



The of Imperial College London

FELIX

You've lost perspective
like a picture by Escher

PAGE 18 ARTS

Drunken asteroid hurtles
through space

PAGE 11 SCIENCE



Imperial students attend fees and cuts demo



Grace Rahman
Editor-in-Chief

Wednesday saw 10,000 students, including several from Imperial, march for free education. The protest was organised by the National Campaign Against Fees and Cuts. Kieran Ryan (pictured) organised the Imperial bloc, which included the union's elected Deputy President of Welfare and campaigns officer.

The demo was generally a peaceful affair. Shadow Chancellor John McDonnell made a speech to protesters, saying the government had "betrayed" them by upping fees and scrapping grants, and that higher education was "a gift from one generation to another".

Trouble arose outside the Department for Business, Innovation and Skills, when twelve were arrested...

continued on page 4

Jeremy hunts for a solution to junior doctor drama

Jack Steadman
Writer

Health Secretary Jeremy Hunt has offered junior doctors an 11% basic pay rise. In an attempt to convince junior doctors not to take strike action, he's conveying the message via a letter to be sent to all 50,000 junior doctors in England via their medical schools.

The letter has also been published in full online, and contains what Hunt describes as "assurances for junior doctors about our approach

to a new contract."

In the letter, he insists that the proposed contract changes are "not a cost cutting exercise", with changes in the pay for junior doctors being designed as "cost neutral, rather than cost saving."

He also reiterates that he perceives these changes as being required to deliver "a seven day NHS", and that they will help "underpin... the NHS [as] the safest health care system in the world [by] reducing, not increasing, the number of hours junior doctors work each week."

The letter comes in response to the British Medical Association

walking out of talks over the contract, saying that ministers had made "misleading" claims about the nature of the "unsafe and unfair" contract changes, and that the 11% pay rise promised by Hunt (although not mentioned in the letter) was offset by other changes, including alterations to unsociable hours payments.

The proposed reclassification of sociable hours had been 07:00 to 22:00, Monday to Saturday. Hunt's letter states that Saturday hours have now been reduced to 07:00 to 19:00.

At the moment the entire

weekend is classified as unsociable, and therefore junior doctors get paid more for working these hours. The new contracts would cut the amount of time classed as unsociable by 25%.

The BMA is balloting its members over whether they wish to take industrial action. Opening yesterday, the vote lasts for two weeks, and if action is approved will lead to the first such walkout since the 1970s.

Hunt hopes his last-minute letter will convince the BMA to come back to the negotiating table, but his continued framing of the contract debate as one over pay rather than

safety (as the BMA repeatedly points out it is) may yet come back to haunt him.

The BMA is balloting its members on whether they wish to strike

FELIX EDITORIAL



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Contents

News	3
Comment	8
Science	10
Food	13
Clubs & Societies	14
Arts	18
Film	22
Music	26
Games	29
Puzzles	30
Hangman	31
Sports	32

A word from the Editor



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Cover Picture by Cale Tilford



In the aftermath of our music editor's rant on political apathy at Imperial last week, I was intrigued. Were we always like this? Did Imperial students ever get really involved in causes beyond our graduate prospects?

So I looked back in the archives, which are handily bound in leather and line the walls of the FELIX office, to see when the political dissidence ended, or if it was ever there in the first place.

I stumbled across some sad things, especially in light of Wednesday's fees and cuts demo. 2010 was a big year for student protests. Clegg had just broken the Lib Dem promise to scrap tuition fees, which would eventually see his demise from politics completely. FELIX had reported on the big shouty protests. We took pictures. There was a small fire. We took a picture of that too. Someone threw a fire extinguisher off a building (not us though). It was all very exciting.

Our very own union even took a standpoint on the matter. The union council, voted in to represent the voices of Imperial students, voted to support the Browne review.

Written by an ex-head of BP, the document recommended that any

fees cap for home students should be completely removed. Completely. Removed. This didn't happen in the end, obviously. Fees for home students at the moment are capped at a shocking nine grand, an unimaginable sum for those at the time, who were paying only £3,375 per year, tops.

Ours was one of the very few unions not to officially reject the fee hike, but in addition, our 'representative' body decided to back a slightly more draconian policy than even the coalition government could stomach. Seriously.

But it wasn't all doom and gloom. Back in 2007, the RCSU had been promised a new office on the walkway. College Estates then backtracked, leaving them with barely a broom cupboard to operate from. In protest, the committee created a makeshift office on Dalby Court in front of the Faculty Building (that's the Blue Cube to you and I), complete with a desk, computer and sofa. They got their space on the Sherfield walkway in the end. This shit can work, guys!

In 2010, the union attempted to scupper plans for a life sciences re-structure that would see fourteen staff made redundant. When a

union council paper called for the re-structure to be halted, 160 students gathered to protest outside the College Senate meeting to decide on the department's fate. Students wore masks and chanted, "Save our plants!"

The paper was rejected, and the department lost staff. Disappointed students threatened to get back at the university by writing damning National Student Satisfaction Survey entries. Not quite the OCCUPY movement, but an Imperial protest if ever there was one.

Letters (kinda)

In response to 'My period is not a luxury', Issue 1615

I would like to remind all members of the Imperial College community – both students and staff – that the Union's Shop Extra on Sherfield Walkway has committed to selling feminine hygiene products 'at cost' since March. This was following a paper I presented to Union Council last year which gained the support of the student body and the shop management.

This offers women at Imperial a significantly greater discount on feminine hygiene products than the removal of the 5% VAT rate. I'm very proud to have played my part – and I just wish that the decision to remove VAT could be taken at Parliamentary level and not require unanimous agreement between 28 countries at European level. That is

not democracy.

Shop Extra on Sherfield Walkway is open Monday - Friday from 08:30 until 18:00.

Chris Kaye, the union's Deputy President of Finance and Services (via email)

Thanks for that Chris, any excuse to advertise, eh? In fairness, this is probably the most productive thing that has ever happened at union council. Well done man, this and the pizza bases, what haven't you given the Imperial students? Couldn't save the tree, though, could you?

-Ed.

In response to 'I went to the Bond premiere', Issue 1615

All I took from this was "smug Sabb takes advantage of elected role,

then writes about how smug she is." *'Not impresses [sic]' (online)*

Steady on there, 'Not impresses'. I wasn't in the staff ballot for the tickets, and I'm not even this bitter.

-Ed.

Are you gunna report on this?

Dude who brought part of Beit quad tree's trunk, which had been chopped down by the union, into the FELIX office (in person)

Yes.

-Ed.

In response to 'Why are Imperial students so apathetic about politics?', Issue 1615

While you raise the point of Union Council, do ask yourself the question – is Council really that

representative of the students it is supposed to represent?

I personally found in previous years that Council has actually been more interested in the ideologies of the people in it, rather than of myself and my peers.

I guess its hard when you vote for the funny manifesto rather than any concrete policies – when I voted I always found all the manifestos to say the same thing ("power to students") instead of anything concrete with the exception of Andrew Tranter who I think deserves a huge amount of credit irrespective of whether you agree with his point of view or not!

Hopefully this democracy review I read about will fix it – maybe Council will be more successful at lobbying when it has a stronger mandate from the student body to

campaign on issues it cares about? *'Ex-student' (online)*

Andrew, is that you? Can't help but agree with you on the council thing. I went to my first the other day. As a non-member, at one point I tried to ask a question, and my right to do even that was questioned. At one point we took a vote about whether or not we should write down how each person voted on each motion. It's hack-y, pinickity, and aggressive, but if a standard cross-section of students don't turn up, what's the alternative? Should we just have referendums for everything, like that dude who ran to be an MP and said he would use Facebook polls to decide how to vote in parliament?

-Ed.

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Union replaces tree in Beit Quad

It's been tripping you up for years, and now it's gone forever

Grace Rahman
Editor-in-Chief

One of the two large, established cherry trees dominating Beit quad has been completely removed, and replaced with a younger model. Many readers will be familiar with the trees' knobby roots which have lifted the paving around the union's seating area, forming a trip hazard.

The combination of drunk students and un-level paving led the union to ask the council whether the trees could be removed. Westminster council's tree officer recently granted permission for this, having visited the site and reporting that both trees were diseased.

Beit and the union building are situated in Westminster council's Knightsbridge conservation area, which means although it is privately owned land belonging to the college, the trees are protected by Westminster council, and requests to have them removed are subject to approval by the council.

Westminster's arboricultural officer, Rosie Dobson, inspected them and found decay fungus and cankers in the main branches of

both trees. Ms Dobson told FELIX these defects had left the trees' life expectancies reduced and so she had no objection to them being removed and exchanged for an "attractive and hardy" new species.

The two cherry trees are being replaced by Robinia Casque Rouges, which have roots that spread less, grow quickly and branch higher up. The first new Robinia was planted on Wednesday, and is thoroughly

Workers planting it expressed concern as to whether the tree would survive its first sports night



The weedy new tree is barely visible to the naked eye. Photo Credit: FELIX

weedy in comparison to its cherry counterpart. The workers planting it expressed worry as to whether the young tree would survive its first sports night. It did.

The second tree is due to be removed in the coming week, and by next Friday, the surrounding pavement will have been re-layed. On Tuesday, chainsaws were heard echoing across the quad, while a man harnessed to the old tree dodged the fairy lights to cut off all

its branches. By midday, the tree was gone.

FELIX was delivered part of the trunk from a disgruntled student. It is unclear where the rest of the tree is, or how it will be recycled.

The roots of the trees have made the fuse boxes outside inaccessible, rendering both the fairy lights in the trees and the round lights on the ground unusable.

Chris Kaye, the union's Deputy President for Finance and Services,

told us:

"The old tree has seen the ups and downs of student life over its many years, a bit like me. It has seen many bodily fluids. It has seen many commiseratory (sic) pints, many celebratory pints. It has seen people at Freshers' week and at graduation. The tree has come to the end of its life but it is being replaced by a new tree. A tree that will see many many more generations of Imperial students. And I wish it all the best."

Charges dropped for #killallwhite men tweet

Goldsmith's Sabbatical officer will not go to court over the matter

Bahar Mustafa, the diversity sabbatical officer from Goldsmith's university who was due to appear in court for tweeting the phrase #killallwhitemen, has had the charges against her dropped. She had been charged for sending a "threatening or grossly offensive message" from her personal account.

This decision was made public only days before Mustafa was due to appear in Bromley Magistrates' Court. The CPS said it was down to there being "not enough evidence". Her lawyer said the decision "[called] into question their ability to make sensible judgments on delicate issues".

After asking white men not to

attend an event at her university for minority ethnic and non-binary people, a petition was launched by someone, who is not a student at Goldsmiths, to both sack her and revoke her degree. The petition

The CPS said it was down to there being "not enough evidence"

attracted more than 27,000 signatures from the public, although an internal petition did not receive enough signatures to hold a Goldsmiths-wide referendum on whether she should remain in the post.

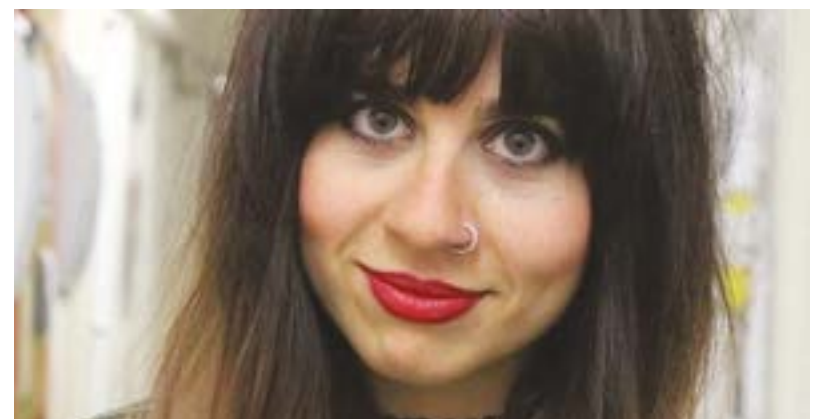
In the media storm that followed this incident, her social media accounts were examined by the press, with both the #killallwhitemen tweet and a photograph of her next to a drawing depicting 'white male tears' coming to light. In the aftermath, she received death and rape threats, but no charges were made against those who sent these messages.

A video was also released of Bahar speaking about the incident where

she described how, as an ethnic minority woman in a civilisation set up to benefit white males, she could not be racist or sexist.

Mustafa had also called someone

"white trash" from the Goldsmiths Student Union Welfare and Diversity Officer's official Twitter account, which she later said had been unprofessional.



Imagine if one of our Sabbs was this controversial. FELIX can dream.

FELIX NEWS



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STUDENTS TAKE TO THE STREETS

10,000 students protested on Wednesday against cuts to maintenance grants

Continued from front page

...having been caught throwing eggs and letting off smoke bombs outside the building. The department is in charge of higher education.

Although the Metropolitan Police denied using the controversial 'kettling' technique to control the crowds, some videos have surfaced on social media of students surrounded by police officers on every side, being 'escorted' to Charing Cross Station.

With a union Sabbatical officer in their ranks, the Imperial bloc marched from Malet Street, near UCL, to Parliament, via Trafalgar Square, Downing Street and the Home Office.

Rounds of 'NO IFS, NO BUTS, NO EDUCATION CUTS' and 'WHAT DO WE WANT? FREE EDUCATION! WHEN DO WE WANT IT? NOW!'

At one point there was whisper that our very own union president would make an appearance, however she didn't manage to make it.

When fees faced their last round of increases in 2010, the union president at the time, Andrew Kendall, did not attend student protests either, and spoke out against the demonstrations in FELIX.

Although only around 15 Imperial students attended the demo, after the medic protests of the past few weeks, it's turning into quite a term for Imperial dissidence.



All photos: Cale Tifford

FELIX NEWS



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FELIX writer and *I, Science* up for awards

The *Guardian's* Student Media Awards shortlist includes two Imperial entries

Grace Rahman
Editor-in-Chief

The shortlist for *The Guardian's* Student Media Awards this year includes FELIX's very own film editor, Fred Fyles, and the Imperial student-run publication *I, Science*.

Fyles, a medic, is up for the 'Features writer of the Year' prize, after judges enjoyed several of his infamous long-reads, including 'FKA Twigs, Feminism and Female Sexuality on Video' and 'Women. Music. Power: A Century of Female Electronica'.

He has also co-edited Phoenix, FELIX's termly arts publication, whilst contributing a colossal amount of content to the newspaper on a weekly basis.

I, Science was a subsidiary of FELIX, until the union withdrew the magazine's funding at the end of last year. It's now run through the Science Communication department, as the majority of the magazine's writers and editorial

team are on one of these courses.

FELIX last won the coveted 'Publication of the Year' prize way back in 2008, when Tom Roberts was Editor-in-Chief. Roberts' paper produced some legendary front covers, including an issue with a completely blank front page, save for an emboldened and ominous: "Normally FELIX informs students on the issues that affect

I, Science was a subsidiary of FELIX until the union withdrew the magazine's funding



FELIX can now exclusively reveal that Fred was our secret Phoenix cover star back in issue 1600.

them; this week we report on why we cannot publish everything that we know".

