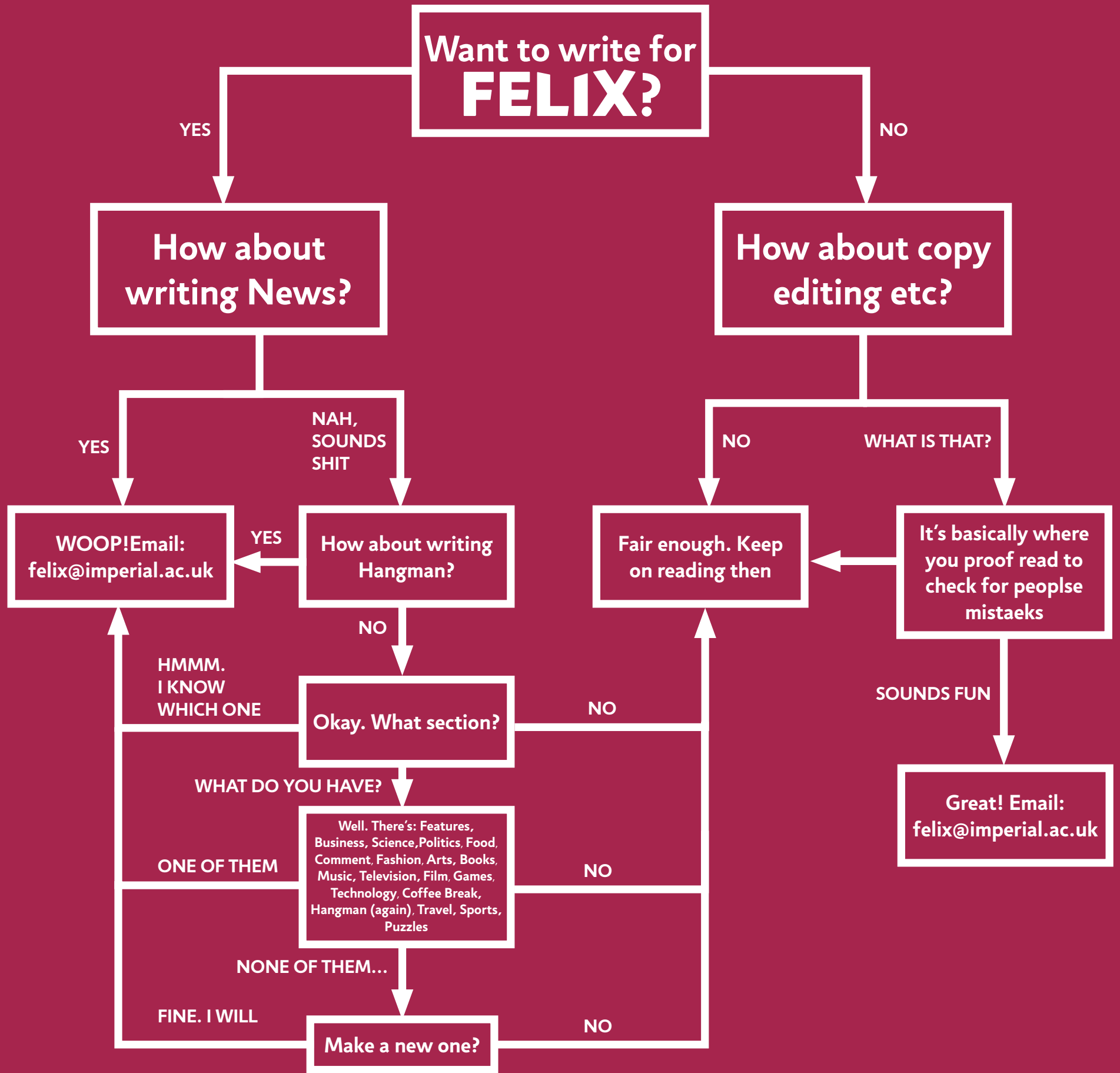
not be said for what she can do with him. Caught in this struggle is the magnificent Rebecca Hall, intelligent and devoted to her scientific cause, not quite seeing what all the big fuss is about when her colleagues Joseph Tagger (Morgan Freeman) and Max Waters (Paul Bettany) remain sceptical. The strain that is placed between the couple becomes more evident as Will grows more powerful and "aware" so to speak, and as can be expected of someone in this highly unusual predicament, the unravelling of her once-perfect life is quite the dramatic one.

It's the fact that Will starts playing God that seems to be causing the biggest friction. Illnesses are being cured, and there appears to be no limit as to what this new Will is capable of. The plot brings up moral dilemmas, ones that cannot be fully shaped perhaps in the medium of film. It's really up to the audience to have a think afterwards. And where the film really hooks its viewers is with its intriguing initial concept, that is slowly expanded, with a touch of Wally Pfister's neat visual flourishes.

The film's poor box-office showing, something that will cost Alcon Entertainment a lot of money, is a great shame. Its hefty budget of \$100 million looks to have been spent in creating just the right futuristic atmosphere, and with its strong performances from a star-studded cast plus exciting premise, this sci-fi thriller should have done better. The "action" finale is underwhelming, but when it all quietens down, there is an air of touching poignancy, something the film works hard towards achieving.







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# Carly's angels



## The Other Woman

**Director:** Nick Cassavetes

**Writer:** Melissa Stack

**Starring:** Cameron Diaz, Leslie Mann, Kate Upton, Nikolaj Coster-Waldau, Taylor Kinney, Nicki Minaj

**Runtime:** 109 minutes

**Certification:** 12A



**John Park**  
Film Editor

Serial-dating lawyer Carly (Cameron Diaz) finally finds someone who could potentially be "the one". This is until she figures out that he's a married man. *Game of Thrones'* Jaime Lannister, Nikolaj Coster-Waldau, has been a busy man no doubt. His wife Kate (Leslie Mann) is devastated and heart-broken. But with a little help from wine, tequila and vodka, the wife manages to befriend "the other woman". Mark's (Coster-Waldau) affairs don't end there however, as another mistress is added to the mix, this time someone who fits the cliched categories of blonde hair and big boobs. Amber (Kate Upton) is just as shocked and saddened by all this, and it takes the three of them to realise that they do not need a man in their lives to define who they are.

It's not long before the three team up to work together. Their united goal? To take down Mark King and utterly humiliate him in the process. The film works best when the three women are together on the screen, and less so when it clearly tries to push the biggest name star of the film, Diaz, to the front with her own little ill-advised subplot. Kate's brother Phil (Taylor Kinney) is an eligible contractor who doesn't appear to give a damn his sister was cheated on multiple times, but instead is more interested in hooking up with one of his brother-in-law's mistresses. Of course on film the love line plays out in a more sugar-coated fashion than that - this is a romantic comedy after all, but for the sake of the actor playing Phil's part, as well as giving Diaz a more substantial love interest to play around with, it's a strand that should have been thought through more carefully.

