



FELIX

The Student of Imperial College London



An astronaut in
our midst

PAGE 3 NEWS

You get a Nobel Prize, you get a Nobel
Prize, everybody gets a
Nobel Prize!

PAGE 8 SCIENCE

UNION TO CUT TIES WITH IMPERIAL HUB

- Volunteering charity to continue work without union backing
- Students complain they weren't consulted
- Funding confusion at root

Imperial College Union has chosen to end its formal agreement with the student volunteering scheme, Imperial Hub. This means that the Hub will no longer work with the union or have office space within the building.

Not to be confused with Student Hub, which is the college's student support service, Imperial Hub is a national charity that specialises in coordinating social enterprise projects and volunteering for students. It was founded in Oxford and now has bases at several universities.

This decision was made by the union during the summer, by which time a new committee had already been elected. The committee are keen to convey that their projects will not cease because of this decision.

The union quietly announced the drop in a cheery post on the 29th of September. Snappily titled 'Introducing our New Approach to Student Development and Volunteering', the post discusses

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FELIX EDITORIAL



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A word from the Editor

Hi there all, and welcome to your brand new FELIX. What d'you think? Wait, don't tell me, I can't hear you.

What a week we've had. It was our first legit issue after the Freshers' special, which we managed to put in almost every hall bedroom. This involved a handful of us minibussing it around London and throwing copies out of the window like in the beginning of a film set in American suburbia. Well, not quite, we were helped by loads of hall seniors, who we have hella love for. At one point I was taking copies of FELIX between Xenia in Waterloo and Parsons House at Charing Cross Hospital on the tube, which made for very bizarre travelling. Everyone thought I was some sort of Evening Standard distributor gone rogue, so no one would give up their seat

for me, even though 100 copies of FELIX are obviously much heavier than say, a baby.

As always, it's not too late to get involved with FELIX this year. Whether you're a newb to Imperial, or just hadn't got round to writing for us yet, drop felix@imperial.ac.uk a message saying hello. Even better, if you want to meet section editors, generally quiz us and have some pizza while you're at it, come along to our social. It's in our shiny new newspaper office down in the basement of West Beit on Monday 12th at 5pm(ish). There are no hierarchies to infiltrate since most of our editorial team are new this year, and we'll offer you all the training you might want, so do drop by. We're well friendly. Well, I am.

Also, as a final reminder, don't forget to use and abuse us. If you have a complaint, tell us. If you



think we're missing something, point it out, and most importantly, if news is happening in front of your eyes, take a picture and let us know, via Twitter (@feliximperial), Facebook or the good old fashioned email above. Don't be a stranger!

Come and say hello!

We're having a social on Monday the 12th of October. 100% casual, meet and greet good times at 5pm.

It's in the FELIX office, in the West Basement of Beit.

Come along if you're a writer, photographer, web editor or programmer, potential puzzle maker, illustrator or pizza fan.

We're having pizza.



Real life astronaut to join Imperial staff

The former chemist was born in Yorkshire, went to space and now works for the College

Grace Rahman
Editor-in-Chief

This week, Imperial announced the appointment of a new Operations Manager in the Chemistry department, who happens to have been to space.

In the late 80s, Dr Helen Sherman was working for the confectionary company, Mars, when she heard a radio advert appealing for wannabe space explorers. By 1991, she was aboard the Mir space station, conducting experiments with Russian cosmonauts.

Dr Sherman was the first Briton in space, and remains the only one, since all other British astronauts have had to change their citizenship, and make the trip under the American flag. She is likely to remain the only British woman to do so for a while longer, since the European Space Agency has chosen a male helicopter test pilot

as the next British recruit to be trained as an astronaut.

Now Dr Sharman will be dealing with chemists at Imperial. Although the role is managerial, she told college in an interview on their website that, "the fact that I enjoy chemistry means I just feel right having a home in a chemistry department".

After returning from space, Sharman focussed on science

Dr Sherman was the first Briton in space, and remains the only one

outreach, doing talks on her experiences of space travel. She was recently awarded a science outreach prize from the British Science Association. With David Nutt, the Imperial academic sacked as a government advisor for saying that ecstasy was less dangerous than riding a horse, returning to do a Horizons lecture, could Imperial be banking on their new resident astronaut to do a few talks herself?

The trip that blasted Dr Sharman to fame, and space, was a joint venture by British companies and the Soviet government. When British firms didn't have the finances to complete the project, and the British government would not invest, Russia made up the rest of the money.

Dr Sharman has spoken out on the British government's reluctance to spend on space flight, saying that there are long term gains. In a 2009 interview with *The Telegraph*, she said that space flight gives people "the feeling that Britain is not getting left behind when it comes to technology and worldwide status". This sounds pretty Imperial to us.

Having worked for a chocolate company and then going on to be an astronaut, Helen Sharman now



Only five hundred and thirty-six people have been to space, automatically qualifying Sharman for BNOC status. Photo Credit: amsat-uk.org

Imperial supercomputer is named 'Helen'

Competition to find name honours first female professor at Imperial, Helen Kemp Porter

Grace Rahman
Editor-in-Chief

The winning entry in a competition to name one of Imperial's supercomputers has been announced, and it's Helen.

Helen Kemp Porter joined Imperial's Biochemistry department in 1959, making her the first female professor at Imperial. This was a full ten years after Oxford and twenty after Cambridge appointed their first female professors. If Imperial feels male dominated now, imagine what it was like then.

Porter was already a fellow of the Royal Society when she got the job. The research group she headed up at Imperial was one of the first few to use chromatography to study metabolism in plants.

An analyst from the IT department, Kay Barrett, won the competition. On choosing the name, she said that Helen "really stood out" and that "as a woman working in the technology sector, I thought it was important to recognise the contribution women have made to

It was important to recognise the contribution women have made to science"

science throughout history".

The supercomputer's rebrand coincides with its recent upgrade. Opening up the naming process to the college community has reminded everyone that Imperial does in fact have several supercomputers, and that they are available to Imperial academics to test their models before asking for time with other more powerful computers.

The supercomputer, formerly known as CX2, has just been given more memory, with the competition being launched in celebration.

This high powered computer is used to generate big data, analyse multifaceted models and predict the outcomes of complex mechanical, medical and structural set ups.

After retiring from her post at Imperial in 1964, Professor Porter went on to the Agricultural Research Council.



This Helen joined Imperial in 1959. Photo Credit: Smithsonian Institute Archives



Goodbye, so long and thanks for all the volunteering

Imperial Hub is no longer affiliated with Imperial College Union. But why, and how will it affect students?

Grace Rahman
Editor-in-Chief

continued from front page

...the union “increasing our volunteering and student development services” before mentioning that their “strategic partnership with Student Hubs has come to an end”.

The reasons behind this decision are contested. Although Imperial Hub did not receive any funding from the union, and had not sought any, a union trustee board agenda makes the point that there was a perceived “risk related to Student Hubs attempting to raise funds from College Resources”.

Imperial Hub continues to make the point that students were not consulted on the decision. The union says that after discussion between “union management and officer trustees [i.e. sabbatical officers] the view was taken that the partnership should come to an end as the intentions of Student Hubs were becoming clearer”. Members of the Trustee Board were “not asked formally to approve this decision but all responses were supportive”.

The union’s Trustee Board is made up of an appointed chair, currently a professor at the college,

five student trustees, lay trustees and every sabbatical officer bar the FELIX Editor (who take a year out of their studies and are paid by the union). The Trustee Board is legally responsible for the union.

The hub’s central office employed a member of staff to coordinate their activities at Imperial and the hub’s statement says the decision has the potential to cause three redundancies.

At least one Imperial Hub staff member was given office space in the union building, and society level privileges for room booking within it. With this, the union was able to include Imperial Hub’s successes in its reports on volunteering, since the hub was a partner of Imperial College Union.

Imperial Hub elected a 2015/16 committee last academic year, as they had no idea their future partnership with the union was under threat. In an official statement released by the hub, they said that the union had “made it as difficult as possible for the student committee to continue” and have “refused to have discussions about considering them as a student society, and have offered support only if the committee no longer works with Imperial Hub”.

At Tuesday’s Freshers’ Fair, the committee were not allowed a stand, posters or banners, and were instructed by the union not to wear their Imperial hub branded clothing. Some of their flyers were taken away by union staff, but they still managed to get four hundred sign ups.

In an open letter to the president of the union and several union staff members, the President of the hub, Daniel Chipchase, described how the union had left the hub members feeling “betrayed and undervalued”. The agreement between Imperial Hub and the union has been official since 2011, and was formalised by a Memorandum of Understanding between the two parties, essentially agreeing on the terms of their partnership. In July, the union sought to add a clause stopping Imperial Hub from applying to the

College for any funding. The union said it attempted to “soften the tone” of this new clause by asking that Imperial Hub “consult and agree with [the union] any proposed agreements with college”.

The union went on to say that while these negotiations were going on, Imperial Hub had “been approaching senior college staff...for direct support for their activities”, which they found out after being “copied into an email response to [Imperial Hub] from the Vice Provost (Education)”. Imperial Hub’s statement disagrees, saying that these meetings were arranged by the student committee to celebrate their achievements and raise awareness with college, rather than ask for funding. At a meeting with Alice Gast, the president of the college, Imperial Hub said it was “invited” to bring a proposal to college, which would include a request for funding.

The union said it knew the central hub charity had been set a fundraising target of £135k, and the union’s worry seemed to be that the hub would attempt to raise this from College, presumably jeopardising the union’s own funding applications. Imperial Hub maintains this figure was taken “out of context” and would not all have been requested from the college.

The union currently employs two members of staff in its Student



Hubs were welcome at last year’s Freshers Fair. Photo Credit: Imperial Hub

Development department. It’s no secret that they’re looking to hire two new recruits in this sector, but Imperial Hubs protests this. In a statement seen by FELIX, Hubs wonders why the union didn’t invest the money they had for these new staff members into Imperial Hub given its “proven track record”.

In the same statement from Hubs, which contests several points in the union’s Trustee Board agenda (which is freely available online, albeit deep within the throngs of the website), Hubs say that the union “spoke to partners about

terminating the partnership before they had even notified [us]”.

Dominic Falcao, of Imperial College’s Create Lab, wrote an open letter expressing dismay at the decision. “For the meantime, I chose to ignore your decision,” he said, “I will continue to send Imperial students to Imperial Hub”.

It’s too early to tell what this decision will mean for Imperial Hub, its volunteers and the projects its been working on. With open letters, contradictory statements and agendas flying, this is one hell of a break up.

At Freshers’ Fair, the committee were instructed by the union not wear their Imperial Hub branded clothing



Michael Chung is Community Connections Volunteer of the Year 2014, CAG Chair 2014-15 and a general EEE BNOC

I have to say I was terribly shocked when I heard the news. Whatever the reasoning behind the Union’s decision, nothing speaks more about “building a student community” and “enhancing student experience” [the union’s slogans] for me than Imperial Hub. I have learnt a great deal from working with the organisation, I just hope Imperial students wouldn’t be denied this unique opportunity to achieve the same, if not more.



Imperial says goodbye to popular academic

Cecily Johnson
News Editor

FELIX was saddened to hear of the death of Professor Danny Segal, who was Senior Tutor of the Department of Physics, at the end of the summer. Professor Segal was a popular figure in the department, having been at Imperial on and off since completing his undergraduate degree in Manchester in 1983.

Professor Segal's research employed spectroscopic techniques to study the physics of atomic collisions. He achieved his doctorate under Keith Burnett in the Spectroscopy Group – now called the Quantum Optics and Laser Science Group – where his talent for experimental physics helped him

in establishing a new laboratory.

After a brief stint at the University of Oxford, Professor Segal returned to Imperial for a Fellowship. By 2001 he had been promoted to Senior Lecturer, then Reader and finally Professor in 2011. His colleagues from this time knew him as an “admirable, sociable and good humoured” man.

While he was passionate about his research, Professor Segal also proved popular as the first Warden of the Clayponds Hall of Residence for postgraduate students. Later he took on the role of Senior Tutor within the Department of Physics, supporting the entire student body with a reputation for understanding and compassion.

Professor Segal was diagnosed with a serious brain tumour in September 2014, undergoing



Professor Danny Segal passed away last month after a short battle with cancer. Photo Credit: Imperial College London

treatment before ultimately passing away on 23rd September 2015 at the age of 55. He inspired his friends and colleagues in the way he “retained his unique character” throughout this period.

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FELIX COMMENT



comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk

I cry male tears for Bahar Mustafa

A cis white man on what *he* thinks about the welfare officer who said #killallwhitemen



Jonathan Masters
Comment Writer

Bahar Mustafa is the Welfare and Diversity Officer of Goldsmiths, University of London and for the second time whilst in her position she has come under fire for comments made through twitter. She previously entered public consciousness after requesting that no white men attend a BME non-binary and women's meeting, and then because of various activities on social media. An image posted to twitter displayed her mock crying in front of a sign reading "no white cis-men pls" and now her tweeting using the hashtag "#killallwhitemen" has surfaced once again. The reason she has resurfaced yet again is that she has been charged for these actions: the first being that of sending a communication conveying a threatening message between 10th

The ever present spectre of sexism still lingers within our society

November, 2014 and 31st May, 2015; and the second is for sending a grossly offensive message via a public communication network between the same dates. Ms Mustafa is set to appear before magistrates at Bromley magistrates court on the 5th November.

Now as you might imagine, as a cis white male (that is, identifying with the gender I was assigned at birth) it is with great trepidation that I write this article. However, I feel that in all honesty, although her actions within the public eye were idiotic, I do not believe that she should have been charged for these acts. For me the crux of the issue comes under the almost cliché value that we deserve freedom of speech, no matter what that speech is. The fact that Bahar Mustafa is being prosecuted is a

disgusting violation of this, and although my own personal views are in direct contention with hers, it is possible to support her whilst she undergoes this process.

First of all what must be dealt with are the views she holds; I do not agree with her brand of feminism remotely. I perceive it as an aggressive, alienating, and, frankly, insidiously nasty personal brand. However, it is unacceptable that she is not allowed to express these views in whatever way she sees fit, and with social media being the quickest way to convey your views, Twitter would seem like a fair option.

