



The Student Newspaper of Imperial College London

FELIX



Steve Jobs, the second time around.

PAGE 14 **FILM**

What's going to happen now?

PAGE 7 **COMMENT**

Imperial mourns

Crowds gather at Queen's Tower to hold minute's silence for Paris victims



Several hundred people gathered at the foot of Queen's Tower on Monday for a minute's silence to remember the 129 people killed in the Paris attacks. The crowd included students and staff, who joined a Europe-wide moment of reflection three days after the tragedy.

Students paused at 11am, and after a minute of reflection returned to their daily activities. In Paris, crowds converged at the Louvre, Eiffel Tower as well as beneath the make-shift memorial at the Place de la République. The French President, Francois Hollande, observed the minute's silence amongst students at Paris-Sorbonne university, where three victims of the attack were studying.

Imperial had an intake of around 370 French students last year, making them the second biggest group from abroad, after the community of Chinese students.

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Junior doctors vote to strike in December

Matt Johnston
Writer

On Thursday it was announced that junior doctors had voted overwhelmingly to take action against proposed contract changes, with 98% voting to take strike action and 99.4% in favour of industrial action short of striking.

The first proposed strike is scheduled for Tuesday 1st December and would see junior doctors only staff emergency care. The two subsequent strikes proposed would

take place on Tuesday 8th December and Wednesday 16th December, and would be full junior doctor walkouts. Medical students have been warned by ICSM that due to strike action laws it would be illegal for them to join the picket lines.

The BMA have stated that the strike dates are only provisional and that they are "keen to avert the need for industrial action" and to this end have approached the arbitration service ACAS to act as an intermediate between them and Hunt.

The BMA balloted almost 38,000 of its members, representative of

two-thirds of junior doctors in the UK, and 76% of these decided to voice their opinion on the government's proposed plans to alter which times in the working week classify as "unsociable" and hence qualify for increased pay.

Health Secretary, Jeremy Hunt, has attempted to counteract this by giving an 11% increase in basic pay but this still means that the doctors working extra hours will actually be paid less due to the reclassification.

Doctors also argue the measures will increase risk to patients as they will be obligated to work longer hours atop an already demanding

schedule, causing the chance of mistakes occurring to increase.

Med Harris, the ICSMSU President told FELIX, "As medical students we cannot strike with the doctors but we will be showing our support for the junior doctors on the day!"

Imperial College Union's Deputy President for Welfare, Jennie Watson, who is also a medic, said she was "thrilled to see such a large turnout" and that the union "extends its full solidarity with junior doctors and we will do everything possible to support our medic membership".

"Personally, I plan to leave after

I finish medical school if these contract changes are forced upon us," she added.

The first strike would see junior doctors only staff emergency care

FELIX EDITORIAL



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A word from the Editor

What a fucking horrible week. At the time of writing, 129 people have died at the hands of terrorists in Paris.

When things like this happen, a lot of us can get caught up in the tweets and the rolling news, obsessing about how close this all was to us, and becoming fearful of carrying on as normal. If you already had some form of anxiety, a feeling of superstition you're vaguely aware of can turn into full blown panic at the thought of venturing outside.

Writing down feelings can work for some. If you flick through to our welfare section, despite our reputation here, you'll see Imperial's resources if you are feeling down. One writer talks about the therapeutic nature of writing, which I couldn't agree more with. I'd be pretty screwed if I didn't with this job. Even after writing this wearily on a Thursday morning, looking out over Beit quad, once filled with beautiful old cherry trees, now

barren and rain-swept, I feel a little better. If you find it therapeutic to write, we can certainly help you do that here at FELIX.

Our comment section is full to the brim this week of students expressing their thoughts and reactions to the attacks themselves, France's response and the new phenomenon of social media 'reactions' at times like this. Facebook can bring out a new feature almost instantly, so the way we publicly deal with these events, or show our support from afar has changed. Not only can we attend vigils, but we can change our profile pictures. We can 'check in'. But does any of this help?

We've seen some insightful reactions from within our own Imperial community this week, which can help re-assure us that there is a bit of sense left. However, perhaps more suprisingly, I've seen some vitriolic droll, racism and imagery to rival Nazi propaganda in its abhorrence.

While most of this stemmed from American governors, tabloid



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What's On

FRIDAY

Shadow chancellor,
John McDonnell to
make a speech
at Imperial

Who knows?
Imperial, somewhere.

Are you a Corbyn-maniac? Well good news, his dream chancellor will be wondering around Imperial today.

After George Osborne was here last week, is Imperial becoming a playground of the politerati? Are we students the bystanders in a fight over who can produce more soundbites from Imperial College London's extensive grounds? Is Dalby Court becoming as rife with political debate as the Palace of Westminster's famous central lobby? No.

Yo, John, if you're reading this, can we interview you? Please?

MONDAY

A celebration of the
centenary of general
relativity ft Stephen
Hawking

5pm
Great Hall, Sherfield Building

The man himself, Stephen Hawking, will be in the Sherfield building, talking about theoretical physics (obvs).

Presented by Imperial's Theoretical Physics Group, the talks will celebrate Einstein's best loved theory.

Speakers include Fay Dowker, a current professor who did her PhD under Hawking's supervision, and Jerome Gauntlett who was the physics consultant for the oscar-winning film of Hawking's life, *The Theory of Everything*.

Tickets have obviously been sold out since the beginning of time.

SATURDAY

Student Assembly
Against
Austerity Convention

10am
SOAS

For the looney lefties amongst you, I bring good tidings: the Student Assembly Against Austerity is having its convention at SOAS in Russell Square this weekend.

Expect the usual NUS faces to be in attendance. The leader of the Green Party, Natalie Bennet, and chair of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, Kate Hudson, will also be making speeches. Expect informed discussion and workshops on PREVENT, Trident, racism and inequality.

Essential for the socially 'woke' Imperial student, wherever you may be. Tickets are free, obviously.

SATURDAY

Imperial College
Climate
Symposium

10am
SAF Building

The Green Party's deputy leader, Amelia Womack, will be at Imperial this week, delivering the keynote speech on a day full of workshops, speeches and discussions on the policy and economics of climate change.

With lectures from the former Chief Scientist from the Department of Transport, Friends of the Earth and Climate Outreach, it's a must for any self-respecting climate activist.

Not to be confused with the Imperial Hub's London Climate Forum.

Tickets are £10, including lunch.

WEDNESDAY

Science Museum
Lates – CalcuLates

6.45pm
Science Museum, Exhibition Road

Museum lates are always a giggle, and there's no excuse not to have a look-in, since it's literally on your way to the tube station.

Otherwise, get a little academic before sport's night. There's always a bar, and the silent disco that takes place beneath the space exhibit is sure to cause one of those 'gee-I'm-so-glad-I-came-to-university-in-London' moments.

Several Imperial lecturers will making an appearance, so pop your head in to see your best-loved Maths professors do what they do best for sozzled professionals instead of hungover students.



Students across the country stage walkout

Neighbouring RCA protested outside the Daily Mail

Cecily Johnson
News Editor

A number of UK university students have taken part in mass walkouts, talks and demonstrations as part of a “day of solidarity” with refugees. The students are acting in protest of the government’s mistreatment of refugees, along with migrants and international students.

The international campaign, initiated by the National Union of Students, was backed by the University and College Union, the academic workers’ union and the National Campaign Against Fees and Cuts.

A mock border control point was set up by students at the London School of Economics (LSE), who intended it to show their support ‘for a world without borders’. The students’ union at LSE suggested that its members spent the day carrying out charity work for

organisations whose work benefits refugees.

At the Royal College of Arts (RCA), students took part in a demonstration outside the headquarters of the *Daily Mail* on Kensington High Street in protest of its strong anti-immigration stance. RCA student union co-president Miloslav Vorlíček said: “The *Daily Mail* is noted for a long history of anti-immigration headlines.”

“We hope to shine a spotlight on this paper’s activities. Who knows, we might even convince one or two

A mock border control point was set up by students



Students protesting on Monday. Photo Credit: Twitter / @RCAStudentUnion

of its employees to walk away from the dark side!”

Goldsmiths, University of London, incorporated the day into their refugee awareness month, hosting an exhibition on asylum seeking in the UK and a series of

panel discussions featuring students from Syria and other war-torn areas of the world.

Other universities whose students took part in the day of solidarity included Reading, Cardiff, Manchester and Edinburgh.

Liverpool’s student union tweeted the day before that it would “fully support, endorse and encourage a walk out from lectures”.

FELIX is not aware of any students from Imperial who missed lectures for the cause.

Union could be banned from lobbying

Union Council will vote on whether to change its constitution

Grace Rahman
Editor-in-Chief

This week’s union council meeting was rocked by the tabling of a paper to prevent the union from lobbying its own members.

A difficult read in itself, the paper proposes to ban the union from lobbying its members in either direction for general or by-elections, or in national referenda, such as the upcoming EU membership referendum.

Despite proposing a constitutional change that could massively impact the role of the union in students’ lives, only members of union council will be able to vote on the matter. This includes officer trustees, constituent union reps, management group chairs and ordinary members,

The paper proposes to ban the union from lobbying its members

amongst others.

Despite being tabled at a union council meeting last week the paper was neither voted on or discussed in particular detail, since quorum wasn’t reached.

Traditionally one of the reasons for a students’ union to exist, Imperial’s union has a long history of voting on stances and then lobbying both students and parliament on their behalf. In 2010 when fees were

due to rise, union council voted to support the Browne review, and the president wrote several damning articles in FELIX as to why he disagreed with the student protests that were happening at the time.

This council paper doesn’t seek to change the ability of the union to lobby the government, but rather would prevent the union from lobbying its own students, whether that be for the benefit of the union or its members.

The proposal would not do away with union-funded campaigns, but demands that campaigns are equally funded. Slightly more difficult to police would be the paper’s ammendment that two union-funded campaigns would have to be “presented with equal gusto”. It also makes the point that the “lack of a volunteer for one stance should not mean a single union-funded



It’s as fun as it looks. Photo Credit: Cem Hurrell

campaign goes ahead.

The union did not take a stance during the recent general election or the Scottish Independence Referendum. No campaigns supporting any voting stance were funded.

Any member of the union (so

any Imperial student) can present a paper to council, but only members can vote on whether to pass them.

The paper will be discussed at the next union council meeting, which will be at 18:30 on December the 8th in the Union Dining Hall. Anyone can attend.



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Chinese professor dumped for dissidence

Thomas Carroll
Writer

After a colleague reported his social media updates, he found himself demoted from his management position

Professor Liang Xinsheng of Lingnan Normal University has lost his managerial position in light of posts made on Weibo expressing discontent over social issues. The demotion has been widely seen as a symptom of an increasing crackdown on dissent in academia, a crackdown led by China's premier Xi Jinping.

Professor Xinsheng was in the midst of competition for the position of departmental deputy chair when a rival colleague reported him for posts containing 'radical views' made between 2012 and 2014, the professor claims. This has led to him being dropped from the managerial staff in the university, as reported by the South China Morning Post, although he still retains his position as professor. The case serves to highlight the new wave of measures

being exerted in the by the Chinese state following the distribution of a government communiqué, dubbed "Document Nine".

The document is a response to the perceived spread of dissent in the country's "public lectures, seminars, university classrooms"

Liberal academics have come under increasing pressure

and the accompanying "infiltration" of China's "ideological sphere" with liberal western ideas. Beyond the wordy preface its message to authorities and institutions is summarized as such: tow the party line, punish dissent. This suppression has steadily intensified following the appointment of President Xi Jinping, who visited the UK and Imperial College in late October.

While Mr. Jinping has been hailed as an economic reformer, his appetite for political reform has been less than encouraging. As reported by the *Guardian*, liberal academics have been coming under increasing pressure from the state since his appointment in 2012. This reflects a move back to a more unilateral style of governance that is less tolerant of free thinking. This aggressive promotion of the party message is evidenced by the Beijing



President Xi wouldn't stand for protests. Photo Credit: Imperial College London

city government's decision to spend £20.3 million teaching Marxism in the city's universities.

Professor Xinsheng's case has garnered wide media attention, despite government authorities directing state media outlets not to "hype" the story, as reported by the

China Digital Times. However, to think that, given the last few years, this case or its widespread coverage will cause any reversal or relaxation of these types of policies in perhaps naïve, and such policies may continue to be implemented under Xi Jinping's leadership.

Imperial reflects on the Paris attacks

continued from front page

One French student told FELIX, "the only way we can stop this is by winning the war. I wish countries will [sic] send more help and soldiers, showing french flags is unfortunately not enough."

An LSE graduate, Valentin Ribet, perished in the attacks. He was working for a law firm in Paris, having earned his business law degree in 2014.

Imperial's president, Alice Gast, tweeted, "We mourn the loss of life and condemn the violence in Paris and we keep our students, staff, alumni, friends and families in our thoughts". She also wrote to the union's French society expressing condolence.

One Imperial student, Dan Holloway, tweeted, "To people blaming refugees for attacks in Paris tonight. Do you not realise these are the people the refugees are trying to run away from..?" This has been retweeted almost 80,000 times since he posted it on Friday night.

In an article for *The Independent*,

Dan said he'd had "harassment and abuse" for the post afterwards but that he was also "being told (by people from every corner of the globe) that I had perfectly encapsulated what they wanted to say".

France's president, Francois Hollande, has mobilised 115,000 police and soldiers, as part of a huge increase in security in the the French capital, that has included several

Imperial had an intake of around 370 French students last year

hundred raids since the attacks. So-called 'Islamic State' have claimed responsibility.

David Cameron has announced a "comprehensive strategy" for dealing with ISIS, which he says includes making the case for air strikes on Syria. Parliament rejected to join military strikes in Syria back in 2013, but it is likely that there will be another vote on the matter soon.

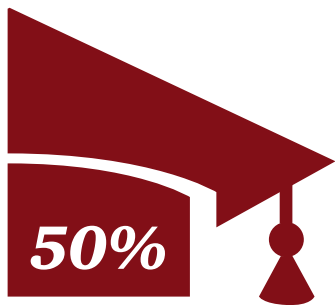
Since the attacks, France has launched air strikes on ISIS' Syrian base in Raqqa. With the US-led coalition, 30 airstrikes were conducted on Sunday night, with more following in the week. Reports on how many were injured have been vague.

Last week George Osborne announced, from the Imperial West campus, plans to up the number of spies in all three security agencies. David Cameron has now reiterated that he will increase staff numbers 15% and double the budget for airline security.

GRACE RAHMAN



Students remember the victims. Photo Credit: Matt Johnston



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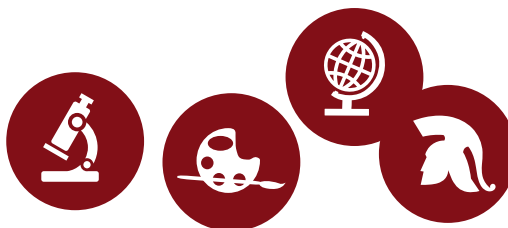
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France must change

One French student says the divisions to blame are ingrained



Natan Stoessel
Writer

As a French national, the events of the 13th of November in Paris were a dagger through my heart. It capped off a tragic year for our country. The Charlie Hebdo January attacks came as a shock, but the stabbing of three soldiers in February followed by the attacks of last Friday have exposed the serious political crisis within our nation.

With the rise of Islamist radicals in the world, it pains me to say that these catastrophes on our soil were inevitable. The middle-eastern wars since the beginning of this century have fed extremism, but I believe the specific threat to France stems from the accumulation of our political frailties. I will explain myself.