Most interesting, hilarious and effective is Mann's character, the wife. Being the hugely talented comedic actress that she is, Mann is almost single-handedly responsible for a large number of the film's laugh-out-loud moments. Mann has slowly transformed herself from being a mere supporting player to a lead actress receiving the second highest billing of the cast. But it's not just her comic abilities that make her performance a standout one. Through her there is an interesting area explored, albeit briefly, concerning how it may not be the easiest thing to leave your husband, no matter who he has been sticking it

to for all these years. A vow is a vow, and there was certainly a time when the original couple must have loved one another. In order to squeeze in more humour to its running time, this is something that is only fleetingly glanced at, although Mann makes the most of what little material she has to work with. She even shows knack for something more serious and grounded, and it would certainly be interesting in the future to see her taken on more diverse roles.

Coster-Waldau, most famous for his contribution to HBO's hit fantasy show, shows off an entirely different side to his acting range, proving he is perfectly suitable for some over-the-top, slapstick comedy. A significant portion of very loud, physical comedy is dependent on his role, one he carries through effortlessly. A real sneaky,

slimey, cheating bastard, Coster-Waldau becomes the perfect target for all those involved, and a part of the film's final satisfaction is down to how little sympathy we actually have for him.

Also showing promise in front of the camera is rapper Nicki Minaj, who makes her debut film performance here, as Carly's assistant Lydia, a character reminiscent of Karen Walker of *Will & Grace*, in that they are both useless assistants who don't really do anything except insult their bosses. Minaj may not have what it takes to carve out the most versatile career, but in roles similar to this one, a wise-cracking, sassy young woman who won't take any insults from anyone, she would be the perfect character actress for such parts.

Faring less well is Kate Upton, a model having a crack at Hollywood.

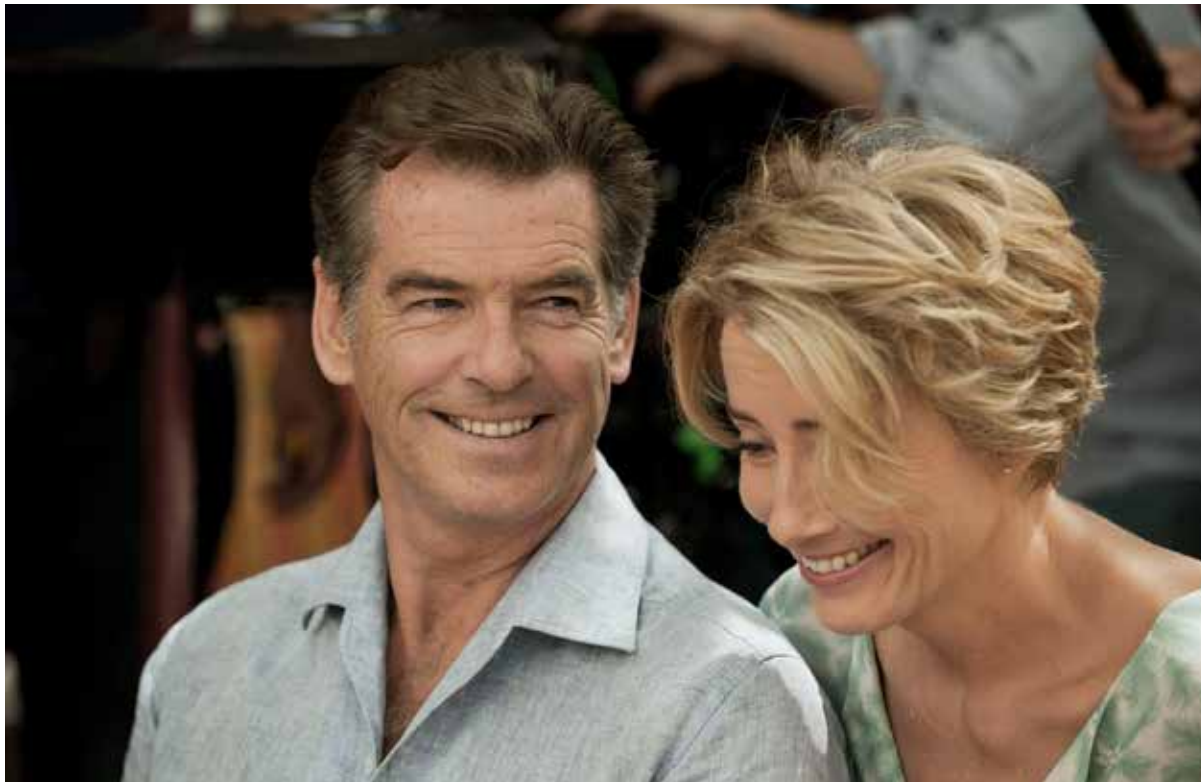
It's impossible to figure out whether she is a good actress or not, because she has so little to do throughout the film. She is always around, dancing, walking, showing off her exceptional body, but in such a thankless role, she is heavily side-lined by those with more experience. The film wants to sell the idea that it's the three women who are teaming up to exact their revenge on Mark. But she may as well have been written out completely.

The film is very keen to push the idea that these women share a beautiful, lasting friendship. Aside from an utter rubbish sequence that involves the three women slowly gathering on a beach, shooting their own little cheesy music video completely out of the blue in the middle of the film, the idea is mostly sold, thanks to its solid premise and a couple of the leads.





# Double O dear...



## The Love Punch

**Director:** Joel Hopkins  
**Writer:** Joel Hopkins  
**Starring:** Pierce Brosnan, Emma Thompson, Timothy Spall, Celia Imrie  
**Runtime:** 94 minutes  
**Certification:** 12A



### John Park Film Editor

There is a line of dialogue that is rather unwisely repeated on a regular basis in *The Love Punch*. The film is quite insistent on telling the audience that a certain plan the characters come up with is “crazy, daft, stupid, but brilliant”. Aside from “brilliant”, *The Love Punch* quite comfortably ticks the rest of the boxes: crazy, daft and stupid.

A potentially effective screwball setup quickly goes down the drain with the film trying too hard, having far too much utter nonsense, and not quite being funny enough despite contributions from plenty of English talent. We open with an obvious nod to the “shaken not stirred” motif of James Bond, clearly an homage to its leading man; Brosnan, Pierce Brosnan. Richard (Brosnan) and his ex-wife Kate (Emma Thompson) are on civil(ish)

terms in that they share a daughter and don’t necessarily try to kill each other every time they run into one another. A bad investment deal cheats them out of their secure retirement savings, and the only way to rightfully take back what is theirs, is to travel to Paris, France, crash a posh wedding, and steal an extremely rare diamond then sell it for millions. The details, as you might expect, are never too important, given just how many holes there are here in the first place.

Perhaps something like this could have worked on a goofy, over-the-top French adaptation. Here the Brit actors give it their all. And the chemistry between the suave, relaxed Brosnan goes hand-in-hand with the more neurotic, louder Thompson. Not particularly imaginative ways of developing its characters, but between the two there are very few moments of humour that mostly amount to chuckles at most.