To put this into balance I think it's worth considering the various other social figures that continually send communications carrying threatening and grossly offensive messages, who continually spew their verbal faeces all across social media and in print, who receive no comeuppance. Of course I'm talking about the woman who says offensive things instead of mustering the energy to come up with anything vaguely insightful to say: Katie Hopkins. From refusing to speak to fat children, to comparing asylum seekers to cockroaches, this woman has built a career out of being grossly offensive, and yet she seems to become more and more successful the more vitriol she emits. On the other side of the spectrum, the grossly offensive 'Dapper Laughs' goes from rape joke to leery objectification in a blink of an eye, and yet there is no form of prosecution towards him either. I believe that the reason Bahar Mustafa is being singularly persecuted is a lack of understanding and a stubbornness to progress socially.

The ever present spectre of



Bahar is a sabbatical officer at Goldsmiths. Can you imagine one of our sabbs being this controversial?



When the media scrolled back through Bahar Mustafa's tweets, they found a treasure trove of "stories".

sexism still lingers within our society. Although there is definitely progression within all sectors, the idea of new schools of thought within a movement that too many perceive as a homogenous idealism are reflected here. For example, the *change.org* petition to have Bahar Mustafa removed from her position was started and campaigned for by a white man at a completely different university, citing that he worried "about the future of Britain, free speech and the ability to be whom you are". As a result of her tweets and the publicity of the whole episode, Mustafa received numerous death threats, as well as rape threats, and the fact that none of these have been followed up by the police/ been publicised in the media seems extremely odd.

I would rather see the culture, perpetuated by the likes of the aforementioned Dapper Laughs, targeted more proactively, rather than this particular brand of feminism. For some reason he doesn't seem to be a priority when targeting grossly offensive messages. I feel as though if this hadn't been given the publicity it was by the media, this case would not have

been followed up to the extent that it has been.

Her case also raises the issue of twitter as a platform for ideas and views. If you want to share your personal philosophy with the world, why not use a network that can convey this instantly? Because if

We deserve freedom of speech, no matter what that speech is

certain people disagree with your views it could land you in Bromley magistrates court. Social media has brought a new age of connectivity and broadcasting content has almost accidentally ushered in an ominous cloud of censorship, ready to strike down those that hold risky looking views, leading to a general anxiety over whether or not we should ever tweet an opinion.

The final point I want to make is this: a platform for sharing ideas does not give credence or incitement to those deemed 'grossly offensive', moreover it provides a bigger platform to ridicule, discuss, and even perhaps understand them, which is far more than sending someone to court over a tweet can ever do.

FELIX COMMENT



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Your Instagram faves are awful

Back by popular demand, and more bitter than ever, this week the angry grad is coming for the most liked photos on Instagram.



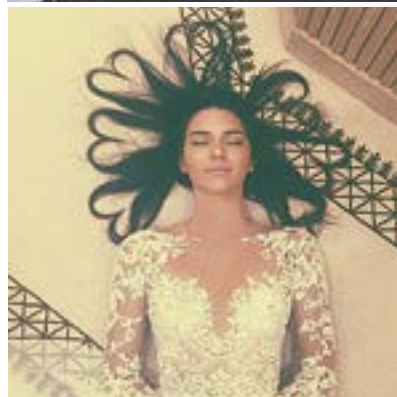
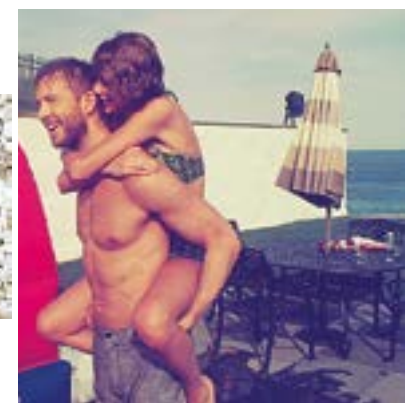
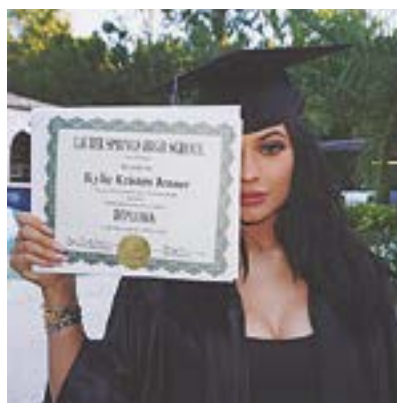
The Angry Grad
Columnist

It's a new dawn, it's a new day, it's a new comment piece from me this week, and I'm glad you've returned for some fresh rage! For the newbies amongst you, as the Angry Grad (AG from now on, because acronyms are hip, and who has time to speak in full sentences these days - not me, I'm too busy looking for a job) I endeavour to rant about all things of utmost importance. My topic this week is far more pressing than the presidential election, more stressful than junior doctor contract reform, and yes, more heart-wrenching than Zayn leaving 1D. This week, we discuss why humanity violates my soul, based on the most liked photos on Instagram.

At **number five**, with 2.3 million likes, we have Kylie Jenner graduating from high school. To be fair to the kid, I'm surprised she bloody got there. She's had a pretty tough year, and I'm not even talking about the whole Caitlyn thing. Balancing that mega pout with organic chemistry sounds more stressful than BSc finals, and combined with the fact that her lip fillers get more publicity than the USA's drone strikes, means that this lady has had one arduous fucking year. But hey, she made it, and you guys rooted for her.

Oh sorry, what did you say 12 year old girl? Who do you want to be like when you grow up? Indra Nooyi, the female CEO of PepsiCo? Edith Wharton, the writer who exposed class conflict and social hypocrisy? Oh, Kylie Jenner, rocking the duck face on graduation day? Okay, I'm

Evidently,
give a girl
flowers
and she'll
*Shake It
Off.*



Feast your eyes on these, the greatest achievements of our time. Clockwise from top left, Kenner graduates, Kardashian-West snogage, Taylor-Harris horseplay, Taylor's humblebrag and the most liked picture on all of Insta - Kendall Jenner, who couldn't even keep her eyes open for the photo. Photo Credit: Instagram / Kylie Jenner / Kim Kardashian / Taylor Swift / Kendall Jenner

fully aware that I can't moan too much because in a way, this picture does promote education, especially for women, but it just pisses me off that this photo is more appreciated than snaps of Oprah Winfrey or Hilary Clinton getting up to their own ground-breaking antics. The fact that kids these days, and myself included here, know more about the Kardashians than they do about the Korean crisis makes me despair.

Number four boasts Kimmy and Kanye playing tonsil tennis on their wedding day, which received 2.4 million double taps. Well done world, that amount of appreciation must have gone straight to Yeezy's already hyper-inflated ego, but at least Kim's arse can balance it out. This photo is quite sweet really, but the miserable douche in me finds this amount of class unsettling when it comes from the Kardashian-West clan. I mean, Kan-ye not?

I want to see Kanye ruining award shows, or talking about how he invented leather pants in Latin times and sold the idea to Virgil. I mean, if this photo declares that Kimye are modern day advocates of matrimony, we must also assume that the league tables are right, and UCL is better than Imperial. We all know that Jay-oncé are the true

king and queen, so why the world is trying to fuck with the monarchy, I do not know.

Of course Taylor ruddy Swift has to feature somewhere, and she nabs the **number three** spot with a totes adorbs snap of her and

I mean, Kan-ye not?

her bae, Calvin Harris. With 2.5 million likes, this super candid pic makes me want to vom. Yes, they both look fit as fuck, and yes, the reason I hate it is because I am most probably jealous. But more likely, I believe I hate it because this is just more celebrity relationship fuel Tay will fire another whiny, chart topping hit with. I speculate, the siren in her next ballad will declare her spinsterhood, seeing as she's now exhausted almost every male in show biz, who she will never ever get back together with.

It's **number two**, and FFS here's another Tay Tay hit, and to make things worse, Yeezy is also involved. The weirdest looking bouquet ever nabbed a healthy 2.5 million likes, and was presented to Swifty from

Kanye after she presented the Video Vanguard Award at the MTV music awards. Evidently, give a girl some flowers and she'll Shake It Off; 'It' being any past beef. Kanye may have some serious Style when it comes to bouquets, but for god sake Taylor, stand your ground! You know the guy was trouble when he walked in, so don't encourage him and keep the Bad Blood between you two. My life is far more entertaining when shit listers have feuds.

Drum roll, please, for **number one** which goes to Kendall Jenner sprawled on the floor, with her locks arranged into hearts. 3.1 million likes, people. THREE. POINT. ONE. MILLION. Um, what? Firstly, this photo should, if anything, be reported as it breaks the first and most important rule of Instagram: manufactured spontaneity. Maybe I'm being ignorant, perhaps this shot conveys some deep meaning other than promoting Basic Bitch culture. Maybe she's replying to the Black Eyed Peas, answering their age old question, that the love is with her. Perhaps this is her way of encouraging world peace, to fill the (h)air with love, not war. Or maybe, most likely of all, she's trying to nab a life time supply of those Love Heart sweets. Who fucking knows.



Cecily Johnson
Science Writer

The Nobel Laureates who will receive the 2015 Nobel Prizes in Physics, Chemistry and Physiology or Medicine were revealed this week. The annual awards are widely regarded as the most prestigious in their respective fields.

Recipients receive a gold medal and diploma; each prize is also worth £631,000 which is split evenly between the winners if several share the award. The Laureates often donate their prize money to scientific, cultural and humanitarian causes.

The prizes were established in 1895 by Swedish inventor Alfred Nobel, who bequeathed his fortune

Laureates often donate their prize money to scientific, cultural and humanitarian causes

to found the Nobel Foundation after reading an unfavourable prematurely released obituary for himself.

His legacy created a series of awards for individuals who bestowed the "greatest benefit on mankind" with their work in in physics, chemistry, physiology or medicine, literature and peace. A related Nobel Memorial Prize in Economic Sciences was added in 1968.

Each Nobel Prize is awarded by an institution and chosen from a list of names recommended by the Nobel Committee after nominations have been received. The decision is announced immediately after the vote takes place.

There is often a significant time lag between the scientific discovery or work recognised by the Nobel Prize and its awarding, as the granting of prizes is typically delayed until the achievement has been widely accepted.

Inset Photo Illustrator: Niklas Elmehed



The Nobel Assembly at Karolinska Institutet has chosen to split the awarding of the 2015 Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine, with one half jointly going to Irish parasitologist



William C. Campbell and Japanese microbiologist Satoshi Ōmura.

The pair were behind the discovery of new drug Ivermectin, derivatives of which have proven to be effective treatments for a number of diseases caused by roundworm parasites. Their work has radically lowered the incidence of River Blindness and Lymphatic Filariasis.

Combined, these two diseases affect more than 100 million people worldwide. Those who contract Lymphatic Filariasis can suffer from disabling swelling, in some cases including elephantiasis.

Satoshi Ōmura made an initial breakthrough after studying soil samples, growing bacteria that were found to produce anti-microbial compounds. William Campbell then found that a particular strain, *Streptomyces avermitilis*, was particularly effective against the

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Nobel Prize winners for 2015 announced

Physiology or Medicine –

William C. Campbell and Satoshi Ōmura

“for their discoveries concerning a novel therapy against infections caused by roundworm parasites”

Physiology or Medicine –

Youyou Tu

“for her discoveries concerning a novel therapy against Malaria”

Another pioneer in the field of parasitic disease will receive the second half of the 2015 Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine. Chinese scientist Youyou Tu was the discoverer of highly effective malaria treatment Artemisinin.

Tu was working on a secret military project during the Cultural Revolution in China when she discovered the drug. Previous malaria treatments such as chloroquine had become less effective over time as malaria parasites had developed resistance to them.

Artemisinin works by blocking the cycle through which malaria parasites propagate, clearing them

from the infected patient's blood. Tu headed up a team assigned to “project 523”, searching through



over 2000 ancient Chinese remedies to try and find a cure for the devastating disease.

Eventually a recipe entitled “Emergency Prescriptions Kept Up One's Sleeve”, written more than 1600 years ago, was found and tested. It described the preparation in water of Artemisia annua, commonly known as sweet wormwood.

Tu's research determined the active ingredient which was highly effective at treating the disease. Initial tests in 21 humans with one of two forms of malaria found that the extract was effective in wiping out both types of parasite.

Professor Tu described her prize-winning discovery as “a true gift from old Chinese medicine”. In an interview after the announcement she said: “I was a little bit surprised, but not really... because [this prize] is not an honour just for me, but an honour for all Chinese scientists”.

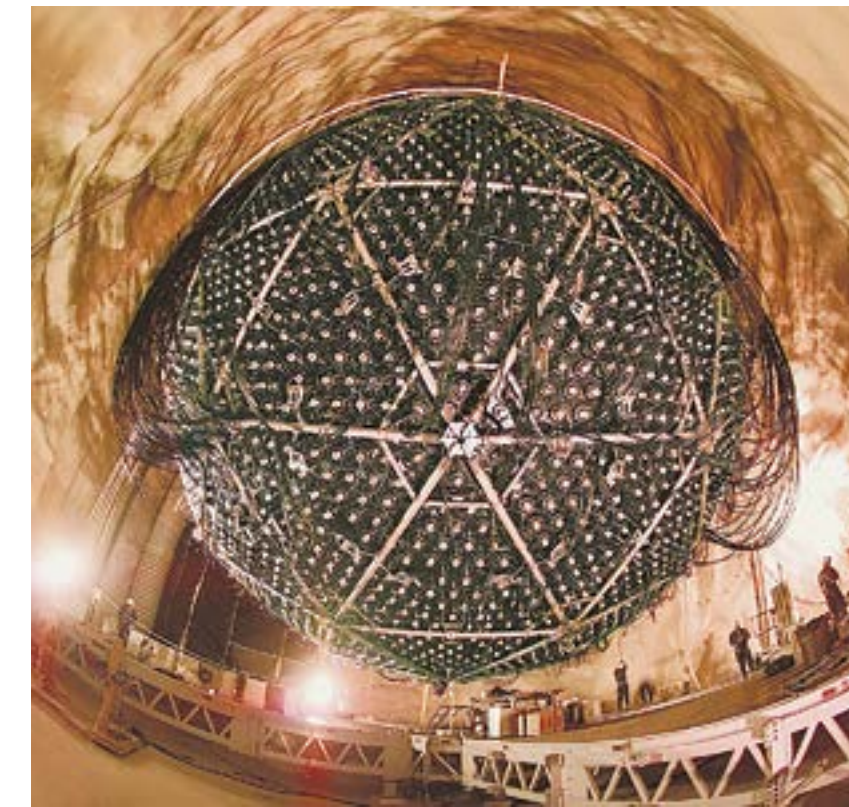
This is the first time in history that the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine has been awarded to a

researcher from China. By splitting the award, the Committee chose to honour two different research teams fighting a common battle against parasitic infections.