In the 19th and 20th century, France was a colonialist power, notably 'possessing' territories in North Africa. The end of the violent Algerian War of Independence in 1962 marked the end of this era, leading to mass immigration (notably Muslims) to France. It brought diversity and new talent to the country, but it also enhanced inequalities in major cities. Gradually, a 'stereotypical' picture was being drawn as some of the immigrants from ex-colonies were being segregated into poorer districts. It is very important to clarify that many immigrants integrated very well and succeeded. As a consequence, as years have gone by, the economic alienation of some of these populations, blended with the discriminatory mindset towards them instilled since the colonial period, have swirled France into an unwanted cultural



London Bridge was lit up in solidarity. Photo Credit: Matt Johnston

segregation.

This has posed modern-day issues regarding the integration of some of the Muslims from these tougher areas, who are born in our country, and descend from immigrant families. How can they be patriotic when they are sometimes discriminated against, and have the feeling that the government is not helping them escape their impoverished circumstances?

In 2004, a law in our country was adopted that prohibits any form of visible religious signs in public schools. Hence, women cannot wear the headscarf in an academic environment. Before the

1980s, there was no such debate in France; the Kippah, for example, could be worn in schools without a problem until then. However, the emergence of a large community of Muslims led to this law being voted. This clearly is a stigmatisation towards this community, and a political contradiction to the "open-mindedness towards religion" stated in our 1958 Constitution. Therefore, some of them do not feel welcomed in our country.

The lack of effort from the government to dampen this identity crisis clearly feeds the potential for extremism. Indeed, some psychologically vulnerable Muslims are more likely to be radicalisation targets of Islamist groups.

That is why I think last Friday's attacks show the necessity for France to change. The fact that a lot of the terrorists guilty of the 2015 atrocities are French nationals shows this identity frailty within our nation. We must adapt and fight to create unity and respect between our different cultures. It is true that we need to react abroad to counter the ISIS threat, but there is also a philosophical battle within our borders. How do we promote the integration of these vulnerable Muslims, and inhibit the rise of French-born terrorists?

Some do not feel welcome in our country

I believe France must change its education system: we must allow religious signs in schools, and therefore allow the headscarf to be worn. Also, we must instil from a very young age the important values of our Republic. I was educated in the French system, but I find that our famous motto "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" was not stressed enough. We must insist on it in schools, and exhibit the beauty of a free democratic country.

Finally, I believe that forcing a military service would harmonise the different cultures within our nation. These are my opinions, but whatever the changes that are to be made, they need to be concretised quickly. It will take generations to create this craved unity in France, but it is essential if we are to win the war on terror we are facing.



There have been false alarms at the Eiffel Tower since. Photo Credit: pexels.com

FELIX COMMENT



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Changing your profile picture won't help

Would you do more to help than click a button?



Jonathon Masters
Writer

When 'Le Tricolour' was first adopted by the Nation of France in 1794, the three colours were meant to represent the Royalty (the white portion), with the red and blue representing the arms of the city. Their representations of the three colours then changed with the coming of the French revolution which caused the colours change meaning. They were now the three principal French ideals: liberty, equality, and fraternity; however it seems that as of Saturday morning Facebook has now appropriated these colours to signify self-indulgence, egotistic tendencies, and a disingenuous compassion for the tragedy of others.

At the time of writing, 129 lives have been lost as a result of the three co-ordinated attacks on Friday night in Paris leading to the first national state of emergency in

France since 2005. This is terrorism not occurring thousands of miles away, causing asylum seekers to flee their homes; this is on our European doorstep and Islamic extremism is a threat that must be countered with increased awareness and increased security. However, the one thing that we can do without, and one thing that will not aid this war is the option to temporarily change our profile pictures.

Facebook, as a social media outlet, has increasingly been trying to humanise its interface by attempting to transmit empathy through a computer screen, however, the end result is as far away from human empathy as possible. The fact that it was only when tragedy struck a western nation that Facebook felt the need to remind us to show our support' is in itself offensive. On the 12th of November there were multiple suicide bombings leading to estimated deaths of 43 people;

however the overlay of Lebanon's red and white with a tree in the middle was not offered to anyone.

My problem is not with the idea of showing support towards those affected by the tragedy in Paris, but rather the false sentiment that they show solidarity, leading to the idea of being socially conscious or compassionate as a "me too" activity rather than people actually consciously thinking about the larger issues at hand. Instead of considering how our social landscape is changing, how that may affect the way security is run in our country, or even campaigning for our government to make a greater effort in taking in asylum seekers, all that is occurring is a careless click of a mouse.

If there was ever a sign that this action was one of the most disingenuous actions of recent times, just look down your newsfeed at how many people were quick

to change it back to their original picture once supporting France was no longer the zeitgeist. To clarify, however, I believe that Facebook is the one whose motives are morally contentious, treating France's tragedy as a plaything. I would ask: if people are actually inclined to show solidarity with France, would they be prepared to do more than click a button on their home page?

Facebook
has now
appropriated
these
colours

This is everyone's fight

Jeremy Hunt's plans for junior doctor contracts will affect the care you receive



Sarah Sturrock
Writer

I'm aware that the media and Facebook may have recently reached saturation with heartfelt pleas for help from the medic community. I have undoubtedly littered friends' timelines with tearjerking videos, angry statistic-riddled rants and protest photos. However, Jeremy Hunt still refuses to listen and I believe you, the voting public and NHS patients, deserve to know what's happening. I hope you might even join the debate.

There are many ways in which the new contracts will be damaging to doctors' personal lives and bank accounts, but I'm writing today to tell you the most important part: it will affect the care you receive as an NHS patient. Currently, trusts are penalised financially for giving doctors rotas that include an excessive number of 'antisocial' hours. Consequently, doctors retain some circadian rhythm and, generally, are able to care for their mental and physical health as any



Junior doctors will now stage a walk-out. Photo Credit: FELIX

professional would expect to do.

Under Jeremy Hunt's proposals, these penalties will be removed. Instead of this proactive, financial incentive for NHS Trusts to ensure safe working hours, Jeremy would rather that our rotas are sporadically monitored by the Care Quality Commission or that juniors themselves become

the whistleblowers. This means that any unsafe rotas would only be picked up retrospectively, and hence dangerous mistakes may have already been made. Although assurances have been made by NHS employers that the working hours will not be extreme, rotas released on their own website show the opposite, with isolated night shifts

in the middle of plenty of 13-hour days.

So, what is the justification for this? Jeremy has masterfully misrepresented evidence published in the BMJ, claiming that patients are more likely to die if admitted at the weekend because there are less staff working on Saturdays and Sundays – and hence, junior doctors apparently need to take on more hours, and more antisocial hours, within the pay envelope. However, there was merely a statistical excess of deaths at the weekend – the authors themselves admitted it would be "rash and misleading" to assume that these are avoidable deaths.

There is a lot more to say on this topic, and I would welcome any Imperial students who would like to know more to peruse the BMA's website, or contact me for more information. We want to give you the best care we can, and that requires us to have a safe, fair contract.

FELIX COMMENT



comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Are air strikes the right response?

Delivering 'death from above' won't weaken ISIS' battle for hearts and minds



Cale Tilford
Music Editor

In the wake of last Friday's horrific attacks on Paris, it's important that we remain calm and collected when dealing with our enemies. To defeat terrorism we need a well thought out and multilateral response. Instead, on Saturday, Francois Hollande responded with a futile act of revenge. By bombing ISIS and declaring war, we prove their world view, that the world is black and white, and play into the insidious narrative of us versus them.

Just two days after the death of 132 innocent civilians, the French military launched fresh strikes on the ISIS stronghold of Raqqa in Syria. There is no doubt that the militants killed in this attack were awful human beings, but it's sad that so soon after a tragedy we are willing to respond with such destructive violence. It seems as if the violence of the west is far more palatable than those who oppose

us. We should treat all murder with similar disgust.

Moreover, we must question the effectiveness of airstrikes in combating ISIS in Iraq and Syria. The American and French bombing campaigns seem to have done little to stop the terror that ISIS create. In fact, they seem to have inspired more people to join the terrorist group. Airstrikes are merely a simple, public appeasing, and largely inadequate solution to a complex problem. So, it's worrying that David Cameron now seeks to involve Britain in the same nationalistic display of military power.

When we drop death from above, it invariably results in the slaughter of innocent civilians. Not only is it immoral, but when you kill someone's brother, aunt, or grandmother you are likely to create more allies for ISIS on the ground. Although we don't do it

intentionally, we arbitrarily value certain lives over others and we continue to justify accidental deaths as necessary by-products of war. The recent attack on the Kunduz hospital in Afghanistan that left 22 dead proves that our military is not yet capable of reducing civilian casualties to 'acceptable' levels.

Sometimes the people we attack have already proven their guilt. But instead of bringing the perpetrators of heinous attacks to account, we respond with wrath and fury. In these cases we have the ability to truly distinguish ourselves from the barbarity of our enemies.

The last thing ISIS want us to do is to bring them to trial and surely in the case of Mohammed Emwazi (Jihadi John), a British citizen, we should have dealt with their crimes under British law, rather than under state-conducted vigilantism.

If we allow the warmongering rhetoric of our leaders and media to

continue then we will never be able to defeat terrorism in its current form. A single civilian casualty should never be accepted nor should we respond with vengeance. We cannot play into the hands of ISIS; they yearn for a world of absolutes without a grey area in between.

We
arbitrarily
value
certain
lives over
others

The modern way of dealing with crises

Facebook's 'I'm safe' button and French flag filters have divided critics



Philip Kurukgny
Writer

In the deadliest attack on French soil since WWII, panic and chaos unfolded in the French capital this week. Many people were left worried that their relatives, family and friends had been amongst those murdered or injured.

In what initially was a welcome move, Facebook launched the 'I'm safe' button for people to confirm via social media that they were okay. Previously used by Facebook during natural disasters, the button's use has expanded during the Paris attacks to encompass human conflict. Facebook has since received criticism because the button was not made available to people in the Beirut bombings that killed 43 the day before the Paris attacks. Theories surfaced online about how 'French lives are more valuable than Arab ones', which fueled the debate on inequality.

In a statement, Facebook called its safety check a "relatively new

feature".

"The product will continue to evolve as we learn more about how it's used during different crises. We hope to never be confronted with a situation like this again, but if we are, we are of course open to activating the tool given how reassuring it has been for people in Paris".

Facebook also launched the French flag filter which I'm sure readers will be familiar with; many of your friends showing solidarity with the French people by applying the filter to their profile picture. Lebanese bloggers criticised Facebook for not making a Lebanese flag filter available. The filter has also been criticised by some people, as being not the most appropriate to show support to the French people, since few of those who have that filter activated know any victim of the attacks and that it's just something to boost one's appeal on social media. We live in a world where showing your picture with the filter



Staff attended the minute of silence at Imperial this week. Photo Credit: FELIX

is a political statement, that echoes through social media. It signals solidarity with the French people, with the idea that collectively we are stronger and that wherever we can, we will help each other. It's hard to judge people's intentions in times of crisis, but the debate about the role of social media in a time of crisis has certainly been revived.

It's sad to see we live in a world where we need to check in on Facebook to say we're safe from monstrous nihilistic ideology rather than check in a nice French bistro at the heart of Paris. We do live in dark time but we must carry on with our way of living or the attackers' goals of generating fear and disruption will have succeeded.



The Secrets of Seduction

Female mice take the power of seduction in their own hands, and re-brand a their own flirtatious fragrance

Elizabeth Riach
Writer

Sweat, urine and other bodily fluids have long been known to be the designer perfumes and colognes of the animal world. Chemical signals known as pheromones can modify the behaviour and biology of other individuals. They can act as deterrents between males through marking territory or establishing dominance.

Alternatively, pheromones can turn up the allure by attracting

Non-ovulating females can actually block irrelevant male sexual signaling

potential mates. In this way, it is usually a signal between two members of the same species, where both the sender and receiver get mutual benefits. This benefit isn't always sex - in insects, pheromones may act in order to cause them to



Mice uniting over urine; females "sexy scents" attract the male. Photo Credit: pixabay

gather in an aggregation, raise an alarm or even trigger a chain of developmental effects.

A new study published a few days ago by Washington University has isolated the exact two compounds that sexually arouse male mice, acting through the delightful medium of female urine. Just by watching mice behaviour, it is obvious that these chemicals are present in female urine compared to that of males. Whereas males stop to investigate excretions of potential mates, they swiftly pass on after encountering a rival male's marking,

as well as urine from female mice with no ovaries.

By looking at which compounds within the urine causes "smell" neurons to fire within the male mouse nose, the two "sexy scents" were distinguished from the other compounds in the urine. These chemicals elicit sexual behaviour in their male mice counterparts. When these chemicals were added to male urine and ovary-less female urine, an increase in sexual male behaviour was observed as well as prolonged interest in the urine itself. Each of these stimulating aromas seem

to have slightly different messages to convey to the interested male. One reassures the male that the mouse is female, and the other that she is ovulating and ready to mate. Interestingly, these scents do little for the male libido when isolated - they only change male sexual behaviour when both are present.

The chemicals are waste products

Female mice have a way of combatting unwanted male cues

of the female's steroid metabolism, and act as a form of communication from the internal environment of the female mouse to the external receptor of the male mice nose. In this way, it tells males which females are sexually active so they don't waste time and energy pursuing infertile mates. Although these chemicals don't give us the whole answer to mice sexual responses,

they give us some insight into the neurobiology of mice behaviour.

This communication works both ways, however, and another American study published in July earlier this year has found that female mice have a way of combatting unwanted male cues. Non-ovulating females can actually block irrelevant male sexual signaling. This is known as sensory silencing, and works via hormones such as progesterone blocking out the receptors required to sense sex-related chemicals. The same research team is looking at whether the human sense of smell is in any way altered in response to oscillating hormonal levels.

In the past, pheromone-receptor interactions have been hard to study in mammals due to the fact they are often released in very small quantities. This is in comparison to insects, which have been under scrutiny for around 60 years. Studies have identified insect pheromones, their receptors and even the neural pathways behind them. The reason for such extensive study on insect pheromones is due to the use of them for trapping and monitoring insect levels in crop fields and orchards worldwide. More research is required to truly understand the workings of mammalian pheromones to this extent. Boars have also been under intense study for pheromonal excretions.

A Pheromone Factfile

- The first pheromone was discovered in 1953. It was named "bombykol" and is used by female silkworm moths to attract males over large distances (sometimes as much as 10km)
- The term pheromone is derived from the Greek words "pheran" (to transfer) and "horman" (to excite)
- Mammals detect pheromones through the VNO (vomeronasal organ) situated in the nose and connected to the mid-brain
- Humans have been found to have a severely reduced or absent VNO, and so if we respond to chemical signaling it's mostly through our normal olfactory (sense of smell) system
- There is still limited scientific evidence that there are human pheromones, despite the existence of "love potions" containing pheromones being sold online. Most of these concoctions actually use pig pheromones
- Under stressful conditions such as increased carbon dioxide levels, mice can release alarm pheromones that cause other mice in near proximity to freeze in order to conserve oxygen. The chemical identity of this compound remains unknown



Captured in a container, the more females spray the more they get. Photo Credit: pixabay



Forgotten Oceans

Ocean acidification tests the limits of our seas, bringing them to an irreversible breaking point

Samuel Lickiss
Writer

Did anyone else have one of those plastic Helix rulers that said ‘shatterproof’ on them back in school? I always saw that as a challenge.

You could bend those rulers a surprising distance, nearly a hairpin, and they’d spring back into their original shape. Go just a little far though, and they’d snap clean.