Of course the big gag factor here is

that they’re old and their bodies aren’t quite what they used to be. They are faced with a daunting challenge of having to do a lot of physical work. “Old people doing exciting things” seems to be a popular concept that gives room for veteran actors and actresses to let loose and have fun. Would we have seen Dame Helen Mirren waving around a machine gun if “Red” had not happened? Instead we are treated to a very dull car chase, a near-death experience that is nullified through something so anti-climatic, and the four thespians involved doing a slow-motion walk in their sunglasses, strutting their stuff, in a sequence that painfully goes on for too long.

Yes, there are four of them in this gang. Richard and Kate’s married best friends Jerry (Timothy Spall) and Penelope (Celia Imrie) get on board with this “crazy, daft, stupid, but brilliant” plan. Various mishaps happen along the way, none of them exciting or funny, a lot of it tedious and mind-

numbingly boring.

When the film is failing utterly at trying to crack a few jokes, it sets out to become quite the relationship counsellor, trying to place into the script various monologues about what love is all about and how long-lasting relationships work. The fact that Richard and Kate are divorced, and are thrown into this premise, should already give you lots of hints as to what the writers are desperately getting at, somewhat of a better-late-than-never type of reunion; and such predictability is fine, although the way the film goes about bringing the two back together is nothing short of cringe-worthy at best.

It is such a waste of a talented cast: even with Spall’s and Imrie’s contributions, the gags turn flat. That goes to show how much of a problem the script has in landing a single plausible joke. The heist itself is hugely unremarkable, and when things briefly take a turn for the more serious, even

that shift in tone is not enough to save the film from having one disastrous thing happen one right after the other.

There are some nice sweeping shots of France. The ocean, the countryside, the nature; everything looks like something out of a fancy postcard, and the aerial shots do have a way of trying to tempt a wave of potential summer holiday-goers. But a 94-minute film is far too long to work purely as an expensive travel destination advert, and even though the runtime is clearly no way near close to being something that is considered long, with *The Love Punch* that feels like an eternity for sure.

A farcical comedy can work. Plenty of examples in the past have shown that. But the pure idiocy with which the film approaches its storytelling is insulting to those having to sit through it. There is a penis joke that works. Yes, one of very few good moments that bumps this up from a one-star rating to two.



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# An inconvenient truth

## Nothing but the Truth

**Director:** Rod Lurie

**Writer:** Rod Lurie

**Starring:** Kate Beckinsale, Matt Dillon, Angela Bassett, Alan Alda, Vera Farmiga, David Schwimmer

**Runtime:** 108 minutes

**Certification:** 15



**John Park**  
Film Editor



It's a great shame that Yari Film Group Releasing had to declare bankruptcy just before the release of *Nothing but the Truth*. This meant that the sharply-written, well-acted, legal/political thriller would never get a proper wide release date in the States or anywhere else in the world. A film that was trying to angle an Oscar nomination for its leading lady Kate Beckinsale, that opportunity was of course thrown out the window along with any hopes of significant financial profit. A quiet DVD release was the ultimate, undeserving fate the film had to embrace and a region 2 version release in the U.K. is finally here.

Rachel Armstrong (Beckinsale) is a reporter for the Capital Sun-Times working on the biggest story of her career, a story big and powerful enough to take down the President. She has written an article outing a covert C.I.A operative Erica Van Doren (Vera Farmiga) and her detailed mission report that was completely disregarded by the White House when ordering a military strike against Venezuela. The government, desperate to cover up their tracks, acts immediately, apprehending Armstrong, forcing her to give up her source. With her principles and journalist's integrity on the line, she refuses to cooperate. Treated as a treasonous offense, she is held in contempt of court, ends up in jail and sparks a controversy that starts affecting her family and obviously, her career. But when it's National Security on the line, all bets are off and she knows the government will never back down easily. It's a battle between the First Amendment and National Security.

Inspired by the case of Judith Miller, an ex-journalist for the New York Times whose coverage of Iraq's alleged Weapons of Mass Destruction program both before and after the invasion landed her in jail for a few months, "Nothing but the Truth" immediately benefits from having a

currently relevant, intriguing source material. The topic itself can spark off a debate that can easily last for days. What's more important? The reporter's loyal duty of privileged and confidential information to his/her source or the country's needs? Would you sacrifice your honour for a government that constantly lies to its citizens that ultimately lands them in more trouble than ever before? This heated political debate is forever ongoing and the film leaves the audience to think for themselves. Some may end up being frustrated at Armstrong, for being so stubborn and unpatriotic, whereas others might praise her and cheer on her bravery to stand on her own two feet to fight off the manipulative forces of the government.

Director Rod Lurie, despite tackling a big controversial political argument, makes this film as much about the people involved, not the complicated subject matter. He keeps the events small-scale and intimate, more about how these characters interact with each other, and how this case starts to influence Rachel and those around her. The various characters all have individuality, no crucial character is side-lined and with no nonsense style of writing, the sharp, comprehensible, snappy dialogue builds plenty of suspense without having to extend the plot into an unmanageable size.

Beckinsale is spot-on as the protagonist, caught in a major moral dilemma, the well-known pressure of being a working mother piling up faster than ever all because of this sticky situation. On the one hand, she's the honourable, selfless journalist trying to do the right thing, protecting the newspaper, her source but on the other hand, she has the endless temptation to come clean, to be near her beloved husband and son: Beckinsale has absolutely no trouble showing us both the strength and weakness of the character and it's possible she would have garnered some nominations had this film been

released properly.

There are many familiar faces that fill the screen. Matt Dillon, a teen idol in the 80s is the main prosecutor in charge of getting Armstrong to confess, Academy Award nominee Angela Bassett plays Armstrong's boss at the Capital Sun-Times, supporting her employee as well as trying to protect the newspaper's reputation, *E.R.*'s Noah Wyle is the legal counsel to the newspaper, *Friends*' David Schwimmer, taking on his first dramatic role since 2001 is Armstrong's husband and the legendary Alan Alda is the lawyer defending our journalist. The ensemble works to an extraordinary level with not one performance out of place or at fault. Dillon can be one smug, hateful litigator but we're reminded that he's doing his job in seeking justice, a man truly concerned over the welfare of the country's National Security. Farmiga, always a reliable actress in both leading and supporting roles, shows both fear and frustration towards this whole situation that's also making the government question her loyalty to the agency. Schwimmer's character starts as the reliable, supportive husband but as the case drags on and on, we see him lose his faith, being disappointed in Rachel that she would choose her job over her family, and these emotions are portrayed so well by someone we only mainly knew as a comedy actor.

The final revelation, a shocking twist which turns out to be a more than plausible and satisfying explanation to Rachel's never-ending quest to protect her source, is definitely an unexpected and intelligent one that puts a nice ending to one of the most thought-provoking and socially relevant films that disappointingly went unnoticed. There are many straight-to-DVD gems out there, ones that unfortunately did not have the right circumstances to get a wide release. This is one of those films, an unmissable, thrilling treat.