“The two discoveries have provided humankind with powerful new

[This prize] is not an honour just for me, but an honour for all Chinese scientists

means to combat these debilitating diseases that affect hundreds of millions of people annually,” the Nobel committee said. “The consequences in terms of improved human health and reduced suffering are immeasurable”.



The Sudbury Neutrino Observatory in Ontario. Photo Credit: LBL, Roy Kaltschmidt

Physics –
Takaaki Kajita and Arthur B. McDonald
“for the discovery of neutrino oscillations, which shows that neutrinos have mass”

The Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences has awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics for 2015 to Takaaki Kajita of the University of Tokyo and Arthur B. McDonald of Queen's University in Canada.

The two physicists were recognised for their key contributions to the experiments in the late 1990s and

early 2000s, which showed that neutrinos are not massless particles.

First predicted in 1930 by Wolfgang Pauli, neutrinos have zero electric charge and were believed for many years to also have no mass, passing through normal matter almost undetected.

By constructing two neutrino detectors deep underground, one

in Ontario and the other in Gifu prefecture, McDonald and Kajita were able to determine between them that the particles can oscillate between three types – muon, tau and electron.

This mysterious behaviour means that the particles have mass – albeit an almost immeasurably tiny mass.

The new discovery was hugely important for physics. “When you do not know whether they have mass, it's otherwise difficult to understand how to incorporate them into those theories that give us a more fundamental understanding of the world of physics,” McDonald said in an interview.

“We are very satisfied that we have been able to add to the world's knowledge at a very fundamental level. This recognition is a tremendous accolade for our group”.



Chemistry –

Tomas Lindahl, Paul Modrich and Aziz Sancar

“for mechanistic studies of DNA repair”

In a second announcement, the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry for 2015 to Tomas Lindahl, Paul Modrich and Aziz Sancar for their work in mapping how cells repair damaged DNA, safeguarding the genetic information.

Together the three scientists provided fundamental knowledge of how living cells function, which is now used in a number of fields including the development of new cancer treatments.

Human cells divide billions of

times from the time of conception to adulthood, each time unravelling and recreating the strands of DNA within their nucleus. It was long considered incredible that the genetic information could be duplicated so accurately each time.

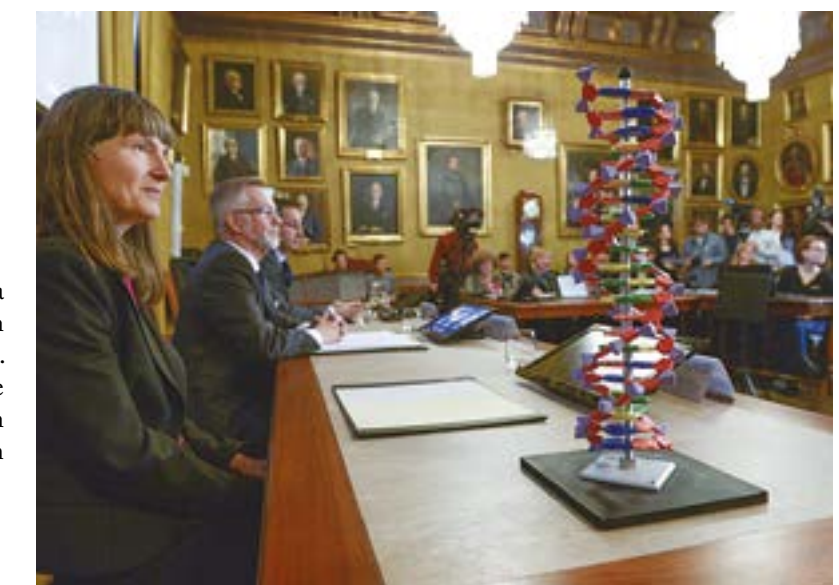
“From a chemical perspective, this ought to be impossible,” the Nobel committee stated at the prize announcement. “All chemical processes are prone to random errors. Additionally, your DNA is subjected on a daily basis to damaging radiation and reactive molecules.

“In fact, you ought to have been a chemical chaos long before you even developed into a foetus,” they added. The trio of scientists who were awarded this year's Nobel Prize in Chemistry resolved this conundrum

This year's prize is about the cell's toolbox for repairing DNA

by figuring out how cells are able to repair the inevitable mutations that occur during DNA synthesis.

It was Tomas Lindahl who first demonstrated in the 1970s that the rate of decay of DNA molecules was



Members of the Nobel Assembly at the announcement. Photo Credit: AP

great enough that it ought to make the development of life on Earth impossible. He went on to discover a piece of molecular machinery called base excision repair, which continuously counteracts the collapse of DNA.

Aziz Sancar went on to map another mechanism, nucleotide excision repair, which cells use to repair the damage caused by UV rays from the Sun. Those born with defects in this repair system develop skin cancer when exposed to sunlight, making the discovery crucial to cancer research.

Finally, Paul Modrich was

recognised for his demonstration of a mechanism called mismatch repair, which explains how living cells correct those errors that occur when DNA is replicated during cell division, reducing the frequency of mistakes.

The secretary general of the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences, Göran Hansson, announced the winners of the prize in Stockholm saying: “This year's prize is about the cell's toolbox for repairing DNA”. He explained that the new Nobel Laureates have each “provided fundamental insights into how cells function”.



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Chvrches - *Every Open Eye*

Cale Tilford
Music Editor

Internet trolls and misogynistic abuse seem to have done little to slow the rapid ascendancy of the Scottish electronic trio. Having toured the world, they return with their sophomore album which continues where 2013's *The Bones of What You Believe* left off - a record that pushed synth-pop back into the mainstream in spectacular fashion.

Early single 'Leave a Trace' promised a slight departure from endlessly bombastic nature of the band's debut, taking a more delicate approach to song making whilst still conserving the catchy hooks that have made them so popular. There's an anger here that is immediately obvious as she takes aim at a former lover, "You talk far too much / For someone so unkind."

Unfortunately, much of this is lost on the rest of the album; tracks 'Keep You On My Side', 'Empty Threat', 'Playing Dead' and 'Bury It' feel like filler and their attempts at

being anthemic fall flat. Opening track 'Never Ending Circles' is underwhelming with a build-up

It relies far too heavily on the formula they established two years ago

that never resolves. 'Make Them Gold' delivers a more empowering message in "We will take the best

parts of ourselves / And make them gold" - a good metaphor for an album that so often hides its flaws under a shimmering layer of synths.

'Clearest Blue' is easily the star of the show. Whilst there's initially a feeling of hopelessness "Tied, to the shifting ground", when the drop finally happens a sense of euphoria takes hold as "You'll meet me halfway" evolves into "Will you meet me more than halfway?"

'High Enough to Carry Over' and 'Down Side of Me' take a more laid-back approach with the former marking Martin Doherty's return to vocals but ultimately both feel out of place and uninspired. The dreamy ambient synths on 'Afterglow', the closing track, give hope to the future sound of Chvrches. It's an evolution that is massively welcome, although one that comes far too late.

Whilst *Every Open Eye* is more polished than its predecessor, it relies far too heavily on the formula they established two years ago - a formula that by the album's end feels tired and hollow. As others encroach



Photo Credit: Virgin Records

upon their signature sound (Taylor Swift's 1989 seems like the most obvious offender) to such massive

success we can only hope that any future projects take a new direction. *Out now on Virgin Records*

Deafheaven - *New Bermuda*



Photo Credit: ANTI-

Deafheaven's *Sunbather* was one of 2013's defining records and an album that black metal fans loved to hate. It combined black metal and shoegaze (call it blackgaze if you wish) in a way few had dared to do before, introducing

a once inaccessible genre to thousands of new listeners.

The cover of *New Bermuda* stands out in stark contrast to its predecessor; gone is the warm pink of *Sunbather* now replaced by dark uneven strokes. Whilst the album feels angrier and more abrasive, the overall structures and sounds have changed very little. Thrashing black metal always seamlessly transitions to the uplifting melodies that Deafheaven are famous for.

'Brought to the Water' begins with a growling rumble as church bells ring. Angry guitars and noisy drums permeate the air. It's black metal at its finest but what follows is arguably the record's finest moment. The cinematic chord progressions here laced with George Clarke's inaudible screams exceed even the greatest moments of 'Dream House' on their previous record. As before you'll need a lyric sheet to discern Clarke's screeching but when you do everything begins to make sense - "A multiverse of fuchsia / And violet surrenders to blackness now" echoes the epic struggle

between the darkness of black metal and the deep moody moments of beauty that intersperse it.

The harsh trash metal of 'Luna'

Gone is the warm pink of *Sunbather* now replaced by dark uneven strokes

opens up into dreamy guitars and there are rare moments where you can just about understand Clarke's screams as he describes a nightmarish suburbia "There is no glamour / Only the mirage of water ascending from the asphalt ... Sitting quietly in scorching reimagined suburbia".

'Baby Blue' almost leaves death metal behind with grungy solos layered over throbbing guitars. The visceral 'Come Back' provides some of the album's most intense moments contrasted with its most calm. Its riffs will put you in a trance before it descends into lush twangy guitars. They finish with 'Gifts for the Earth', a song unlike anything they've released before with power chords blending seamlessly into a beautiful piano, guitar and tambourine outro.

With *New Bermuda*, Deafheaven almost match the greatness of *Sunbather*. They've crafted something that's a little darker and a little less shoegazing whilst still delivering so many of their signature melodic highs. *Out now on ANTI-*



Libertines: Renewed and Raging

Peter Munton
Writer

Nobody would have thought that after the split of **The Libertines** back in 2004 they would ever perform again, let alone record another studio album. Pete Doherty's (vocals/guitar) descent into a serious crack cocaine and heroin addiction caused tensions

The media's coverage of Doherty's drug addiction destroyed the reputation of the band

in the band, particularly between himself and other front man Carl

Barât which ultimately led to the end of the band 11 years ago. The media's coverage of Doherty's drug addiction and involvement in crime destroyed the band's reputation, making it almost unthinkable that the music industry (or the public) would ever welcome them back into mainstream music culture.

However, after a series of successful reunion gigs in 2010, including both Reading and Leeds festivals, a reformation looked increasingly likely. It was not until the beginning of 2015, after it was announced that Doherty had successfully completed his rehab treatment in Thailand, that The Libertines returned to the studio to record their third album.

The anticipation surrounding the band's reunion led to a unprecedented hype focused on their headline slots. Questions were being asked: has Doherty's and Barât's relationship finally been recovered? Will they ever be as good as they used to be? Will their performance live up to the hype? With a ticket for the Sunday of Reading Festival, I was overwhelmingly excited to see them for the first time. But this would happen before expected.

In June, they performed as special guests on the Pyramid stage at Glastonbury, replacing the hole that the Foo Fighters and Dave Grohl's broken leg had left. Throughout the day rumours spread across the Glastonbury site about who the



The surprise replacement headliners seemed triumphant after their career-spanning set. Photo Credit: BBC

special guest would be, with most suggesting that The Libertines would play. On a sunny Somerset evening, crowds lined the field waiting expectedly for a special guest worthy of the Pyramid stage.

The rumours did not disappoint as the likely lads charged onto the stage blasting out 'The Delaney' with such enthusiasm that they received a huge roar from the tens of thousands in the crowd.

They thundered through their set which included songs from their new album such as the live debut of 'Anthems for Doomed Youth' (the title track) as well as old classics like 'Can't Stand Me Now' to the utmost joy of the festival goers. They finished off their set with a rendition of 'Don't Look Back Into the Sun' which left fans chanting for more.

The crowds left the stage certainly feeling surprised. The appearance of The Libertines may well have even been a surprise to the band members themselves as the replacement would've been so last minute and potentially rushed.

This was somewhat evident in the band's first live festival performance of the year; their set seemed a little clunky and chaotic, lacking the polished look and sound that one would expect from such a skilled quartet. Being such an unexpected gig, this could not be held against

them, as replacement shows have a reputation of not always living up to standards. It was going to be very interesting to see The Libertines headlining Reading, a night that they had prepared and rehearsed for

Madness ensued as the likely lads made their way through the hit heavy set long into the night

heavily in advance.

When the moment finally came for their performance at Reading, there was the feeling that the newly reformed band had to fight to prove

themselves worthy to be back at the top. The intro of Vera Lynne's 'We'll Meet Again' softly hummed out of the speakers, consequently the packed crowd chorused along to the famous lyrics. The air of anticipation was at its highest.

As the band members made their way onto stage kicking off with 'Horror Show', the audience erupted into a series of mosh pits, crowd surfers and red hot burning flares lighting up the night sky. Madness ensued as the likely lads made their way through the hit heavy set long into the night. The energy and precision of the performance renewed their previously damaged reputation and earned them a place at the top of raging rock music.

Their third studio album *Anthems for Doomed Youth* was released on the 11th of September. The chaotic sounds of their 2004 album *The Libertines* has been replaced by a more mature and witty elegiac sound, perhaps an indication of all they have been through.

Some argue that it is their best album yet; whatever the case it's well worth a listen. The Libertines start their tour at the beginning of 2016 and they'll be playing at the O2 arena in London on the 30th of January. If you are a Libertines fan this is a show not to miss.