Our planet’s oceans, like a shatterproof ruler, can take a surprising amount of abuse. Since the Industrial Revolution, humans have been pumping out carbon dioxide into the atmosphere at ever-increasing rates. However, not all of that carbon dioxide remains in the atmosphere. Roughly 28 percent is taken up by plants during photosynthesis and a further 26 percent is absorbed by the oceans. 2010 data estimates that 33.4 billion tonnes was released from burning fossil fuels and cement manufacture; a further 3.3 billion tonnes was released due to land use change, such as deforestation. Nine billion tonnes of that ends up in the ocean.

Carbon dioxide dissolves in water forming weak carbonic acid. For 300 million years our oceans have maintained a pH of 8.2 making them slightly basic. Since the 1800s, that pH has dropped to an average of 8.1 – it’s not an especially dramatic change in 200 years. That’s because the ocean functions as a giant chemical buffer.

Chemical buffers are able to resist pH changes. Add a bit of acid or base to a buffer solution and it will be neutralised. In the ocean, various carbonate compounds help to neutralise the carbonic acid formed by dissolving carbon dioxide. Ocean chemistry is complex and not fully understood, but what is clear is that this buffer system is looking strained.

Like a shatterproof ruler, there is a point of no return: a point where the ocean can no longer neutralise all of this excess carbon dioxide.

In other words, we’re living on borrowed time. We’ve been spared

the worst impacts of climate change by the great ocean buffer.

So why is ocean acidification a problem? Many invertebrates build their exoskeletons out of calcium carbonate. This is the same chemical found in limestone, and it’s vulnerable to acid erosion. You can see the effects of acid rain on limestone buildings throughout the world, or you can experiment by dropping some vinegar on marble chips.

Our planet’s oceans, like a shatterproof ruler, can take a surprising amount of abuse

A 2012 study in *Nature* found that pteropods, or sea butterflies, in the Southern Ocean had extensive damage to their shells from acid erosion. This is a trend that is likely to continue, and the impacts on marine ecosystems could be devastating. Coral reefs are often considered the ocean’s nurseries; a fertile breeding ground for many species of fish that in turn sustains human communities.

Corals, like pteropods, build their exoskeletons from calcium carbonate. Ocean acidification runs the risk of not only dissolving

existing corals, but also makes it harder for them to recover by limiting the amount of calcium carbonate that can be precipitated. Weaker corals are more vulnerable to tropical storms and cannot sustain the same volume of life that we come to expect from them.

At its current rate, ocean acidity is predicted to increase by a factor of five by the year 2100 to concentrations capable of dissolving sea creatures’ shells in just 45 days. Marine farmers of lobster and other invertebrates are rightly concerned about this. Already, the oyster industry in the Pacific Northwest has struggled with high rates of oyster mortality due to ocean acidification. A 2013 study published in *Geophysical Research Letters* found that it is becoming too energetically expensive for organisms to build shells and growth rates were slowing.

The cold, polar seas are especially vulnerable because cold water is able to store more dissolved carbon dioxide. Oceans absorb, but they also emit carbon dioxide. Up until now, the effect has been net absorption.

However, the problem is not limited to ocean acidification. With

warming seas, the fear is that carbon dioxide-saturated oceans will be forced to give up vast quantities of their stored gas. If cold polar seawater is saturated with carbon dioxide, as that water warms some

the potential to cause accelerated climate change at rates we have not yet experienced.

As with ocean acidification, we have been spared the worst of the effects so far. This is because the oceans are not just a chemical buffer. They are also resistant to temperature change. While atmospheric temperatures have increased by about 0.6°C over the past century, in the oceans this change has only been about 0.1°C. This is because water has what we call a high specific heat capacity – it functions as a storage heater, storing heat for long periods of time.

Like the ruler, there’s a limit. As a species, are we really willing to find out where that limit is? Last week, a study published in *Science* found that much attention had been paid to the effects of climate change on land and in the atmosphere, but little on the ocean. We’re beginning to understand the economic and ecological impacts of climate change in the oceans, but a co-ordinated response from world governments has been limited.

They’ve been taking up the strain for a long time. Now the oceans are beginning to tire.

Ocean acidity is predicted to increase by a factor of five by 2100

of that gas will no longer remain storage. Mass emissions of carbon dioxide from the oceans itself has



Whats beyond the horizon for the ecological health of our oceans? Photo Credit: Wikipedia



Danny Boyle does the Job

With a quickfire script and powerful acting, this is the biopic we've been waiting for

Steve Jobs



Dir: Danny Boyle *Script:* Aaron Sorkin *Starring:* Michael Fassbender, Kate Winslet, Seth Rogen, Jeff Daniels *122 minutes.*

Tom Stephens
Writer

It was a bit of a shock when Ashton Kutcher was picked to star as the Apple-founding billionaire in 2013's biopic *Jobs*; he's not the most likely actor I would have picked for a historical breaking of typecasting, but a role as one of the most iconic and influential men of the modern technological revolution being given to that guy from *Dude, Where's My Car?* was a casting decision reaching Robin Williams in *Good Will Hunting* levels of unexpectedness. Far from the glimmering success of Williams' atypically heartbreaking performance, Kutcher's turn in *Jobs* appears to have become a bedtime horror story that agents tell their actors before they go to sleep: 'If you ever break type, the spirit of Ashton Kutcher's Steve Jobs will possess you and you will never be respected again.' Shudder. The film itself was apparently so bad that it had to be remade within two years of its release, and so here we are with *Steve Jobs*. What's gratifying is that it's been done very, very well this time.

Deftly executing a rounded story with narrative action that unfolds over the course of only three days in Jobs' life, each of them launches for his latest innovation, *Steve Jobs* at once feels relaxed and fast-paced, and always engaging. It's a feat that does not necessarily require, but is greatly helped by, a script written by Aaron Sorkin (writer of *The Social Network* and *Moneyball*). It's been a while since I've seen a film performed in the not-widely-spoken dialect of Sorkinese, and as soon as the film's first conversation began to play out, I felt old, dusty corners of my brain fire up in ways they haven't done in years. The dialogue is a concoction of his trademark razor-



Michael Fassbender as the dictatorial genius in a turtleneck, in Danny Boyle's *Steve Jobs* Photo Credit: Universal Pictures

sharp witticisms and arguments that consist of extended monologues as

Steve Jobs
may be one
of the best
screenplays
Danny Boyle
has ever
worked with

intricate as they are brutal; though you may feel as you hear it that this is definitely not how real people talk regardless of their intelligence, it's so thrilling just to listen to that its surreal nature can immediately be forgiven.

It may in fact be one of the best screenplays director Danny Boyle has worked with in his career, and he certainly rises to the occasion – while it might be impossible to make a bad film out of a Sorkin script, Boyle has gone a way towards making a great one. Not only is the film excellently shot throughout, but his taste for subtle tweaks of style that truly make a film its own come through in force in *Steve Jobs*: swells of music are never overstated, but perfectly placed; flashbacks to early days under a mellow, grainy filter are excellently intercut with present-day scenes in crystal clear quality; and costume design is absolutely spot-

on, to the point where the audience does not see Seth Rogen, Michael Stuhlbarg and Michael Fassbender onscreen, but Steve Wozniak, Andy Hertzfeld and Jobs himself, aging in real time.

The main reason that these characters come so vividly to life is not, however, the accuracy of their appearances, but that the performances in the film are universally excellent. Seth Rogen's geeky persona is given a new edge and ends up forming a perfectly believable Woz, Jeff Daniels' experience with Sorkin dialogue on TV seires *The Newsroom* pays off well in his turn as ex-Apple CEO Pete Sculley, and Kate Winslet's portrayal of Joanna Hoffman, Jobs' 'working wife' and lifelong confidant, is one of perfectly understated control, with just enough fire to keep him in check. But this was always going to be the Fassbender show, and what

a show it is; you care deeply for Fassbender's Jobs, even when he's shouting at innocent writers of code or arguing with his long-neglected daughter; you feel his pain when he faces failure and his ravenous hunger for success.

In its examination of a flawed great man of the modern age, *Steve Jobs* bears significant resemblance to the David Fincher-directed *The Social Network* – a difficult film to hold a candle to, even by Sorkin and Boyle's standards. But although it may not quite have as much instant-classic flair as *The Social Network* did, its stellar script, dazzling direction and fantastic performances make it a brilliantly engaging film of the kind that doesn't come along too often, and is very hard to ignore. In fact, this is one of the most justifiable 'remakes' of perhaps the entire 21st century – and it only took two years for it to come about.

FELIX FILM



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Tangerine



Dir: Sean Baker. *Script:* Sean Baker, Chris Bergoch *Starring:* Mya Taylor, Kitana Kiki Rodriguez, James Ransone *88 minutes.*

Transgender revenge dramedies are somewhat hard to come by in a cinema. In fact I'm not sure many of them exist at all. If you need to bump up your street cred, then, *Tangerine* will definitely be the edgiest film you'll see this month, perhaps this year. Fortunately it's got enough substance in it that you can get more out of it than just a good story.

When trans sex worker Sin-Dee finishes a four-week stint in jail, she finds out from her friend Alexandra that her boyfriend/pimp has been cheating on her. An insane day-long chase across Los Angeles ensues – part buddy movie, part revenge thriller, part tragedy, part comedy; *Tangerine's* genre mishmash is both a strength and a weakness. There's an excellently seedy nature to the story as it deals with LA low-life, and individual plotlines such as the struggle of Razmik, an Armenian taxi driver and family man in too deep with the underbelly of prostitution, pack a genuine emotional punch. However while the individual performances – a fantastically charged Kitana Kiki Rodriguez as Sin-Dee, a hilariously sassy Mya Taylor as Alexandra, and a perfect turn by James Ransome as the pimp in question, who damn near steals the movie – keep the dialogue amusing in passing, there are few real laughs in the movie. I can't decide if the fact that *Tangerine* was shot entirely on an iPhone is impressive or distracting; The cinematography is colourful, all-encapsulating, and feels quite naturally lit, but there's something wrong with the graininess of the film, the uncertainty of the camera movement, and the odd contrast and focus.

With an in-your-face soundtrack, at times distracting camerawork, and a thoroughly defiant attitude towards critics of its subject matter, *Tangerine* may prove hard to swallow for some viewers at first. But with profound moments of insight into its protagonists' lives, and a brace of strong performances to boot, it proves to be a rewarding experience to those willing to treat it with patience.

TOM STEPHENS



Christmas stateside sure looks different in Sean Baker's LA comedy *Tangerine* Photo Credit: Magnolia Films

Warriors



Dir: Barney Douglas. *Script:* Barney Douglas. *87 minutes.*

An important and at times genuinely moving documentary, *Warriors* tells the story of the Maasai of Nairobi, how their culture promotes FGM, and its ties into the AIDS epidemic. In a society where the elders are believed to have a link to God, it's hard for the youth to be heard. The solution to this? Form a cricket team. It sounds odd, and one does spend most of the film wondering how this club is actually doing anything to help, but we do eventually get an idea, if too late.

Firstly, cricket gives links to the West: the team works with the British army to build their pitch, and they travel to Lords to take part in an amateur competition. All this gives the men a different perspective on their often dogmatic culture, and it is this that spurs them to call for an end to FGM. Secondly, despite a fiercely patriarchal society, the club allows men and women to play together as equals. Much of the film is spent following the team as they train for, and eventually partake in, their competition.

The question, however, is how does this quirky tale of a cricket team fit in with the dark themes tackled? The answer: it doesn't really. The film suffers from an awkward dichotomy in its tones, reminiscent of when a news anchor has to swap from a serious story to a feel-good one – awkward smile and all. *Warriors* would perhaps have worked better

if it either focussed on the team and – more importantly – its members, or as a *Horizons*-style programme focusing on the problem of FGM with cricket as a brief side point.

BEN COLLIER

Tell Spring Not to Come This Year



Dir: Saeed Taji Farouky, Michael McEvoy *Editor:* Gareth Keogh *83 minutes.*

Tell Spring Not to Come This Year is named after a poem chosen by one of its main subjects: Commander Jalaluddin of the 3rd Brigade of the Afghan National Army (ANA). The poem is a reflection on rebirth and renewal

of a country, and the impossibility of such a renewal while the land is still full of death. A mournful poem, it is in many ways a perfect encapsulation of what the film wishes to show us.

Directed jointly by Saeed Taji Farouky and Michael McEvoy, the documentary is an utterly beautiful, haunting piece of cinema. It follows a year in the lives of the Commander and his men after the withdrawal of NATO forces, and their work on the frontlines to rid Helmand province of the Taliban.

It would be easy to focus on the battles – and clearly there were many, with 31 of the brigade killed in the documented year – but, a shot isn't fired until about halfway through the film. The directors instead mainly focus on the relationships, motivations, and the frustrations of the men of the brigade, painting a picture of their lives in a country they describe as 'ruined'.

They do this with considerable artistry, masterful cinematography, and a poignant score giving a combined effect reminiscent of a fairy-tale. But it's not so removed as that – it's personal, intensely so, drawing you beside these men and into their everyday experience.

The overwhelming emotion of the film is of mourning: the men mourn for their shattered country, and for their perceived futility to do anything but keep it hanging together by a thread. A gripping and thoughtful documentary, *Tell Spring Not to Come This Year* is essential viewing for anyone interested in the all too human aftermath of the war in Afghanistan.

THOMAS CARROLL

The Lady in the Van



Dir: Nicholas Hytner *Script:* Alan Bennett *Starring:* Maggie Smith, Alex Jennings, Frances de la Tour *104 minutes.*

The reputation *The Lady in the Van* has gained in the run up to its release can perhaps be best illustrated by the fact that during a recent phone-call to my grandma – a woman in her late 80s whose closest cinema is the civic centre, where all films are released 3 months later than anywhere else – she mentioned that she was very excited to go and see it. This is what happens when you blend together director Nicholas Hynter, actor Maggie Smith, and playwright Alan Bennett: you get a national treasure smoothie, palatable to all.

But while this may be the reputation the film is conjuring up, the actual product is far from populist. Maggie Smith plays Miss Shepherd, an elderly vagabond with a past, whose malodorous presence inflames Mornington Crescent's residents' liberal guilt and innate disgust in equal measure. Taking up residence in Alan Bennett's driveway, she remains there for 15 years, much to the chagrin of neighbours. Alex Jennings is well cast as Bennett, retaining the Yorkshire playwright's social mannerisms that have become so well established over the years, but Maggie Smith is the real star of the show; her character is certainly sympathetic, but Smith never lets this spill over into sentimentality, a permanent sneer etched around her mouth.

Certain aspects of the film don't quite work: a backstory involving a sinister figure from Shepherd's past would be better left out, and the idea to have two versions of Alan Bennett's character – the writer and the man – does not work as well as it could have, although it is an interesting touch. Hytner, fresh from his tenure at the National Theatre, where he directed Maggie Smith in the first stage performance of *The Lady in the Van*, does a very good job at conjuring up the complex social interactions for which the North London elite have become famous. It is a film that goes down smooth, leaving a sensation of warm contentment – definitely one you can take the granny to.

FRED FYLES



The top three *sports films* that aren't *Rocky*

People always say the original *Rocky* is a classic, but I've never really seen this. I challenge its fans to watch it again today, and tell me it's aged well. Yes, there are some iconic scenes, but this is not because they're good – rather it's because the film was popular. What we have here is a serious case of nostalgia goggles. Here are some alternatives:

Raging Bull (1980)

The better film about an Italian-American underdog boxer, *Raging Bull* is *Rocky* without the melodrama. Scorsese replaces Avildsen, and De Niro – in his best role bar *The Godfather 2* – replaces Stallone. It's a bit like that scene in *Shaun of the Dead* where the cast meet their superior alternate versions. *Raging Bull* isn't an easy watch but there's a reason people have written whole books about it.