The cat logo was gagged, as the union had that week prohibited them from reporting several stories that Roberts and his editorial team,

believed affected students.

The winners are announced at an awards ceremony on the 1st of December. Judges include *The Guardian's* new editor, Katharine Viner, and representatives from *The Evening Standard*, *The Times* and

VICE.

Category winners receive two weeks work experience at *The Guardian* and a place on their 'masterclass on journalism' course. Runners up receive a week of work experience.

Imperial triumphs at royal start-up competition

Jack Steadman
Writer

The Duke of York's Pitch@Palace competition, held this year's finals at St James's Palace on Tuesday, with Imperial entrepreneurs taking home both first and third place.

Unmade, a 3D-printed knitwear startup came top, with Baby LifeBox, a low-cost baby incubator, taking third position.

Founded by Imperial alumni Hal Watts and Ben Alun-Jones, alongside RCA alumnus Kirsty Emery, Unmade (formerly Knyttan) created software that allows clients to digitally design knitwear and produce them on demand, "turning knitting machines into effectively 3D printers for clothes", according to Watts.



Prince Andrew just can't keep away. Photo Credit: Matt Johnston

Currently based at Somerset House, with three knitting machines and 22 members of staff, Unmade

aims to change the fact that "clothes are designed for everyone and made for no-one" through their software,

while also tackling the morally dubious use of cheap labour in the production process.

The other Imperial success story, Baby LifeBox, was created by current student Malav Sanghavi, and provides basic facilities for babies in their first days of life, such as "warmth, monitoring and a germ free environment."

Designed for use in developing countries, the incubator is made from cardboard, with its bottom half also functioning as a make-shift cot. Shanghavi also received a £500 grant from Imperial College Advance Hackspace prior to Pitch@Palace, intended to help him develop his prototype incubator.

Imperial has responded positively to the news, with Professor David Gann, Vice President (Development and Innovation), commenting that "both Unmade and Baby LifeBox exemplify the

spirit of entrepreneurship we prize at Imperial," and extending an offer to all Pitch@Palace participants to "locate with us" at Imperial's recently re-branded White City Campus.

The second-placed company on the night was Appear Here, a startup which enables pop-up shops to locate available spaces across London. Other runners up included Toothscan, which can identify dental issues early on in development, Polysolar, an alternative system of solar panels, and Yellowdog, a crowd-sourced render farm intended to provide 3D animators with easy, cheap processing power.

The bootcamp stage of the competition took place on Queen's Lawn several weeks ago, with Prince Andrew in attendance. Two weeks later he was back at Imperial, with China's President Xi.



University 'not such a' Challenge

Hundreds of students flock to Beit bars to watch Imperial team storm to 305-75 victory over Cambridge's Sidney Sussex

Cecily Johnson
News Editor

Imperial College London's University Challenge team has made another strong appearance on the BBC quiz show, winning their second round match against Sidney Sussex College Cambridge with a final score of 305 to 75.

Three physics students are on this year's team; captain James Bezer (a previous FELIX Science Editor) is joined by Ben Fernando and Ashwin Braude, alongside Mathematical Statistics PhD student Onur Teymur.

James and Ben were spotted by FELIX reporters attending the viewing party in FiveSixEight, where hundreds of students packed into the bar to cheer and boo along with the show – and of course see how many questions they were able to answer themselves.

This was the 17th episode of the overall 2015/16 series and the first of the second round of the knockout tournament to air. The Imperial team were previously featured in episode ten, where they thrashed a team from the University of Reading.

In this previous appearance

Imperial earned the highest score of any team competing in the first round, 285 points. Time will tell whether any teams will manage to beat their new high score of 305 as the other seven matches of the second round have yet to air.

As in the first round, the team put in a strong performance on the

James and Ben were spotted attending the viewing party in FiveSixEight

many scientific questions. However they found their Achilles heel in classical music, not managing any of the bonuses and mixing up Gilbert with Sullivan.

Quick on the buzzer, Imperial also successfully answered bonuses on the decades in which certain US states joined the union, nettles

in Shakespeare (seriously, question writers?) and sheep breeds.

Thanks to one member of the opposing team's shocking hairstyle and Imperial's 200+ point lead, social media and news sites went wild for the quiz show. The Independent and Metro websites both published articles about the episode.

Team captain James Bezer proved particularly popular with the press and fans of the show, earning the nickname 'Bezer the Geezer' and being declared unofficial Man of the Match by many. Bezer personally answered 8 of the team's 16 starters, earning declarations of love and comments such as "even the voiceover guy is sick of Bezer answering everything".

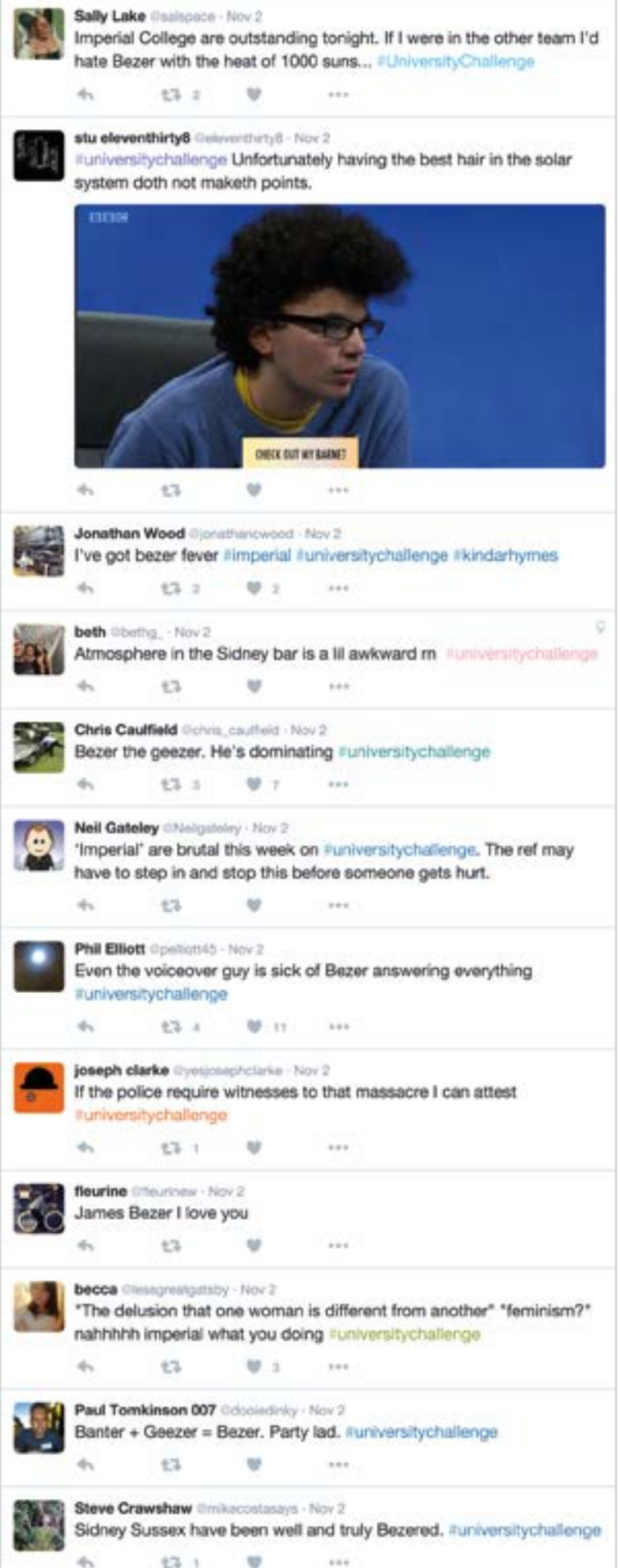
Imperial haven't won the show since 2001; this is the first team to make it onto the televised portion of the series since 2012/13, when we were eliminated in the quarter-finals. Over 100 students took part in the internal team selection process earlier this year. Winners of the quiz show get bragging rights and a shiny trophy.

The date of Imperial's next appearance has not yet been announced, so keep checking the FiveSixEight facebook page for details of the round three viewing party.



The team pose after the first episode filming with host Jeremy Paxman and a FELIX mascot. Photo Credit: Ben Fernando

TWITTER REACTS



Imperial College London



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FELIX COMMENT



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Bond leaves feminists shaken not stirred

Everything else has been brought into the present, but the portrayal of women is stuck in the past



Tessa Davey
Comment Editor

Last week, along with half the country, I decided to brave the crowded cinemas to see the newest James Bond film, *Spectre*. Some have described *Spectre* as gratuitous, but I thought that it was fantastic, both in terms of the cinematography, and the primal enjoyment in watching people get beaten to a pulp. But despite enjoying it, I came out of the cinema with a slightly bitter taste in my mouth.

The writers, directors, and producers of the modern, Daniel Craig incarnations of James Bond have obviously tried to make their films progressive, and to bring them in line with the modern world. And for the most part, they've succeeded. Money Penny is now a young, hot, black woman with a life outside MI6, and Q is an Imperial-worthy geek who always ends up saving the day by hacking some computer system.

Within the genre of a renegade spy who somehow faces no consequences for disobeying orders and can make himself invisible to all intelligence agencies just by driving a highly conspicuous car across Europe, the film does a pretty decent job of re-styling it for the modern era. But where it fails is in its portrayal of women.

Female characters appear, and often start off being presented as strong, well-rounded, independent women who don't want or need any help from James Bond. But invariably, three scenes later, the sexual tension has built (or appears out of nowhere in a rather contrived way) and we see them tumble into bed, followed by some fight scene where he displays his apparently irresistible masculinity.

That's fine, he's hot, it's a sexy situation, I get it. But after sleeping with him, these female characters seem devoid of any personality and

merely follow him around like a helpless puppy, occasionally needing saving. What is it about James Bond that does this? Does he have some kind of sexually transmitted disease that only affects women, attacking their frontal lobes?

Does James Bond have some sort of sexually transmitted disease that only affects women?

These days, it's not appropriate to reduce women from supporting characters to decoration after they have been explicitly sexualised.

Writing these characters as subservient, helpless and timid after they have served their duty being a piece of ass is no longer acceptable. Every other aspect of the film has been carefully scrutinised and updated to make it realistic and relevant for today, but by leaving in this dated portrayal of women, the writers are demonstrating a latent sexist attitude. They are showing that they only consider women's personalities to be a means of justifying their being interesting enough for Bond to shag them, not worth bothering with once he's got his leg over.

Many people will speak in defence of this, arguing that Bond being a womaniser is an important part of the genre, and to some extent, I agree. I have no problem with James Bond having sex with as many of the female (or male) characters as he desires. But sleeping with James Bond and being a powerful female character are not mutually exclusive, and I think that it is time that the producers address their misogynistic attitudes and truly bring James Bond into the modern era.

Poppies are not a source of pride

By wearing a poppy, all you are showing is that you can conform to what is expected



Simran Kukram
Writer

Wednesday 11th November marks 97 years since the armistice of the First World War. Across the UK, the poppy will be worn this month as a symbol of commemoration for all the lives lost and affected by conflict.

Every year the appeal is criticised for seeming to glorify war: the parade by the Royal British Legion can be seen to present wars as a justifiable necessity full of grandeur and pride – a bloody means to an end. The Festival of Remembrance takes place over the weekend at the Royal Albert Hall, including poppy-adorned performances by **Pixie Lott** and **Rod Stewart**.

Another criticism is that poppies have lost their meaning. The expectation for them to be worn in public is so strong that there were complaints when Channel 4

presenter, Jon Snow, chose not to wear one on air. Poppies are flown out to correspondents all over the world so that no news screen should lack the red paper badge. This week, the Conservative party was mocked for photoshopping a poppy onto David Cameron's lapel for his new Facebook profile picture. If they have become such a requirement this time of year that photos must be corrected to display them, do they mean anything but conforming to what is expected? What do they mean besides a reflection of the calendar month? Nothing but a deferential "respect our troops"?

For me, poppies are a symbol of the harsh realities of war. The jarring red symbolises the blood of those on any "side" that died, and are still dying in combat. The money raised by the poppy appeal goes to support past and present soldiers and their loved ones, whose wounds are mental as

well as physical. For those affected by war, I think the respectful thing to do is to take a step back, and have a moment of silence to acknowledge the atrocities experienced by fellow human beings. The poppy reminds us that the real cost of war is not paid by nations, but by ordinary individuals. It is not about glorifying

any "victory", but about the loss that happened, and is happening. It is important to remember so that we can make a conscious effort to support those who are subjected to such horrors. The poppy is a sobering, not beautiful sight.

I will be wearing a poppy, but I won't be wearing it with pride.



Have poppies lost their meaning? Photo Credit: The Telegraph

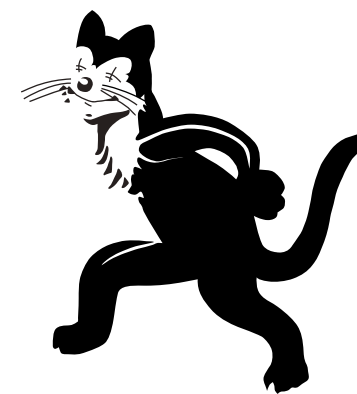
FELIX COMMENT



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Turkey: water cannons, bombs, and elections

Watching events in your country unfold from across the border is never easy



Anonymous
Writer

When talking about how it feels to live abroad, the conversation tends to revolve around the things you miss, such as family members, the weather, or food. But, if your home country is in a state of change and turmoil, the hardest thing about being away is having to live through certain events merely through the news, brought to you predominantly by social media.

This article is not about the politics behind Turkey's turmoil, but rather it is about the sentimental side of having to experience this turmoil from a distance.

Two and a half years ago I was glued to my computer screen in the library, clicking on link after link on Facebook, watching the Gezi Park demonstrations in Istanbul. As I watched the videos of the Turkish police trying to overpower the citizens through the brutal use of water cannons and tear gas I felt devastated, furious, and worst of all, helpless.

Three weeks ago I woke up to my Facebook news feed telling me that two bombs had gone off in my home city – Ankara, the capital of Turkey. I instantly called my parents to check on my family, and words cannot express the emotions I experienced as I waited for them to pick up. My family and friends were okay, but throughout the day I watched the number of families who weren't as lucky rise to over 130.



We watch the events unfold, powerless to help. Photo Credit: balkanist.net

Sunday marked the second time in five months that Turkey had parliamentary elections; the first one, in June, was inconclusive, as the rival parties could not agree on forming a coalition.

I was at my desk working, with my computer screen locked on a live feed of the election results. Watching the results without family and friends was a whole new experience – without the heated discussions and

educated speculations about what the results would bring for Turkey's future, the vote counts felt nothing more than meaningless numbers.

Now, it seems that I will have many more sleepless nights as Turkey's instability continues, and I pursue my life abroad. Yet, I am only one of many international students having to helplessly watch our home country's fate from across the world. Some people can distance themselves from the sentiments brought on by such events. Others have different coping mechanisms, be it reading every post on social media, or incessantly telling friends what their perspective is on the politics behind the events.

To end with the words of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk, the founder of the Republic of Turkey, "Peace at home, Peace in the World." And so I hope that one day in the future I can say that Turkey too has joined some of the few countries in the world to have found (relative) peace.