Anthems for Doomed Youth is available now on Virgin Records



Photo Credit: Virgin Records



Drake / Future - *What a Time to Be Alive*

Aslan Sayfimehr
Writer

Collaborations between hip-hop artists in their prime rarely see the light of day. Delays follow delays, followed by further delayed delays, leaving ample time for the novelty of the idea to fizzle out (**Kanye/Pharell/Lupe Fiasco**) or for artists to sufficiently diverge artistically (**Kendrick/J Cole**). It should then come as little surprise that the existence and masterful execution of *What a Time to Be Alive's* release was not at all expected. **Drake** and **Future**, two members of '15 hip-hop's top echelon of rappers, released their joint mixtape a week after rumors first hit the internet, and only months after bagging a critically acclaimed #1 solo album each. The first official announcement of the tape, live on Apple's Beats 1 radio, was immediately followed by its leak-free debut, providing a shared listening experience rarely seen these days. If nothing else, it should serve as an example of how to release an album in the social-media age. What if **The Weeknd** circa 2011 and **FKA twigs** delivered an EP out of the blue, sans irritating pre-release promo run? Or **Frank Ocean** and **James Blake**? Or **Jay-Z** and Kanye West (still not over 'H.A.M.')?

Future is the powerhouse at the helm of hip-hop's Atlanta-birthered melodic renaissance. Known for hypnotically mumbling his way

If nothing else, it serves as an example of how to release an album in social media age

across bass-heavy production, his signature raspy cadence and top class melodic talent (he gave **Beyoncé** 'Drunk In Love') has

Worry not, the staple themes of strippers, heartbreak and crime are all still very present

made nearly everything he's done in the past year downright addictive. A mixtape three-peat followed by July's stellar *DS2* cemented Future's reputation for consistency and dedication to his fan-base. Hip hop purists be warned- lyrical content takes a backseat to phonetics among 'New Atlanta' artists, and Future regularly uses auto-tune to further gruff-up his voice. Plus, I'm pretty sure Future freestyles most of his lines; I refuse to believe anyone could actually write down "I put my thumb in her butt."

Drake's been running the rap game since 2013. The **Lil Wayne** protégé's presence on a track has become so synonymous with a hit that making it without a Drake feature is considered an achievement in its own right. He's also a sappy, manipulative middle-class Canadian former child actor who really likes his sandwiches (YouTube it). Drake's initial foray into aggressive chest puffing with *Worst Behavior* felt a tad awkward, but after a year of braggadocios features and the rapid fire slew of bangers on this years *If You're Reading This It's Too Late*, I think I'm ok with bearded gym-rat **Drizzy 2.0** and ex-drug dealer Future 'Hendrix' side by side. Both products of the emotionally transparent melody-infused rap pioneered by **Kid Cudi** & Kanye West back in '08, yet separated by their widely distant

subject matter and deliver, Future and Drake had the capacity to make something really special.

Which is why I was pretty underwhelmed after noticing that if you leave off the last two tracks, *WATTBA* is a really, really good Future tape with Drake featuring on every track. The fact that even this disappointment is still one of the best pop-rap releases of the year is a testament to the duo's ability.

Future pushes himself lyrically for Drake's audience (no odd orifice insertions or homophobic slurs this time around), delving further into his drug use as a coping mechanism. Worry not- the staple themes of strippers, heartbreak and crime are all still very present. Throughout the tape Future displays his unrivalled talent for conveying emotion through auto-tuned vocals; his hoarse croaks of despair on 'Live from the Gutter' draw instant empathy. The penultimate track, Future's solo effort 'Jersey', has him confessing his regrets in a defeated, gritty panic, and although it's no 'Codeine Crazy', the song ranks among his best to date.

Drake continues to do what he does best. Jumping on and then developing flows lain down by Future, he delivers quotable after quotable with undeniable confidence and precision. The absurd hook on 'Big Rings' begs to be belted out loud, and his sing-song rapping is used to expert effectiveness on 'Scholarships'. The inflections at the end of each of his lines are nothing short of delightful. The tape closes with '30 for 30', a strong contender for Drake's most technically brilliant song yet, in which he glides through gentle pianos over a muffled soul sample punctuated by muted drums, effortlessly switching between impeccable flows made all



Photo Credit: Epic / Cash Money

the more impressive by the minimal beat.

The first thing heard on *WATTBA* is Metro Boomin's iconic producer tag, followed shortly by Southside's, and the two clearly deserve the recognition. Handling the majority of the production, their infectious synths and punchy drum patterns are guaranteed to incite awkward head-bobs in public. The hazy lean-influence seen on other Future releases is polished and toned down for Drake's audience, but the beats remain very much typical of Future. Other personal highlights include Neenyo's ethereal stripper ballad in 3/4, 'Plastic Bag'; even if I don't fully understand the stripper/client dynamic, it's smooth as hell.

Unfortunately, Drake and Future don't interact nearly enough. Bars are never traded, and the two capable singers only harmonize

on 'Diamonds Dancing', albeit to stunning effect (that is before Drake embarks on two minute rant to an ex peppered with scoffs and harrumphs). Maybe the distance is put there for a reason; Drake frequently raps about his rich-womanizer woes immediately after Future's laments over a dark and troubled past. An amalgamation of their two individual styles would have been to die for, but I think I'm expecting a bit much from something recorded in 6 days.

If you enjoy well-made contagious bangers, listen to *What A Time To Be Alive*. Filled with hard-hitting pop-rap songs from the biggest in the game, pre-existing fans won't be left disappointed. Dominated by Future's aesthetic but discernibly elevated by Drake's Midas touch, *WATTBA* raises some questions about the Toronto pop-star's future. Is *WATTBA* a tactical play, tapping into Future's notoriously loyal fan base as a safety net for a well overdue experimental solo record, or is it merely asserting his position as the prince of rap by releasing what could be his second platinum record of the year? Either way, Drake's strategy of jumping on buzzing songs has now evolved into latching onto another artist's sound, a far cry from 2013's irrefutable boast of: "Give these n*ggas the look, the verse and even the hook/That's why every song sound like Drake featuring Drake." *Out now on Epic / Cash Money*



Is this image a metaphor for the powerplay on this mixtape? No.

Photo Credit: Williams / WireImage



Suffragette: Oscar Bait?

Suffragette



Dir. Sarah Gavron. *Script.* Abi Morgan. *Starring.* Carey Mulligan, Helena Bonham Carter, Meryl Streep, Ben Wishaw. *106 minutes.*

Fred Fyles
Film Editor

To call *Suffragette* ‘Oscar Bait’ would probably be a tad unfair. The term conjures up all kinds of negative imagery: a mawkish, overbearing soundtrack that tugs at the heartstrings; a star-studded cast in which someone pretends to have a disability; *Forrest Gump*. But if we look at the elements that make up director Sarah Gavron’s latest feature, it is difficult to come to any other conclusion.

A historical drama that focuses on the history of the women’s suffrage movement in the UK at its height, *Suffragette* manages to conjure up the theme of the march of progress coming up against the ideas of the past. Beginning with steamy shots of a cramped laundry, whose conditions resemble those of Milton’s dark satanic mills, we are introduced to Maud (Carey Mulligan), whose short life has largely been spent washing others’ clothes, to the detriment of her health. While her home life is happy – with Ben Wishaw playing her initially-loving husband, Sonny – she seems to yearn for something more. Finding a new life within the Women’s Social and Political Union (WSPU), she begins to take part in civil disobedience and violence.

While there was concern from the initial trailer that hearing Mulligan give her best attempt at an East End accent would be toe-curlingly embarrassing, her performance is actually quite believable. Her time on stage – recently starring in a revival of *Skylight* – has clearly paid off, and her acting style is incredibly naturalistic. It is also interesting to see how physical she has become as an actor, imbuing her character with a series of jerky movements, which seem to develop into psychological tics as the strain the establishment places on her increases.

Mulligan’s performance is supported by a strong cast of women: Helena Bonham Carter



Violet (Anne-Marie Duff) and Maud (Carey Mulligan), in Sarah Gavron’s *Suffragette*. Photo Credit: Pathé

plays Edith, the well-educated chemist whose shop becomes a nexus for the movement, and international treasure Meryl Streep stars as the movement’s leader, Emmeline Pankhurst. Streep’s role in the film is a small one, but her natural charisma means every second counts. Anne-Marie Duff’s character of Violet, the fellow laundry worker who turns Maud onto the movement, is a highlight, forming a solid pillar upon which the film rests.

The script, penned by Abi Morgan, who is fast becoming a British institution, manages to breathe

A solid, but not staid film, imbued with a sense of worthiness

life into the story, creating largely-believable characters, only some of whom – such as Emily Wilding Davison (Natalie Press) – were real-life figures, the rest standing more for concepts of femininity. However, it would be an achievement to make a limpid script, given the fascinating subject matter, and there is a slight sense of déjà vu with the pacing of the film. In the past couple of years we have seen a formula developed for period pieces that centre a ‘controversial-at-the-time’ issue, and *Suffragette* seems to follow it to the letter: we are introduced to the action through an initially reticent figure with whom we can sympathise (see: *Pride*); the film works its way to an emotional and physical climax that, with the gift of hindsight, we know is coming (see: *The King’s Speech*); and before the credits roll we are given a glimpse of real-life news footage of the era (see: *Selma*). That’s not to say that this is a bad thing, or that the film doesn’t work, just that we seem to be heading down well-trodden territory.

The film avoids falling into the typical costume drama trap of feeling staid, thanks largely to Gavron’s direction; up to four handheld cameras were used at one time, creating an atmosphere that never seems dour, but instead rightly holds up the work of the Suffragettes as vital, vibrant, and fresh. The colour palate of the film, based on the movement’s now-iconic purple, white and green flag, is noticeable, but never overpowering.

While the film’s focus on the working-class heart of the suffrage movement is very welcome, the lack of women of colour strikes a discordant note, especially when we know that South Asian women in particular did contribute to the pressure on government. I am sure that in the coming weeks there will be a deluge of thinkpieces on this issue, so I will not dwell on it any longer. Suffice to say: if you’re looking for BME women, they ain’t there.

Suffragette is an instinctively appealing film to watch. By and large, the audience is already on

the characters’ side, seeing universal suffrage as a sacred right (although, the statistics at the end of the film showing the dates that different countries adopted this policy would indicate otherwise); right from the get-go, we can empathise with Maud, a character for whom the forces of patriarchy have been near-literally crippling. Hit then with a series of excellent performances, and a visit from Streep herself (by now the closest thing cinema has to Jesus), and we have little choice but to stay glued to our seats. On reflection, however, it is possible to notice things that don’t sit right: the formulaic story arcs, the way characters stand more for ideas than people, and the oversimplification of the background characters (we already know that the laundry owner is evil, do we really need to see him sexually assault a child for the message to be clear?) – these all add up to a film that is solid, and, while not staid, definitely imbued with a sense of worthiness. It will win a lot of Oscars.

Suffragette is released on 12th October

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James White



★★★★

Dir. Josh Mond. *Script.* Josh Mond.
Starring: Christopher Abbott,
Cynthia Nixon. 85 minutes.

The hype surrounding Josh Mond's debut feature, *James White*, largely stems from the fact that this is the final member of production collective Borderline Films – responsible for *Martha Marcy May Marlene* and *Simon Killer* – to step into the driver's seat. However, there is much more to be excited about here, as *James White* proves to be a solid, confident piece of filmmaking.

The titular character is a hard-drinking, fast-living New Yorker, played by Christopher Abbott of *Girls* fame, whose life is brought to a halt, first by the death of his estranged father, then by his mother's development of terminal cancer. Abbott manages a tricky balancing act: creating one of the most self-centred characters I have seen on screen, only to turn things around in the closing half-hour with some emotionally devastating scenes.

His performance is supported by a nuanced turn from Cynthia Dixon as his mother, who manages to convey the agony of cancer with great physicality.

Mond's years in the producing seat has clearly equipped him well for this feature, and his direction style is certainly assertive, with Abbott's face in extreme close-up for much of the film, creating a disconcerting lack of distance between him and the audience. *James White* is a film that is difficult to enjoy, but impossible not to admire.

Mountains May Depart



★★★★

Dir. Jia Zhangke. *Script.* Jia Zhangke. *Starring:* Zhao Tao, Zhang Yi, Llang Jingdong. 126 minutes.

In the opening scene of *Mountains May Depart*, a group of young Chinese people dance to the Pet Shop Boys' hit 1993 single *Go West*. The year is 1999, and a sense of optimism is in the air, as China heads into a new millennium; director Jia Zhangke's eighth feature documents the changes over the next 26 years, as



Dollar and Tao (Zhao Tao), in Jia Zhangke's masterful *Mountains May Depart* Photo Credit: New Wave Films

China follows the Pet Shop Boys' advice, hurtling into a new world of state-controlled capitalism at the emotional expense of its citizens.

Split into three parts – 1999, 2014, and 2025 – we follow the life of Tao, a woman from Zhangke's own hometown, Fenyang, whose path is shaped by China's economic destiny. In 1999 she spurns Liangzi (Liang Jingdong), a coal miner, in favour of the wealthier entrepreneur Zhang (Zhang Yi), and has a son called Dollar, a mark of the influence of Western consumerism.

By 2014 Tao has divorced, and meets up with her son one last time before he emigrates to Australia with his father, now a powerful magnate.

Finally, the action jumps forward to 2025, where Dollar – having lived in Australia for most of his adult

life – has forgotten Chinese, and has problems communicating with his traditionalist father, while Tao languishes alone in Fenyang.

A thoughtful, evocative meditation on the passing of time and the nature of change, *Mountains May Depart* is built around the emotional core provided by long-time collaborator Zhao Tao, whose performance of Tao is wonderfully nuanced. While lacking the Tarantino-esque energy of his last film, *A Touch of Sin*, and suffering from a sudden change of tone in the last section (which can perhaps be explained by the fact that it is mostly in English, leading to clunky dialogue that feels much less naturalistic than the previous sections), *Mountains May Depart* is a clever, exploration of the effect of Westernisation on China, seen through the microcosm of a single woman's life. Now entering his middle age, Zhangke has clearly lost none of the energy that directed his early works, and remains probably the most important Chinese filmmaker working today.