The Wrestler (2008)

Another film I could write about for years, *The Wrestler* is one of Darren Aronofsky's best films. The backstory here is interesting enough, with Mickey Rourke making a return to cinema after huge issues with drugs and plastic surgery. His story is reflected in that of the main character Randy "The Ram" Robinson, whose tale is one of a washed-out ex-wrestler and his attempts to reconnect with his daughter whilst resisting the lure of a comeback.

Space Jam (1996)

Space Jam may not be a work of cinematic mastery like *Raging Bull* or *The Wrestler* but damn it's still an amazing film. The ridiculous pairing of Michael Jordan and the *Looney Tunes* is one only the greediest and most brilliant of film companies could think up. More intelligent than one would think, the film is genuinely funny in parts. The question is, does me liking this film for mostly nostalgic reasons make me a hypocrite considering my thoughts on *Rocky*? A little bit, but to be fair *Space Jam*'s theme song is way better.

BEN COLLIER

The cinema is an instrument of poetry

This week sees the start of a retrospective of Luis Buñuel, the radical Spanish filmmaker, at London's ICA. We take a look at the director's life and work, identifying the key themes at play in his films: sexuality, satire, and surrealism



A parody of *The Last Supper* in Luis Buñuel's 1961 film *Viridiana*, which won the Palme d'Or at Cannes Photo Credit: Creative Commons

Luis Buñuel Portolés was a Spanish filmmaker who worked in Spain, Mexico, and France. Born in 1900, at the very beginning of the new century, he lived to witness two world wars, as well as the liberation of Spain from Francisco Franco's 36-year-long dictatorship, before his death in 1983.

Considered to have been a leader of avant-garde surrealism in his early years, Buñuel was a dominant figure in international filmmaking, often regarded as a moralist and revolutionary. His career lasted 48 years, spanning from 1929 to 1977, with his work exploring nearly every genre in film, yet despite this versatility, his films possess certain traits that clearly distinguish him as an auteur. One such trait was his highly functional and uncluttered

visual style, with an emphasis on character-defining elements in the shot, and elimination of unnecessary detail. Another was his own 'stock company' of trusted cast and crew, used repeatedly in his productions (same way that a score by Danny Elfman written for a movie starring Johnny Depp screams 'Tim Burton'). Finally, his repeated use of the traditional drums from his birthplace of Calanda in his films, have been described as a 'biofilmographic signature' of his.

Buñuel spent his childhood and adolescence in Zaragoza, where he received a strict Jesuit education. By the time he was 16, however, he came to perceive the Church as illogical and had grown disgusted of its wealth and power. Perhaps one of the first signs of his fascination with cinema, were the 'productions'

he would put on for friends at the time, by projecting shadows on a screen using a bedsheet and a magic lantern – an object which also evoked Ingmar Bergman's filmmaking talent.

In 1917 Buñuel enrolled at the University of Madrid for a degree in agronomy, but switched to industrial engineering, and then finally to philosophy. It was there that he would meet and develop intimate relationships with painter Salvador Dalí and poet Federico García Lorca, the three of them forming the core of the Spanish surrealist avant-garde. During his student years, Buñuel became an accomplished hypnotist: in fact, he insisted that the darkness of the theatre and the rapidly changing scenes, lights and camera movements, weaken the spectator's

critical intelligence and exercise over him a kind of fascination, akin to hypnosis.

The film that played a catalytic role in Buñuel pursuing his interest in film was Fritz Lang's *Der müde Tod*, aka *Destiny* (1921). "Images could and did become", for him, "the true means of expression" and he decided to devote himself to the cinema. At age 72, an ever-enthusiastic Buñuel asked Lang for his autograph.

In 1925 Buñuel moved to Paris, where he decided to enter the film industry, enrolling in a private school run by one of the most celebrated commercial directors in France at the time, Jean Epstein. He worked for Epstein as assistant director until 1927, and after that he worked as a film critic, helping to establish Madrid's first cinema club. It was around that time that he met

Catherine Deneuve in the French drama, *Belle de Jour*, directed by Buñuel in 1967 Photo Credit: MUBI

Jeanne Rucar, whom he married in 1934.

His first picture, *Un Chien Andalou*, was made at the very end of the silent era, in 1929. It is a 16-minute short, which he co-wrote and directed with Dalí, based on a dream each of them had had, extremely Freudian in nature; the two deliberately contrasted Epstein's approach to filmmaking by deliberately making a point of eliminating all logical associations from the narrative. "Historically," he wrote, "the film represents a violent reaction against what in those days was called 'avant-garde', which was aimed exclusively at artistic sensibility and the audience's reason." Alas, unfortunately for Buñuel, the film was a huge success among the French bourgeoisie!

Due to a clash between Dalí's eccentric, but nonetheless rightist, ideology and Buñuel's strong leftist sympathies, his first feature film, *L'Age d'Or* – originally meant to be a collaboration between the two – ended up being shot entirely by Buñuel himself. Completed in 1930, Dalí proclaimed the film was a

deliberate attack on Catholicism; it caused such a scandal that the film was withdrawn from circulation, not to be seen again until 1979.

Thanks to the succès de scandale, Buñuel spent a short while in Hollywood working with MGM, and associated with iconic figures of the time, such as Sergei Eisenstein, Josef Von Sternberg, Charles Chaplin, and Bertolt Brecht, before returning to pre-Civil War Spain in 1932, at a time of political and social turbulence. His next film, *Las Hurdes: Tierra Sin Pan*, focused on peasant life in Spain, and is one of the first examples of a mockumentary. Buñuel was able to reconcile his political ideology with his surrealistic aesthetic in what was labelled as a 'surrealist documentary'. After this, he worked in dubbing studios in Paris and Madrid, before producing films for a mass audience with Spanish film company Filmófono, insisting that he remain anonymous so that he may preserve his reputation as a surrealist. During the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939), Buñuel essentially functioned as the coordinator of film propaganda for the Republic; the Spanish Ambassador suggested that he revisit Hollywood, where he could give technical advice on films being made there about the war, and so he did.

However, the National Legion of Decency, an organisation combating content in motion pictures objectionable from the point of view of the Catholic Church, saw to it that his work in Hollywood was left unfinished. Buñuel managed to sell some gags to Chaplin for *The Great Dictator* (1940), but was otherwise unfit for success in

Hollywood, lacking the arrogance and pushiness necessary for it, according to his biographer Ruth Brandon. Receiving no interest from even independent producers in LA, Buñuel moved to New York, where he worked at the MoMA, gathering anti-fascist films to be distributed in Latin America.

Finding himself in Mexico in 1946, as the Golden Age of Mexican cinema was climaxing, Buñuel attempted to learn a thing or two about 'normal' cinema. Teaming up with Óscar Dancigers, a Russian émigré producer active in Mexico, he directed the musical period drama *Gran Casino* (1947), which was turned out to be a

His work explores nearly every genre in film

disaster, perhaps due to Buñuel's rusty technical skills after so many years out of the director's chair. *El Gran Calavera*, on the other hand, a hilarious eccentric satire of the Mexican nouveau riche, was an instant hit at the box office in 1949. Because of this success, he was able to claim more freedom in his next film project: *Los Olvidados* (1950). However, the film was taken by many as an insult to Mexican sensibilities and the Mexican nation, with some even asking for Buñuel's recently-acquired Mexican citizenship to be revoked. Fearing a complete fiasco, Dancigers commissioned an alternate 'happy ending' to the film, but was forced to withdraw it after only three days in theatres due to poor attendance. Nobel Laureate in Literature Octavio Paz, however, promoted *Los Olvidados* and Buñuel won the Best Director award at Cannes Film Festival for it. Buñuel remained in Mexico for the rest of his life, completing over 20 more films by the end of his career. His first film in colour, also his first in the English language, was *Robinson Crusoe* (1954), followed by

The Young One (1960), for which a Harlem newspaper even wrote that he should be 'hung upside down from a lamppost on Fifth Avenue.' Other films of his that gained international recognition were *Él* (1953), *Viridiana* (1961), *Belle de Jour* (1967), and his very last film, *That Obscure Object of Desire* (1977).

While some consider the majority of his work to have consisted of films adapted to the norms of the national film industry, others believe there is a deceptive complexity within it, which offers 'a sustained mediation on ideas of religion, class inequity, violence and desire.' His work indeed often dealt with themes central to his lifelong concerns, such as sexual pathology, the destructive effects of rampant machismo, the blurring of fantasy and reality, the disruptive status of women in a male-dominated culture, and the absurdity of the religious life. Focusing on the films Buñuel produced in Mexico and Spain during the 1950s and 1960s, Julian Daniel Gutierrez-Albilla argues that Buñuel's films that there are multiple forms of identity, subjectivity and sexuality present in these films.

In his 70's, Buñuel once told his friend, novelist Carlos Fuentes: 'I'm not afraid of death. I'm afraid of dying alone in a hotel room, with my bags open and a shooting script on the night table. I must know whose fingers will close my eyes.' He died in Mexico City, in 1983.

DIEGO APARICIO



Buñuel with his then BFF Salvador Dalí, in happier times Photo Credit: Creative Commons

In Buñuel's films there are multiple forms of subjectivity



An exploration of the irrational

We head down to the opening night of the ICA's Buñuel retrospective, where a selection of his key films – *Un Chien Andalou*, *Eating Sea Urchins*, and *L'Age D'Or* – display his mastery of the surreal



The brutal eye-slicing scene of *Un Chien Andalou*, which remains one of the most iconic scenes of modern experimental cinema Photo Credit: Creative Commons

Hauntingly beautiful, with no linear narrative, no clear plot, and no apparent meaning, the films of Luis Buñuel mark him out as a revolutionary director and key figure in the avant-garde surrealist movement. At the Institute of Contemporary Arts (ICA) a retrospective of his work and life, begun with his most popular film, *Un Chien Andalou* (1929), and his most rare film, *Eating Sea Urchins* (1930); a home-movie made at the house of Buñuel's close companion and artistic partner Salvador Dalí's, it has been seen by relatively few.

The ICA, a small intimate venue just five minutes from Piccadilly Circus, "promotes and encourages an understanding of radical art and culture". The fact they are hosting a retrospective on one of

the most original filmmakers of all time is therefore no surprise. The retrospective, which commenced on 12th November and took months to put together, aims to cover all the key periods of Buñuel's expansive body of films, and includes

Buñuel is one of the world's most original filmmakers

panel discussions with acclaimed academics, Jean Claude Carriere – an Academy Award honoree and frequent collaborator with Buñuel – and Diego Buñuel, Luis Buñuel's grandson.

The opening was initiated with *Eating Sea Urchins*; it was the first time even the panelists had viewed this extremely rare film, which was found as recently as 1988 in a biscuit tin at Dalí's sisters house. Made around the same time during which Buñuel was making *L'Age D'Or* (1930), it is a film wherein the director has made his mark. As Ingmar Bergman put it: "Buñuel nearly always made Buñuel films" and this is seen in the general direction and use of recurring themes such as the sea urchin, which also appears in *Un Chien Andalou*. This was a point the panelists

focused on, Jo Evans stating how it was hard to watch it having seen its role in *Un Chien Andalou*.

Then it was onto probably the most popular of Buñuel's films: *Un Chien Andalou*. Buñuel created the film on the basis that "no idea or image

There is a dark humour that is typical of Buñuel films

that might lead itself to a rational explanation of any kind would be accepted."The film, laced with a dark humour typical of Buñuel's films, sews together almost completely nonsensical scenes with trivial links and contains iconic scenes, such as the slitting of the eye in half, which still has the power to shock. Given our desensitised society, and the time at which the film was made, it is rather incredible. The film was intended to be an insult to the French bourgeoisie, but instead – frustratingly for Buñuel – turned out to be a commercial success. Being accepted by the masses put him at odds with his intended audience – the likes of Andre Breton and other surrealists – but not excessively, since on completion Luis Buñuel and co-writer Salvador Dalí became the first filmmakers to enter the



A scene from *L'Age D'Or*, Buñuel's first feature length film Photo Credit: Creative Commons

surrealist group founded by Breton. Finally the feature film *L'Age D'Or* was screened, wherein you can really see the comic in Buñuel: brilliantly funny, the film has a strong satirical undertone that cannot be missed. Following the

failed attempts of two lovers to achieve intimacy, it was Buñuel's take on the absurdities of the bourgeois society, and how society is oppressed by rules we ourselves created. Every scene connected to the next with subtle ties, slowly

increasing in ridiculousness that reached an apex near the end when the male protagonist, overtaken with immense jealousy, throws inscrutable items out of the window. This rage is then compared to the damnably sinful, as the film cuts to

a disturbing reference to de Sade's notorious *120 Days of Sodom* – the survivors are shown exiting the castle, with one survivor, the Duke of Blangis, bearing a striking resemblance to Jesus Christ. Make of that what you will, but I personally am intrigued enough for a second watch.

"Students come here not expecting them to be so funny" Rob Stone exclaimed. And I agree – I was taken aback the first time I

saw Buñuel. There is a tendency for directors and films associated with an art movement as nonsensical as surrealism to be considered pretentious and as something meant for a film thesis, but Buñuel is genuinely entertaining. Get a taste of Buñuel's satirical surrealism at the ICA, and even if you end up hating Buñuel, at least you'll have watched a film in a charming venue. "The best way is to relax, get the humour, and go along with the black comedy. Rather than trying to analyse and try and work out the meaning for it." Stone continued, "Embrace it, and see what happens next!" – wise words.

MERYL ANIL

Luis Buñuel: Aesthetics of the Irrational is on at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, until the 6th December. The retrospective will cover all periods of the director's career, and will culminate in a round table discussion at the Instituto Cervantes on 2nd December

Students
come not
expecting
the films to
be so funny

Documentary corner: *The Cove*

Ben Collier
Writer

Much like *Bowling for Columbine*, our featured film of last week, *The Cove* stands as a masterful example of a documentary with a message. A renowned critical darling, the film boasts countless awards, including the Academy Award for 'Best Documentary Feature'. Despite being heavily one-sided, it is a near-perfect example of how to produce an informative, campaign-based documentary. While many films of a similar vein often end up incredibly dull and repetitive in their preachiness, *The Cove* keeps the viewer engaged, and has more than just dry facts to keep us hooked.

The documentary covers, in painful detail, the issue of dolphin drive hunting and whaling in Japan. More specifically, it focuses on an isolated cove in Taiji where every year thousands of dolphins are captured and either taken to be sold or slaughtered for meat. The main character, of sorts, is seen in Ric O'Barry who is famous for training the dolphins featured in

the television series *Flipper*, but has become somewhat of an eco-warrior following a series of upsetting experiences I won't spoil here. What gives this movie substance is the almost *Oceans Eleven*-esque feel of the narrative's main driving force. Much of the film is dedicated to the crew's efforts to covertly set up surveillance around the bay to record, for the first time, the slaughter of these dolphins.

An expert team is put together including an electronics professional from the Canadian Air Force and a Hollywood SFX artist who disguises the cameras. The crew is seen battling with intimidating and relentless Japanese fishermen who attempt to silence and scare them away. The editing, music, and camerawork all crescendo towards the final act in what is a perfectly crafted piece of suspenseful action storytelling – when we do eventually get to see the events of this cove, it's not easy to watch. Other parts of the film go about explaining various aspects of dolphin and whale activism, with talking points ranging from mercury poisoning, captivity in SeaWorld, and the Minamata-Disease scandal of the 1960s.