Should we accept that bacon gives us cancer?

The writing is on the wall when it comes to the benefits of vegetarianism



Ben Sharpless
Writer

First you find out you're not actually eating beef, nay, horses. Then you find out it causes cancer too. Hard times to be a meat eater.

It has been in the news that the WHO have produced a report telling us that meat causes cancer. Or rather, they have classified certain types of meat as a Group 1 carcinogen.

Headlines such as, "Meat as big a cause of cancer as cigarettes" and "Meat as bad as tobacco", however, are the media getting up to its clever, sensationalist, attention-grabbing tricks. The headlines stem from the fact that processed meats have been put into the same carcinogen category as tobacco. But whereas tobacco raises the relative risk of cancer by about 250%, eating two

slices of bacon a day only raises your relative risk by 18%. So it isn't quite as bad as the papers would have us believe.

But what still baffles me is people's attitude toward the study. Instead of concern, people seem to scoff at it, as if the idea that meat is that bad for their health is ridiculous. Why is that? You'd think that anything that significantly raises cancer risk would be a concern, but there seems to be a prejudice against anything that challenges eating meat in the general population.

It might be that people's attitudes towards vegetarianism and meat are rooted in old ways of thinking, where finishing a steak was the mark of a man. Personally, there have been many times that people have made a remark that I'm less

manly for not eating meat. I've also heard that I "just graze in a field" when I'm hungry.

Vegetarians are often criticised for not eating meat, even though the person criticising is not affected by their decision in any way.

If a study was released saying that fruit significantly increased the risk of cancer, would people take more notice?

Until the early-mid twentieth century, smoking was seen as less of a taboo. Some people even believed that tobacco was good for them (because of the propaganda of the tobacco industry). But smoking has declined drastically since then, due to large shifts in the public views of the way tobacco affects health, and in particular causes cancer.

The health merits of a vegetarian diet have been extensively documented, and the writing has been on the wall for a long time in terms of meat's carcinogen capacity. So, is it time for people to

get over their meat prejudices and start looking at how it affects their health, in the same way they look at tobacco? Probably not – I think the study will be forgotten about pretty quickly.

You'd think that anything that significantly raises cancer risk would be a concern

FRIDAY 6 NOVEMBER



iPOP

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Free before 20:00

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Open to Students and Staff
Every Friday from 17:30

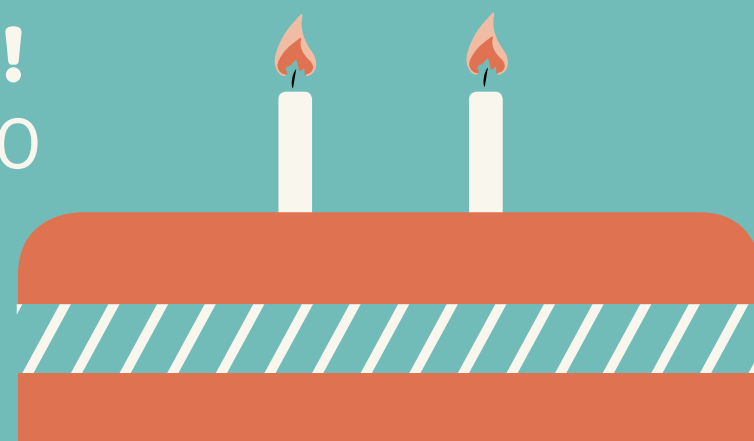
Every Friday we will be transforming Reynolds into a cocktail lounge with a chilled atmosphere, relaxed music and a new venue layout. Come on down and let our newly trained mixologists whip you up some classic cocktails, plus our very own creations and specialities!



Happy Birthday h-bar!

Friday 6 November / 16:00

Help us celebrate h-bar's second birthday from 16:00!
First 50 people in after 16:00 get a slice of birthday cake.
Get two selected cocktails for £7.00!
Choose from Cubre Libre, Mojito, Long Island Ice Tea and Moscow Mule.



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Date	Event	Time	Location
Every Tuesday	Super Quiz	20:00 - 22:00	FiveSixEight
Every Tuesday	Cocktail Night	18:00 - 23:00	Metric
Every Wednesday	CSP Wednesday	19:00 - 01:00	Metric & FiveSixEight
Every Wednesday	Sports Night	19:00 onwards	Reynolds
Every Friday	PGI Friday cocktails	16:30 onwards	h-bar
Every Friday	Reynolds Cocktail Club	17:30 - 00:00	Reynolds



How to mash potatoes properly

Smash might be easy, but it won't impress your housemates like this will

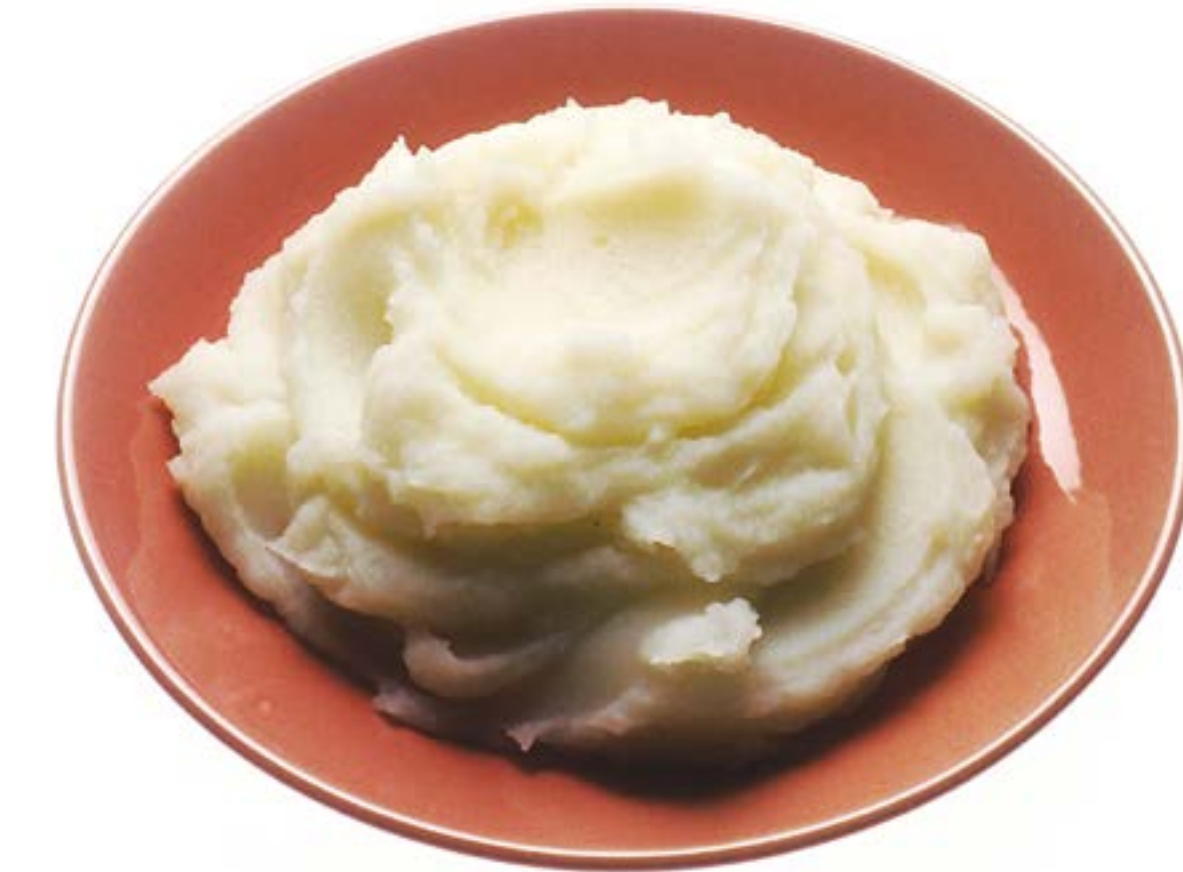
Sanjay Bhattacharya
Writer

Now, you're all going to think I'm crazy - telling you how to cook steak one week, and then mash the next? Madness - this bloke must think we can't cook for toffee! Well, I've taken all the feedback from the few of you who did read it and not think it was a complete pile of garbage, and am going to focus on what you liked - the scientific part of it. Plus, I've had recipe requests, so I'll slip one in this time - as well as nattering on less, if I can. If you feel like I'm insulting your cooking genius, apologies - I'm just trying to change the way you might look at food and why you do the things you do in cooking.

Mash, champ, pommes mousseline - they all focus on that staple ingredient, the humble spud. It's so versatile - and I will go on to write about the many other things you can do with it - but mash happens to be my favourite way of using them. Simply done, with a little bit of dripping from a roast - nothing can compare for me.

However, I've always struggled with lumps. And no, I don't need to see a doctor - these are of the improperly cooked potato variety. And my mother's mash would sometime be a teensy bit gloopy - don't get me wrong, we've both

Simply done, with a little bit of dripping from a roast - nothing can compare



Mmmm, just like your mamma makes. Photo Credit: Wikipedia

made great mash before, but just not consistently. Somehow, the variations we did - ever so subtle, like the types of potatoes, the length of boiling or how well we let them steam dry - really screwed things up. I thought it was time I mastered one of the simpler dishes out there, so I had a look into it.

And straight away, a clear enemy was found - starch. Or rather, what happens when starch and water mix. As granules of amylose and amylopectin interact with water, starch swells and then bursts, forming a gel matrix over time - it is, in fact, a non-newtonian fluid. This product is responsible for the least desirable feature - gummy mash. So clearly regulating the exposure of the potatoes to water is a problem.

I had also encountered a second problem - uneven cooking. Naturally, as the pieces of potato are boiled, the surfaces heat up and cook through much faster than the middles. If this is extreme, you can have just cooked interiors with mushy exteriors, and this is exactly what happens if you cut your potatoes up into pieces that are

Straight away, a clear enemy was found, starch

irregular or just too large! And this gives you lumps - my second enemy.

I did have to question my sanity, spending time researching mash whilst I could be focusing on my lab project, but I had found what I needed to solve. And the solution is very simple.

In both cases, water is not helping us. It swells the starch and ruins the fluffy lightness that mash should have, and forces us to cut our potatoes up - which not only can lead to uneven cooking, but

also exposes even more of the cells and their contained starch to the water, worsening the problem! So, eliminate the water!

That's right - bake your potatoes! We can all admit that scooping out the middle of a baked potato, and crudely mixing it with some butter and cheese, is one of life's simple, delicious, pleasures. By using the indirect heat of an oven, and being able to cook potatoes with their skins on, you not only speed up the whole process (not having to peel potatoes is a godsend!) but also hide the starch away from water - not that there should be any, in your oven anyway! The insides are perfectly cooked from edge to edge, so the lumps are gone. In one fell swoop, we have beaten both enemies!

The potatoes can be simply baked alongside the chicken - though not in the same pan, mind - before being taken out to have their guts removed. Beautifully soft potatoey goodness - so light, you can mash with a spoon. A touch of butter, pepper, salt and you're away. Smashing.

Sanjay's best ever Mash

This is enough for four hungry people with no regard for keto diets or their waistlines.

Shopping List

- 16 baking potatoes, of a similar size - any variety will do, but King Edward are ubiquitous and great.
- 50-100g unsalted butter
- White pepper (who am I kidding, you can use black, but try to grind it fresh)
- Salt
- 8 Metal Skewers

Method

Preheat your oven to 200°C/180°C Fan.

Take your baking potatoes, and use a knife to score a line through the skin lengthwise around the potatoes.

Thread two potatoes per skewer, along their long axis.

Bake for approximately an hour, though it can take longer - up to two hours if you want them super easy to work.

Check doneness by slipping a knife into them - it should encounter resistance from the skin, but nothing else.

Take the potatoes out of the oven, and whilst they're hot, remove them from the skewers.

Leave to cool for about 15 minutes, until you can just handle them.

Pull them in half, and use a spoon to scrape the perfectly cooked flesh into a bowl - or, if you want, directly into a sieve.

If you discover they're not cooked through - don't panic! Simply return to the oven for another 20 minutes or until done.

Either way, mash them gently, by rubbing through the sieve or against the side of the bowl with a spoon - they should just disintegrate and form a smooth paste.

Using a fork, stir the mash with the butter until it is all incorporated. The amount of butter really depends on the consistency and richness you like.

You can add milk to loosen - but more butter does that job too. Season, and enjoy.

FELIX CLUBS & SOCS



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The lost art of listening

Find out about Imperial College Connect Society

Ju Hyoung Yoo
Writer

There are a million reasons for you to volunteer, but with Connect there's only one. We take students to St Mary's hospital, where many elderly patients are bed-bound with no one to visit, no one to talk to. Our role is to teach you the lost art of listening. These patients host myriads of stories, woven through both world wars, the blitz, rationing, and surviving huge cultural shifts.

The elderly make up the majority of hospital inpatients, but they are also one of the most vulnerable to social isolation and depression. Our visits provide important social support for these lonely individuals who may otherwise have very few they can confide in.

Doctors and nurses, despite their best intentions, simply do not have enough time or resources to be able to spend an extended amount of time with individual patients. Our volunteering not

only improves patient experience, but through conversation you may also find useful information which healthcare professionals can use to better patient care.

The aim of our society is to improve the quality of life and recovery of elderly patients by reducing depression caused by social isolation. You will be in a team of 6 led by an experienced team leader that will guide you through the wards of St Mary's hospital. You'll learn valuable communication skills, have exposure in a clinical setting and, most importantly, be part of a close-knit community of volunteers who share the same goal – to help others.

There are a million reasons for you to volunteer, but with Connect there's only one: to connect.

If you would like to join the connect family do not hesitate to contact us. Sign up this week and come along for our £7 ice skating social (free drink included) at the Natural History Museum on Monday 16th November.



We'd be that happy too if we had that much pizza. Photo Credit: Kien Nguyen

Professors of comedy cheer up Metric

Peter Munton
Writer

For those that don't already know, on the first Monday of every month Nice N' Spikey Comedy throws a handful of professional comedians into the Union Bar alongside our very own comedians from Imperial Comedy. Following on from the superb spectacle last month, this month saw a new host of professional and amateur stand ups.

The evening began with host and compère Sion James who engaged in light banter attempting to warm up the small crowd huddled near the stage. He then introduced the first act of the night American comedian Russell Hicks who underwhelmed the audience with general chat and talk, straying from his routine on several occasions to interact with the room. Following on from him Tom Hicks took centre stage to

try out some new material, with a notepad and pen he guided the onlookers through a few of his good (and bad) ideas. Leaving the stage with the knowledge that Swiss army knives are funny.

Then, the moment everyone had been waiting for, Imperial born and bred comedian Josh Carr made his way through the

Funny and cringe-worthy

crowd, clipboard in hand, up to the stage. His character of a nerdy college professor suited his geeky demeanour and unsurprisingly related to the Imperial crowd. Josh told a story of his childhood and adolescence, as well as his early manhood. Cracking up the crowd

with funny and cringe-worthy tales in a self-deprecating manner. Finishing off with his Riddler audition and a theory about black holes, it was time for the interval.