Remainder



★★★★

Dir. Omer Fast. *Script.* Omer Fast. *Starring:* Tom Sturridge, Cush Jumbo, Ed Speleers, Arsher Ali. 97 minutes.

There are perhaps many labels that you can place on Omer Fast's first feature film, *Remainder*: haunting; unnerving; perhaps, if you're feeling dispirited: pretentious. But one thing you definitely cannot

call it is derivative.

Based on the novel by Tom McCarthy – who, incidentally, has been nominated for this year's Man Booker Prize – *Remainder* is a dark, twisting tale, involving a young man who is crushed by an object falling from the sky. After an uncertain period of time, he returns to the world, without his memories, but millions of pounds richer thanks to the settlement case. As old memories begin to filter through, the man becomes obsessed with recreating the visions he believes hold the key to unlocking the past.

Cats tied to rooftops, old women frying liver, faceless stand-ins, whose role is to inhabit rather than express an idea. These all feature in his scheme. As the film progresses we seem to get closer to the truth, but the goalposts keep on being moved, and really nothing in this world is certain.

Tom Sturridge is brilliantly brooding as the unnamed man, and with his prominent jawline and heavy intonation, reminded me of Iwan Rheon's character in the TV series *Misfits*. The comparisons do not stop there: the entire production seems to be imbued with the familiar-yet-unfamiliar spirit that Channel 4 productions manage to capture so well (think *Misfits*, *Utopia*, or *Black Mirror*). Fast takes a look at the decay that lurks at the heart of modern society, taking it apart with scalpel-like precision. The script, with its heavy, evocative language, seemed to be perhaps better suited to the stage, but it works nevertheless.

Where *Remainder* really stands out is in Fast's unique vision; a contemporary artist by trade, his

work involves rearranging existing videos into new works of visual art.

This practice has clearly played into this feature, allowing Fast to convey the film in a new visual language – a similar case can be seen with other directors who have made the move from contemporary art, such as Clio Barnard, or Miranda July.

Like it or loathe it, *Remainder* is certainly a film that provides questions to ponder on, for which perhaps there are no answers. Call it pretentious if you will, but I think it was sublime.

Grandma



★★★★

Dir. Paul Weitz. *Script.* Paul Weitz. *Starring:* Lily Tomlin, Julia Garner, Marcia Gay Harden, Laverne Cox. 80 minutes.

Those who are rightly worried about the number of current films failing the Bechdel Test (are there two named female characters who talk to each other about something other than a man?) will take solace in the release of *Grandma*. A breezy comedy from writer/director Paul Weitz, *Grandma* passes within the first minute, as aging lesbian poet Elle (Lily Tomlin) breaks up with her much younger girlfriend Olivia (Marcia Gay Harden), calling their relationship 'just a footnote' in the tale of her life. While such callousness seems be par for the course with Elle, it is understandable in context: she is still reeling from the recent death of her long-term partner.

The plot's drive is introduced in the form of granddaughter Sage (rising star Julia Garner), who comes to Elle asking to borrow money for an abortion. What follows is a road-trip around friends and acquaintances, calling in old favours in return for cold cash, that generally follows the same route that similar odd-couple comedies have furrowed in the past.

While the film has a light, convivial atmosphere – aided by a naturalistic palate from cinematographer Tobius Datum – the subjects discussed are a different matter: abortion, sexuality, and grief all form key motifs. This depth, and the astonishing performance from Tomlin, makes this film more than the sum of its parts.

FRED FYLES

Film Editor

Mountains May Depart shows us that Jia Zhangke remains one of the most important Chinese filmmakers of our time

A photograph of four skydivers in formation against a clear blue sky. They are arranged in a diamond shape, holding hands. Each skydiver has a circular logo on their chest featuring a white silhouette of a kangaroo on a black background. The skydiver at the top is wearing a black harness with 'MIRAGE' visible. The skydiver on the right is wearing a blue harness with 'ICANN' visible. The skydiver at the bottom is wearing a blue harness. The skydiver on the left is wearing a red harness. All skydivers are wearing helmets and goggles.

Want to experience the thrill yourself?

Introductory meeting at 7pm on Monday 12th

October, Skempton 201

skydive@ic.ac.uk

YOUR REPS

ELECTIONS

AND UNION COUNCIL

Get involved in making your student experience the best it can be.

This year we are electing Year and Course Representatives, the 16 Ordinary Members of Council and the Graduate Students' Union Reps simultaneously. This is a brilliant way to get involved and be part of ensuring student views are expressed to the right bodies to make changes for the benefit of students.

Nominations close 23:59, 15 October.
For more information, visit
imperialcollegeunion.org/elections



Arts & Society

Jingjie Cheng, Indira Mallik &
Max Falkenberg
Arts Editors

Greetings again! It's been a frantic week since the start of freshers and we're sure you've all had the chance to get properly trashed. Now that you're hungover and have nothing better to do, maybe it's time to start indulging in our wonderful Arts Section!

If you've already seen all the cracking shows that we recommended last week and are hungry for more, fret not! This week we're at it again and have another six shows for you from the list we forgot about last week.

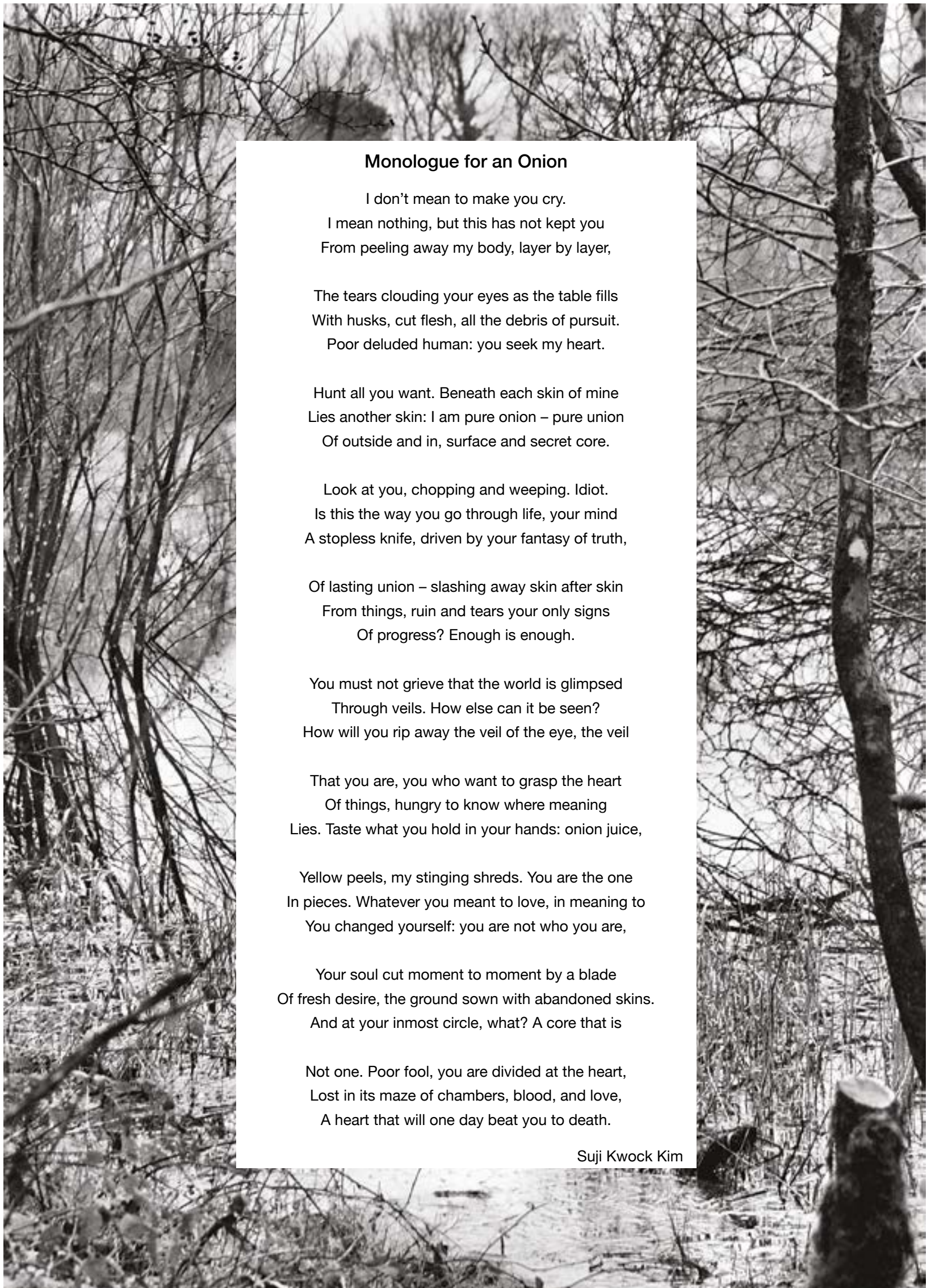
It was great meeting many of you at Freshers' Fair on Tuesday, but you can't back out now. We received a tremendous number of sign ups and we hope every single one of you will find the time to write for us at least once this year. Yeah you're all busy, we know that, but we promise you, nothing beats the Arts in London!

This week, we explore the relationship between society and artistic expression - how far should we go to insist on freedom of expression, and how much censorship should be permissible, if at all?

Art can serve as a force for positive change in society, often bringing across issues in a more effective way. Here we introduce the Poetry Cafe and its activities, in particular the Exiled Lit Cafe of migrant poetry.

We also feature an interview with Tritan Sharps, the incredible artistic director of dreamthinkspeak. Of course we're also proud to present our most recent 1 star review this week, so if you're up for a good scathing, turn the page.

With the plethora of shows around London, we expect these pages to only get busier. We hope the reviews we publish each week will help you make wiser choices regarding your entertainment, and perhaps provide you with some entertainment in themselves. If they don't, there's always a poem about onions as an alternative.



Monologue for an Onion

I don't mean to make you cry.
I mean nothing, but this has not kept you
From peeling away my body, layer by layer,

The tears clouding your eyes as the table fills
With husks, cut flesh, all the debris of pursuit.
Poor deluded human: you seek my heart.

Hunt all you want. Beneath each skin of mine
Lies another skin: I am pure onion – pure union
Of outside and in, surface and secret core.

Look at you, chopping and weeping. Idiot.
Is this the way you go through life, your mind
A stopless knife, driven by your fantasy of truth,

Of lasting union – slashing away skin after skin
From things, ruin and tears your only signs
Of progress? Enough is enough.

You must not grieve that the world is glimpsed
Through veils. How else can it be seen?
How will you rip away the veil of the eye, the veil

That you are, you who want to grasp the heart
Of things, hungry to know where meaning
Lies. Taste what you hold in your hands: onion juice,

Yellow peels, my stinging shreds. You are the one
In pieces. Whatever you meant to love, in meaning to
You changed yourself: you are not who you are,

Your soul cut moment to moment by a blade
Of fresh desire, the ground sown with abandoned skins.
And at your inmost circle, what? A core that is

Not one. Poor fool, you are divided at the heart,
Lost in its maze of chambers, blood, and love,
A heart that will one day beat you to death.

Suji Kwock Kim



MICE-IS: Too Dangerous To Display

Censorship reaches new levels; artwork featuring Sylvanian toys dressed in black robes removed from exhibition after being considered a security threat

Indira Mallik
Arts Editor

Far away, in the land of Sylvania, all woodland animals have overcome their differences to live in harmonious peace and tranquillity. Until Now. Thus reads the catalogue note on *Isis Threaten Sylvania*, a series of tableaux by artist Mimsy. The work features scenes of fuzzy toy woodland creatures in idyllic anthropomorphic scenes of classrooms and beaches. Just beyond the windows or over hills lurk 'MICE-IS', black clad Sylvanians in balaclavas, a pun-filled reference to the terror group ISIS.

The artwork is surreal enough already; the circumstances under which they came not to be exhibited are so surreal as to beggar belief. It was to form part of the Passion for Freedom exhibition in the **Mall Galleries** a couple of weeks ago. Passion for Freedom is a not-for-profit organisation which claims to "create space for artists and writers who discuss subjects omitted in politically correct circles" and "invite people to open and uninhibited discussion". When the police claimed that the art was too inflammatory and would cost an extra £36 000 in security, Passion for Freedom decided not to show the piece. You know it's

Isis
Threaten
Sylvania is
a chilling
satire that
mocks the
false safety
that we live
with in the
West



MICE-IS threaten to spoil a picnic.. Photo Credit: Mimsy

time to worry when a pro-freedom of expression organisation starts censoring art. Passion for Freedom are far from alone, over the summer, the **National Youth Theatre** pulled out of staging *Homegrown* a play exploring the paths that lead young Britons to become fundamentalists.

In the case of *Homegrown*, the National Youth Theatre pulled the performance after 10 days, citing an issue with quality. The writers of the play made it clear that they thought their voices had been silenced. The short run was plagued by last minute changes. The site specific production was forced to change venue when the Tower Hamlets council expressed it would be 'insensitive' to stage the performance at a school close to the one in Bethnal Green from which schoolgirls fled to Syria. In August, several signatories, including Anish Kapoor and Liberty director Shami Chakrabarti, wrote a letter to the National Youth Theatre expressing their worry that the theatre had been put under pressure to cancel the production.

Safety of the artists and the public should of course be of paramount importance, however, galleries and organisations curating exhibitions should not be so quick to err on the side of caution. Censorship only serves to shut down discussion about important issues that artwork, such as that by Mimsy, provokes. After months of watching the

atrocities occurring across the world, the magnitude of what is happening can become too large to fully comprehend. When these events go on for years, even the reporters leave, it is simply not news anymore. We need the jarring and slightly ludicrous juxtaposition of toy pandas, bears, and rabbits in tiny handstitched school uniforms who sitting at the desk, with the threat of unlikely terror just outside. It brings back the issues to the forefront and reminds us exactly what is at stake.