Fishers in the Taiji cove, where thousands of dolphins are slaughtered Photo Credit: STR/AFP

The Cove holds a place as one of very few documentaries that have made me question myself and the things I believe and do. When I first saw the film as part of a showing with the Wimbledon Film Club, the audience was treated to a

Q&A with a member of the Ocean Protection Society. One topic that came up during the discussion was the question of how, if someone is a meat-eater, could they oppose the killing of these dolphins? This question stuck with me then, and

has done so to this day. As a meat eater myself, this film was genuinely quite emotional and challenging to watch; I would recommend it to anyone interested in the topic, or indeed any aspects of animal welfare activism.

Imperial College
London



Don't give criminals a chance!

Smartphones contain valuable information and are at risk from thieves, viruses and malware attacks. But many lack basic security measures.

What to do:

- Use a PIN to restrict access
- Only install apps from trusted app stores (e.g. Google Play, Windows Store & App Store)
- Always keep your smartphone safe

Make sure you are protected. For more guidance to protect mobile devices, visit www.imperial.ac.uk/be-secure

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11 DECEMBER, SAF G16



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Wanna ruck?**





What went down at Dreamland?



This way to Dreamland. Photo Credit: Aiden Langan

Aiden Langan
Writer

Foals are one of the most legendary live bands of this generation in music. A bold statement, perhaps, but I honestly believe that to be the truth.

Travelling down to Margate on a wet day in November might seem odd, but the weirdest part of Foals'

new live experience was that it was played at Dreamland, a theme park on the coast.

Going on a few rides before the concert was a lot of fun (with the park only open to gig-goers); however, we were really here to see Foals.

Having headlined Alexandra Palace almost two years ago, they were returning to a much smaller venue, a roller disco room, to promote their new album. Opening

with 'Snake Oil', the crowd excitedly opened up a mosh pit. As the drum beat came in, it felt like a boxing match. Ding ding, round five.

The mosh pits stayed active throughout the gig, with the energy of the crowd and the band never lapsing. Even calmer songs, such as 'Blue Blood' from *Total Life Forever*, caused mass singalongs with the entire crowd screaming along.

'Give It All' slowed things down. Some bands put in slower and more melodic songs to make the crowd think later songs are heavier. Foals do not; they do so to prevent the crowd fainting from the madness.

'Providence' from *Holy Fire* was a particular highlight for me. The crowd went mad, and an audience member even chipped a tooth.

The gig calmed down again with one of Foals' greatest songs, 'Spanish Sahara'; a melodic masterpiece which continued to bring the crowd closer together. The band really showed their skill with frenzy-inducing solos.

It was beautiful as the whole

crowd sang, not just to the band but to each other. People hugged and emotion of the audience was overwhelming.

The crowd greeted Yanniss almost like a messiah

People kept dancing and moshing all the way up to, and including, 'Inhaler' from *Holy Fire*. The crowd danced and moshed harder than before. The band let rip with their instruments more than they had before. And then they left the stage;

eleven songs and they were gone.

Obviously, they returned for an encore. Dedicated to anyone who "won anything in the roulette shop." 'London Thunder' from the new album was played with more punch than on the record, with Yanniss Philippakis (lead singer, guitarist) initially playing solo.

Foals finished with two of their heaviest songs: starting with the title track from *What Went Down*. Yanniss crowdsurfed while still playing guitar, returned to the stage, and then went in again for another go. The crowd greeted Yanniss almost like a messiah.

'Two Steps, Twice' built up slowly over eight minutes. The crowd was still wild, only now beginning to tire. Yanniss had gone to the bar with his guitar, downing a shot in the process. The crowd reaches its climax and the concert finishes. Not one person left without a smile on their face.

I've said it before and I'll say it again: Foals are quite possibly the best live band in the UK.

TĀLĀ live at ICA



TĀLĀ blends her Iranian heritage with modern-style music. Photo Credit: TĀLĀ

Cale Tilford
Music Editor

Gracefully floating from synth to drums, TĀLĀ immediately made the stage her own, pouring every part of herself into her singing, lyrics and production.

The ICA often plays host to multidisciplinary artists, but TĀLĀ has honed a single craft, the ability

to reconstruct an electronic song single-handedly live on stage. There may have been some trickery behind the scenes; regardless, TĀLĀ showed how one woman can dominate a space and captivate an audience.

On her numerous EPs she explores pop music to its fullest. There are clear similarities to M.I.A., but TĀLĀ doesn't let this define her. She's more influenced by her own Iranian heritage than by the music

of her contemporaries.

As only her second live show, it was all the more impressive. Leaving the stage smiling, it was obvious that TĀLĀ was pleased with her performance.

TĀLĀ showed how one woman can dominate a space

'Enya Ayez (You Wish)' exclaims "I hope, I hope, that the whole world's watching." Give it a few years and the whole world will be under her spell.

MS MR



A brilliant performance with lackluster vocals. Photo Credit: Cale Tilford

It's rare to find a band with such mesmerising on-stage chemistry. Last Tuesday at Electric Brixton, MS MR brought their dynamic live show to London.

Lead singer Lizzy Plapinger's genuine excitement was evident in her sweat and tears; her presence put the audience in a state of awe. It was difficult not to gaze at her as she sparkled across the stage in her glittery playsuit.

With performances that are as energetic as this, it's forgivable that the vocals are drowned out and breathy. The catchy synths and bombastic drums were a little more pleasing than Plapinger's middling vocals. But when compared to the recorded versions, many of the songs felt messy.

Only the best can balance a bold stage presence with an excellent live sound. Unfortunately, MS MR aren't quite there yet.

Union Page

Mental Health First Aid Training

Last year Mentality and Imperial College Union worked together to conduct research to identify the levels of stress and causes of poor mental health.

The results of the survey confirmed that there are high-levels of stress at Imperial and that poor mental health is commonplace.

As part of the recommendations of the report we are already seeing widespread changes being implemented across the training, including a redesign of Imperial's Welfare website, and a review of Student Support Services as well as an increase in the services being provided in some areas.

Imperial College Union wants to support students to be able to support their friends and classmates. As part of this we are offering Mental Health First Aid Lite training. The training will give students the skills to identify the discrimination surrounding mental health issues, define mental health and some common mental health issues, relate to people's experiences and look after your own mental health.

The training would usually cost £30, but Imperial College Union is contributing to subsidise the training to just £12. To find out more and book your space go to:

imperialcollegeunion.org/news/mental-health-first-aid



Saturday 21 November sees the Imperial College Climate Symposium

In the footsteps of the London Climate Forum, we have planned an exciting lineup of interactive workshops and talks that will give you the opportunity to engage with our speakers.

Leading thinkers from politics, academia, industry, think tanks and social movements will come together to present their innovative approaches to the climate change issue.

Find out more and buy your tickets at:

imperialcollegeunion.org/climatetickets



What do you want from a Union app?



We are looking into launching an app for your phone and we need your help. More and more of you are accessing our website using your mobile phone or tablet and, whilst we are working on making our website more mobile friendly, we also want to talk to you all about what you might want from a Union app.

We have some ideas already, but what we really want is for you to let us know what you would want. We also want your feedback as to how we should make the app. We know there budding developers out there who might want to help us out!

Let us know what you would want from a Union app at:

imperialcollegeunion.org/unionapp



Demo Dump Volume Three

Cale Tilford
Music Editor

Bigger, better and even more critical. Welcome to the all-new, expanded Demo Dump. One voice is no longer enough, so this week I grabbed anyone and everyone who stumbled into the FELIX office and forced them to listen to the demos you sent in.

We've had submissions from across Imperial this week: maths freshers, second year chemists and even someone doing an MSc in Neurotechnology (what a clever bunch). Anyone you sit next to in a lecture could be a secret, moderately-good musician.

If you haven't sent your demos in yet, please do! Even if it isn't that great, we'll try to be as nice as possible (we often like to give contrasting opinions). And if it's good, we'll probably still be mean, but at least someone will have listened to your music.



Photo Credit: Willie Rush

Cylink

This week's anonymous guest critic had a lot to say about **Cylink** and his EP *Dreams*. I'm not sure all of it was fair.

D'annyG provides clean vocals on 'We Don't Stop' which turn a well-produced (but rather predictable) deep house track into something special.

'Peace of Mind', on the other hand, is brilliantly cinematic. It's a massive contrast to the other tracks on the EP, and I'm not sure how



Photo Credit: Cylink

well it fits in.

'Dreams feat. Kefei Hu' is bold and bombastic, an absolute banger.

'Basskick' is a bit too over the top, following many of the tropes of the house genre. Cylink has tagged his music as 'Progressive House,' and this is the track least worthy of this description. It's a poor attempt at making a club-worthy anthem.

After listening to 'We Don't Stop feat. D'annyG', my guest critic dived deep into their past: "This one time I took an overnight ship from Grimsby to the Hook of Holland and it was only, like, old people on board. I went into the sort of nightclub bit and it was

I would have banged it out. It would have genuinely been my jam

just completely empty. I had a free drinks token so I went a got a beer and this sounds like the sort of music that was on loop."

On 'Piece of Mind' they said "This one's alright, I would listen to this." At this point I told my guest to move onto the next artist, but they insisted on listening to more. Apparently, if 'Dreams feat. Kefei Hu' came on in the club "(he) would most definitely turn up."

For what?

Reminiscing once again, they told

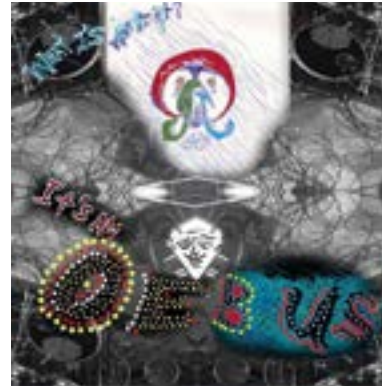


Photo Credit: Oebus

us that "If 'Basskick' was released seven years ago when I was like 14 or 15, I would have banged it out. It would have genuinely been my jam."

It looks like Cylink now has a fan.

Available on SoundCloud

Willie Rush

'Epilogue' is an ambient, jazzy single. It starts of as simple chill-step, with a synth undulating in the background. At about the minute mark, a cheesy sampled saxophone comes in and the track begins to open up. It gently relaxes back into the ambient tones of the beginning, with soft piano chords, before climaxing once again with a cheeky sax.

While it may be little rough around the edges, it's still a good effort and perfect for a chilled night in. Pick up a beer (or other alcoholic beverage of your choice), and sit back and chill with 'Epilogue'.

One voice in the FELIX office was

A cheesy sampled saxophone comes in and the track begins to open up

less kind: "There were odd chords, a weird dissonance, which came out of the blue in a not pleasant to listen to way."

Available on SoundCloud



Next week this could be your demo!

Oebus

It's all looking up for **Oebus**.. After a touring the campus over the last year (even playing a gig in Metric), they now find themselves in the pages of FELIX.

A few weeks ago they released their alt-funk-rock EP, *It's an Oebus*.

I'll forgive the flat production, because their music is seriously groovy.

A few weeks ago I reviewed the new Guitar Hero (you should read

It's all looking up for these guys, they've even played a gig in Metric

FELIX's game section once in a while, it's great), and many of their songs provide the catchy and skilled guitars that would be perfect for the game.

I enjoyed 'Hazard Perception' the least out of the four tracks; their attempt at singing along with the beat of the bass guitar and drums felt far too forced.

Give them a year or two and they'll be great.

Mystery guest number two said this about the EP: "It's sounds like someone is trying to imitate Jack White, but is 19." I'm not really sure what he meant.

Available on Bandcamp

FELIX's ears are bleeding! Send us the cure.



Send demos to
music.felix@imperial.ac.uk



FELIX's Mercury Prize picks



In Colour Jamie xx

Times', and presumably, not in the eyes of the Mercury Music Prize people.

The flabbergasting combo of Jamie Smith, dance hall A-lister **Popcaan**, **Young Thug** and **The Persuasions**' 'Good Times' made for a track that has the gusto to support the whole album, and potentially win Jamie the prize. When some of the original Persuasions members heard the sampled track, on hearing lines like Thug's 'I'm-a ride that pussy like a stroller', one exclaimed, "wow, times have changed, man!" but they still expressed a desire to perform at

some point with Jamie.

"If they're going on tour, I'd like to go out with them." Can you imagine?

But I wonder, while Jamie's sipping Ka with Young Thug, do The xx really support him in his solo endeavours as their Instagram posts suggest? Are the others really all off pursuing separate projects, or are they the Kelly and Michelle to his **Beyonce**? While Beyonce may be the leader of the free world, no one can say 'question' without me thinking, 'tell me how you feel about me'. Similarly, although 'Loud

Places' was your track of Summer '15, 'Crystallised' will always be the song you lost your virginity to.

This album, catchy though it is, was inconsistent, but when the best stuff is this good, it doesn't matter. As Jamie's first length solo record, it was a masterpiece in execution of a wide-spread appeal, boys in ironic Adidas, white people at carnival vibe. Which isn't bad; white people can go to carnival. Maybe the fact that any song on the album could quite comfortably be the backing track on your GoPro filmed gap yah video montage is a good thing.

His sampling of old rave vids, the notable downer on some tracks and lack of lyrics on others, makes for an album you just turn up Spotify's twelve second fade option on, and play all night. 'Obvs' and its joyful rooftop steel drums as folks arrive, 'Good Times' as the party heats up, the ethereal 'The Rest Is Noise' as the hangers on refuse to leave, and his xx bandmate Romy's 'Loud Places' as a kind of hipster 'Mr Brightside' that you all sing along to before collapsing or going home. It really is an album of the people.

GRACE RAHMAN

Oh Jamie, you can do no wrong. Not in my eyes, the eyes of anyone who went outdoors this summer who was inundated with your invariably uplifting 'Good



Are You Satisfied? Slaves

couple of years ago, Slaves have since experienced massive success that their contemporaries (such as **Hookworms** and the sorely missed **Wet Nuns**) can only marvel at, headlining large dirty clubs and weirdly signing to Virgin EMI (but then not every band can release a massive hit single like "Where's Your Car Debbie").

The appeal of Slaves' debut album is pure fun. Dirty, spiky guitar riffs swirl amongst simple drumming punctuated by shouty Frank Carter-esque (post **Gallows**) vocals. The choruses to all the songs show great gang vocals adding to the

A band playing sloppy garage rock is never going to be consistent

energy and live feel of the album. Minimalism is a prevailing theme throughout, which adds to the playful (but slightly aggressive) attitude. The riffs are distorted and uncomplicated whilst the drums are sparse and tribal. The lyrical content follows the same theme; you'll find no over-complicated or pretentious lyrics from the twin vocalists here, just shouty calls to dance.

The first single of this album 'Cheer Up London' (with the bratty refrain of "You're dead already! Dead! Dead! Already") is the best this album can deliver, exhibiting catchy choruses and tongue-in-

cheek lyrics. Sure, this album's not wall-to-wall bangers, but it is about three songs too long (and that's being kind) with songs like 'She Wants Me Now' and 'Wow!!!7AM' really falling short. Let's be honest, a band playing sloppy garage rock is never going to be consistent.

This album is a worthy winner of the Mercury Prize. The album is fun and doesn't take itself too seriously; it's easily the best release this year from the British rock scene (on this short list at least). This award could go to some obscure arty album, but where would the fun be in that?

ROB GARSIDE

Slaves' *Are You Satisfied?* getting nominated for a Mercury Prize is pretty weird, but then the Tunbridge Wells garage rock two-piece **Slaves** are far from ordinary. Playing dirty basements only a

Syro Aphex Twin

Syro sounds isolated from the present. There are clear similarities to **Burial**'s recent work (although

it never sounds as dark), but it feels more like a throwback. Which isn't surprising given that the album was recorded over a number of years.

Seamlessly shifting from one track to another, *Syro* morphs between sub-genres in over 64 minutes of music. From ambient to glitch and techno, all are executed expertly.