After the interval Imperial Comedy's very own president Arran Hobson Sayers bounded to the stage for a surprise set, delighting the hard-core comedy goers with snappy jokes and a stylistically unique presentation of safety signs. Headliner Stuart Goldsmith then grabbed the audience's attention with a hilarious account of his impending parenthood and his theories about babies. He then launched into a laughter ridden chronicle of mattocks ending the night with a roar, undeniably a comedian to watch out for.

Nice N' Spikey hosts stand-up comedy nights every month in the union bar, the next one will be on Monday 7th of December so come and check out some of Imperial's finest comic talent.



Sion James in action at Imperial Photo Credit: Imperial College Union

FELIX CLUBS & SOCS



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DramSoc wows with first show of the year

Watching lesbians has never been so much fun

Alhasan Al-Habib
Writer

In 1956, the widows of the Susan B. Anthony Society for the Sisters of Gertrude Stein meet in a renovated community centre for their annual breakfast, where the prize-winning quiche will be declared in a much-anticipated ceremony. The sudden threat of an atomic bomb forces the women in this idyllic American town to begin sharing their deepest secrets, which lead to some not-so-shocking confessions from the society's leaders.

I went to a comedy gig recently where one performer opined that "the problem with football fans is they think that watching 100s of hours of something makes them an expert. If that were really true, I would be the best lesbian lover in the world."

Was he referring to Imperial College DramSoc's production of "Five Lesbians Eating a Quiche" (FLEQ), directed by Elena Stein? Probably not, but that's his loss. This was a show that took a superb script and brought it to life through a combination of quality production, immersive audience interaction and most importantly an excellently cast group of actresses who left me questioning my distaste for quiche. The show opens with the five

members of the Susan B. Anthony Society entering from the rear of the Union Concert Hall, who talk to the audience as they walk towards the stage. Some of those approached looked quite terrified, though whether this was because of the surprise of being spoken to during a play or because Imperial students in general are frightened of social interaction was unclear. Regardless, it was a unique start that could have quite easily gone wrong, but rather

Indicative of a truly excellent exhibition of acting by this cast

demonstrated immediately that the actresses didn't feel constrained or rigid and robotic in their assumed characters, but rather composed and fluid. From the moment they assume the stage, we as an audience are under the impression we are



Lucy Luo on top form. Photo Credit: Chads Chadwick



We wonder if they'll ever be able to eat quiche again. Photo Credit: Chads Chadwick

witnessing an event far greater than any of us: the unveiling of the prize winning quiche.

Our immersion in this 50's cold war setting is amplified by Amanda Williamson's set. The Wall of Past Presidents of the society looms tall above the 5 senior members (the audience are given name tags and treated as lesser members throughout), whilst the gawkish and repugnant wallpaper will seem familiar to those who lived in these times/Fisher Hall. The only moment it really falls short is when a door described as being "military grade" and "radiation proof" is slammed shut only for it to shake and nearly fall off its hinges. The lighting (Elena Stronach) is spot on throughout, contributing one of the show's biggest laughs, and the sound design (Robert Schüssler) is professional and well executed

What makes this show truly memorable, however, is the quality of the acting. Acting is like cooking; you don't need to know anything about how it's done to appreciate it when it's performed well. This is a good thing, otherwise I wouldn't be able to write this review. When "Dale" (Olivia Gatliff) is killed by radiation (if you cared so much about spoilers you would have bothered to watch the play, you philistine), the

fact that I feel sad is an achievement. The fact that, despite this whole play being absurdist, satirical and fundamentally comedic, I still feel a pang of grief, I still feel the reverberation of this blackly comic

It's sharp and zippy, with pauses and punchlines timed to perfection

death bounce across the room and I still hope she managed to survive is indicative of a truly excellent exhibition of acting by this cast. That effect is an inevitable outcome of a number of things.

The constant undercurrent of sycophancy that intentionally fails to mask the thick air of bitchiness

amongst our strangely caricatured yet somewhat relatable characters does so much to make them feel real. That takes both a skilled cast and a director with real vision to achieve. The unerring finesse of the accents transports us across the Atlantic with ease, and the dialogue is brilliant. Not since the days of my old all-boys school have I seen sexual innuendo so wonderfully and creatively delivered. It's sharp and zippy, with pauses and punchlines timed to perfection. The withering and barely veiled insults thrown around the room (and indeed the audience) by Lulie (Anisha Kadri) and Vern (Lucy Luo) are as barbed and cutting as the playwrights would have wanted them to be. Aliya Ismailova's portrayal of Ginny wouldn't have been quite as convincing without her authentic Mancunian accent, which serves both to contrast against the brusque American twangs of the other members, but also as a reminder of just how awful many northerners sound. So said the pretend critic from Birmingham.

Would it be hyperbolic to say this was the best play I've seen at IC since I arrived two years ago? It's difficult to say, but that in itself is testament to how wonderful this production was.





Escher: Psychedelic Mathematics, Scientific Art

Elizaveta Tchebaniouk
Writer

The paradoxical works of MC Escher were paradoxically admired both by intellectuals for their mathematical accuracy, and by Pop culture's hippie movement for their otherworldly creations. *The Amazing World of MC Escher* at Dulwich Picture Gallery thoroughly explores the whole body of Escher's works and through this exploration provides a portrait of the incredible, peculiar, and enigmatic persona of Escher himself.

This exhibition gives the audience not only the opportunity to admire Escher's most famed and characteristic works in the flesh, but also to discover his early, less-known works.

The chorological arrangement of the works allows the audience experience Escher's personal journey and artistic transition from realistic landscapes to multiple perspective worlds of his own creation. It is curious to see the varieties of influences and techniques Escher tried out before finding his niche, and moreover even when he had found his artistic vision, he never stopped perfecting, reworking his art, continuously exploring different techniques, methods, and subjects throughout all of his career and well into his late works.

The early works of Escher in the first rooms of the gallery are mostly landscapes and realistic subjects such as portraits, but even these already show Escher's interest in peculiar and slightly augmented perspectives and an attention to minute detail. The audience then



M.C. Escher, *Contrast (Order and Chaos)*. Photo Credit: The M.C. Escher Company-The Netherlands.

experiences Escher's transition to inventing his subjects and images.

The second room shows what Escher called the start of his 'Mental Imagery period' – the first works where he combines two-dimensional and three-dimensional images in one plane, as well as the first of his famous double and reflected imagery (as seen in *Hand with Reflecting Sphere* displayed in this room). This is also when Escher begins producing tessellation prints, like *Metamorphosis 1* where a 3D town transforms into a 2D figure, or *Day and Night* where black and white birds fly out from the middle of the plane with the black birds emerging from the spaces between the white birds and vice versa.

Following this period is one where Escher moves away from tessellation prints to concentrate on paradoxes demonstrating the illusion of art. Escher was a perfectionist – he would make several studies and sketches, and would even rework a print numerous times. Several of Escher's studies and sketches for his famous works are also exhibited, showing his meticulous creative process which was not a spontaneous art, but a methodical

science. His attention to detail allowed him to create completely irrational and impossible and yet perfectly fluid and coherent worlds in his prints, worlds where different perspectives and different points of gravity ran into each other so naturally that it isn't apparent that they are contradictory.

This continuous theme of the real and reflected, the harmonious interplay of art and illusion and a new reality run throughout all of Escher's works, and his unique ability to create these new coherent worlds made him popular in the 1950's throughout Europe and America, and his fans ranged from intellectual groups of mathematicians to pop culture legends. Seeing the full body of Escher's extensive works in this exhibition, it is clear that Escher's fame was not due to a cultural movement or a phenomenon of luck, but solely due to the recognition and appreciation of his hard work and true genius.

Escher, however, shunned fame and only strived to find peace and quiet to concentrate on his work, which is probably why, although most people have seen his works in numerous places, they are not as

familiar with the name behind the works, as they may be with Picasso or Dali or Monet.

Through his meticulous process and finished works, it seems that Escher aimed to find order in a world of chaos. For him, "order was the conclusion" as he said, referring to *Contrast (Order and Chaos)*, one of his late works. This notion helps us to understand Escher's works from a personal point of view.

There is a striking late work in the last gallery, *Liberation*, where a pattern of 2D birds transforms into 3D birds at the top, flying off to freedom. This work is almost a metaphor for Escher's own personal liberation from his struggles amidst life's chaos, achieved only through the perfect order of patterns he created himself.

Though the artist and his art remain enigmas, it is all the more captivating to explore the possibilities of Escher's unconventionally beautiful and eccentric works in the Dulwich Picture Gallery.

The Amazing World of MC Escher is at the Dulwich Picture Gallery until 17th January 2016. £7.50 concessions.



M.C. Escher, *Hand with Reflecting Sphere (Self-Portrait in Spherical Mirror)*. Photo Credit: The M.C. Escher Company-The Netherlands.



Husbands and Sons

Mothers, marriages and mines oppress and inspire in gripping production at the National

Bill Gewanter
Writer

It has become cliché that while "all happy families are alike; each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way". *Husbands and Sons*, an adaptation of three of DH Lawrence's lesser-known plays, engagingly depicts the persistent, mundane horror overshadowing the lives of three mining families in early 20th century Nottinghamshire. The mines are an ever-present spectre, threatening the livelihoods and indeed lives of the miners.

Soot infiltrates every aspect of family life. The parallels between the men's claustrophobic entrapment in the pits and that of their wives in cramped kitchens are immediately apparent. Conflict between husbands and wives, wives and mothers, fathers and sons is omnipresent. Thin walls transmit neighbours' arguments, robbing even temporarily reconciled households of peace. The innovative use of a minimalist set focuses attention upon this unfolding human

drama. The industrial revolution's desolation of bucolic life is depicted with an authenticity born of Lawrence's personal experience. Misery emanates not only from the mines, but also from frequently toxic family dynamics.

Distant, often brutish, husbands conflict with their seemingly indifferent wives. Mothers bereft of affection from their husbands seek to control the affections of sons seeking to form relationships with wives of their own. Sons fight to escape their fathers' legacies, projecting struggles against their inherited nature onto their parents. All are isolated in the midst of a densely packed community.

While the tribulations of the first act induce a heavy and oppressive atmosphere, the interpersonal origin of many of the characters' problems permits a redemption that would remain out of reach should they stem solely from the seemingly inescapable coal pits. In this Lawrence offers the audience a thin ray of light amidst the darkness. *Husbands and Sons* is both an authentic period piece and

instantly relatable to the present day. With the recent closure of Tata's steel plants, the social impact of the decline of heavy industry has once again been brought into sharp focus. Lawrence refrains from romanticism in his depiction of the lives of mining communities, but in portraying the humour, camaraderie and resilience of these unbowed husbands, wives, mothers and sons he reveals a telling dichotomy. The closure of the pits ended the danger faced on a daily basis by the miners, but also decimated communities with distinct identities and a solidarity born of resisting forces beyond their control.

A universally strong cast makes *Husbands and Sons* a thoroughly immersive experience. The events of the play are seen through the eyes of its female characters. In a stand out performance, Anne Marie-Duff's heart-breaking conflict between duty to her family and to herself culminates in a dramatic crux that sheds light on her inability to escape her situation. Louise Brearley is entirely convincing as a beautiful and loving



Husbands and Sons Photo Credit: National Theatre

wife trapped in a vicious cycle of recrimination that threatens to drive a progressively greater wedge between her and her husband. Both express their affection for the other, but never to the other. The isolation and emotional repression hinted at through innumerable subtleties in her performance communicates her inner turmoil without uttering a single word.

Just as the mines remain constantly present in the characters' lives, even after they have washed themselves clean of soot, the struggles and resilience of Lawrence's characters will remain with the audience long after the final curtain.

*Until February 10th at the National Theatre's Dorfman Stage
Tickets from £15*

Oh your crimson heart,
which bleeds its throbbing red,
into the cavity of an aching chest,
and in doing so
revives an old ennui,
which heaves and splutters
coughing up the congestions of a past pernicious;
arteries bulge with viscous stuff,
veins tear and capillaries explode,
and in a cacophony of silence the insides implode,
a great statue felled by compunction
its uneven foundations now clear to see,
a rubble of human belonging.

Ezra Kitson



A physicist who likes art? Bah!

Get off your high horse and stop thinking science is too good for art

Ben Williams
Writer

So here's my exhibition label. Neat card, kind of heavy. Flat blue type, rather charming: "PHYSICIST MEETS ART". "Sheesh", you say, "I thought they allowed children in these places." Luckily for you and I times have changed. I'll tell you straight: this love is not the sin against science that they'd have you believe.

It seems pretty simple to me. Art is the set of ideas that people can try to express. Science is the set of those ideas that we can test. Happy? Good. So all scientists are artists? "Fuck off!" I hear you shout. Yet, there is, from any logical, sane standpoint no contradiction.

You see, art –that whale of a word – isn't in the definition of the brushstrokes of dead men. Pages

"Science",
you will
snarl, pipe
in hand,
eyebrow
talking "is
not art"

of black dots on dead trees is not a novel.

Equally, it'd be idiotic to worship the paper on which Einstein wrote the first metric tensor, or to think of Newtonian mechanics as Newton's equations. These are much like a bra: they provide support, but it's what's inside that counts. It is the idea itself that matters, not the wrapping.

The point is that the measure of the power of any kind of work (and I'd call Dirac an artist, as much as Picasso) is fundamentally in the conversation it can have – the perspective it can push into your

subconscious. The route it takes there is pretty irrelevant.

Yet still, we have that stale old lie, lingering in the corners between the library café's pigeon-chewed sofas and curling itself around my pint in the union. "Science", you will snarl, pipe in hand, eyebrow talking "is not art."

So say the wise and worldly 'practical people'. You'll read this while poncing about and puff up like fat red bullfrogs: "Croak! Where's me meat and three veg? Croak! This ain't gonna pay no bills, buddy!"

No, it ain't mate. But this repressed 'Mr Nuts and Bolts' attitude is cowardice – a dodge. It's a thick grey blobby wall, not a solution. That voodoo statement is, nine times out of ten, as much about deluding ourselves into applying a series of fake absolutes, as dealing with the world as it is.

Comfortable, maybe, but I'm still naive enough to believe it's the truth that we really care about. I mean, when you say this 'high' talk of art isn't real, what's your goddamn 'real'? Vodka and beans?

Art might not look like vodka and beans, sure, but then vodka and beans look a hell of a lot like you, given the right perspective. Your vodka and beans are, in the history of the planet, quite a terrifying revolution. That is an objective truth – or at least as much as any scientist can ask for.

Like it or not eyebrow wielder, what we're doing here isn't building some kind of cutesy 1950's bungalow. It's not about walls. Einstein wasn't a stay-at-home dad, and Noether isn't in the kitchen making meatloaf. The beautiful, crazy thing that we find is that there are almost no absolutes. There are very, very, very few things that we can know for certain, if anything. That, painful as it may be, is absolutely beautiful in the way we find the limits of what we imagine, and what we can make are so blazingly close. Imperial was born on challenge and change, and we have a responsibility to see the world as woolly and wild as it is, not from some shivering little Victorian fear of 'containment'.

The terrifying thing about the 'grey blob' – the little voice that says it's okay just to be another calculating sausage, is that is breeds



Here comes the revolution, save us science! Photo Credit: Rob Camp

deadbeat apathy.