The curators of the Passion for Freedom event have argued that "the

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highlighted work was humorously mocking the despised terrorist organisation that causes suffering to many, not only in the Middle East, but also here, in Europe and the America". The artist, Mimsy, who has adopted this pseudonym to protect her family, is surely acutely aware of the costs of exercising the freedom of expression. To dismiss her work as being flippant would be a mistake. *Isis Threaten Sylvania* is a poignant and ultimately chilling satire that mocks the innocence, and false safety that we live with in the West. The scenes of girls in schoolrooms and toy sunbathing on beaches which were created between December 2014 and May 2015 have since then tragically played out in the real world, first with the kidnapping of schoolgirls in Nigeria, and then on the beaches of Tunisia.

The opposition to Charlie Hebdo receiving the freedom of expression award from the American association of Poets, Essayists and Novelists (PEN) highlights the difficulty inherent in discussing freedom of expression issues. Those who thought Charlie Hebdo should not have received the PEN award cited that condemning the violence perpetrated against them was one thing, actively celebrating cartoons designed to be inflammatory was quite another. It can be a difficult and often emotive line to negotiate

when self-censorship arises from a desire to offend religious orthodoxies and other cultures. Choosing not to celebrate the artists and writers who bravely create work they know will put their lives at risk slowly erodes the freedom we all have. It draws the line a little tighter around the things we are allowed to say or allowed to think, it feeds the environment of fear we live in. Speaking eloquently on the topic, Michael Attenborough, the artistic director at the **Almeida Theatre** said "the conscience and the soul of the country consist within the artistic community of this country," adding "once we compromise that, we compromise something very serious."

Unfortunately, self-censorship in the arts is becoming an increasingly common issue in Britain. In 2014, *Exhibit B*, a show which aimed to recreate the 'human zoo', a 19th century phenomenon, using black actors was closed because of protests. Jude Kelly, artistic director of the **Southbank Centre** has said that there is reluctance amongst the powers that be within artistic institutions to put on politically challenging productions. Institutions such as the National Youth Theatre and others prefer to err on the side of caution and play it politically safe rather than risk losing in funding from the state.

Self-censorship is a slippery slope. The more that institutions veto productions to avoid controversy, the blander the work will become. Society as a whole, not just the art world, will be poorer and less free for it. We may not always agree with what an artist has to say, but it is important that we defend their right to say it, otherwise we can hardly complain if we are silenced in the future.

Passion for Freedom and other organisations aiming to uphold the right to freedom of expression should do so wholeheartedly, without fear. The state has a role to play, in order to make sure that our rights to freedom of expression do not slip away. The police should work to supporting organisations creating thought provoking and controversial work, not discouraging them with financial burdens.



Absent: Tristan Sharps in Conversation

Max speaks to the artistic director of dreamthinkspeak, the critically acclaimed company revolutionising site specific theatre

Max Falkenberg
Arts Editor

While I'm not generally a fan of phone interviews, there's something quite fitting about not being with Tristan Sharps for our conversation. Tristan calls himself a dreamer, and I'm just imagining all the amazing spaces he could be while we're having our conversation. A man whose work stems from the space he inhabits, the idea that he could be anywhere quite appeals to me.

Having been completely absorbed by *Absent* earlier in the week – Tristan's new installation at Shoreditch Town Hall – I am only too aware of this man's creative power. There are many wondrous, powerful artworks that can captivate an audience, but few art forms are as

Part of the joy
is how little
feels forced
upon the
audience

freeing and individual as site specific theatre. The ability to take part in a work and be surrounded by it, has an effect on people that observing a work from afar cannot match. This is the brilliance and skill of Tristan's creations. The designer of these wonderful worlds, Tristan has found himself a niche in which all aspects of the creative process can come together and form something larger and more impressive. Although site specific theatre can fly under the radar, the quality and joy of work like Tristan's should not be understated.

With his dream to be an artist halted by his inability to draw, Tristan's early love for art and architecture fuelled a move into the theatre. Founding a theatre

company after college, Tristan spent a number of years acting and directing on the fringe. By the mid 90's, Tristan had found himself with a group of people all kicking their heels as to what to do. Given the opportunity to create a piece using a whole theatre, not just the classic black box studio we're used to, Tristan seized on a radically different style of theatre. All the little areas around started to interest Tristan – the woodland around the theatre, the windows looking out on that woodland, the backstage areas and the little garden the public would never otherwise see. The result of this experience wasn't exactly the beginning of Tristan's steps into site specific theatre, but the culmination of all the artistic endeavours he'd always really loved and had never been able to connect together.

With a clear direction and fresh inspiration to create art in spaces with no connection to the theatrical context, Tristan founded dreamthinkspeak and has been making thought provoking, unique work ever since. Having dreamed up work in a Moscow paper factory and reimagining an underground abattoir in Clerkenwell, the scope of Tristan's work is staggering. Part of the joy of experiencing Tristan's work is how little feels forced upon the audience. From collecting tickets at the venue to having a drink at the bar afterwards, there is an impressive consistency and a dedication to fitting each part of the setting into the dreamscape Tristan has generated. The transformation of Shoreditch Town Hall from arts venue to hotel for *Absent* is all encompassing and wholly convincing.

Speaking to Tristan about the creative process, there is a unique thoughtfulness in how he describes his relationship with different diverse venues. Rather than creating a work and placing it in a venue, Tristan dedicates himself to dreaming in a space and allowing his work to naturally slip into its chosen location. Progressing into the details of the piece, the space develops in a way few other practitioners have consideration for. In a solitary, time consuming process, Tristan inhabits



Tristan Sharps Photo Credit: dreamthinkspeak

his chosen building with a specific idea and allows the building to define the detail to a piece.

Of course, the ideal venue isn't always available to dreamthinkspeak. With a number of ideas at any one time, it is a testament to Tristan's artform that he is able to hold off a project and keep it on the back burner until the time is right. Although I can't judge the suitability of previous chosen locations, my experience at *Absent* suggests a particularly refined patience. With detail going into every little corner of Shoreditch Town Hall – the signs, the reception, the bar and the lobby – it is hard to believe this isn't really a hotel.

Based on the life of the Duchess of Argyll, Tristan's initial inspiration for *Absent* came from a small

installation created for the Royal Opera House in 2009. A piece in response to *Powder Her Face*, the opera by Thomas Adès, the Duchess of Argyll spent many years in a central London hotel, extraordinarily because she had run out of money. Blagging her way through her time at the hotel and living on credit, Tristan has fictionally extrapolated her story to describe a young girl moving to the hotel in the 1950's and being evicted in the present day. A view less into the individual and more into the development of the hotel and how it mirrors the increasingly globalised and homogenised world we live in. Tristan's criticism of corporate power is obvious, but it is impressive that he has created a work which doesn't obnoxiously

force this point.

The result of the endless overthinking of personal obsessions, the work on display is evidently that of a wonderfully dedicated artist. Never satisfied with his own work and constantly tweaking current creations, Tristan shows continuous ambition but with great modesty. Turning every pound of funding into five, Tristan acknowledges the difficulty of achieving huge artistic dreams on a finite budget, but inherently, Tristan lives to create. His work is incredible and should not be missed.

Until 25th October. Student tickets from £10 with ID Mon-Fri 9pm & 9.15pm and Sunday 12.30pm, 2.30pm & 4.30pm Quote "STHH" at Checkout. Subject to Booking Fee.



The best in budget stand-up

Hammersmith's newest comedy club shows great potential but has work to do

Max Falkenberg
Arts Editor

Young, fun and edgy, The Comedy Tree's rebirth in Hammersmith shows flashes of brilliance at an

unrivalled price.

Having left their Putney venue after thirteen years, The Comedy Tree still needs to find its feet but inklings of long term potential are there. While the laughs will always be the focus of a good comedy club, the buzz of the best venues offer

an experience second tier clubs can't match. The Comedy Tree has a sharp young line-up, but three weeks into their new venue, the club hasn't found its groove. The space is flash but the room feels a little large for an under filled club. Would I just chill in a room like this? Probably not. Of course this will improve as The Comedy Tree solidifies its crowd and learns how best to use its space but they aren't there yet.

With a changing line-up, each week will of course vary, but the acts I saw suggest a knack for booking quality up-and-coming young comedians. With the eighteen year-old Tom Lucy standing out as a future star, the line-up was rounded off by newcomers Francis Foster, George Lewis, and headliner Gordon Southern. Foster and Lewis both show signs of their inexperience but the laughs are frequent and well judged.

Foster is funny but can feel quite simple and Lewis has an extraordinary knack for one liners but lacks the filler needed for a full

set. Southern is a wicked wordsmith with an entertaining mix of comic rap and dirty charm. His pedigree is obvious and he holds himself

little and his pace drops towards the end, but the overall result is impressive.

Without going into detail, I must commend Tom Lucy for an exemplary set by a young comedian. With perfect timing and a superbly clever progression, Lucy has an almost unrivalled ability to lure his audience into a laugh and subvert our expectations – I'd be amazed if we don't see a lot more of him in the years to come.

The lasting impression from The Comedy Tree is somewhat mixed. It's early days for this young club but I expect drastic improvement pretty quickly. The bar is expensive, so any trip requires a substantial pre-drink, but the ticket price is as good as it gets. Realistically, The Comedy Tree isn't something I'd make a date out of, but if you're free on a Thursday, there aren't many better things to do.

*Every Thursday from 7.30pm
Tickets for Students from £6*



It's early days
for this young
club but I
expect drastic
improvement
pretty quickly

with confidence. With a sharp, on the money set, Southern is an entertaining comedian who's not too far from being fantastic. Occasionally his material drags a



Tom Lucy.

British Museum appoints new Director

Museum appoints first foreign director since 19th Century

Indira Mallik
Arts Editor

Dr Hartwig Fischer has been appointed the new director of the **British Museum**, he replaces Neil MacGregor, who stepped down at the end of September. Dr Fischer is the first non-British director of the museum since the 19th century.

Fischer may be most familiar to British audiences as the co-curator of the *Kadinsky* exhibition at the **Tate Modern** in 2006. However, most of his career has taken place in his native Germany.

Until his appointment at the British Museum, he was director of

the **Staatliche Kunstsammlungen** (State Art Collection) in Dresden, and previously the Folkwang Museum in Basel. This will have given him the experience of looking after historic priceless collections, but being at the helm of the British Museum will quite another experience.

Fischer will have big shoes to fill at his new role. MacGregor has presided over something of a golden age in the museum's history. The British Museum has become one of the world's most visited museums, surpassed only by the **Louvre**; it welcomed 6.7 million people visited in 2014.

The *History of the World in 100 Objects* exhibition will be touring China as part of the a soft power



Dr Hartwig Fischer Photo Credit: British Museum

approach to improving relations with the economic giant.

Macgregor was also instrumental in resisting the return of antiquities, particularly the Parthenon marbles. These foreign antiquities form the

bedrock of the British Museum's collection, their would be disastrous to the organisation.

Fischer will have to find new ways to maintain this success. His expertise is in 20th century art;

MacGregor's was in classical art, it will be interesting to see how this difference manifests in their approaches to setting the direction for the future of the British Museum.



A disgrace of epic proportions

The National Youth Theatre knows no boundaries in this dire depiction of rape

Max Falkenberg
Arts Editor

As Head of Year 11, Diane is meant to be implementing the new 'Healthy Relationships' curriculum. But then Freddie arrives. She hasn't seen him since that night six years earlier when he was fifteen. She thinks he took advantage of her. He thinks she groomed him for months. But neither is sure.

Never before has a work of art made me as angry, disgusted and upset as *Consensual*. An utterly disgraceful depiction of young people and sexual assault, the **National Youth Theatre (NYT)** should be appalled and ashamed at this production. Pushing the boundaries of poor taste and acceptable behaviour, this is miles past anything I have ever seen on stage.

I joined the NYT in 2013 and my experience with them was one of the most rewarding and enjoyable times in my life. The primary ambassador for young theatre in Britain, NYT represents thousands of aspiring actors and many of the stage's greatest names have passed through their doors.

From their vast numbers, sixteen members are chosen each year to take part in the NYT Rep company, a free of charge training scheme which ends in a series of west end performances. Whether this

excuses a lack of professionalism in *Consensual* is debatable, but the fact that these hugely talented young people are forced to perform this painfully stereotyped, rancid material is a real tragedy. I was proud to be a member of NYT – this production leaves me disappointed and embarrassed.

Written by the award winning Evan Placey, *Consensual* claims to be an explosive, thought-provoking piece about sexual consent, but it's not. This play systematically trivialises rape and depicts the average teenager as rude, uncontrollable and stupid. The premise isn't necessarily unworkable and I am in no way averse to controversial theatre, but the execution is ethically all over the place. Jokes are thrown in left right and centre and it seems impossible for any character, not just the kids, to go two minutes without making some obnoxious, unnecessary remark for comic effect. What's funny about rape? Nothing – but somehow the audience can't stop laughing.

To end the play, in a decision that continues to baffle me, Diane and Freddie are shown having sex on stage. Whether in good taste or not, the production continues to invite laughter to an image which is frankly horrifying. I do not doubt that Placey had the best intentions when writing this play, but I fear for the victim of sexual assault who



Members of the NYT Rep Company. Photo Credit: National Youth Theatre

witnesses this work.

There are glaring inconsistencies running throughout the script and character development is completely unbelievable. Classic moments of NYT ensemble work and a number of scene changes are accompanied by the year 11 class rapping are to an extent impressive, but to which purpose I do not know. The direction at the start of the second half shows some potential, but most moments feel forced and the actions of multiple characters are

unacceptable and unjustified. It is a real shame because I can honestly say that the performance of Lauren Lyle as Diane is outstanding and the rest of the cast work well with the material they are given, but they can in no way redeem the travesty which is *Consensual*.

In his programme notes, Placey mentions how he wanted to explore the complexity behind a teacher/student relationship and I understand why. As wrong as the act is, nothing is ever black and white

and no question about relationships is ever simple. But execution is everything and *Consensual* lacked it all. The approach this play has taken is horrific, and no good intentions can excuse the end result. With no moral path, no boundaries and no respect, *Consensual* is an embarrassment.

Consensual is on at the Ambassador's Theatre until December



We want YOUR work!