'minipops 67 [120.2][source field mix]' was the first Aphex Twin track in 13 years, and it starts off the album with twinkling piano notes and disorientating vocals.

The wonky synths of 'produk 29 [101]' overlay a plodding bass while a ghostly female voice jabbars "Like, we were at that club / Fucking

house / Disgusting / Needy slut / Fucking whore." Although oddly disturbing, it's just one of many

Syro sounds isolated from the present

weird vocal samples on the album. The razor-sharp 's950tx16wasr10 [163.97][earth portal mix]' (at this point in the tracklist the titles are unpronounceable) bounces from acid to jungle, wobbling your mind in the process.

It's surprising that not a single record from his expansive career has ever been nominated for the award. Yet no figure has been more influential in modern electronic music. *Syro* proves that even after years of hiding in the shadows, no one can craft music as intelligently and flawlessly as Aphex Twin.

CALE TILFORD



From the depths of the deep web, **Aphex Twin** returned in late 2014 with *Syro*. 138 separate pieces of equipment come together, all in absolute harmony, to create an single soundscape. Nothing ever feels auxiliary or out of place.

Nothing ever feels auxiliary or out of place

FELIX MUSIC



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How Big, How Blue, How Beautiful Florence + The Machine

If you haven't heard of them, imagine a bunch of competent

She's
basically
Adele
with an
indie vibe

instrumentation, and some of the nicest singing you've ever heard. That's what you should expect from this album. Lots of critics have complained about the instrumentation, but that's never been one of their strengths. It's all decent, atmospheric, reverb-y whatever. It sounds alright.

The *point* is Flo. And Flo crushes it in a routine, almost mundane way. Back in the United States, we have a saying, "there are three certainties in life: death, taxes, and traffic jams on I-93." If there was a fourth, I guess it would be Florence turning in a pitch-perfect performance.

The lyrics are poignant. Her vocal control is excellent. Her vibrato is

The vocals
are the point,
and Flo's
vocals are on
point

stunning. She's basically Adele with an indie vibe.

I've looked hard for one, but there isn't a flaw with her performance. Like I mentioned earlier, the only criticism that actually lands is about the instrumentation. C'mon. It's the Mercury Awards. Not to knock Ghostpoet, but his critically-acclaimed early work was probably composed by a Casio calculator or something.

At the end of the day, the vocals are the point, and Flo's vocals are on point.

HENRY ESHBAUGH



Hairless Toys Róisín Murphy

in the right place, each guitar riff timed to complete perfection. And yet dangerous emotional currents lie beneath the calm surface. Like someone trying to hold things together following a personal crisis, there is the sense that *Hairless Toys* could come crashing down at any minute.

Murphy affords us precious few insights into this maelstrom, but there are moments where the mask slips: 'Uninvited Guest', a funky number reminiscent of early **Grace Jones**, spirals out of control, the base groove unravelling into a dreamy whispered sequence,

with warm vocals swirling around Murphy's core; during the second half of the nine-and-a-half-

Hairless Toys
could come
crashing
down at any
minute

minute 'exploitation', lyrics cut out in favour of an instrumental breakdown, drums overlapping each other in a form of unpredictable randomness. In 'Hairless Toys (Gotta Hurt)' Murphy's delicate cooing is ensconced within a cloak of stabbing synths before being completely subsumed, the lyrical content rendered nonsense by a wall of icy sound. But like a Baroque composer, Murphy manages to regain control, ending on a note of harmony. From dissonance comes resonance, and resolution.

The turning point of *Hairless Toys* comes not in the middle of the

album, but about four minutes from the end: during 'Unputdownable', where Murphy compares a lover to a favourite book, the chilly synths and claves are suddenly cut through with a burst of acoustic guitar, completely blindsiding us. It's a sign that, even after 50 minutes of *Hairless Toys* and 20 years in the business, **Róisín Murphy** has not lost the power to surprise. 'And when at last I turn to the end/I turn back to page one and again/pour over every word' she sings – a perfect attitude towards this remarkable album, one to return to, again and again.

FRED FYLES



My Love Is Cool Wolf Alice

EPs and tour around the country, gaining fans along the way. In June of this year, **Wolf Alice** released

A flag-waving
spearhead
for new
upcoming
British bands

their debut studio album *My Love Is Cool*, reaching a peak of number two in the UK album charts. The album has received positive reviews and features chart topping singles.

To reach where they are presently, Wolf Alice have come far in a relatively short span of time. From their early folk acoustic style, they have transformed into an off-kilter rock band, incorporating post-grunge themes.

Ever-present on the UK tour and festival scene, they deliver solid performance after solid performance, mesmerising crowds with the soothing voice of lead singer Ellie Rowsell. Lulling their

audiences into a false sense of indie-cradled security, the band then swerve into a ruthless and

They have
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into an off-
kilter rock
band

unanticipated riff-filled thrash pop hell.

This kind of unpredictability is rare and ever increasingly desirable in new music, which is why *My Love Is Cool* has done so well achieving this Mercury Prize nomination.

Not only is the music of Wolf Alice a new and unique fusion, but the band itself is a flag-waving spearhead for new upcoming British bands.

It only makes sense that this young and vibrant quartet are awarded the 2015 Mercury Music Prize.

PETER MUNTON

This four-piece grunge rock band from North London splashed onto the music scene back in 2013 with a fresh sound described as the love child of folk and grunge. Their unique combination saw them release a number of successful



National Theatre revives banned classic

Waste exposes the hypocrisy of Victorian morality and remains relevant today

Max Falkenberg
Arts Editor

Waste is true to the name, a play about dashed hopes and broken dreams. It's a damnably English affair.

Banned in 1906, it has, in parts, relaxed gently into middle age. The back story – a political scheme to cut the British church and state apart – would struggle to move many outside the back end of Belfast.

Waste is one great shout against that system, and the petty class tribalism that accompanies it



Charles Edwards as Henry Trebell. This guy looks serious. Photo Credit: Johan Persson

But focusing on the setting and the antics of our anti-hero, career politician and cold-blooded atheist, Henry Trebell (Charles Edwards), would be a mistake.

The doomed relationship between Trebell and the wily, married Amy O'Connell (a sparkling Olivia Williams) is a summary of the plot – and a side note. His first and last, it barely makes it beyond a one night stand.

However, things roll along smoothly enough from here – and we follow the consequences of this illicit affair, until Trebell is left a purposeless, broken man.

That said, seeing *Waste* as just another Victorian fable about the ruin of idle sex would be as sloppy as the backstreet abortion that exposes our loveless couple. The real punch of the comment here is the reverse. *Waste* is one great shout against that system, and the petty class

tribalism that accompanies it. The 'system' is the only real character ever on stage. Personal details are irrelevant and the story arc is obvious. It's the crazy mechanics of the political downfall that this play speaks about. However, *Waste* is a bemused caricature of a system of double standards that is somehow stable, but run on a completely fake, theatrical morality. We come away with a certainty, that to a man, this is a cast of hypocrites. Trebell's executioners – a pluck of adulterers, a pinch of monied holiness are as guilty as he. Being right is simply a case of not being caught.

In that sense, it's as sharp today as when the ink dried. Lord Horsham, anxious and waiting, pale faced for Mr. O'Connell could be Gordon Brown on the night of the expenses scandal – or Henry Trebell a Nick Clegg of sorts (who was invited to

speak to the cast, but refused).

The National's, clean – even 'IKEA' like staging does an excellent job of emphasising this bigger picture.

There's a constant, brooding sense of mortality

The cast are swamped by the space of it – little toy cogs in the great big messy engine of politics. It looks – in a way that isn't cheap – as if it all might be packed up and swept away in an instant. There's a constant,

brooding sense of mortality to it. As the play puts it, "Either life is too little a thing to matter or it's so big that such specks of it as we may be are of no account." The effect is marred only by some fairly clunky screen transitions (blackouts in all but name) that give the whole thing a disconcerting hint of punch and Judy. In theme maybe, but it's a killer for the pace.

Actress Sylvestra Le Touzel deserves special mention as the motherly, bumbling sister to Edward's Trebell. A character which could so easily become unbelievable and fluffy – noise to be drowned out by Trebell's thunderous idealism or the sleaze around him, Touzel manages a set of wonderfully balanced monologues. In the space of a scene we are moved – (in a way that goes so lightly on the mozzarella you might miss it) – to

take as a brother a man who has never known how to love. It's very careful work – to be strong in this eggshell, pitiable kind of way, is a hard balance to hold.

Above all, *Waste* reminds me of two things. It's a challenge not to accept convention for convention's sake. Crucially, it's a reminder that we shouldn't take change for granted. Progress is not always inevitable. Perhaps we have pushed back some of Granville's demons, but the fact his words are still sharp, living things today is warning enough. Ultimately, he tells us, we should not bind ourselves or turn away from the truth. As Trebell, that dead, broken idealist would say – "The fear of life is the beginning of all evil".

Until 19th March at the National
Tickets from £15



Birth, death, and the messiness in between

Morgen und Abend throws us into a man's existence, and beyond with mixed results



Charles Edwards and Olivia Williams in *Waste*. Photo Credit: Alastair Muir/Rex

Emiel de Lange
Writer

Where words leave off, music begins", said the poet Heinrich Heine. *Morgen und Abend*, a new opera by Austrian composer Georg Friedrich Haas, attempts to go where words cannot and follows a man, Johannes, into existence and beyond into death. Although death (together with love) is one of those ubiquitous themes in opera, it is usually the act of dying rather than the experience of being dead. This opera then promises a new kind of musical experience.

Indeed, *Morgen und Abend* is unlike anything you are likely to have heard before, and at key moments it is spectacularly

Long sustained notes, and glissandi in the strings shift between light and dark, creating flawless soundscapes

successful. As Johannes is born into the world, it almost seems as if the fabric of the universe is being pulled and stretched, as if to accommodate his new consciousness. Long sustained notes, and glissandi in the strings create hallucinogenic textures, shifting between light and dark. An unseen choir gives the sense of something great occurring. Although the orchestra produces these soundscapes flawlessly, such magical moments are heard only a handful of times. As the plot seems to concern itself with mundanities for large stretches, the music often feels reduced in its significance, or even unnecessarily hefty.

As with the music, Fosse's Joycean script at times provides the pure sensation of birth and death, stuttering long strings of descriptive words and noises to great effect. But it is all too often distracted

by irrelevant details, attempting to create logical consistencies or perhaps just filling time. For example; that Peter has been sent back as Johannes's best friend in order to guide him into death adds nothing to our understanding, and in fact feels rather more like the sort of supernatural explanation found in a young adult novel. There are deeper problems too. Though titled "*Morgen und Abend*", morning and evening, the morning scene depicting Johannes's birth is just a short introduction to the interminably long evening in which we watch as Johannes painstakingly comes to understand what the audience has long realised – that he is dead.

Visually, we are presented with a suitably minimal and grey tableau. Important objects are strewn about: a door, a bed, a fishing boat. These

are used sparingly, with a further layer of symbolism being attached to them each time. The door becomes a gateway between worlds and times, the boat on which he used to fish becomes the vessel to carry him off. We seem to be in a timeless space, moving backwards and forwards as we hop through the chronology of Johannes's memory. More use could have been made of the visual metaphors suggested in the text, such as the ocean being the vast realm of death – instead we are left

Fosse's Joycean script provides the pure sensation of birth and death

to imagine these against the white backdrop on stage. One lighting trick at the end really impressed me, seemingly setting everything on stage into relief as if in stone and emphasising the permanence of death.

The small cast of singers and actors did very well in performing such difficult music. In particular Sarah Wegener, in the role of Signe, was forced to grapple with microtones. However, despite this, *Morgen und Abend* doesn't quite meet the weight of its subject matter. A few uniquely profound moments here and there almost rescue the plot's strange occupation with more mundane matters. For some, it may be more interesting to read Ludwig Wittgenstein's ideas on death in the programme notes. Perhaps better for the Royal Opera to heed his advice; "Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent".

Until 28th November at the Royal Opera House
Tickets from £5



Stand up stars raise money for refugees

Greg Davies and friends perform at the Apollo to help UNHCR and Action Aid

Indira Mallik
Arts Editor

Last Wednesday, a constellation of comedy stars performed at the **Eventim Apollo's** one off *Stand Up in Action* benefit to raise money for Action-Aid and the UN Refugee Agency (UNHCR), the charities providing aid in response to the global refugee crisis.

The night included routines by Jo Brand (Getting On, GBBO An Extra Slice), Jack Whitehall (Fresh Meat, Bad Education), Russell Howard (Russell Howard's Good News), Reginald D Hunter (Reginald D Hunter's Songs of the South), and Dara O'Briain (Mock the Week) amongst others.

It's a testament to the importance of the issue that the organisers were able to put together such a famous line up.

Greg Davies (Man Down, The Inbetweeners) acted as host, regaling the audience with short anecdotes, previously included in

his Edinburgh Festival show 'Firing Cheeseballs' at a Dog audience favourites included 'The S&M Dog' and the various tales of 'Rachel the Slag' in between acts.

Reusing old material was the common theme, unsurprising since the whole gig was organized in three weeks. Russell Howard stole the show with a set combining righteous political anger with stories about his mum, all delivered with a brilliant comedic timing, mix

Russell Howard stole the show with political anger and stories about his mum

familiar to fans of Russell Howard's Good News.

Most of the comics played it safe, perhaps mindful that they were performing to raise money for charity and not to create headlines (and ticket sales) with outrageous view. Reginald D Hunter, no stranger to controversy, seemed not to have got the memo; his jokes seemingly justifying the actions of Bill Cosby deservedly fell flat.

The night is estimated to have made over £100,000 funds both Action Aid and UNHCR desperately need in order to help relieve the suffering of refugees crossing Europe's borders and remaining in the Middle East.

Action Aid has focused its efforts on Syrian refugees in Jordan and Lebanon, and is also giving out information to refugees arriving by boat to Lesbos. The UNHCR have deployed emergency personnel to provide safety to refugees travelling through Europe, and has helped over 60 million displaced people across the world.



Greg Davies hosted the night. Photo Credit: greddavies.co.uk

Home is so Sad

Philip Larkin

Home is so sad. It stays as it was left,
Shaped to the comfort of the last to go
As if to win them back. Instead, bereft
Of anyone to please, it withers so,
Having no heart to put aside the theft

And turn again to what it started as,
A joyous shot at how things ought to be,
Long fallen wide. You can see how it was:
Look at the pictures and the cutlery.
The music in the piano stool. That vase.



Science Editor pops Shakespearean cherry

The Royal Shakespeare Company's *Henry V* at the Barbican surprises and delights

Lef Up
Science Editor

Although I can't say I've ever been called uncultured, I'm still a cultural virgin in many respects. I've never gone to the ballet, and my last brush with opera resulted in a 3rd act power nap (it was four hours long and in French, just saying). I've also never picked up Shakespeare, let alone sat through one of his plays. So when Max procured a ticket for *Henry V*, I took the opportunity and popped my Shakespearean cherry. As expected it was dramatic. (Zing!)

Many of the cast's comedic performances were stellar, extracting copious amounts of laughter from the audience, particularly adorably funny Oliver Ford Davies as Chorus, Joshua Richards as a chatter-boxy Fluellen and Jennifer Kirby as an infantile, alas delightful Katherine.

Most other French parts were also hilarious, albeit borderline offensive. But it's a play about the English ripping the French a new one, written in 1599, so I guess I'll let it slide. The audience certainly did, as during their performances LOLs echoed all round and for a few brief moments, we were transformed back to Shakespearean times, where this play would have been executed in front of nasty hecklers and gangs of riff raff, busy heaving, shoving, winking and smiling. Good times.