I mean it's common knowledge that Imperial is a dead duck, right? Why bother trying? Why bother fighting? We don't do 'change'. We can't compete. The college hates us all – yes, even you Mr Perfect – and

Imperial is a
dead duck.
Why bother
trying?

we're screwed anyhow. Can we be proud of that kind of culture? Is that really what we are here for? And seriously, at what point does ducking and running no longer

become an option?

Normally, I hate the kind of goof who quotes Feynman (as quotes go, he's the Physicists equivalent of Aunty Ethel), but he puts down the challenge pretty elegantly:

"For far more marvelous is the truth than any artists of the past imagined it. Why do the poets of the present not speak of it? What men are poets who can speak of Jupiter if he were a man, but if he is an immense spinning sphere of methane and ammonia must be silent?"

But I'd flip this. We are meant to keep the flame alive. College is taking this super seriously – if you've checked out the temperature of the computing labs on howhotislabs.com recently, you'll see we're well on the way to officially being 'on fire'.

Of course, it is the sad reality of this stubborn world that not all

of you will be hit by your artistic epiphany, but do me one favour: stop thinking of arts as a dirty word. The arts aren't some hidden, forbidden thing. As students, and

The college
hates us
all – yes,
even you Mr
Perfect

as scientists here, our voice and our rights depend on our appreciation of the crazy, wonderful thing we call art.



The Poetry of Ezra Pound

An Anchor for the Modern Reader

Eoghan Totten
Writer

Ezra Pound's poetry is poised to rejuvenate the modern reader due to his literal sense of audience, appealing to "a community of readers and writers, existing across time... a trans-historical community of artists." (Prof. Langdon Hammer, Yale University, 2012). It is this delocalization that will allow his poems to endure. While at times hermetically difficult, steeped in contemporary vernacular, their language allows immediate access in its variety. One hesitates to advocate escapism, however much modern times may encourage it.

Yet, as Pound writes in 'The Object':

*This thing, that bath a code and not a core,
Hath set acquaintance where might be affections,
And nothing now
Disturbeth his reflections.*

In an era of gross consumerism, when the notion of duty and the value of obligation, tradition and lineage are a shadow of their former selves, poets of tradition (such as T.S. Eliot) face castigation from mass readership. Pound's own journey from America to Europe, now a century ago, was in itself the fleeing of cultural commodity. If

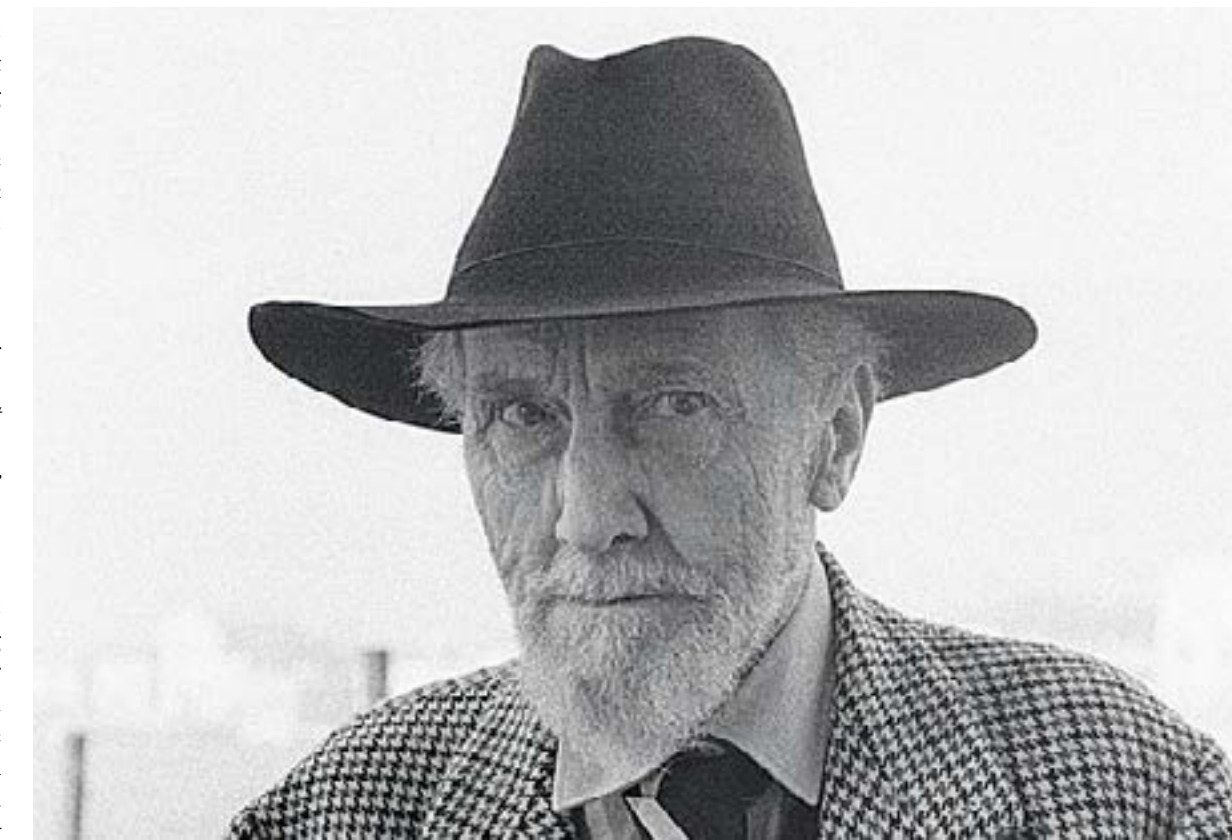
this anathema was woven into the poet's resolve, one might argue that it is manifest in the poetry, allowing it to endure.

One might posit that it is the driving force behind Pound's poetic 'impulse', as demonstrated in 'The Seafarer':

*Bitter-breast cares have I abided,
Known on my keel many a care's band.
And dire sea-surge, and there oft spent
Narrow nightwatch night the ship's head
While she tossed close to cliffs.*

In the early twentieth century, the poem was an avant garde mapping of the Anglo-Saxon vernacular into modern English. Its rough metre and daring use of plosive give weight and life to its nautical imagery. In parodying the old English alliterative verse, whereby poems are synchronized by stress count rather than metric feet, the speaker's voice is given vitality. It fulfills Pound's historical mission to "make it new" (Hammer, 2012). It has enough weight to be heard amidst the modern trivial din.

The image of journey transcends the oceans, becoming a 'crossing over' in time and space: a surrender. Another strength of Pound's poetry is that it employs secular means to engender inspiration. While the poet was experimentalist, he was also a pedantic scholar, his work



Ezra Pound. Photo Credit: David Lees/ Corbis

steeped in form, in order to channel that aforementioned 'impulse'. He regarded the literature of the past as sacred. Akin to language, the past spawns derivation: Pound makes the past the present, made "continuously available for those who can recognize it... technical powers... achieve immediacy." (Hammer, 2012)

I conclude by expressing my love of Pound's 'impulse', his kernel. In a world of competition, where one

writes this very article on a whim at eight o'clock in the morning (close to a printing deadline and wedged between breakfast and class), where there is little room for cohesion and poise in man's life, it is imperative that he make room for the past. Where value was conferred by and transmitted in every breath, today, it is laughed at, scorned. For an instant, pick up Pound, surrender yourself to phanopocia, to language, to the immediacy of the past. It is

app that Ezra Pound writes in 'La Fraisne' that:

*I have put aside all folly and all grief.
I wrapped my tears in an ellum leaf
And left them under a stone
And now men call me mad
because I have thrown
All folly from me, putting it aside
To leave the old barren ways of men.*

As cool as the pale wet leaves
of lily of the Valley
She lay beside me in the dawn.

Ezra Pound



Jafar Panahi is a rebel with a cause

Taxi Tehran is a defiant, bold work which runs circles around the censors

Taxi Tehran



Dir: Jafar Panahi. Script: Jafar Panahi. Starring: Jafar Panahi, Hana Saedi. 82 minutes.

Fred Fyles
Film Editor



Jafar Panahi ferries around passengers in his latest work, *Taxi Tehran* Photo Credit: New Wave Films

Any piece on the work of Iranian director Jafar Panahi cannot really start anywhere else than on the 20th December 2010, the day Panahi was convicted for 'assembly and colluding with the intention to commit crimes against [Iran's] national security'. The conviction, which was in direct response to his films – described by the Iranian government as 'propaganda' – has left Panahi with a 20-year ban on directing. Keen readers may have noticed that since then a number of films have come out bearing his name: *This Is Not a Film* in 2011; *Closed Curtain* in 2013; and now *Taxi Tehran*, an uplifting, beautiful work which ranks among Panahi's best.

Taxi Tehran continues in the vein of Panahi's previous works. Rather than stop making films, he seems to have begun twisting the very definition of cinema itself. *This Is Not a Film*, as the title may suggest, critiqued the very institution and process that is film-making. It features Panahi reading scenes aloud from the movie he would have made. *Closed Curtain*, a much more complex tale, features the breakdown between fact and fiction, as Panahi makes a rogue appearance into the fictitious narrative as himself. In *Taxi Tehran*, Panahi gets behind the wheels of a taxi, taking to the streets of Tehran to ferry around an array of characters. Filmed in real time, the film poses a number of questions about what is real and what is fake. It is possible that all the passengers were actors; or perhaps only some were in on the game, the rest being unwitting bystanders. The lack of a proper set of credits, done presumably to protect the identity of those involved in the film, only deepens the confusion – the only character we know by name is

Pahani's niece Hana, who picked up the Golden Bear at the Berlin Film Festival on behalf of her uncle, who is forbidden to leave the country.

Like all of Panahi's films, *Taxi Tehran* takes a roundabout way of critiquing Iranian society, placing the forbidden opinions into the mouths of the Iranians themselves. There's the argument between passengers about whether thieves should be executed for their crimes, which ends up taking on a comic turn; there's the woman whose husband has gotten into an accident which, if proving fatal, will leave her destitute since women cannot inherit property; and there's the human rights lawyer Nasrin Sotoudeh, persecuted for going against the regime, who discusses with Panahi the very-real case of Ghoncheh Ghavami, a SOAS graduate imprisoned for protesting in favour of equal access to sporting events.

These are all real issues, whether those discussing them are fictitious or not, but the real core of the film lies in the time Panahi gives to explore the issue of filmmaking within Iran. One of the most

interesting characters within the film is the bootleg DVD seller whom Panahi ferries around as he makes sales of Kurosawa films.

There is little doubt that a number of the films he carries have been banned – an idea reinforced by the CD seller who approaches the car hawking prohibited music – and his repertoire probably includes a number of Panahi's films. Certainly,

The sheer joy of filmmaking shines through Panahi's lens

the seller has no problem in recognizing Panahi, despite his incongruous position in the front of the taxi cab.

The bootlegger is also probably the only way people within Iran can see Panahi's films, which have been banned – an idea reinforced by the CD seller who approaches the car as Panahi is a stroke of genius, an ironic twist of the knife that is both humorous and crushing. Similarly, Panahi's niece Hana, an aspiring filmmaker herself, takes time to explain rules that accompany her school project to make a short film: no ties, no men and women conversing, and no 'sordid realism'. When she asks what such a claim means – indeed, such an idea only reinforces the claim most children have that all adults are mad, stupid, or both – Panahi explains, with a smile, that she would not be allowed to include footage of what his passengers have said against the regime, footage that has been captured by his three hidden cameras.

Such messages may seem to portray *Taxi Tehran* as a film that is bleak, if not depressing – this could not be further from the truth. While

Pahani's situation in Iran is indeed dire, the sheer joy of filmmaking shines through the lens. Indeed, we start the film with a long shot from the front window of the car as Pahani drives through the streets of his beloved Tehran; as the camera moves along the roads, taking in a view of the capital that seems so far removed from the image television series such as *Homeland* enforce in our minds, we can sense the pure energy, the joie-de-vivre that Pahani obtains from filmmaking.

Political without being pushy, serious without being dour, *Taxi Tehran* deserves to rank among the best of Panahi's work, and – by extension – is probably one of the best Iranian films of recent times. The film ends on an ambiguous note as masked men break into the car – whether to steal it or to destroy the recording equipment is unknown. This alone is not enough to sully the impression the film leaves on its audience, one that can best be summed up in the image of Panahi's wry smile in the face of extreme oppression.

Taxi Tehran is out now on limited release.



Fresh Dressed



Dir: Sasha Jenkins. Writer: Sasha Jenkins. Starring: Nas, Pharrell Williams, Kanye West, Damon Dash. 90 minutes.

Long before Will Smith hit the streets of Bel-Air, the term 'fresh' was used as a compliment. Sacha Jenkins' new film, *Fresh Dressed*, takes the word as a starting point, using it to explore the fascinating influence of hip-hop on fashion, a relationship that has defined the clothing world for the last 30 years. While the term 'fresh' has only been around since the 1980s, Jenkins looks at the history of African-American culture. The talking heads Jenkins gets in do a good job at describing how, when an oppressed minority group is constantly told they are sub-par, they will find their own validation, often in the form of clothing.

In the 1970s, for young people of ethnic minorities, this often meant buying into aspirational



Young men pose with their customised jackets, a mainstay of 1980s street fashion Photo Credit: Jamel Shabazz

brands like Gucci. Where *Fresh Dressed* really takes off, however, is in the exploration of the boom of independent black designers in the 1980s, working within the community, for the community. Interviews with Kanye West, Nas, and Pharrell Williams highlight the importance clothing brands like Karl Kani played in shaping the public image of musicians like TLC and Tupac Shakur.

Unfortunately, with every boom comes a bust, and today there has been a move back to designers,

with A\$AP Rocky more likely to be rapping about Maison Margiela than *Crossed Colours*. Jenkins' theory that the increased expressionism in clothing is tied to an increasing acceptance of LGBT+ people is interesting, but is not elaborated upon. Similarly, the creative new brands mining street-wear for inspiration, such as Gosha Rubchinskiy, Nasir Mazhar, or Cottweiler, are glossed over. Since the topic of the film could easily cover multiple PhD theses, this is an unsurprising concession.

Do I Sound Gay?



Dir: David Thorpe. Writers: David Thorpe, Maeve O'Boyle. Starring: Margaret Cho, George Takei, David Sedaris. 78 minutes.

Documentarian David Thorpe takes himself as the basis of his film, *Do I Sound Gay?*, an exploration of the stereotypical 'gay voice'. Following the dissolution

of his long-term relationship, his confidence is knocked, in particular regarding his voice, which he identifies as nasal, feminine, and similar to the culturally-ingrained idea of a 'gay voice'. From this point onwards, the film looks at speech therapy, the views on the 'gay voice' around the world, and the nature of internalised homophobia. Interviews with George Takei and David Sedaris offer an insight into the relationships gay men have with their voices; sadly, Thorpe seems to be fixated on the idea that relationships – and particularly marriage – can offer those at odds with their voices solace. At these points, the film is arguably least interesting, which is a pity since there are some particularly revealing sections, such as the film theorist who tracks the development of the 'pansy' archetype in mainstream media. Ultimately, the film tries to explore too many different fields: social science, psychoanalysis, linguistic theory and media studies. With a run-time of 78 minutes, perhaps it would work better as a series, where Thorpe would be able to properly tackle his subjects.