Imperial College Cinema



## The Lego Movie

**Directors:** Phil Lord, Christopher Miller

**Writers:** Phil Lord, Christopher Miller

**Starring:** (voices) Chris Pratt, Elizabeth Banks, Liam Neeson, Morgan Freeman, Will Arnett, Will Ferrell

**Runtime:** 100 minutes

**Certification:** U

**T**he announcement that a movie based around everyone's favourite line of construction toys was met with rants about the extent of consumerism in cinema. However, cynics will be pleasantly surprised by the actual film that has emerged which has garnered near universal acclaim for its beautiful animation, charming humour and hilarious send up of the 'traditional' Hollywood blockbuster.

Everyman (toy) Emmet is a fairly talentless construction worker in Bricksburg who after accidentally falling into a hole, discovers an unusual piece of red lego-the 'piece of resistance' purported to be able to stop the evil Lord Business. Emmet is soon declared to be 'the special' based on an old prophecy. Even when later on this prophecy turns out to just be a load of hot air, Emmet is still tasked with saving toykind from Business' evil clutches.

**The Lego Movie**

Tuesday 13/05/14 19:00

Friday 16/05/14 19:00

£3 Members/£4 Non-Member





# Examin-cake-sion

## Felix Food brings happiness to revision with cake

**W**ho doesn't like cake? Even Latvia's entry to this year's Eurovision was all about this sweet, fluffy and tasty food! It is a wide misconception to think cakes are hard to bake and it takes up a long time. But we are here to prove that wrong.

Yes, baking a beautiful cake might take patience and expertise, but if you just want some cake to satisfy your sweet tooth, it feels more like a science experiment. Essentially it's just mixing, measuring and shoving the whole thing into the oven! Here are two easy and tasty recipes, which can be made with just a few cupboard ingredients.

### The Magic Custard Cake

The magic comes with 3 layers of this bake, with just one batter!

#### Ingredients

Four medium eggs  
One tsp lemon juice  
150g caster sugar  
110g unsalted butter, melted  
120g plain flour  
480ml whole milk  
One orange

Preheat an oven to 160°C and line a deep baking tray or a cake tin with baking paper. Separate the eggs and whisk the whites to a stiff peak with a tiny drop of lemon juice. Beat the egg yolks with the sugar and one tablespoon of warm water for a couple

of minutes then add the melted butter and zest of the orange and mix again.

Sieve in the flour and stir through the milk, then fold in the egg whites (in two batches), until evenly combined.

Pour the batter into the baking tin and cook for 50-60 minutes until the top is golden and puffed and the middle is set but with a generous wobble.

Allow to cool completely (at least three to four hours) before slicing into the cake.

### Green Tea Cake (if you want something lighter)

#### Ingredients

Three large eggs

85 g sugar  
Three tbsps vegetable oil  
Four tbsp water  
75 g cake flour  
One heaped tbsp matcha powder  
One tsp baking powder

Preheat oven to 170°C. In a large bowl, whisk egg yolks and add  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the sugar. Then add oil and water in the mixture and mix it all together until combined.

Sift cake flour, matcha and baking powder together and add to the egg yolk mixture in three batches. Whisk until there are no lumps.

Whip the egg whites until opaque and foamy, then add  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the remaining sugar and continue whipping. Add

the remaining sugar slowly in small increments until stiff peaks

Pull up your whisk and see if you can make a strong 'peak' to check if the mixture is stiff enough. It should stay up still without bending down.

Fold in the beaten egg whites into the flour mixture using spatula until the colour is consistent in the mixture.

Pour the mixture into a greased cake pan and tap it a few times on the kitchen top to release the air bubbles.

Bake for 30 minutes or until when you put a skewer in, it comes out clean.

**Tried these recipes?  
Share it with us:**

**#FelixFood**



# This week's food for thought

**Michael Yat Kit Chung**  
Food Editor

**P**rocrastinating from work, I found myself looking at my Instagram stream, and I was quite surprised how many photos of food I had in my history. I've got to admit, not everything looked amazing, be it the colour reproduction of my phone (curry is not the most pleasant-looking dish ever), or just the lack of lighting in a restaurant.

A few issues ago we reported that some Michelin-star chefs hated food porn that much that they banned cameras in their restaurants. In South Africa though, they take a much different policy. A restaurant in Cape Town has introduced a new "DinnerCam", which can only be described as a portable photo studio, but for food. It was actually used as a marketing tool for a local telecom's new unlimited WiFi plan, you can use it if you are signed up to the plan. And

if you post the photo with the hashtag, it will get printed for you to take away!

Personally I think it is pretty neat, someone just needs to mass produce these and make a fortune!

### Some things are just not meant to be...

I went to visit the family over the bank holiday weekend and my auntie got me a pack of chocolate wasabi peas. It is part of the Marks & Spencers *Summer of Flavour* range, other things include fruit jellies, caramel sweets and even 'Mad Frogs', but nothing as adventurous as the peas. My first impression was "meh... that sounds weird", and my feelings sustained when I was biting through my first one.

For those of you who don't know much about wasabi (do you even exist?), it is essentially the Japanese version of mustard. You might have had some when you last had sashimi or sushi. I am a big fan of wasabi, especially the kick it provides you with which goes straight up your

nose. I am also a big fan of chocolate, especially how it just melts in your mouth and the "gooey" sensation. And who would hate peas? Nutritious, cheap and tastes amazing! Putting all three together though, not so much. I'm surprised to find that this idea even made it on kickstarter in 2012 and \$5000 was actually raised with 47 people backing the project!

When I shared the peas amongst my friends, there were mixed reviews. Some did like the sensation of spicy chocolate – I suppose it's just a preference thing. Lately I'm really into salted caramel – something which again, sounds so wrong, but I actually like it! Although perhaps we can also take a philosophical view on this, don't feel beaten if exams or projects aren't going too well, don't give up and keep going!

Some things are just not meant to be but keep trying – I still have high hopes for the future range of weird M&S snacks! Or I can put it in the words of Nev, the CEO of the BBC Three show 'The Call Centre', "Some will, some won't, so what? Next."



Someone left their breakfast on Bayswater Road

#FELIXFOOD





**Photo of the Week**

**Credit: Joe Lettis**

**Email your photo to [photosoc@ic.ac.uk](mailto:photosoc@ic.ac.uk)**



# HANGMAN

hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk



## Final Day Of The Premier League Predictions

### The Gaffer

Hangman Contributor



#### Cardiff City vs Chelsea

This match is a dead rubber as Chelsea are playing away from home so will almost certainly be parking several buses to stop any attacks from relegated Cardiff. The Bluebirds will be easily identifiable from their red kits and I therefore fully expect them to pick up a meaningless yet heartening win.

Prediction: 4-1

#### Fulham vs Crystal Palace

Following their inspired 'Crystanbul' comeback against Liverpool last week, Palace are on a roll. Therefore, they shall ensure that they find themselves 3-0 down with 12 minutes to go. Fulham are a bit shit owing largely to their rubbish players and a lack of Michael Jackson, but their fans could use a win.