Music, costumes, sets and effects were similarly brilliant and really



There's something awfully disconcerting about this image – why no real horse? Photo Credit: RSC

added to the experience.

But performances of the more serious dramatic roles, particularly that of *Henry V*, performed by Alex Hassel, were surprising. Sure, I'm not a Shakespeare buff, (even though I'll have you know I have watched both *Shakespeare in Love*, and *Anonymous*, so I'm somewhat of an expert). I was, however, expecting a rendition of king Henry as strong, mighty, possibly sporting

a mohawk, kicking ass and taking names, you know, oozing national pride. Instead I saw a childlike psychopath, voice breaking every so often, going through emotional states like a nymphomaniac through sets of linen. His performance made *Henry V* seem dark, twisted and possibly a bit unhinged, which is a far cry from what I assume Shakespeare was aiming for when creating the character, given that

probably would have been a capital crime back in good ol' Elizabethan England.

But I personally liked it, finding it an accurate depiction of monarchy.

So, if you'd like to see a play *SPOILER ALERT* about a young royal sociopath who gets so angry after receiving a box of tennis balls from the French prince that he decides to declare war on said prince's kingdom, which he

somehow miraculously wins and proceeds to awkwardly court and marry the French princess (who I think is also his cousin?), then this is the play for you.

Verdict: 7/10 hobnobs*

*Yes, hob and nob first came together in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* – Thanks, Internet.

Until 24th January at the Barbican
Tickets from £5 for under 25's

The PHOENIX IS BACK !

est. 1887

The final issue of this term's *FELIX* will feature the Autumn 2015 issue of *The Phoenix* (hopefully) jam packed full of the best arty things Imperial has to offer. We're looking for paintings, photographs, poetry, or short stories.

Send in your work to arts.felix@ic.ac.uk by 29th November.

Imperial College London



Student Support Fund

If you suddenly find yourself in **financial difficulties** or experience an unexpected change in circumstances, you may be eligible to apply for **emergency financial help** through the Student Support Fund.

**CONTACT THE STUDENT
FINANCIAL SUPPORT TEAM
TO FIND OUT MORE:**

+44 (0)20 7594 9014

Student Hub, Level 3,
Sherfield Building

www.imperial.ac.uk/fees-and-funding



felix@imperial.ac.uk

Writing as a release

Jawaad Farooq
Writer

Off the back of the Met office announcement on Monday that the climate is about to pass the one-degree threshold for global warming, I sat at my desk trying to write a coherent piece about the subject. As I typed away on my laptop, making notes from articles and reading up on the subject I asked myself – “what about the climate?” Everyone who is anyone with any real information knows climate change is happening so what more is there to write about? I lay my palms on the table and sigh– the research hadn’t given me the momentum I hoped for, and now I had hit the proverbial cul-de-sac. I thought about the issue, read most of this month’s issue of the National Geographic magazine, solely dedicated to climate change, and sunk further into my chair. To sum up climate change discussions in a nutshell: interesting statistics, the science which proves climate change is occurring, utilising renewable energy sources, climate change’s impact, and initiatives to combat this. I knew the facts, but I didn’t really have much to say. I once heard someone comment that people who don’t make good writers are those that didn’t have anything to say. So I reflected – what could I say?

I asked myself why I was sitting trying to write but not finding much inspiration. And the answer? I like writing, but I was forcing it. I realised that of all the things that I’ve tried to do, writing has come most easily – it has always been a pleasure. It’s my experience with writing that I would like to share.

In this day and age where we’re so caught up in our own lives, under

We live in a time where depression is a big issue



If you find you quite like it, we have a place for you here at FELIX. Photo Credit: unsplash.com

the stress of deadlines, of work, jobs, job applications and constantly being plugged into our phones, it is important to find time for yourself. We’ve all been moulded to be cogs in the ‘system’ and arguably have had some of our creativity beaten out of us in the process.

But it’s creativity and imagination, and the effort to keep it alive that is the struggle. I would recommend writing for the very reason that it is a means to keep your imagination alive. It is a great stress reliever, where you’re able to take what’s on your chest, place it on paper and rid yourself of your burdens. In our lives it’s important to have coping mechanisms, but more importantly mechanisms to live sustainably and satisfactorily. Words are symbols which express our thoughts and feelings and there is a certain beauty in being able to say something and for people to know exactly what you mean. Sometimes these words help you understand what your thoughts when thinking about a subject or problem. Putting things down on paper can help you order your mind. It is also an attempt to give expression to thoughts and feelings you know, but can’t quite convey even to yourself. From my anecdotal experience, with regards to many people’s feelings or problems, it is being able to express them that legitimises them. Before, its expression it is simply a passing, unimportant thought, but when you hear or read it expressed you realise you had a legitimate point.

Writing it on paper can act as a stepping stone

Or you realise that you actually have a problem which needs to be dealt with.

We live in a time where depression is a big issue. Pressures at university can drive us up the wall. Having to cram information, trying to understand complex mathematics from PowerPoint slides, pressures of exams, friends and that is just within our own immediate life, let alone the evil and sadness caused by poverty, hunger, war, and racism among many other things. A lot of times we need a release in just talking about things but for one reason or another we can’t. Repression is the worst thing anyone can do because the frustration builds up. Seek help, but for your deepest secrets and thoughts which you’re not ready to reveal, writing it on paper can act as a stepping stone to getting professional help and talking about it. Having written it down, this can have the effect of helping you articulate your issue better. Sometimes you may think

people won’t take you seriously, but if you can explain your situation and feelings better it will help. At other times when you have an issue you know there is something wrong because you feel stressed or demotivated, but you crucially do not accept that something is wrong because you cannot express it. Writing can help in its expression and thus self-realisation of the issue. It’s certainly helped me to get things straight in my head, identify the source of issues and be able to articulate them correctly.

So I would recommend that you find a hobby, release or outlet. It may be sport, reading, arts and crafts, or something else entirely. But if you haven’t found one yet, or want to try something new, pick up a pen and maybe you’ll find writing is what you had been looking for the whole time.

Repression is the worst thing anyone can do

Mental health helplines and resources

If you are concerned about your own mental health or that of a loved one, there are people out there you can talk to who can give you advice, or who will be there to listen.

Helplines and Online Resources

If you are distressed and need someone to talk to:

Samaritans

Phone: 08457 90 90 90
(24 hour helpline)
www.samaritans.org.uk

For issues with anxiety:

Anxiety UK

Phone: 08444 775 774
(Mon-Fri 09:30-17:30)
www.anxietyuk.org.uk

No Panic

Phone: 0808 800 2222
(Daily 10:00-22:00)
www.nopanic.org.uk

For eating disorders:

Beat

Phone: 0845 634 1414
(Mon-Thurs 13:30-16:30)
www.b-eat.co.uk

For addiction:

Alcoholics Anonymous

Phone: 0845 769 7555
(24 hour helpline)
www.alcoholics-anonymous.co.uk

Narcotics Anonymous

Phone: 0300 999 1212
(Daily 10:00-midnight)
www.ukna.org

College Resources

Student Counselling Service

Phone: 020 7594 9637
Email: counselling@ic.ac.uk

Imperial College Health Centre

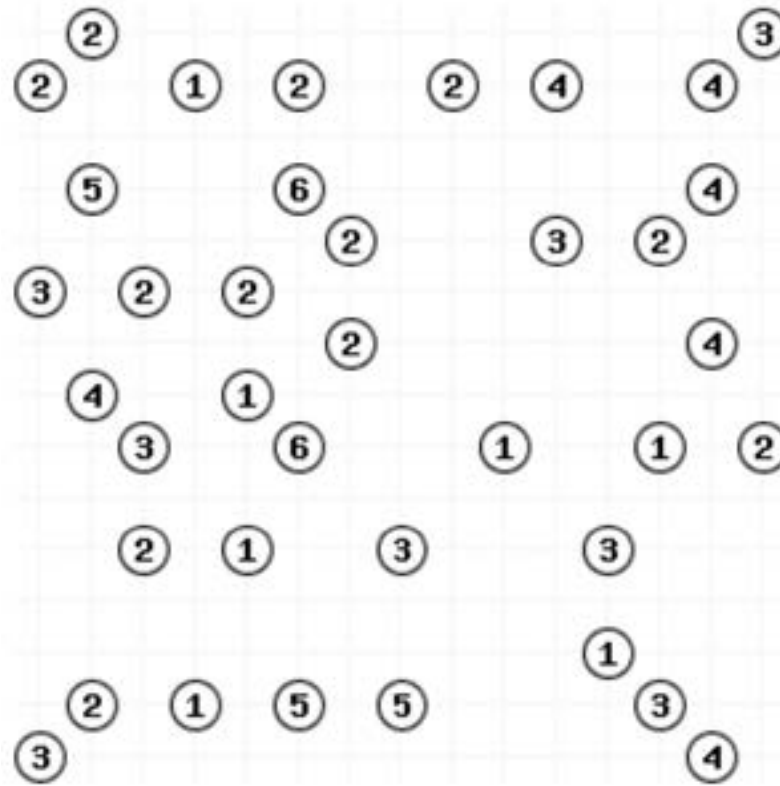
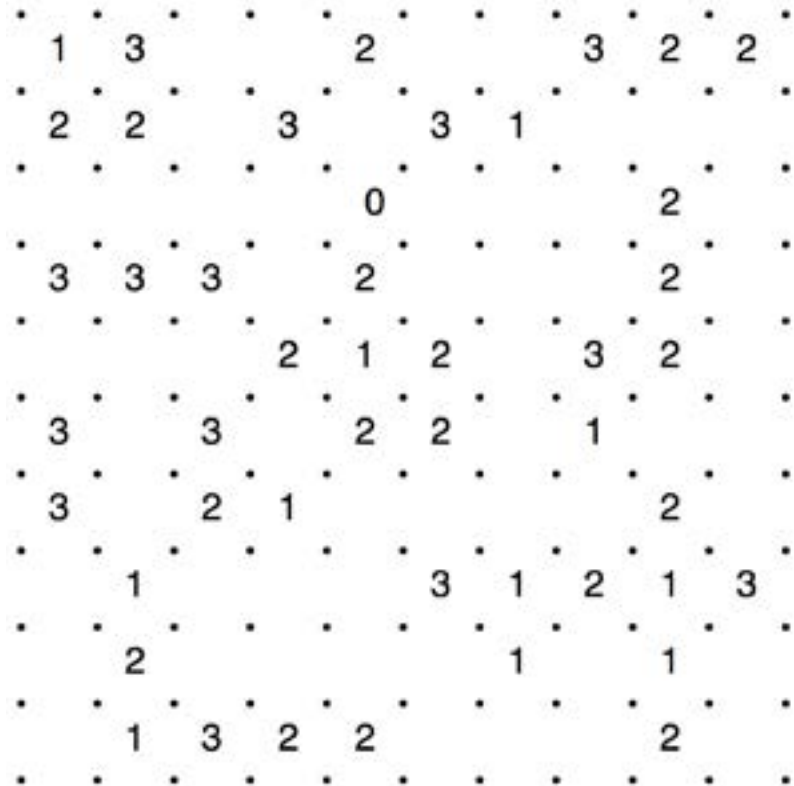
Phone: 020 7584 6301
Email: healthcentre@ic.ac.uk

You can also go to your academic or personal tutor regarding pastoral issues, especially if you think your mental health might be affecting your academic performance.

FELIX PUZZLES



fsudoku@imperial.ac.uk



Bridges

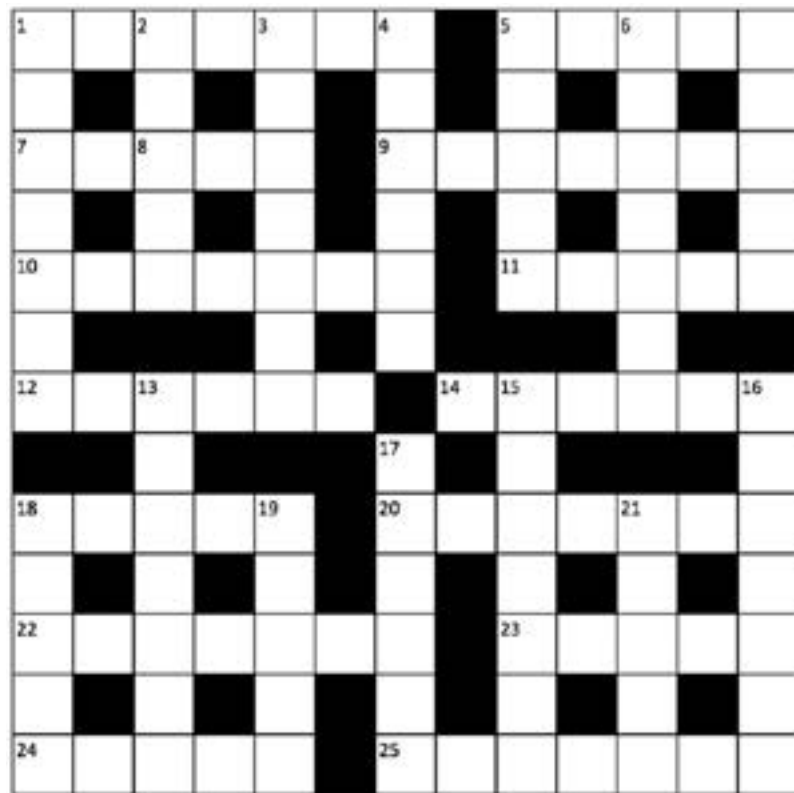
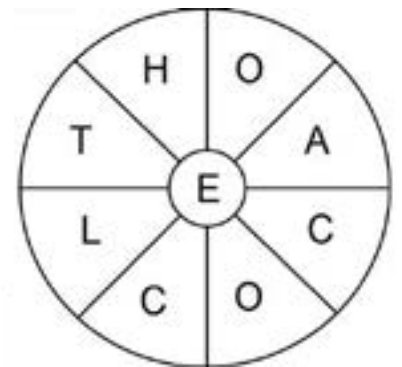
Connect all of the islands with horizontal and vertical bridges.

Bridges cannot cross islands or other bridges.

Up to two bridges can run alongside each other connecting a pair of islands.

The numbers indicate the number of bridges leaving the islands.