FRED FYLES

Documentary corner: *Jiro Dreams of Sushi*

Ben Collier
Film Writer

Found in a subway station of downtown Tokyo and seating only a mere ten people, it's fair to say Sukiya-bashi Jiro is one of the more inconspicuous three-Michelin-starred restaurants in the world. Since expanding their gaze to the Far East, the Michelin guide has become enchanted by the food of Japan, which now boasts more three-starred restaurants than any other country – but there is only one sushi restaurant on this list. *Jiro Dreams of Sushi* tells the story of the restaurant's owner, oft-touted 'best sushi chef in the world', Jiro Ono, and his quest to perfect the art of sushi making. For all the build-up Jiro gets in this film, however, we eventually find out that the head chef duties actually belong to Jiro's eldest son and heir, Yoshikazu. Herein lies the depth of the film. The complexities of this father-son relationship is a major theme explored by director David Gelb;

questions are raised over whether Yoshikazu is good enough to take over and whether he even wants to do so. Yoshikazu's working life really just appears to be the result of obligation based on traditional Japanese ideas of succession and responsibility. It seems that, despite the title, the real story told here – in the words of the director himself – is one of a man "living in his father's shadow".

The film goes even deeper than this. Much like Gelb's Netflix series *Chef's Table*, *Jiro Dreams of Sushi* is focused on documenting the chef's personal philosophies. For Jiro, the end goal of his work is not success, but rather the pride of knowing he has achieved perfection. Perfection of one's craft, he claims, is what leads one to a fulfilled life.

This is an idea not many can empathise with, and it seems like Jiro's work ethic is what has ultimately cost him what is traditionally important in life: family, recreation, and enjoying one's success. Interestingly enough, Jiro isn't alone in this obsession – he



Sushi-master Jiro, with his team, in *Jiro Dreams of Sushi* Photo Credit: Jiro Dreams of Sushi PR

is surrounded by very like-minded people. This allows the director to comment on Japanese perfectionist attitudes as a whole. For example, a hidden star of this film is Jiro's tuna supplier who will pack up and go home if he fails to win the fish he wanted that day simply because "there can only be one best fish". One of Jiro's junior chefs, we are

told, has spent five years cooking rice, banned from any responsibility until Jiro believes he has perfected the task.

On a more superficial note, the film can be enjoyed as what is essentially feature-length 'food porn'. The gorgeous shots of the restaurant's tasting menu overlaid by an orchestral score by Phillip

Glass is nothing short of beautiful. Quiet and tender for minutes at a time, we are treated to gorgeous, artistic cinematography which truly helps the viewer understand Jiro's love of food. Ultimately, this film is not an easy celebration of sushi and the joy it brings to many, but a complex exploration of what it takes to be the world's best.



The top three *animated films* that aren't *made by Pixar*

I love Pixar. Chances are you love Pixar, too. In all honesty, I'd hazard a guess that the vast majority of sane people on earth love them. Their films are iconic and have set the precedent for animated films that both children, adolescents and their parents can enjoy. But instead of watching *Finding Nemo* for the eleventh time, why not give some other storytellers a chance to wow you?

Song of the Sea (2014)

Released first in Ireland and England only earlier this year, *Song of the Sea* describes the epic adventure of Ben and his younger sister Saoirse, whose newly-found magical gift means that she must first find her voice in order to save the spirit world. Brimming with luscious visuals, mature storytelling, and Celtic charm, this film is quite possibly my favourite of the year.

Kiki's Delivery Service (1989)

Often described as a 'Japanese Walt Disney' – a title he hates – Hayao Miyazaki (for obsessives such as me) is a man against which no other animator can compare (yes, he's better than John Lassiter or Chuck Jones). *Kiki's Delivery Service* stands alongside *Ponyo* and *My Neighbour Totoro* as one of Miyazaki's more child-friendly contributions, perfectly telling a coming-of-age tale about the life and times of Kiki, a young witch who must adapt to a new life in the city.

Help! I'm a Fish (2000)

Okay, hear me out guys. Yes, it's a terrible title; yes, its subtitle is 'a potion put them in the ocean'; yes, it has a 5.8 on IMDb. Just know that it's not me who's wrong – it's everyone else. This film tells the story of a group of friends with only 48 hours to find an antidote to the potion which turned them all into fish. It is genuinely funny, wonderfully Don Bluth-esque, and even features Alan Rickman singing a weird pop ballad – what's not to like?

BEN COLLIER

Jafar Panahi is the Iranian neo-realist

Since his 2011 arrest, Iranian director Jafar Panahi's filmmaking has become a cause célèbre in the cinema world. We take a look at his life, his work, and the events leading up to his ban on producing films.

A 1995 Prix de La Caméra d'Or-winning debut film; at the forefront of the Iranian New Wave movement; imprisoned for breaking censorship laws and under house arrest since October 15, 2011. Jafar Panahi has a repertoire few can match.

Panahi is an Iranian director who rose to fame with his 1995 film *The White Balloon*. The film, praised by critics worldwide, won the Prix de La Caméra d'Or at that year's Cannes Film Festival and guaranteed Panahi a spot among the greats. It follows a stubborn seven-year-old girl's journey to get a 'chubby' goldfish for the local New Year celebrations. Shot with a largely non-professional cast and on location, the film explores the struggles of the working class in Iran through the pedestrian goal of obtaining the goldfish. One can immediately see the influence of Italian neo-realism – the genre

of which the Iranian New Wave movement is most reminiscent. The masterful use of a hand-held camera, frequent close-ups of the characters, and the overall style of shooting that largely mimick a documentary only add to this list of similarities.

With Panahi's films, however, we are introduced to the stringent rules, practices, and general life in Iran's capital city, Tehran, where all of his work is based. They largely lack the 'male gaze', and frequently feature child protagonists (for reasons later explained) – both significant characteristics in the Iranian New Wave movement. His subsequent films including *The Mirror* (1997), *The Circle* (2000) and *Offside* (2006), all of which feature female protagonists, allow us to view their limited world and the struggles they face. An important exception to this rule would be *Crimson Gold* (2003), a film – winner of the Un Certain Regard prize at Cannes –

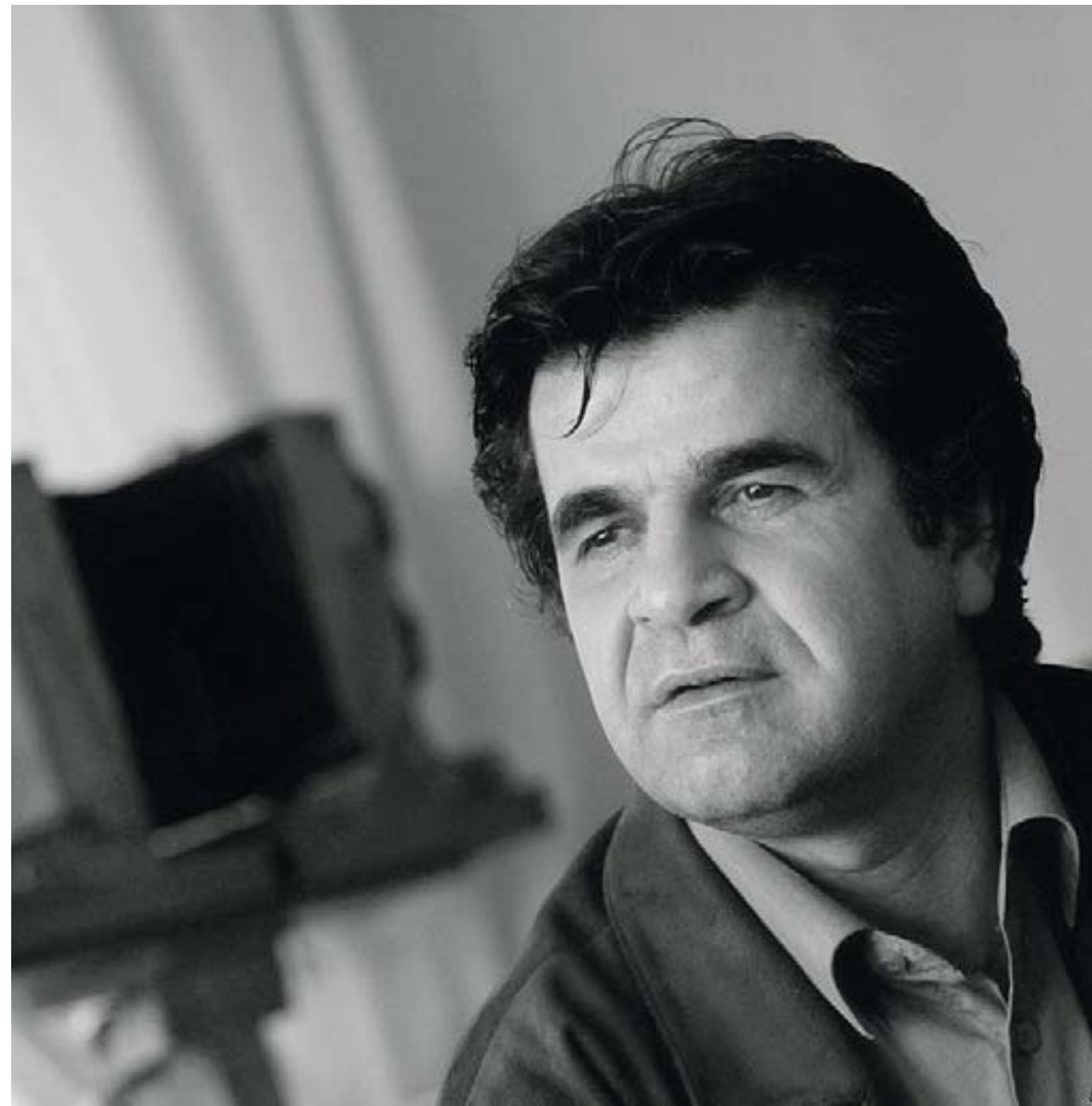
that follows the humiliation of a pizza delivery man that eventually leads to his insanity. The central character is both a delivery man and a paranoid schizophrenic in real life who did not see the completed film.

While Panahi maintains he is a person interested in social issues rather than politics, he does admit they have the tendency to blur. It is the widespread interest in his films that has led to *Crimson Gold*, like most of his other films, being banned from screening in Iran. Censorship laws in the country are strict when it comes to what can be shown to the public, consisting of a number of rules laid down in the late 1990's including a ban on men and women sitting close together, men and women exchanging "tender words or jokes", booze or profanity against religion, and neckties (they are viewed as a symbol of foreign culture that therefore spreads Western propaganda). These stringent laws are why Panahi started with

children's films. He later explained that "making children's films was a way of saying what we wanted to say in adult films".

With his later films, however, Panahi has gotten more daring. Since *The Circle*, all of his films were banned before their international release or were made illegally and then smuggled outside Iran. Famously, a flash drive containing his 2011 work *This Is Not A Film* was smuggled from Iran inside a cake, to be later screened at the Cannes Film Festival. Unfortunately, it has not all been finding clever ways to avoid the censors and come out unscathed; Panahi has been arrested and imprisoned on several occasions on account of his films, which the Iranian government feels oppose its current regime.

The first of a long string of arrests related to his filmmaking that led up to his house arrest in 2011 was



Jafar Panahi, the leading director currently working in Iran. Photo Credit: AFP



is defined by my rebellion against the censorship regime. I do enjoy that status of being the person who is resisting this force."

Unable to leave Iran since 2011, all of Panahi's films since then were made illegally. There's also the issue that, as Xan Brookes puts very succinctly, Panahi is in a situation wherein he is "...making Iranian films about Iranian life that Iranians are forbidden to see." Having the target audience for his films taken away, Panahi disappointedly states that the government has left him "deprived of the ability to have my work influence people where it can have most effect." Despite this, Panahi remains optimistic: "If a film is successful, it will be saved", he has said. At this point in time, he sees each of his films as a "document of what life was like at the time". He says about the future, "One of two things can happen: maybe times will have changed, and they're a document that serves as a warning not to go back to this dark age, or things haven't changed, and they're a warning about how prolonged it has become, this problem." And so Panahi continues to do exactly that: he documents the daily life of Iranians in Tehran.

In his most recent film, *Taxi Tebran* (2015), out in the UK now, Panahi continues to fight his battle with the Iranian censorship regime. The film was made illegally by installing three hidden cameras inside a taxi, offering its viewers a journey with the locals of Tehran and bringing forward more social concerns through the questioning of the passengers by the driver, Panahi himself. The film has already won the Golden Bear and the FIPRESCI at the 65th Berlin International Film Festival, continuing the tradition of his films being celebrated



This Is Not A Film, Panahi's first film after his arrest. Photo Credit: Dean Reeves

internationally but shunned in his own country. Panahi's resilience through these difficult ordeals, trapped inside a world he's working to change, and working around the numerous strict limitations he faces, is commendable. The international support he has been receiving during these years has been extraordinary; an international support network has been set up that includes organisations such as Amnesty International, A-list names such as Scorsese and Spielberg, and national governments of several Western countries. In March 2011, Barack

Obama cited Panahi's persecution as an example of the oppressive Iranian regime, and in April 2011, Time Magazine named Panahi number three in their list of the Top Ten Persecuted Artists who have challenged authority. It is with this global support that Panahi is aware of the quiet protection he possesses, protection that gives him confidence to try and fix things from the inside, most definitely a long and tedious task. But, as he once said, "The system can't last forever, I can wait."

MERYL ANIL

Jafar Panahi has the confidence to try and fix things from inside Iran: a long and tedious task

in 2003 – the same year *Crimson Gold* was released. After having been arrested, Panahi was interrogated for hours by the Information Ministry in Iran, who asked him, "why don't you just leave this country and work outside of Iran, given that the core of your supporters live there?" As a matter of principle, however, Panahi still resides in his home country. On the 20th December 2010, he was sentenced to 6 years in prison, banned from involvement in films for 20 years, and forbidden to leave Iran. Most recently, on October 15th 2011, he was placed under house arrest – although he has since been allowed to travel around Iran. When asked whether the cinematic value of his films lies in their confrontation with the censorship regime, Panahi replied, "I don't think it's a value the film has, but it's a value I have. I become the person who refuses to compromise; I become the person whose identity



Closed Curtain, which was, like all Panahi's films post-2011, made illegally. Photo Credit: Jafar Panahi



Aida Mohammadkhani as Razieh in Jafar Panahi's debut film *The White Balloon*. Photo Credit: Jafar Panahi



Ratatat funkify Brixton

Henry Eshbaugh
Writer

As those of you who speak to me on a regular basis know, I went to see Ratatat live in Brixton the other day. I couldn't help pouring gloat after gloat out my face-hole. Eat it, Josh! I was on the guest list!

Ratatat is serious business. Their sense of groove is among the best in the industry. Since I base my writing on tired aphorisms, I'll save the best for last, for I have a few words about the DJ who opened that night.