Prediction: 8-5

#### Hull City vs Everton

FA cup finalists Hull have no time for Everton in this final day match and duly swat them like an old man bothered by flies.

Prediction: 2-1

#### Liverpool vs Newcastle Utd

Newcastle significantly hampered themselves in 2014 by agreeing to only actually try in the first half of the season.

Liverpool could yet win the title but that would require a huge favour from West Ham and they hate handing out favours even though they definitely still owe the Reds for that time they got the Hammers out of that thing with that guy.

Prediction 10-5

#### Man City vs West Ham Utd

With Man City are expecting to win the title and they will almost certainly achieve it. However, the hate winning the title by clear points instead preferring to rub their adversaries noses in it by taking the title by virtue of a slightly superior goal difference.

In this vein, I fully expect them to be 1-2 down until the 95th minute when James Milner (who else?) will pop up with a 50 yard screamer.

Prediction: 2-2

#### Norwich vs Arsenal

Norwich have been really, really a bit rubbish all season but then again so have Arsenal in the Big Games. And this is a Big Game. There's no game bigger than one in which neither team can move position not matter what this result is or what any other

teams result is. What a game.

Prediction: 0-0

#### Southampton vs Man Utd

A battle of mid-table, mediocre wills. That's right, neither team has anything to play for and forever to play it in. In fact, the most exciting thing to watch out for in this match is whether Ryan Giggs will bring himself on only to be immediately subbed off by Phil Neville. For that alone, this is probably the game to watch.

Prediction: 2-1

#### Sunderland vs Swansea City

This is going to be a shit game ok? Listen we would love it if all the games every weekend were great and meaningful, but that's simply not the case. Lets just fucking get this prediction over with.

Prediction: 2-fucking-1

#### Tottenham Hotspur vs Aston Villa

Whatever else happens this game, we can tell you that Spurs will not be playing any of their most expensive signings but will be playing Michael Dawson for some reason. God, that guy's awful.

Anyway look forward to some great sweeper-keeping, some terrible Villa play and Paul Lambert's imminent sacking.

Prediction 5-5

#### West Bromich Albion vs Stoke City

Essentially, the last day of the season is going to be extremely boring unless your a Man City fan. I guess that's the nature of a 38 game league, you are just going to have seasons where the final day of the season throws up both boring fixtures and boring scenarios.

I mean sure, this game may be watched by a few West Brom fans and, of course, the statisticians both of whom are fascinated that West Brom managed to stay up despite basically not winning any games all season.

But other than that, it's the deadest of dead rubbers, like the kind you'd find on the back of an old pencil. You know, the sort of rubber that never really worked anyway and that you probably chewed off or cut away with the blade of the pencil sharpener.

Anyway, I probably ought to give a prediction for this although it really makes very little difference to anything or anyway, especially not to West Brom or Stoke fans.

Prediction: 1-2

## CONTROV-DITORIAL

The Hangman  
Hangman Editor



In the Office, Bored - Following no controversial or interesting news this week, this editor believes everyone should be striving to do more controversial things more regularly. Frankly, everyone is making my job extremely difficult this week. Sure, we could write about another racist/sexist UKIP candidate, but we can't

very well adopt a controversial view with this new because that would essentially amount to saying vacuous racist or misogynistic sexist things. And that would be wrong.

Certainly we can't write about anything happening at uni this week, because basically nothing has happened (as per the norm). And yes, we could write local stuff for example about the tube strikes. But, we've already written a Tube-based editorial and to be honest, we're not sure it went down that well. So, really, it would be really good if you, or anyone, would pluck up the courage to say something almost unforgivable

but with just enough wriggle room that we here at Hangman could write something mean about it or back it up.

Some suggestions – and this really is off the top of our head(s) – someone could suggest a law banning Marmite. Or maybe there's someone out there who thinks we should give state funerals to all cats. These are just ideas, they could of course be something much better.

So, get your crazy hat on; take a break from the hopeless cause that is your revision and say something, in the public arena, very, very controversial because Hangman needs you.

## Exam Season Simmering Nicely

Timothy McSweeney

Hangman Contributor

According to the latest in-library sources, exam season 2014 is really hotting up. There are, allegedly, several small camps of revisers beginning to appear in the darkest corners. Indeed, the furthest reaches of the group room face almost two months of ceaseless occupation. Higher up, the temperature is literally being raised as more and more students squash themselves into the already sweltering 4th floor. Meanwhile, it has been reported – quietly – that the silence in the silent sections has become all-consuming.

There have already been several instances of violent arguments over rare textbooks and the comfy chairs and Hangman can only hope we avoid the brutal and tragic 2012 exam season.

At press time sources confirmed that the Saturday morning queues have skyrocketed from the off-exam average of around 10 to term's best of roughly 8,000.

## Felix In The Past 3rd November 1950 If only it could be so easy...

### SPACE FILLER

The Editor was sober last Tuesday.

trip please give their names to the secretary in the Union Office before Friday 3rd November and pay a booking fee of 2/-. The total cost will be about 6/- plus booking fee.

### EDITORIAL NOTE

On reading through this page we find we have a space here.

### 'PHONE CONVERSATION.

"May I come up and see you this evening, Mabel?"  
"Yes, certainly, Harry."  
"But my name's not Harry."  
"And mine's not Mabel, but come up just the same."

## Turns Out Union President Doing OK

The Hangman  
Hangman Editor

Following the news that the president of the influential debating society, the Oxford Union tried to gag the press and was arrested under suspicion of rape, it turns out that Imperial Union president, David Goldsmith, is probably doing ok.

Whilst rumours have regularly surfaced that Goldsmith has actually done very little this year – bar collecting his monthly pay

cheque – it has to be said that he's probably doing a better job than Ben Sullivan, Oxford Union president.

"Sure, he's not been the most actively engaged or passionate of student union presidents, but hey, at least he hasn't just been apprehended by the police" said one student.

"Yeah ok, we've all heard that the Union staff don't trust Goldsmith with any important tasks and yeah it's been a very quiet year for Union presence, although I certainly couldn't accuse him of using Union funds to crackdown on the press" the student continued.



David Goldsmith, not doing anything against the law, but also not doing much at all.

Hangman's undercover reporters in the union were able to discover very little about clandestine or illegal activities, or indeed any activities at all.





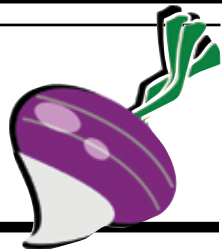
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# HANGMAN

## the turnip

Hangman's Finest College News Source



### Russians Rocked By Eurovision Booing Putin Backs Down After Western Show of Power

Following the booing of the Russia act at the Eurovision semi-finals, Putin has stated that the West has shown a "level of aggression and strength no one thought possible"

strength"

"Whilst we all regret the damage done to Russian civilians and Russian pride, such punishing actions are the only way to make our message very clear to Putin"

"I did not think they had in them to defy me and my expansionist tactics like this."