Your Arts Editors are always looking for fresh talent to fill these pages. Whether you're an aspiring poet, a budding artist or an avid photographer, we would love to see your work and share it with the student population.

Absolutely any submission is welcome! We run a Your Art section especially for this purpose. It could even be a commentary on a poem you have recently read, or a critique of a particular artwork. If you have anything to express at all, do drop us an email at arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk.



Words that bridge cultures

The Poetry Cafe is the perfect stop for a light dose of poetry - this month, we cover a group of writers who discuss their experiences transitioning between cultures.

Jingjie Cheng
Arts Editor

Situated merely a couple of minutes away from the hustle and bustle of Covent Garden, Betterton Street with its petite shopfronts and relative quiet seems like a world away.

Yet, almost every night, from a humble unit along this street, words emerge, carried by the wind and heavy with emotion.

It is easy to miss the Poetry Café. Its nondescript shopfront is identifiable only by a plain sign: "The Poetry Place", and the bright, cheery interior of the café when one peers in. The glass front is plastered over with leaflets and posters advertising poetry events all over London. It is small and cosy, a place where one might enjoy an afternoon with a book and coffee.

The stairs to the basement open into a small space; on one side there is an open area where poems are read and music played, on the other a couple of rows of red plastic chairs for the audience.

It is this basement that is the heart of activity, with different poetry events happening all the time. These include open mic poetry readings, "poetry clinics", where established poets are invited to critique the works of aspiring poets, poetry slams and even combined jazz and poetry performances.

On the first Monday of every month, the basement fills with

the voices of those who hail from foreign lands, the ones trying to find their place in a land they still hesitate to call their own. These are the members of Exiled Writers Ink, a group of artists mostly living in exile in the UK and Europe, as well as the descendants of those who fled their countries.

The organisation was set up in 2000 by Jennifer Langer, herself the daughter of Holocaust survivors from Germany. It aims to support the work of exiles, migrants and their descendants through performance, publishing and training, encouraging integration in the process.

Each poetry reading is themed – this month, it was 'Daughters of Migrants', while the upcoming November reading is themed "Writing out of War and Exile". Often, they are opened with music by the gypsy music group Le Gazhikane Muzikante, a longtime collaborator of Exiled Writers Ink. This month, they performed music from the Jewish community of 15th century Spain, in the spirit of poetry by the daughters of Jewish migrants.

It is often said that art is universal, and its appreciation is common across cultures. Of the audience who went to hear the October poetry reading, only a handful were exiles themselves. Some were third, fourth generation migrants, on all accounts born and bred British, but interested in their own ancestry and how their forefathers must have felt, having left their homes for unfamiliar land. Others were interested in aid

work. There were poetry enthusiasts and even some tourists who had happened to pass by.

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Yet, the words of the poets were relatable to anyone – it is fair to say that everyone has felt some displacement at some point in their lives, whether it is a child not fitting in at school or an adult moving into another city for work.

Aviva Dautch, one of the poets reading on the night, brought up the concept of a "harmonious discord", which she raised as the common experience of any migrant. As a foreigner among people who are different to yourself but largely similar to each other, there is both an unwillingness to completely change yourself to fit in, and the physical impossibility of doing so.

The best solution, then, is a positive integration of your differences into the fabric of the community. Discord is not always unpleasant – in fact, it can sometimes add colour and excitement into our lives.

Family relationships and vignettes of childhood seemed to be a popular theme of the night. Perhaps, when our physical surroundings keep changing, we identify "home" intangibly – it is our most important relationships and our fondest memories.

Having grown up outside of the UK myself, one of the poems I hold close to my heart is *Originally* by Carol Ann Duffy:

*Do I only think
I lost a river, culture, speech, sense of
first space
and the right place? Now, Where do
you come from?
strangers ask. Originally? And I
hesitate.*

Displacement has always been a favourite theme of poets, and language especially is a recurring motif. Linda Black, another poet of the night, described the confusion with the pronunciation of her grandfather's family name when he moved. Language is probably one of the first things that reveal one's foreign origins, and one of the first obstacles that a new migrant has to overcome. Language is also a connection to one's roots. In the words of Ms Dautch:

*"We brush off dust, but who can brush
off pain in Hebrew?"*

Being a third generation Jewish migrant, she questions the extent to which we can shed the history of our people even as we seem to

so easily morph everything else to fit into our adopted homes. "How is that possible," she asks, "when the root of the sound of my name is Hebrew?"

Even as these poets write of the search for a coherent identity and a sense of belonging, their words have crossed cultures and shared their personal struggles with the rest of the world. This, I feel, is the beauty of words and art – both as an articulation of emotion and a force for a common understanding. Within the theme of exile literature, then, the words of the dispossessed, especially those of the newly settled migrants, is as important as a tool for integration and understanding as it is a way of dealing with the complex emotions of such a displacement.

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With the refugee crisis constantly on the news and spilling right onto our doorstep, it is not enough to only be thinking about the logistics and politics of where and how the refugees should be distributed. It is perhaps worth thinking about how our societies can integrate those that eventually settle in kind ways – Exiled Writers Ink, for example, are making a trip to the Calais refugee camp to bring them books, poetry and company. Migration, after all, has been a fixture throughout history and we are living in the resulting richness and diversity that makes the world so interesting – and of course, enjoying the whole genre of literature that human migration has inspired.



The Poetry Cafe. Photo Credit: The Poetry Society



Exiled Lit Cafe. Photo Credit: Exiled Writers Ink



Recommended: Things we forgot last week



Ahir Shah: Distant (Soho Theatre, 19th - 24th October)

The former Cambridge Footlight returns to London's premiere comedy venue after a stellar month at this year's Edinburgh Fringe. An odd mix between the classically stereotyped Oxbridge elite and a young shaky political smart arse. Wickedly funny with a biting political repertoire, Shah's material is rarely easy watching but some of the sharpest, wittiest and most current comedy on the scene. Some will hate Shah's work, but if you can bare the intensity of his set you'll be in tears by the end of the hour.

Staging a Revolution (Young Vic, 2nd - 14th November)

A series of ten productions over two weeks, the critically acclaimed Belarus Free Theatre present a collection of controversial works on the theme of revolution. Banned in their own country, the production moves each night performing at undisclosed locations and at the Young Vic. The viewer is subject to the fear and bravery that goes into consuming and creating art under a totalitarian regime. Ranging from discussions on hacking and surveillance state to two nights of King Lear, BFT display a breadth and a creative courage rarely seen on stage.



Les Liaisons Dangereuses (Donmar, 11th December – 13th February)

Like every production at the Donmar, Les Liaisons Dangereuses is sold out two months before opening night. With the feisty Dominic West taking up the lead role, it is unlikely that he lives up to John Malkovich's lightning performance in the 1988 film, but the play oozes enough sex, sass and wit for West to work with. I have little doubt that this production will be extraordinary. Day tickets are available but getting them can be a pain. For those of us with better things to do, NT Live will show the production on January 28th.

The Amazing World of MC Escher (Dulwich Picture Gallery, 14th October – 17th January)

Escher's lithography and woodcuts, based on the work of leading mathematicians such as Roger Penrose are surrealism at its most distilled. Whether you want to admire the mathematical concepts that underlie the art, or the brilliance of Escher's technique and imagination, this exhibition featuring nearly 100 of his drawings and prints spanning his career is not to be missed.



Carmen (Royal Opera House, 19th October – 30th November, ballet from 26th October – 12th November)

This is the classic tragedy of Don Jose who sacrifices everything for Carmen, the woman he loves. When she leaves him for another man, his love turns to hatred. It has everything you could want from a blockbuster opera; passion, betrayal, a raucous Spanish atmosphere with unforgettable music to boot. For a two-week run, the ROH will also be staging a dance adaptation of the classic Bizet opera by The Royal Ballet.

Frank Auerbach (Tate Britain, 9th October – 15th March 2016)

Frank Auerbach is considered by some to be one of Britain's finest painters. He has worked a very narrow set of subjects for many years, charting the change in the streets around his home in Camden Town over decades. He is notorious for simply painting over his previous works until the finished piece emerges. This exhibition is an opportunity to see the collected works of an artist who, along with Lucian Freud and Francis Bacon, has had a profound impact on British art.





FRESHERS' BALL 2015

09 October

20:00 - 03:00

METRIC

£12.00 IN ADVANCE
£13.00 ON THE DOOR



09

ALEX MYTTON

(MADE IN CHELSEA)

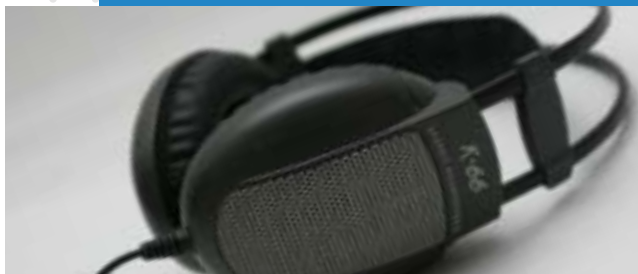
The Freshers' Ball is the final party of Welcome Week for Undergraduates and a great way to celebrate with your new found friends. Alex Mytton (Made In Chelsea) is your headliner for the night alongside a host of DJs.

Get your ticket now at:

imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on

09 October

PGI FRIDAY
SILENT DISCO



20:00 - 01:00

H-BAR

FREE
POSTGRADUATE ONLY

Celebrate Friday at the h-bar with our Silent Disco! There will be two channels of music you can listen to on your own set of headphones - which will you choose?

10 October

THE POSTGRADUATE

Mingle

10

19:00 - 02:00

ALL UNION BARS

£10.00 IN ADVANCE
BUY ONE GET ONE FREE
POSTGRADUATE ONLY



DJ YODA

The Postgraduate Mingle is Imperial College Union's official welcome party for all new incoming Postgraduate students. DJ Yoda will be headlining the largest PG social event of the year.

REYNOLDS

PRESENTS

CABARET

SUNDAY 11 OCTOBER
DOORS OPEN: 6.30

WITH A FANTASTIC LINE UP OF PROFESSIONAL CABARET ACTS AND A TRANSFORMED VENUE, ENTER INTO A 1930S CIRCUS-THEMED EVENING OF ENDLESS SURPRISES!

A HUGE RANGE OF COCKTAILS AVAILABLE

£2.50 ONLINE / £3 ON THE DOOR

imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on

11 October

DRI

19:00 - 23:00

FIVESIXEIGHT

FREE



DRI is Imperial College Union's alcohol free club night. From 19:00, FiveSixEight, Metric and the Union Bar will be serving only non-alcoholic drinks for the rest of the evening.

Entry for DRI is free. All students are welcome at DRI, including those under 18. It's a great chance to meet with new and old friends, watch the Rugby World Cup live on our big screens in FiveSixEight or listen to Guitar Soc's open mic night in The Union Bar. There will also be a carvery from 17:00 serving beef, turkey or a nut roast for vegetarians. All will be served with Yorkshire puddings, roast potatoes, seasonal vegetables and gravy for only £6.00.



UnderTale is this year's indie masterpiece

Tobyfox's debut delivers the most subversive JRPG of the decade so far

Cale Tilford
Music Editor

UnderTale takes place in a world that has been divided by a war between humans and monsters. In their victory, the humans sealed the monsters underground. You play as a child who has fallen into the underworld as they seek to return to the surface. It's a set-up that's instantly familiar but in UnderTale it's merely the backdrop to a far greater and more personal conflict.

The first character you meet is Flowey the Flower. At first, this seems nothing more than a harmless introduction to the game's mechanics but Flowey's happy demeanour and the accompanying playful chiptune hide something far more sinister. The music stops and Flowey cackles, "in this world, it's kill or BE killed". This would be true for any other JRPG however UnderTale has one noticeable difference – the freedom to be merciful.

Random encounters and boss battles are where UnderTale innovates the most. The four options available in each 'battle' are FIGHT, ACT, ITEM and MERCY. When you ACT, you can converse with 'enemies' and interact with each

one in unique ways. You can steal, hug, touch, sing and sometimes even flirt (skeletons make great dates). If and when you console a monster correctly you can spare them – making an entirely pacifist playthrough possible. There's still the option to fight, like in conventional JRPGs (which requires you to time

UnderTale has one noticeable difference – the freedom to be merciful

your key presses to deliver optimal damage), but the game is most fun when you leave your foes uninjured. Even when you're being nice, monsters will still fight back and you'll have to dodge their attacks in a top down bullet hell style



Frequent save points make the game a frustration-free experience. Photo Credit: Steam

mini-game where you control your heart as you avoid projectiles. Add in more enemies and this becomes increasingly chaotic. Bosses add interesting twists to this mechanic, providing some of the game's most memorable experiences.

When you're not battling monsters, you'll be solving environment based puzzles. These are easily the weakest part of the game – they're wholly unoriginal and offer little challenge. In the context of the story they make sense but they quickly become tiresome and you'll wish there was an option to skip these sections.

The writing in UnderTale is often hilarious and at other times shockingly depressing. It's littered with awful puns and self-aware jibes aimed at the JRPG genre. The dialogue in battle and whilst exploring the underground is just one part of the game's fantastic characterisation; lo-fi sprites reminiscent of Earthbound or Mother 3 (and the SNES-era in general) create characters that are impressively diverse and unique. Tumblr is already full of fan-art giving testament to the popularity and originality of these designs. The different colour palettes throughout each of the game's environments are matched perfectly with the epic and haunting soundtrack. Toby Fox has composed music for popular webcomic Homestuck (along with a number of other projects) in the past and his experience shows here. Catchy chiptune tracks are mixed with expertly layered sampled instruments. At times, this mish-mash of genres feels jarring but the consistent quality and originality of the compositions makes this one of the year's best videogame soundtracks.

Recently there has been a trend of superficial choices in games. Save one character and let another die or say something that might offend an NPC and they'll hold that against you forever. In most of these situations the outcome at the end is still the same and there's very little emotion behind the decisions

that you make. UnderTale feels different, not only in the way that it forces you to make decisions so often but also in how essential these decisions are to its themes and mechanics. You can kill everyone in the underworld or spare every monster you come across and your experience will be drastically

Chiptune tracks are mixed with expertly layered sampled instruments

different. Ultimately, UnderTale makes the statement that there is another way: not all battles can or need to be resolved with violence. It recognises that understanding and compassion are essential if we truly wish to resolve conflicts – a message that is all too obvious and yet so commonly ignored.