The lack of stage presence left me floored. I initially thought to myself, "Oh, they've turned up the house music a bit", before looking up and realizing there was actually someone on stage, spinning a feeble attempt at dream-step-night-core-whatever-the-hell-the-kids-are-into-these-days. I spent the next hour and a half cursing my punctuality, bland noise killing my eardrums.

Okay, it wasn't all bad – up on the mezzanine, I could watch the crowd. White people approximating the act of dancing is always sort of entertaining, in the same schadenfreude way that watching Russian dash-cam videos on YouTube is oddly satisfying.

I should mention that I have no idea who this DJ is; he managed not to say an entire word during his 90-minute set. What a champ. At least he eventually got off the

stage. I refuse to print his name here because he's not worthy of even that.

A £4.80 Kronenbourg and many campy electro-trance-steps later, Ratatat finally took the stage. And

Mast and Stroud have their hands full on stage in a constant frenzy of gnarly jams

they were jaw-dropping. Mike Stroud (guitars, drums, and synths) and Evan Mast (bass, drums, more synth, and production) form a two-piece that manages to pump out some of the most righteous grooves that my well-worn-out ears have heard. Ratatat sounds like an instrumental cross between **Alabama Shakes** and an edgier **MGMT**, with an impressive



Ratatat bring the jam like your aunt does at tea time. Photo Credit: Electric Brixton

presence – their sound has been described as "89 guitars on stage together", a valid descriptor for the wall-of-sound approach they favour.

A paradox seemed to emerge. Two people, but a busy soundscape. Ratatat relies heavily on pre-recorded beats and synth rips; usually, this would feel like cheating to me, but Mast and Stroud have their hands full on stage in a constant frenzy of gnarly jams, so I let it slide. In fact, this is possibly the most notable feature of Ratatat-

something is always happening. Even when they're droning, there's something funny with the rhythm, or a background synth is creeping up the scale in a way that makes the song sound constantly in motion.

When either runs out of things to do on an instrument, they switch instruments. A couple of times during the set, Stroud would put down his guitar and start playing a keyboard mid-verse! During the encore, both played a thunderous drum duet, occasionally breaking out for bass fills or a riff here and there.

Laser light carved through the smoke in undulating sheets, and it was super neat-o

Stroud's apparent love of guitar effects added to the heaviness of the sound, taking a sweet, syrupy Stratocaster and running it through reverbs, flangers, and OD pedals – a masterclass on how to properly use an effects board. Mix in his technical guitar skills and you have a very capable lead. Mast's playing was also noteworthy: the multi-instrumentalist managed to rip out some pretty slick bass runs, though Stroud really stole the show in terms of sonic awesomeness.

The visual side of the presentation is reminiscent of the prog rock days of yore – laser light carved through the smoke in undulating sheets, and it was super neat-o. Plus, Mast edits videos together to show on a projector, which are... abstract. Abstract and sometimes uncomfortable. Watch the music video for their song 'Drugs' to get an idea of the unnerving side; the rest, however, was impressive. A looping video of shattering marble statues! How much more awesome does it get?

Overall, the show was a blast – Stroud and Mast are intense live in a way that can't really be communicated, even by listening to the studio versions of the songs. Next time they're in town, dear reader, I recommend that you check them out for yourself.



Iglooghost's latest EP is full on wonky

Cale Tifford
Music Editor

Iglooghost is the latest signing to **Flying Lotus'** Brainfeeder imprint, and the influence he's had on the 18-year old producer is immediately noticeable in his latest EP, *Chinese Nü Yr*. The concept EP tells the story of a gelatinous worm-like creature as it travels through endless wormholes to pink worlds consisting only of cartoonish floating fruit.

Over four songs, Iglooghost mixes electronic beats with futuristic hip-hop to create distinct universes of sound. The varying time signatures and unusual synths place the young producer among the best in the Wonky genre. While the structures of the songs might be unfamiliar, the sounds that Iglooghost uses borrow from a diverse range of electronic artists. At times you can hear echoes of **Arca** and **Oneohtrix Point Never**.

'Xiangjiao' (which is also the name

of the album's protagonist) starts the EP at a blisteringly fast 169 bpm, with high pitched, sped up and cut off voice samples accentuating the speed.

In contrast, the second track of the EP, 'Mametchi / Usohachi' is far slower. The plips and plops sound eerily similar to **SOPHIE's** 'Lemonade' (one of last year's most innovative songs). In a parallel universe, Iglooghost is probably part of the PC Music collective.

Iglooghost samples his brother throughout the album but it's especially noticeable here contrasted against the low pitched and robotic rap verse from 'Mr.Yote'.

'Gold Coat' is a slower and more peculiar track. Its sound is probably the most distinctive on the EP, featuring Japanese singer/producer **Causbe's** vocals laid over a bouncing beat and lush synthesizers.

The final track 'Peach Riff' is easily the least experimental, and can be best described as mediocre EDM with sprinkles on top.

Chinese Nü Yr could only have

Like the worm in a witch hat on its cover, Chinese Nü Yr will wiggle its way into your heart



Nü, nutty, nonconformist. Photo Credit: Iglooghost

been made in 2015, and somehow among the releases of some of the biggest electronic producers, Iglooghost manages to stand out.

Just like the worm in a witch hat on its cover, *Chinese Nü Yr* will wiggle its way into your heart.

Chinese Nü Yr by Iglooghost is out now on Brainfeeder

Purity Ring give robotic performance



Sorry, but bland staccato vocals just don't cut it. Photo Credit: 4AD

Simon Andersson
Writer

The electronic duo from Edmonton, Alberta played their second London gig this year, touring their album another eternity – note the lack of caps, every track

on the album is similarly stylised – the first being at Shepherd's Bush in April.

Roundhouse proved to be a venue too big for this band, as tickets failed to sell out despite prices being on the more affordable end for London at £20. A cosier venue would have been better suited to their performance.

The stage set-up was impressive, as it will be on the rest of the tour; lights draped from above, creating patterns which changed in time with the music. Custom drum pads created the illusion of live music, but in reality we got nothing of the sort.

Megan James' vocals were unflinching, almost robotically so. It's possible autotune was used for

the whole set. I had expected some tracks, one after another; a wall of extended instrumental sections to be used as interludes, before building up to climaxes. Instead we were only given replays of album

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The triumphant return of Guitar Hero

FreeStyleGames' latest rhythm game is addictive, immersive and refreshingly reactive

Cale Tilford
Music Editor

Until recently, the click-clack of plastic peripherals felt like a distant memory. Yet, only five years have passed since the death of the rhythm gaming industry. From billions to almost nothing, in 2010 Activision could do nothing as one of their most lucrative franchises melted away.

To observers, this came as no surprise. A saturated market and consumers' increasing negativity toward expensive plastic instruments made the downfall of the genre all but inevitable.

From its beginnings in 2005, Guitar Hero grew from a guitar based rhythm game to a full band experience. During this time Rock Band proved a formidable rival, offering a vast online catalogue of songs and a large variety of instruments.

Harmonix hoped to survive the downturn with the release of Rock Band 3. Advertised as a platform to purchase music, they promised to continue supporting the title with new content long into the future, but, by 2013 the release of regular DLC was discontinued.

One of Activision's last attempts to revitalise the franchise, in the release of DJ Hero, saw critical acclaim and also introduced the world to FreeStyleGames who would later

It perfectly emulates the ability of the public to suddenly turn on you

go on to develop Guitar Hero Live. Offering a wide selection of musical genres and interesting gameplay mechanics, it proved that there was space left in rhythm gaming to innovate.

Five years later and we're beginning to see the future that it promised.

Guitar Hero Live's announcement earlier this year surprised many when it was revealed that the game would replace the series' semi-cartoonish 3D graphics with high definition FMVs (full motion video).

Today, it's rare to see FMVs in such high profile games; they offer



Guitar Hero Live allows you to test your skills in front of an adoring (or not so adoring) crowd. Photo Credit: Activision

limited interactivity in a time when consumers want deep and engaging worlds.

For rhythm games, the background has always been secondary. In resurrecting the franchise, FreeStyleGames could have made the decision to render the entire crowd at runtime, a task which modern consoles might have struggled with. Instead, their use of reactive FMVs has allowed the studio to create highly realistic graphics on a (probably) relatively small budget.

It perfectly emulates the experience of being a musician and the ability of the public to suddenly

turn on you. Reactive crowds boo, frown and look generally miserable whenever you're playing badly or cheer and hold up encouraging signs when you're on a note streak.

For a moment you feel like a rock star commanding an audience of thousands until you remember you're just sitting in your living room in nothing but your boxers strutting on a plastic guitar probably made in China. It's the most immersive Guitar Hero has ever been.

The new guitar peripheral replaces the five frets of the past with two rows of three. At first, it's likely to hurt your brain, however, when it finally clicks it's incredibly

satisfying. With the new button layout, the developers were able to introduce bar chords and other more complex combinations. The added challenge might put off newcomers, but it's easily the closest you'll get to playing a real guitar with a plastic instrument.

TV mode is arguably the game's most innovative feature. In the past, to unlock new content Guitar Hero and Rock Band required you to purchase music on their in-game stores.

With Live, you can tune into a 24 hour streaming channel where you'll be able to compete with other users in real-time. Two channels offer different genre based shows (from Indie hits to Metal classics) with brief intermissions that shamelessly imitate MTV.

The full catalogue of songs from both channels is available at all times and if there's a song you want to play again you can pay (with real or in-game money). This new model of video game consumption reflects the music industry's move away from ownership. Luckily, the vast amount of replayability that comes with it is well worth the sacrifice.

While previous games only offered evolutionary changes, Guitar Hero Live is the first revolutionary release in the franchise. It's a rhythm game for the Netflix generation, offering nearly unlimited content.

Guitar Hero Live by FreeStyleGames is available now



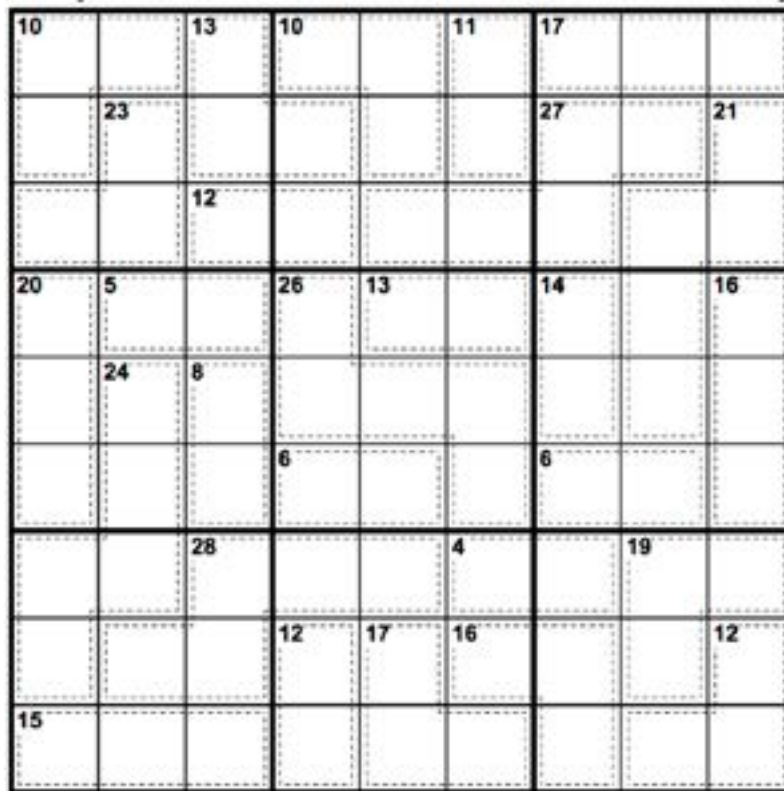
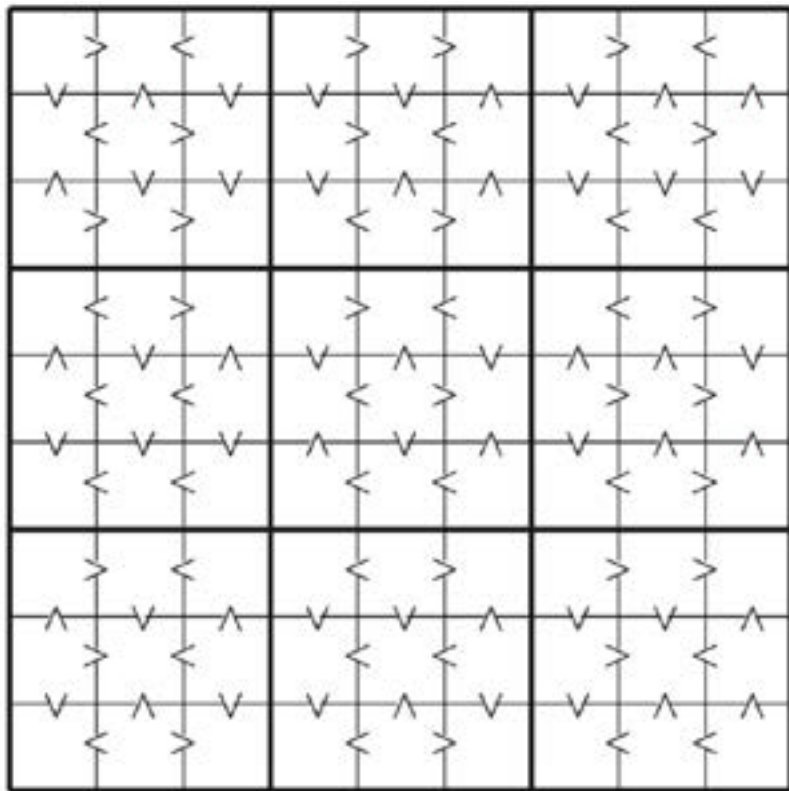
Only Imperial's supercomputer, Helen, could render graphics this good. Photo Credit: Activision

It's a rhythm game for the Netflix generation, offering nearly unlimited content

FELIX PUZZLES



fsudoku@imperial.ac.uk



FUCWIT

Solo Efforts

1 st	Nicholas Sim	34
2 nd	Cherry Kwok	28
3 rd	Ayojedi	18
4 th	Jan Xu	13
5 th	Greg Poyser	12
6 th	Harry Secrett	10
7 th	Ho Chin	7.5
8 th	Sach Patel	6
=10 th	Grace Chin	3
=10 th	Jeremy Ong	3

Groups

1 st	Gap Yahhhh	28.5
2 nd	C.P. Fanclub	23
3 rd	Parmesan	9.5

Points Available 12

Greater-Than Sudoku	5
Killer Sudoku	3
Crossword	3
Slitherlink	1

Email your solutions to fsudoku@imperial.ac.uk, before midday on Wednesday!