"We will stop at nothing to defend Ukrainian sovereignty"

"I will, of course, withdraw all troops from Ukrainian territory. In fact, the only safe thing to do is to disband most of the army, because I fear that if we do not, we face ceaseless booing in the final"

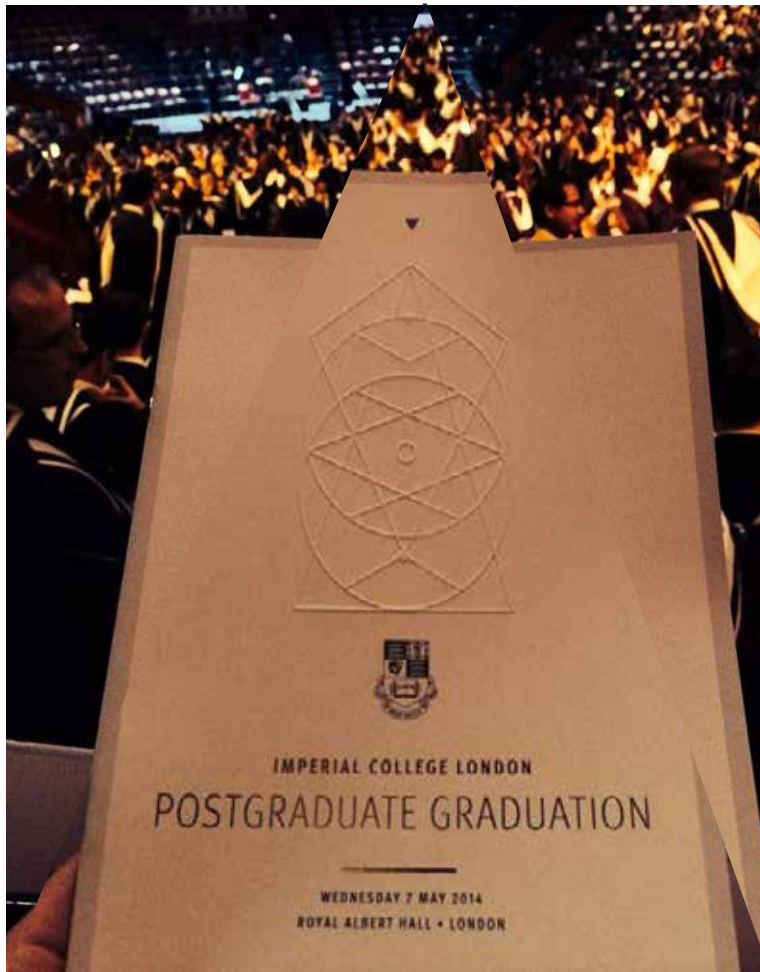
At press time, US president Barack Obama is considering whether it would be worth sending American troops to the Eurovision final in order to create highly professional and highly coordinated boos.

"I will not let that happen to my people"

It is hoped that simply threatening such a move will force Putin into destroying Russia's entire nuclear arsenal, make them like gays and force them to supply Europe with cheap fuel indefinitely.

President of the European Council, Herman Van Rompuy, defended the booing in a statement to the press, "we felt Russian aggression could only be curtailed by an extreme show of

## COLLEGE OPENLY ADMITS ILLUMINATI CONNECTIONS



## England Players To Get Themselves Injured

### Hoping To Avoid Inevitable World Cup Embarrassment

As the domestic season ends and the World Cup approaches, England players everywhere are making desperate attempts to get themselves just injured enough so as to miss another embarrassing tournament. Phil Jones is so scared of international humiliation that he's pulled his own arm out of his shoulder.

Meanwhile, Wayne Rooney – who has tried everything in the past from injuries, making sure England don't even qualify and last minute pointless red cards – is hurriedly trying to pick up a niggles that will rule him out of the first two games only for him to return once England have already been knocked out.

Some players have had to try more drastic attempts, Walcott has got himself a long term injury whilst Andros Townsend has made sure he won't even be in consideration by playing terribly since October.



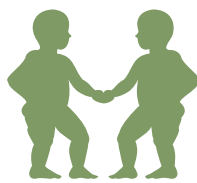
ARIES

This week, you receive an email, 1000 words strong, listing every single fault someone has found with you. You quietly close the laptop, sigh, and then proceed to slowly and purposely masturbate over the letter. Perverted masochism has never tasted so sweet.



TAURUS

This week, you go to Nottingham Trent Student Union's club night, called Climax. You alternate your time there either sniggering at the transparent innuendo in the club night name or abusing their twitter wall, trying to distract yourself how amazing your nightlife could have been if you had been forced into clearing.



GEMINI

This week, you buy a Summer Ball ticket, and realise with a heavy heart you just spent a week's worth of food money to see a man plug in his MacBook into some speakers and run some shitty iTunes playlist. Still, it is better than wanking slowly and solitarily at home on a Saturday night.



CANCER

This week, you are an Oxbridge Union President, sitting in a jail cell, waiting for sentencing. You attempt to contact the union to pay for your bail, but the budget allocated for student bail this year was already blown, both literally and figuratively. Tough call buddy.



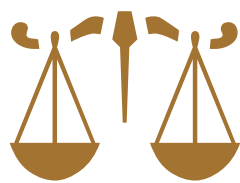
LEO

This week, you are living in the library, not because of exams, but because your housemate has started spanking his girlfriend loudly and regularly enough to lead to a dent in your sleeping schedule. Since it was cheaper to buy a sleeping bag than a paddle to join in, the library is now your home.



VIRGO

This week you are Avril Lavigne and decide to charge fans \$400 for photos with you. You keep fans an arm's length away because the constant dying of your hair has resulted in it emitting radioactive isotopes. This way, their lives, already vapid due to being fans of your music, can continue for a few years longer.



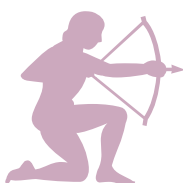
LIBRA

This week, your former teachers have been arrested in a national scandal that shocked the country. Maybe it was a bad idea to pose for those pictures in return for some decent A-level grade predictions, but hey, at least it got you into Imperial.



SCORPIO

This week you are living in the library, and have decided to catch one of those mice that run around late at night, as all your money has been spent on the chicken Kiev's made from cardboard. You trap the poor creature and bite down on it, realising sadly it still contains more meat than the chicken Kiev's.



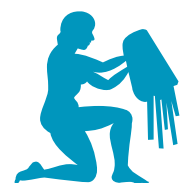
SAGITTARIUS

This week you are tutoring teenagers A Level chemistry for some extra money, and one confides in you that they want to attend Imperial. You promise them a fictitious land of fun, frivolity, friendship and fucking, as if you are to graduate a virgin, a virgin should at least take your place.



CAPRICORN

This week, you tremble into life as a woman grabs you firmly and rubs a delicious concoction of musk and mint into your supple form. You rise into the air, and look down on the most beautiful face you have ever seen in your life. You realise, in horror, that you are a dildo.