UnderTale, by tobyfox, is available now on Steam.



Each monster design is impressively unique – it's a shame you can't catch 'em all. Photo Credit: Steam

FELIX PUZZLES



fsudoku@imperial.ac.uk

Sudoku

Eyes Closed

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

Hands Tied

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

Coffee Needed

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

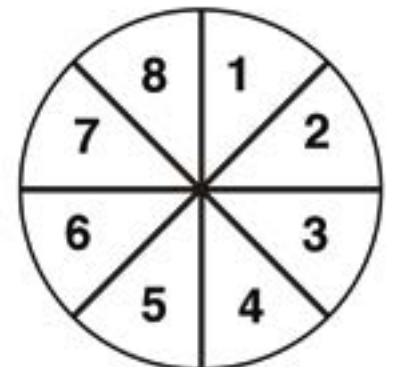
Mind Melter

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

Colour Wheel

Each section in the wheel below is one of the following colours: Beige, Blue, Crimson, Gold, Green, Orange, Purple, or White. Given the following rules, what is the colour of each section?

1. Only colours containing an even number of letters are in even numbered sections.
2. The colours in sections 4 and 5 begin with the same letter.
3. The colours in sections 7 and 8 begin with the same letter.
4. The colours in sections 3 and 8 end with the same letter.
5. Green is immediately between gold and purple.



FUCWIT

Points available this week: 15.5

Sudoku:

Eyes Closed	1 points
Hands Tied	2 points
Coffee Needed	3 points
Mind Melter	.5 points

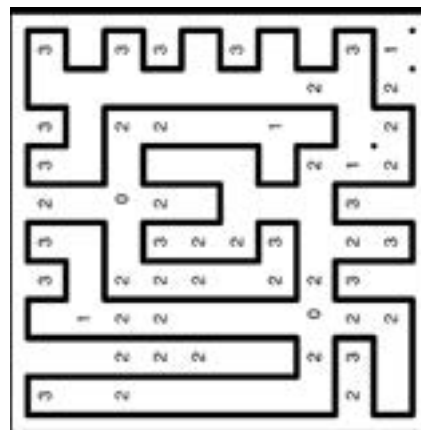
Colour Wheel: 3 points

Nonogram: 6 points

Solutions

From last week, obviously. Didn't think it would be that easy did you?

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



LEADER BOARD

=1st.	Grace Chin	3
=1st.	Jeremy Ong	3
=1st.	Sach Patel	3

You're all winners (yay!), but you are also all last. Take what you can get.

No group entries as yet, so everybody loses on that one too. Just more so.

With a tremendous three (3!) entries from last week's freshers edition, the FUCWIT Leader Board glory / shame is here for the taking.

You should take it. Have you thought about taking it? Think harder. Then think about the puzzles.

Then email your answers to fsudoku@imperial.ac.uk.

Union Page

Your Rep and Council Elections - nominations close 16 October



Get involved in making your student experience the best it can be.

This year we are electing Year and Course Representatives, the 16 Ordinary Members of Council, Ethics and Environmental Officer and the Graduate Students' Union Committee simultaneously. This is a brilliant way to get involved and be part of ensuring student views are expressed to the right bodies to make changes for the benefit of students.

To find out more about the positions up for election, visit our Elections website

imperialcollegeunion.org/elections

Join us at our Volunteering Fair, Tuesday 13 October



11:30 - 14:00 in the Great Hall, Sherfield Building, South Kensington campus.

Looking to make a difference and gain valuable experience? Then attend our Volunteering Fair! Come along and Volunteering Fair to meet with projects and charities and find out about the thousands of different volunteering opportunities you can get involved with at Imperial, across London and overseas. More information about volunteering with and through the Union can be found on our website.

imperialcollegeunion.org/volunteering



The PIMLICO CONNECTION

Inspire
Encourage
Motivate

Volunteer with Imperial's leading tutor programme, The Pimlico Connection.

To apply or for more information, visit
imperialcollegeunion.org/pimlico



Imperial College
London



Check out our Welcome Week blog, full of pictures and posts from our hashtag #helloicu! Visit imperialcollegeunion.org to find it.

FELIX HANGMAN



hangman@imperial.ac.uk

Uni Survival Tips (But Just the Tips)

Hangman continues to neglect actual journalism in favour of this rubbish

Because we're nothing if not lazy, we're reviving the ol' advice column for another week. Go us.

Traditionally, this sort of article (or 'listicle', thanks for that gem, internet) would open with some sort of anecdote. Hangman doesn't much care for tradition, but here we go anyway.

So. Hangman made the mistake of going to the Freshers Mingle last weekend.

We didn't mean to. We were just trying to get this page done early and we got trapped by hundreds of freshers. Hundreds, we tell you.

Maybe not hundreds. We're not really sure. All we saw was a bunch of drunk, gropey people in our way.

Hangman would apologise if you were one of the freshers we pushed, shoved, growled at or generally looked at with a withering glare,

but we're not sorry. Hangman has no time for regrets.

All this (necessary) violence against those new to Imperial got Hangman thinking: how, after the sweaty, alcohol-infused buzz of the first few weeks of university, does anyone survive the crushing boredom and pressure of doing an actual degree?

Hangman would have asked other students what helped them make it through the year, but that would have been too much like actual journalism.

We'll have none of that in the Hangman section, thank you very much.

Instead, we just made some observations about life, safe in our cave under the West Basement.

And because Hangman bloody loves listicles ("love 'em, can't get enough of the things," said no-one

ever), here is one of those. About whatever we were just talking about.

Drinking

Hangman has noticed an awful lot of people spending time in the Union. The only possible reason for this must be the relatively cheap alcohol (only one arm and half a leg, compared to most London pubs' multiple-limbs-per-pint pricing structure), and the ability/need to consume large quantities of it. Hangman can think of no other reason to come to this godforsaken place.

TV

'Netflix and chill' is the latest piece of nonsense that has wormed its way onto Twitter/Tumblr/Social Network 7 - yes, Hangman uses social media. We're not a bunch of cave men. Although we do live in a

cave.

Apparently people enjoy mindlessly staring at a screen as the pictures on it change and noises come out. This is what counts for entertainment now. What a world we live in.

Drinking

While watching TV? Who knows. Hangman doesn't.

Social Media

Because there's nothing quite like the thrill of seeing what other people are doing in their equally pointless lives, but all from the comfort of your own home/bed/sofa/cage without actually having to go to the effort of doing those things or seeing those people yourself.

Believe it or not, Hangman is actually quite fond of social media, thanks to its suite of tools for

ignoring people (or just winding them up).

Our favourite is reading people's messages, then deliberately not answering. Their increasing panic/anger as they watch you read every single message and respond with deafening silence is one of life's greatest pleasures.

If you could just block everyone (or report the particularly annoying ones as spam) in real life.

Drinking

While on social media? Probably. Hangman has to do it to cope with the inanity of it all.

Reading FELIX

Hangman is a big fan of the classic 'joke entry on a serious list' style of doing these things. Consider this that joke entry. Nobody reads FELIX. Not even you.

HOROSCOPES



ARIES

This week you go to the Freshers Ball, hoping to score with all the naive young freshers. After several unsuccessful attempts, you realise that maybe your dorsal fin and rows of serrated teeth might be putting them off.



TAURUS

This week you find yourself absent-mindedly flicking through back issues of FELIX, because apparently you have no life. In issues from years ago, you stumble across a centrefold featuring your mum. Good luck unseeing that one.



GEMINI

This week you lose your ID card, in the hope that a popular celebrity will find it and tweet about it to give it back to you. Unfortunately, the local coke addict is the first person to find your card, and it's never seen again.



CANCER

This week your new boy/girlfriend from halls suggests it's time to take things to the next level. Thrilled that they share your passion for video game all-nighters, you buy new controllers for the occasion. They dump you for being a massive nerd.



LEO

This week you make the fatal error of going to the Union during the day time, in an attempt to see what it really looks like without beer goggles. There's no punchline, we just really don't advise coming to the Union when sober.



VIRGO

This week you question the choice of image for the 'Virgo' horoscope. For some reason, it just makes you uncomfortable, but you're not sure why. Is it the heavily implied nudity? Whatever the woman is holding? Or do you just hate the colour red?



LIBRA

This week you are called Helen. Your roommate is called Helen. The hall senior on your floor is called Helen. Your warden is Helen. Your computer is Helen. Your personal tutor is Helen. All women are Helen. Everyone is Helen. All hail Helen.



SCORPIO

This week you go to the Health Centre to get registered. The queue stretches back outside and into Prince's Gardens, and is so long that you are there for two weeks. You catch pneumonia and die.



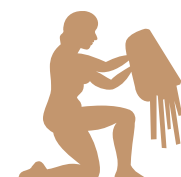
SAGITTARIUS

This week you loudly tell anyone who will listen that immigrants are all thieves and murderers, and that we should build a wall to keep them all out. You instantly rise to the top of polls in the US Presidential election. Oh, America.



CAPRICORN

This week you are Hangman. You try and write horoscopes that are as weird and mildly horrifying as the ones your horoscopes writer usually sends you. Unfortunately, you're just a sentient, incorporeal mass of anger and hatred, and so can't actually type anything.



AQUARIUS

This week you decide that the horoscopes aren't as good as they used to be, and that you could do a way better job than this bunch of wankers. You email your horoscopes to hangman@imperial.ac.uk, and demand that they are printed. You're so needy.



PISCES

This week you are a fish. Shut up, we have a paper to finish.



Cross Country take on Welsh hills

Lily Battershill, Liam Smith and Will Jones
Cross Country

On Friday 19th September 22 members of Cross Country and Athletics boarded minibuses, cars and trains to begin our summer tour training week in Wales. Some hours later we had arrived at our destination: the beautiful Castell Courtyard in North Wales. Situated on a picturesque hillside (well, mountain, technically) this huge holiday home had every comfort we could possibly need – including a ten person hot tub – and this was a welcome addition considering the gruelling week's training coming up! On arrival most got straight to it with a run. A hearty dinner set the tone for the rest of the week, with big meals needed to supply big appetites! Alumnus Jack, arriving late, decided to get in on the running action despite it being dark, and only ran into one fence.

The next day Jack and Ellie drove over to Snowdonia to do some training for an upcoming two day mountain marathon. Fellow runners Lily and Lucie also joined them, running up Snowdon and back with enough time to watch the end of the British Mountain Running Championships. Back at the house a morning run was followed by a core session and then a brutal hill sprint in the afternoon. Club captain Liam

Smith organised music to encourage everyone to push up the hills. A big roast dinner was a welcome treat and the last night of some departing club members was cause for some 'minor' celebrations.

The harder among us were up

Alex subjected us to a brutal core workout that began with an “easy warm up” of a four minute plank.

early on Sunday morning for the traditional long run. Jack, Ellie and Will ran up the highest mountain in the area – Berwyn – which turned out to be quite an epic as it required climbing another mountain just to get to it! Chris Bannon and Chris Thomas also went mountain running and had a surprise meet up with Jack and Ellie on the way back. Others went in search of flatter running ground and found Lake

Vyrnwy; a lovely 18km loop that we would return to for more runs later in the week. Back at the house Social Secretary Anna Lawson led a tough circuits session to prepare us for the arrival of our strength and conditioning master Rob the next day. A chilled evening was spent preparing for Anna's birthday the next day.

The next morning we all drove back over to Lake Vyrnwy. Some of us ran a full lap with the three Chrisses laying down the pace and others getting a lift half way. Women's captain Sarah came along on her bike to provide some passing motivation as she smashed a couple of laps. We rejoined at the end to have a nice picnic in the sun by the lake shore before heading back. After a group stretching session led by club veteran Alwyn, Rob made sure we hadn't been slacking on the circuits which suitably knackered anyone who wasn't already too tired to move. Surprise birthday brownie cake was as good a cure as any and kicked off a fun night of celebrations.

Tuesday morning was a more relaxed affair with the big focus of the day being an afternoon trip to the Queensway Stadium in Wrexham for a track session, which handily coincided with an urgent request for the minibus to get an MOT.

The club split into two groups – one doing a long distance session of kilometre reps and the other doing a middle distance session consisting of 300m sprints with reducing rest between each one. Strong winds couldn't get in the way of some seriously fast running and encouragement from Liam and Tom resulted in everyone leaving it all out on the track. 'GB Boy' Chris Olley ran so many laps that the rest of us started getting dizzy! Minibus returned, we headed back for the house for a chilled out evening.

With the end of the week nearly in sight, Wednesday morning started with some more relaxed runs. Ophelie, Lily and Lucie took the chance to explore some picturesque waterfalls nearby. Rob, still not satisfied, put on another circuits session before secretary Alex subjected us to a brutal core workout that began with an “easy warm up” of a four minute plank. Dinner was baked potatoes with just about every imaginable filling as



The trip proved Instagram friendly. Photo Credit: ICXC

we tried to use up all our remaining food.

The final day meant it was time for a race! We returned to Lake Vyrnwy one last time for seven kilometre handicapped time trial with start times determined from five kilometre personal bests – the intention being that if everything went right we'd all finish at the same time. This made for an exciting finish and with everything coming down to the last kick, experienced club member Duncan took the win. A post race BBQ was a welcome treat for everyone, and once packed

we spent the afternoon and evening enjoying the last of the holiday by, of course, finding out just how many people we could fit into the hot tub!

A huge amount of work from a lot of people went into organising the tour and making sure it went off without a hitch, particularly from Liam, Will, Matt, Sarah, Duncan and Alex.

If you'd like to join the club please email us at run@ic.ac.uk, we'd love to hear from you. After all, we didn't win Sport Imperial Club of the Year for nothing!



The whole gang. Photo Credit: ICXC



Pretty sure taking this picture slowed the runner down. Photo Credit: ICXC