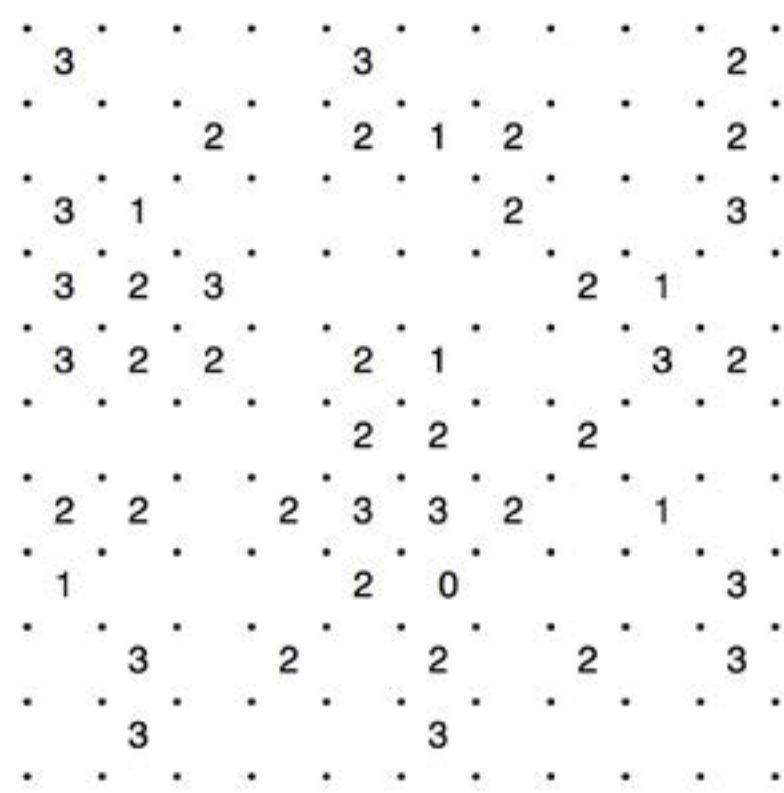
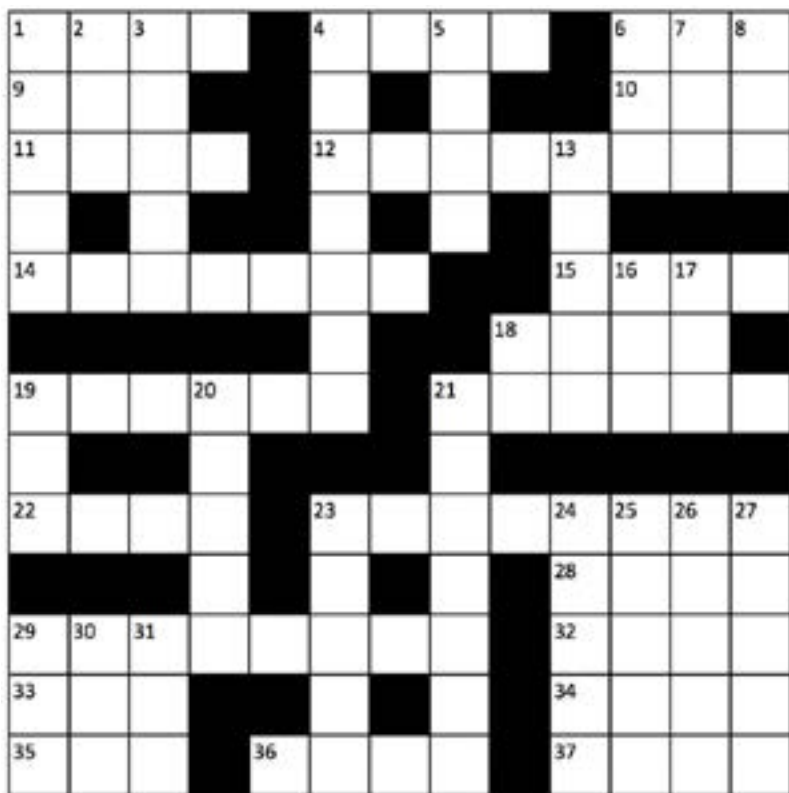
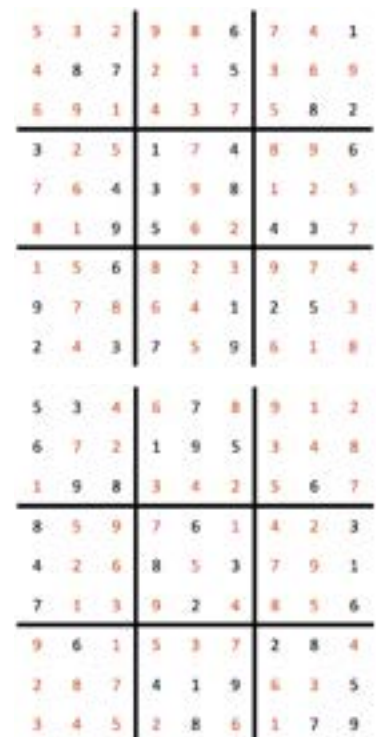
Solutions

Word Finder

PSY, Fleetwood Mac, Queen, Westlife, Madness, One direction, MC Fly, Take That, Little Mix, Green Day, The Who, Busted, Union J, Muse, Lawson, Elbow, Blur, Owl City, Pink and Wanted

Riddle & Cryptogram

Mercury
For Whom the Bell Tolls



Across

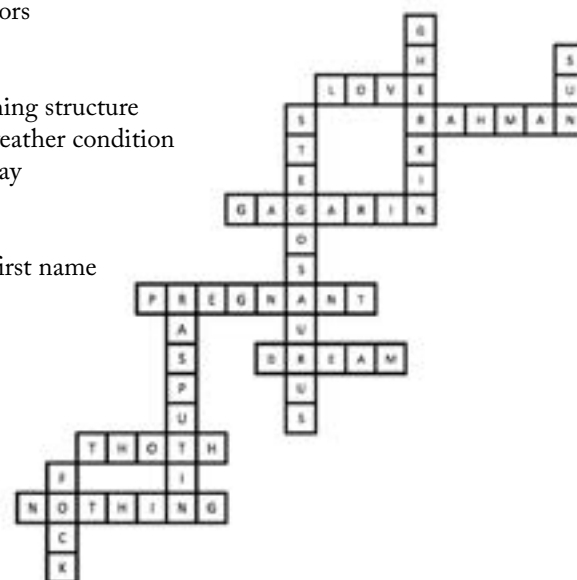
- 1. Lacking consideration of consequence
- 4. Animal musical
- 6. Union election candidate
- 9. Keystroke modifier
- 10. 'Much ___ About Nothing'
- 11. Eye drop
- 12. Colander
- 14. Bake
- 15. Succulent
- 18. Monetary unit
- 19. Fifth prime
- 21. Dislike intensely
- 22. Firearm resource
- 23. Product vendor
- 28. Not magma
- 29. Pipe-dreamer
- 32. Sexual love

- 33. Creative product
- 34. Alter
- 35. American city
- 36. Swiss-Russian chemist
- 37. Clear up

Down

- 1. Judges performance
- 2. Drink
- 3. Fixed gaze
- 4. Water tank
- 5. Seabird
- 6. Moved faster than walking
- 7. Addressing poem
- 8. Logical operation
- 13. Small body of land
- 16. Employ
- 17. Distress signal

- 18. School subject
- 19. ISS contributors
- 20. Instrument
- 21. Erases
- 23. Heaven-reaching structure
- 24. Unpleasant weather condition
- 25. French Tuesday
- 26. Dodges
- 27. Unpleasant
- 29. Bond writer first name
- 30. Mundane
- 31. And so on



FELIX HANGMAN



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NEWS WITHOUT THE NEWS



ENRAGED EX-UNION EMPLOYEE COMPLAINS ABOUT RECENT CUTS



“Trust me Dave, this is how we show we’re down with the kids.”

HOROSCOPES



ARIES

This week you realize that Jeremy Hunt will probably never sort out the junior doctor contracts so you give up on medicine and decide to become a banker instead. At least Jeremy will definitely listen to you now.



TAURUS

This week you have had enough of Imperial and decide to dig a tunnel back home using the plastic spoons you get from the Library Café; however you take a wrong turn and stumble across Chris Kaye’s underground lair. You enjoy some fresh pizza bases with Chris.



GEMINI

This week due to a lack of money coming your way, you decide to sublet your ensuite bathroom to a 60 year old man. He’s very nice and regular with the payments but you wish he would stop slaughtering chickens when you’re sleeping.



CANCER

This week you are the Home Secretary. In an attempt to spy on your husband’s porn viewing habits, you try to force all internet companies to keep a record of their customers history for twelve months, only to discover that he routes all his traffic through an Estonian proxy.



LEO

This week you are still suffering from the misjudged Halloween outfit you wore out to that mad party in Metric, and still many of your friends won’t talk to you afterwards. You conclude the world probably isn’t ready for a [CENSORED] costume yet.



VIRGO

This week you excitedly tune in to University Challenge so you can see how amazing Imperial is against the rest of the UK; however, I’m really sick of getting Facebook invites so you should all know that they [REDACTED]. Like, seriously.



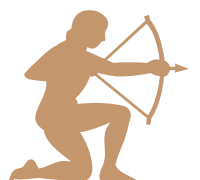
LIBRA

This week you declare a vendetta against Cadbury’s after you realize that they have started to put sultanas in the Fruit and Nut recipe; however, your Google searches for “how 2 blo up cadbrrys” are detected by Imperial and your print credit is taken away.



SCORPIO

This week you are a tree in Beit Quad. After peacefully going about your existence for thousands of years, you are ruthlessly cut down in a politically motivated attack by the union. Your scattered entrails decorate the FELIX office.



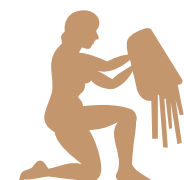
SAGITTARIUS

This week one of your friends decides to buy a black light and barges into your room only to be blinded with the power of a thousand suns. The remainder of your student loan is used to pay them compensation. You should probably find a better way to dispose of your used tissues.



CAPRICORN

This week following the Israeli university boycott by three academics at Imperial, you decide to boycott the Library Café. The loss of sales of jacket potatoes send Imperial into bankruptcy, but at least we all get a nice holiday.



AQUARIUS

This week you decide to join the Imperial bloc at the student protests; however, you soon lose sight of the ten other Imperial students taking part and are absorbed by the nefarious ‘black bloc.’ In your rage against the bourgeoisie, you are kettled for twelve hours and miss three coursework deadlines.



PISCES

This week, your business ethics course is sponsored by Shell. Actually not a joke, they genuinely are.



Immortal no more: Lions take the glory

Panukorn Taleongpong
Immortals Publicity officer

After a successful scrimmage last Saturday, the Immortals travelled up to Birmingham for their season opener against the University of Birmingham Lions.

After the disappointing loss from last year against the 5-time national champions, we were unable to turn the tables around and were beaten by 47-0. The first quarter started out poorly for both defence and offense, with the defensive team conceding early on in the game and the offense struggling to create chances to rush down field or complete passes.

Having many starters either injured or unable to play, the Immortals lacked fresh faces on the field and were unable to make big differences in the second quarter ending the first half with the score of 41-0 to the Lions.

There was a lot of frustration during half time, however with the experience of the returning veterans and our new head coach, the team's morale was lifted at the end of the break and the players came out to start the second half strongly.

Immortals lacked fresh faces on the field and were unable to make big differences in the second quarter

Defence overall were looking much more solid relative to the first half, with the defensive line and the linebackers reducing the Lion's offensive advancement compared to the previous half and the defensive backs improved on coverage and with Aidan 'The Hulk' Bohill having a chance to intercept the ball.

Offensively, the Immortal's o-line had much more success with pass protection; opening up many more chances for our Quarterback to complete passes. The second



With many starters unable to play, Immortals were disadvantaged from the off. Photo Credit: Immortals Publicity

half ended with the Immortals conceding once in the final seconds of the match adding 6 more points closing the game.

Despite a disappointing result, there were many positives to take into account especially in the second half.

Our defensive MVPs this week are: Matt 'has had enough' Blackett – defensive rookie MVP for fighting throughout the game making essential tackles and all defensive linemen – overall defensive MVP

for holding their ground causing trouble for the opposing running backs.

Our offensive MVPs are the following: Handsome Dan Grumberg – offensive rookie MVP for showing a consistently strong performance throughout the match and Marcus 'MSH big bush' Stead-Hall – overall offensive MVP for many great plays, most notably taking the ball on a fall back dive and generally, throwing out many great cut blocks.

The overall MVP was Markus 'the gigantic-headed' Mohr for making more than a few above average plays and for playing his heart out on both defence and offense.

Lastly, Nigvi 'Rufio' Tam received the new iron man award for playing restlessly both ways. The Immortals now take these experiences forward to their training sessions during the 3-week break in the hopes of improving as a team before facing the Bath Killer Bees on Sunday the 22nd of November.

Medic Kings toppled by Imperial Might

David Nielsen-Scott
1st XV Captain

Imperial hosted Kings' Medics at Harlington, looking for a win to bounce back from a disappointing defeat last week. IC got off to a bright start, dominating possession, territory and hitting hard in the contact.

However, errors crept in at crucial stages, allowing the unspoilt Kings' tryline to somehow remain intact. After 25 minutes all the home side had to show for their dominance was a single penalty from resident South African, Charles "I can't remember that Japan game" Price-Smith.

The team had also taken a devastating casualty with the loss of Tom Hedley to a broken rib. The team wept, but through their

tears they could see victory on the horizon. As the half moved on, a couple of infringements gave the medics a bit of territory in the imperial half. Kings managed to work an overlap and send the winger in some space down their left hand side.

With the ultra reliable Billy Sixtrees deciding to take a ten-minute breather (having spent the rest of the half slicing through the Kings defence), we were left without a natural full back, and Kings scored in the corner, giving them a 5-3 lead going into the break.

However, it didn't take Imperial long to regain the advantage after half time.

A few strong phases of play sucked the away defence in tight, and Charles sent Captain, and all round top bloke who does not

The team wept, but through their tears they could see victory on the horizon.

have a leaky arse, David Nielsen-Scott flying through the defence on the half-way line. Smart hands got the ball round the full back through Lumber-joe Chopper McGrail and Alex Amato, before Nielsen-Scott got back on the end of it to dot the

ball down for a score, with the extra 2 added from the boot of Price-Smith.

After this breakthrough, IC never looked back, playing together with far more cohesion and confidence. Good pressure at the lineout from Ali Zaboronsky forced the ball loose, sending author of this article, David Nielsen-Scott scything through the line like a faster and more handsome Bryan Habana. A simple pop to recently converted rower, Hugh Wilman got him over the line.

In this act, row row rower, Hugh managed in his first start something that has evaded housemate Tom Hobson for over three years, and he did not forget to scream about it in the bar later. With this Imperial were firmly in the ascendency at 15-5.

From the resulting kick off, Nathan Tomlinson got his tree trunks rolling and dragged four King's defenders 15 metres up the pitch. Hard carries from Moorby and Clayton blasted IC up the pitch. A small knock on from kings gave IC a scrum in a good attacking position. A slick scrum move, starting with Zaboronsky, sent DNS into space again. Good support from Ed Durkin saw the electric scrum half zip in underneath the posts, with CPS adding the extras.

Not content with this, IC went in search of the 4 try bonus point. A powerful maul got Wilman within centimeters from doubling his tally for the day, but fortunately fresher James Field was on hand to grab his first score in IC colors, and to bring all 5 points back to ACC, with the final score 27-5.