AQUARIUS

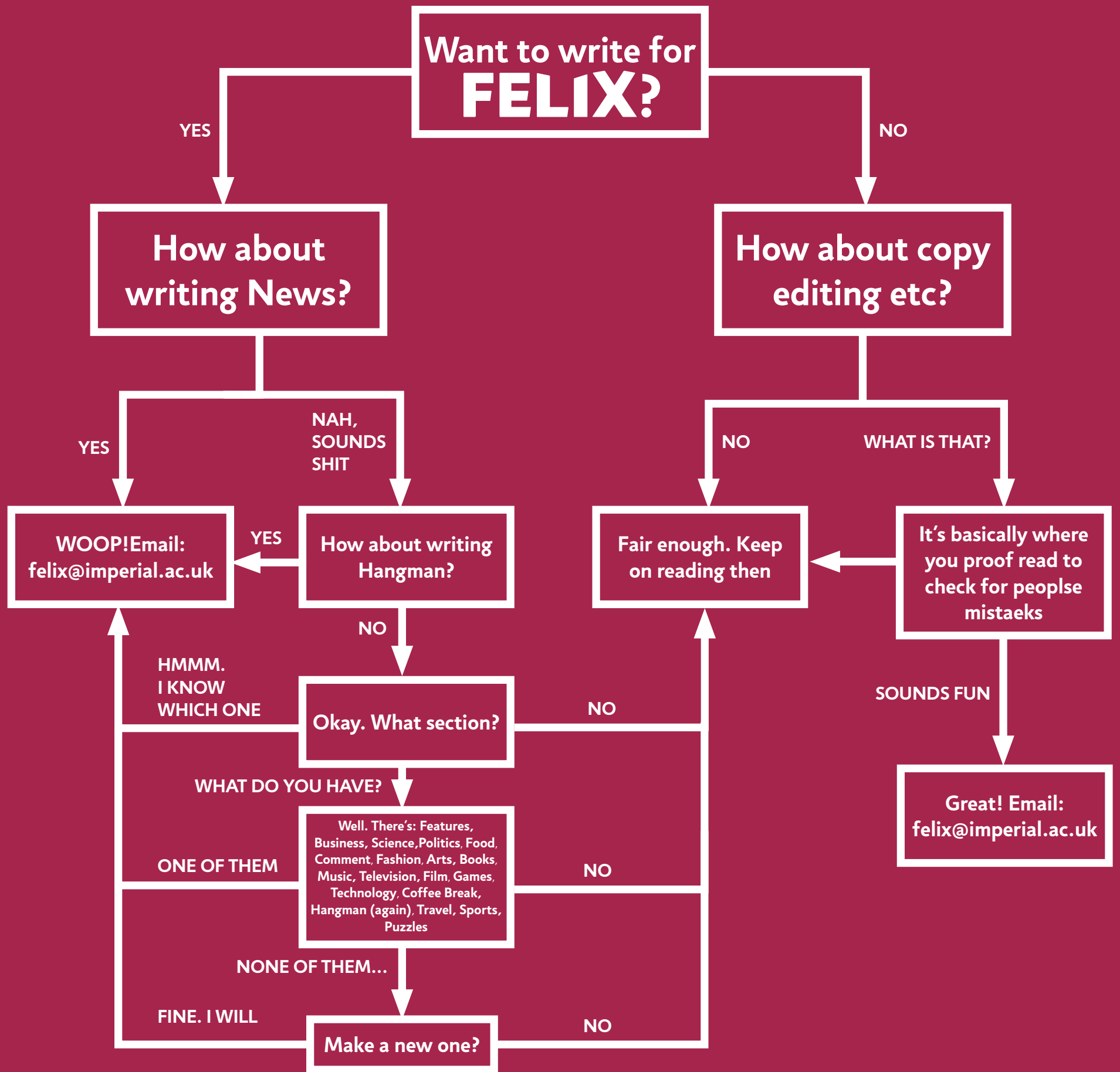
This week you attempt the trip to the Felix Office. After climbing up six flights of stairs you make up to the top floor of the Union, only to trip on the hem of your trendily ripped jeans. You fall back down the stairs, only to end up head over heels in the Union kitchens, surrounded by mutant rats.



PISCES

This week your horoscope writer ran out of inspiration. Hey, it happens! This isn't an easy job you know! The pressure of the expectations of thousands of fellow Zodiac prophesizing professionals worldwide is a lot to measure up to! And then there's you lot!





# FELIX

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**Kunal... Stop expecting a last minute substitution from the Editor, à la Giggs...**

# Premier League Final Day Predictions

James White calls Sunday's games as the title race comes to its conclusion.

## Cardiff vs. Chelsea

Vincent Tan's bizarre decision to sack Malky Mackay left the Bluebirds odds-on relegation favourites for most of the season and they went out with a whimper at St James' Park. They rarely deliver even when the pressure is off so I doubt they will raise their game for this dead rubber. **0-3**

## Fulham vs. Crystal Palace

The managerial merry-go-round at Craven Cottage has played no small part in Fulham's downfall either, although marginally improved performances under Felix Magath, especially at home, suggest they could give their fans something to cheer about with Palace's travails catching up on them. **1-0**

## Hull vs. Everton

Both Steve Bruce and Roberto Martinez have enjoyed memorable seasons and neither will want to end on a low. It was finally confirmed last weekend neither side has nothing to play for so the shackles will be off and with the Toffees' flair players on song, that could mean a Desmond. **2-2**

## Liverpool vs. Newcastle

The Magpies' 3-0 victory over lowly

Cardiff last weekend scarcely papered over the cracks at St James' Park. The fans want Alan Pardew out after a horrendous run of form that means they should be easy pickings for a Reds side desperate to put pressure on Man City. **4-0**

## Man City vs. West Ham

The Skyblues could be without both Sergio Aguero and Yaya Toure but the experience of winning the Premier League title in stoppage time 2 years ago will stand them in good stead to get a result to secure the title. The fans have turned on Big Sam, who may already have agreed to leave Upton Park this summer. **4-0**

## Norwich vs. Arsenal

Realistically the Canaries' hopes of survival were utterly extinguished when Sunderland beat West Brom. Their big problem is they cannot score for toffee. By contrast, the Gunners will be in buoyant mood after securing yet another season of Champions League football. **0-2**

## Southampton vs. Man United

Ryan Giggs looks unlikely to be handed the reins on a permanent basis at Old Trafford after the disappointing defeat last weekend, while the Saints

will want to end their brilliant season on a high. They have all the confidence and can inflict a record 13th defeat on United at St Mary's. **2-0**

## Sunderland vs. Swansea

The Swans squad was suffering from a bit of end-of-season syndrome last weekend having already secured Premier League football and I expect a decision on Garry Monk's future has already been made. Gus Poyet's side have hit form at just the right time and will lap up the love of the fans. **2-0**

## Tottenham vs. Aston Villa

Tim Sherwood knows he won't be at White Hart Lane come August but will want to show the defeat to West Ham last week was just a blip. Paul Lambert's side are finally safe and will look to hurt Spurs on the counter, but with little to play for may struggle to penetrate their backline. **2-1**

## West Brom vs. Stoke City

Mark Hughes has enjoyed a sensational maiden season at the Britannia and needs just a point to beat Tony Pulis' record points tally. They are exceptionally well organised and the Baggies will duly oblige, having flattered to deceive for much of the season. **1-2**

## discDoctors reach top 10

Ed Parker reports from Manchester

Last weekend, Imperial's Ultimate Frisbee team – known more commonly as the discDoctors – donned their trademark yellow shirts to compete in the first division of Outdoor University Nationals, having secured their place against local rivals during the south-east regional qualifiers in March. Discs flew, mud splattered, bones crunched, and the discDoctors recovered from a sluggish start to seal their position among the top 10 university clubs in the country.

Things didn't start well. Having lost co-captain Stephan Rossbauer (an experienced club and national player) to a shoulder injury before the start of the tournament, the team's other co-captain James Threadgill followed suit barely minutes into the first game of the tournament, dislocating his shoulder while diving for a defensive block. Now down to 9 players with a long weekend of Ultimate ahead, the team began to fear that the reaper of injuries was moving cruelly through their ranks, Final Destination-style.

Saturday's group stages saw Imperial lose out to Heriot-Watt, Warwick and York in hard-fought games. Although they had played some high-quality Ultimate, the discDoctors lacked cutting edge at key moments, and were left holding 16th seed (out of 16) at the halfway stage of the weekend. This left the players with plenty to contemplate as they refuelled in Manchester's Curry Mile on Saturday evening.

One benefit of having two captains on the sideline, however, was the tactical advantages it offered the team. Lining up against an experienced Bath side on Sunday morning, Imperial

made the bold decision to shift David Pryce – one of the side's strongest throwers, typically employed in the 'handler' role at the base of the attack – further upfield. With Phil Sandwell stepping comfortably into the central handler role, the attack started flowing as Pryce combined slickly with Ash Hemingway, club president James Ward (spurred on by a growing fan club on the sideline) and Sam Brown – whose explosive pace had caused teams trouble all weekend. Imperial had found their mojo, and earned their first win of the weekend.

The team carried this momentum into the next game, a rematch with Heriot-Watt. Again, Brown's pace was instrumental to the attack, and the team sealed an impressive 12-7 win as Ward swooped in for a sliding grab in the end zone.

Now in the plate final, the scent of silverware was in the air. But as the afternoon drew on, Imperial's lack of numbers began to take its toll, and the yellows lost out to a speedy Durham side in their final game. Nevertheless, their earlier efforts were enough for Imperial to equal their best ever performance at Outdoor Nationals, finishing the tournament in a more-than-respectable 10th – a fitting send-off for several of the team's departing veterans.

The weekend also saw Imperial's female contingent in action, as they combined with players from UCL and King's to enter as a London über-team. Strong performances throughout the weekend, including a gutsy win against a highly-rated Leeds side, saw them rise from 20th seed to finish 6th. Not too shabby for a first appearance at Nationals.

## Disciplined bowling helps Imperial to closest of wins

Arvind Rajagopalan  
Cricket Treasurer

With the sun and the schedule finally coalescing in a fashion allowing for a match, the Imperial 2's kickstarted our 2014 season in the best possible fashion, delivering a win for new skipper Sam Mead. Having lost the toss on a "dry" wicket, we were put in to field and pressure was on the frontline seamers to make best use of the new ball. The skipper himself led from the front, prising out 2 top order wickets with some good accurate bowling. He was ably supported by Nick Dunn from the other end, who was making the best use of the "mysterious" Harlington bounce and was unfortunate not to take wickets in his first spell. He was, however, able to completely tie up one end, finishing

with a scarcely believable economy rate of 1.50. Johan Rekers was in as first change and chipped in with a wicket as well, along with a rather comical bouncer attempt which he insists was off a "good length".

The middle overs belonged to the spin-twins, Mak Gill and Arvind Rajagopalan, uniting the arts of finger and wrist spin to good effect to counter a Birbeck middle-order riddled with front-foot defence experts. 4 wickets were taken during this period, including a poor man's "Ball of the Century" from Arvind and a run-out by Mak. Both were unlucky not to get more with plenty of dropped catches and tough LBW appeals turned down. With a stubborn tail left to get through, Nick Dunn returned and finally got the important breakthrough to send Birbeck's captain (also named Arvind) back for 58. Debutant Sarus Jain provided

a clinic in death bowling, repeatedly getting the ball full outside offstump and going at only 4/over in his 5 overs, finishing with a wicket. After a spirited bowling performance, Birbeck were held to 139-8, giving Imperial a target of 140 to chase in 40 overs.

Imperial got off to a rollicking start with Karan Dhall and Hemant Morjaria milking the Birbeck opening pair for easy singles and twos. Highlights included a TransferWise Maximum by Karan, sending the ball flying over midwicket boundary, and Hemant experiencing the first cramp of his life. Unfortunately both lost their wickets cheaply after getting starts. Padman Bhatt, in at 3, was not able to stay for very long either, while Luke Gardner at 4 was able to club a few past the fielders before losing his wicket as well. Nick stabilised the innings with skipper Sam, who despite being agonisingly out of touch, was

able to fight to 19.

At this point, Birbeck's skipper Arvind, who had been keeping for them, decided to come on to bowl. Proving to be an Allrounder in the truest sense, he troubled Sam and Nick on multiple occasions, leading to some downright comical running between the wickets due to the sheer pressure of the situation. Finally, he was able to prise out both their wickets. Our keeper Matt Wetton tried his level best but could not get the ball past the infield. He did, however, register the TransferWise shot of the day, playing a two-handed forehand tennis smash to a beamer. Mak Gill came and left without troubling the scorers, and Imperial was left in a precarious situation, with 3/4 of the batting line-up back in the pavilion with half the game left to play and around 30 runs left to get.

Displaying unbelievable composure

in his debut game, Sarus, in at 9, steered the chase, finishing unbeaten on 19. He was supported by no. 10 Johan, who managed to scratch 6 off the target before playing onto his stumps. In walked nightwatchman Arvind, calmly driving a four down the ground to tie the scores before a wide delivery gave Imperial a hard-fought victory by 1 wicket (140-9). In one of life's cruel ironies, one Arvind did everything in his power to try and win the game for his team, but the winning runs came from the other Arvind, proving that teams, not individuals, win matches. Bowling figures: Sam 2-21 (6 overs) Arvind 2-24 (8 overs) Batting figures: Karan 22(25) Sarus 19(13) MOTM: A tie between Sarus for his late-game heroics and Sam Mead's Bat, for scoring half our runs Transferwise Quote of the Day: PB - "Let's get him boys he's driving without a license!"