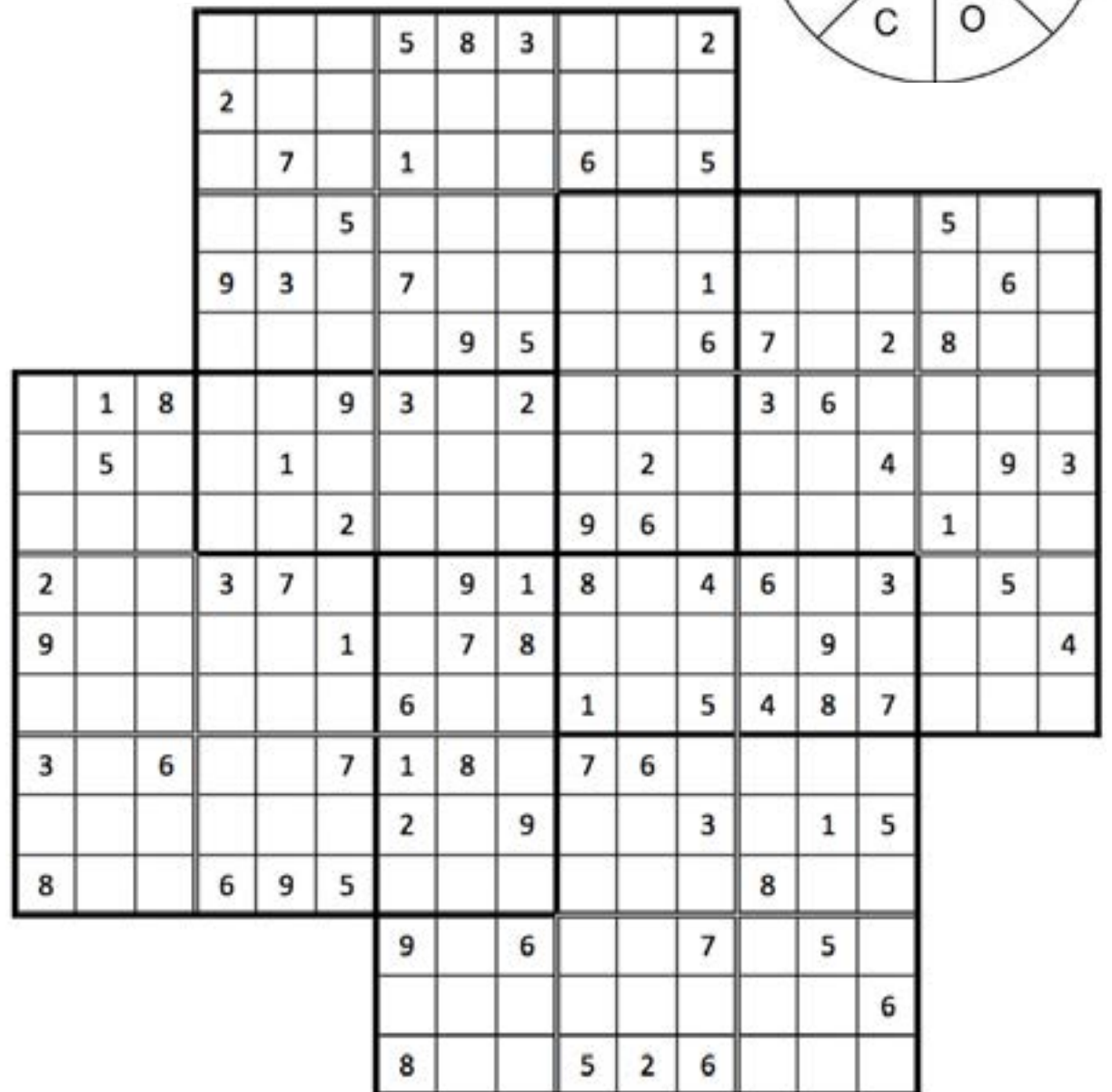
Word Wheel



Across

Down

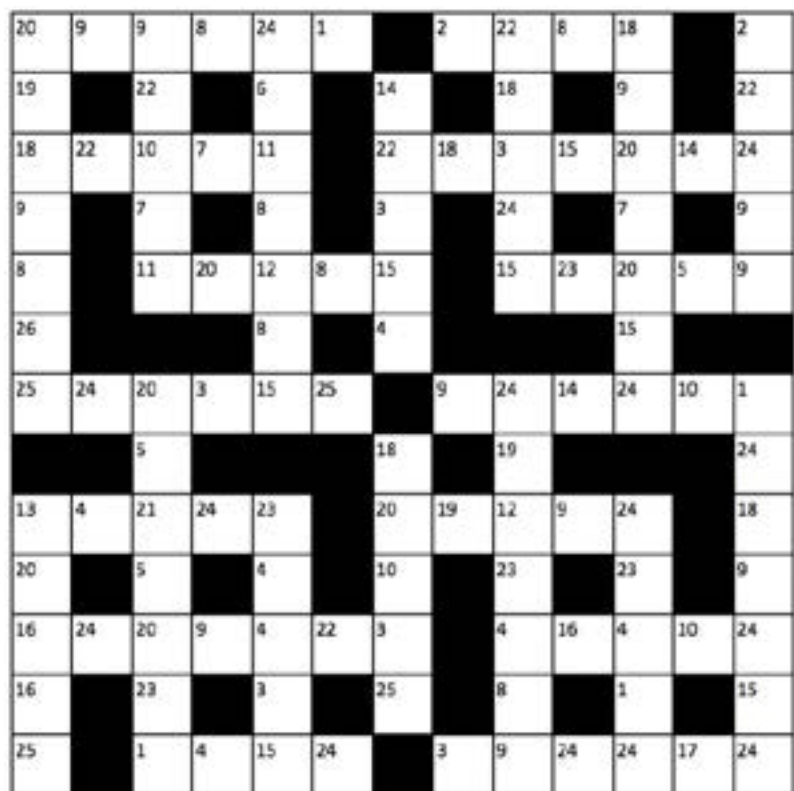
- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Furthermore (7) | 1. Equilibrium (7) |
| 5. Small cuts (5) | 2. Brief (5) |
| 8. Kings of the jungle (5) | 3. File (7) |
| 9. Carrion-eating bird (7) | 4. Ferocious (6) |
| 10. Zero (7) | 5. Polymer (5) |
| 11. Irregular fluctuations (5) | 6. Prudence (7) |
| 12. Whole (6) | 7. Scandinavian (5) |
| 14. Instantly (2,4) | 13. Underwater projectile (7) |
| 18. Smithy (5) | 15. Farm vehicle (7) |
| 20. Horizontal beam (7) | 16. As a group (2,5) |
| 22. Disinclination to accelerate (7) | 17. Capital of Canada (6) |
| 23. Cash registers (5) | 18. Dim (5) |
| 24. To trail baited lines (5) | 19. Praise highly (5) |
| 25. Brigade (anag.) (7) | 21. Substantial (5) |



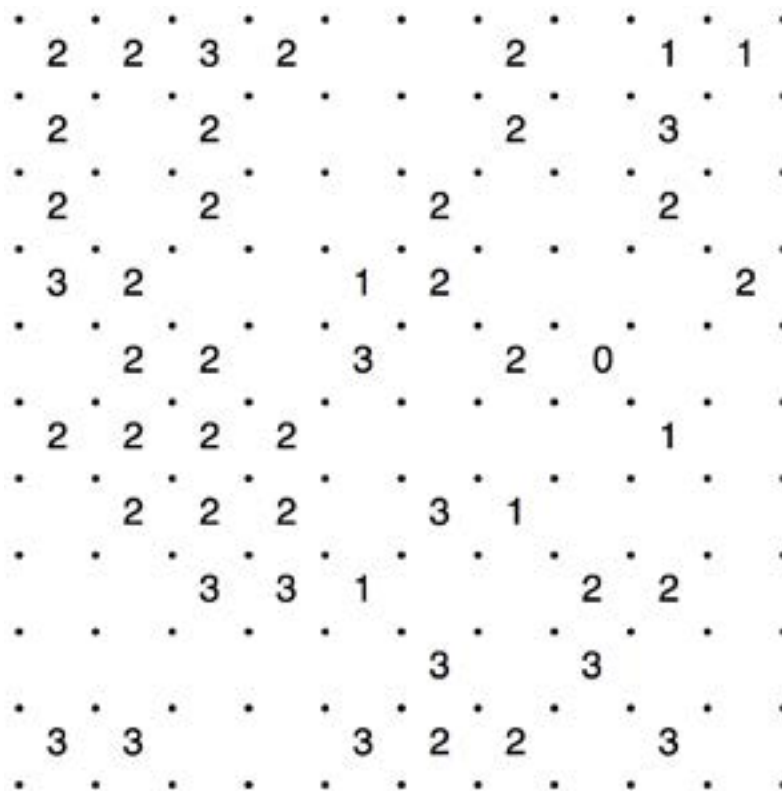
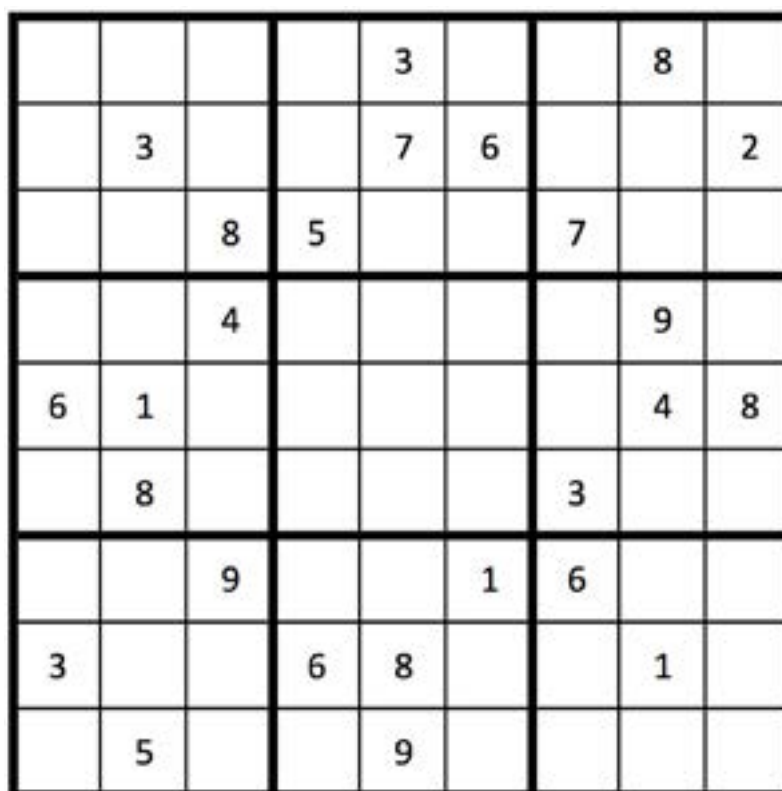
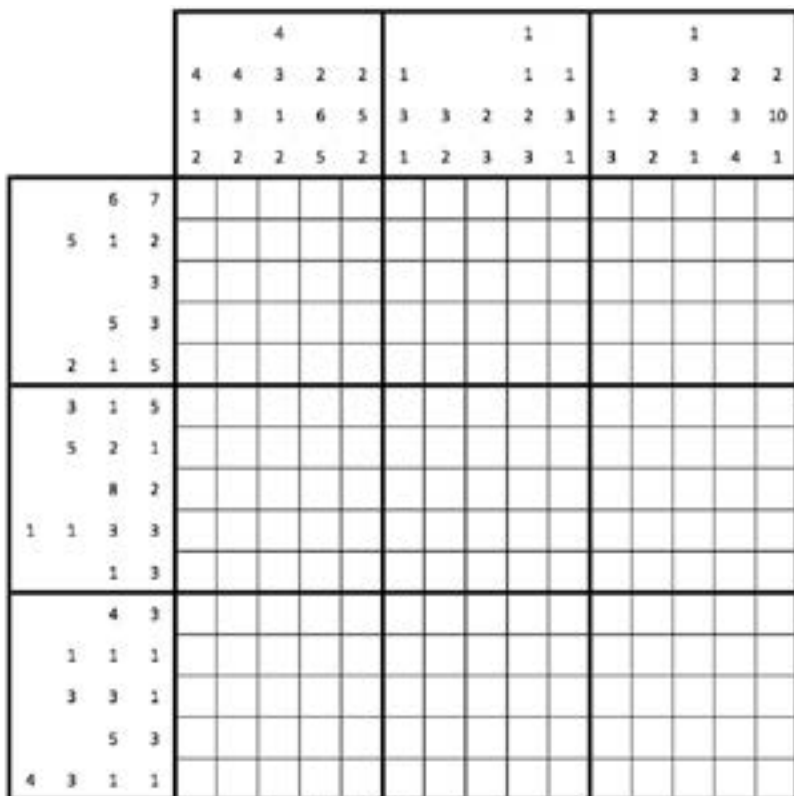
FELIX PUZZLES



fsudoku@imperial.ac.uk



1	Q	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	V	18	19	20	K	22	23	24	25	26



FUCWIT

Solo Efforts

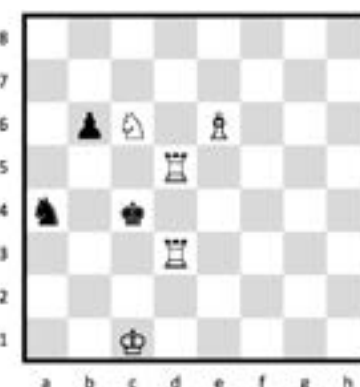
1 st	Nicholas Sim	57
2 nd	Cherry Kwok	56
3 rd	Greg Poyser	23
4 th	Ayojedi	18
5 th	Jan Xu	13
6 th	Harry Secrett	10
7 th	Ho Chin	7.5
8 th	Sach Patel	6
=9 th	Grace Chin	3
=9 th	Jeremy Ong	3

Groups

1 st	CP Fanclub	31
2 nd	Gap Yahhhh	28.5
3 rd	Parmesan	9.5

Points Available 20

Codeword	3
Sudoku	1
Nonogram	2
Slitherlinks	2
Chess	3
Brain Teaser	3
Crossword	2
Multi-sudoku	2
Bridges	2
Word Wheel	1



White to move.
Checkmate in 2 moves.

Brain Teaser

You have 25 horses that all race with different speeds, and a racecourse that accommodates up to 5 horses at once.

What is the minimum number of races needed to determine, in order, which are the three fastest horses?

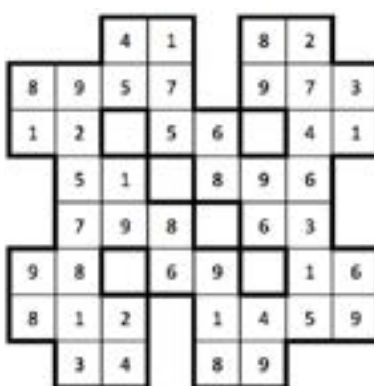
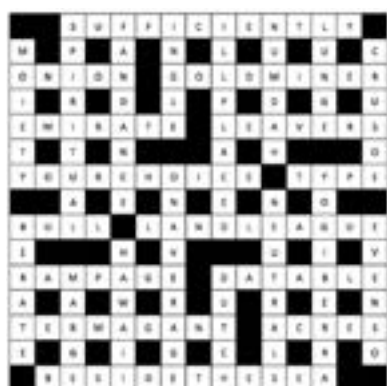
Solutions

Riddle Solutions

A mushroom.
He was walking.
B, because it always stays between AC.

Minionogram

A musketeer.



FELIX HANGMAN



hangman@imperial.ac.uk

NEWS WITHOUT THE NEWS



JEREMY ON JEREMY: "POLITICALLY NAIVE AND DOOMED TO FAIL"



PM RESPONDS TO REQUEST FOR RETURN OF KOH-I-NOOR TO INDIA

HOROSCOPES



ARIES

This week, you are the FELIX Editor. Yet again, you find yourself reprinting the same bloody images at the whim of Hangman. We'd say it sucks to be you, but you actually get paid to deal with our nonsense.



TAURUS

This week your Irish dance Horizons teacher is driven to the edge due to the fact you no longer reply to her emails, causing her to remove your legs so you are no longer allowed to dance. At least you can claim mitigating circumstances.



GEMINI

This week you are no longer allowed into FiveSixEight for some reason but due to inebriation you can't remember quite what. However, upon asking around you discover that you tried to have sex with the new tree in the quad.



CANCER

This week you try to go to a press screening of a new Russian ballet documentary in SoHo. However, you mistakenly go into brothel and it turns out that the Romanov Dynasty shows all extravaganza is not what you expected.



LEO

This week your routine of having a shower in halls at precisely 9pm is interrupted when you find that an impromptu orgy has been organised in the communal showers. Quite frankly you are just annoyed that you received no invitation.



VIRGO

This week you are convinced that you met the love of your life whilst visiting a friend at Loughborough University; however, all you can remember is that he was playing Danny from Grease so you tweet a nude to John Travolta in hope of being reunited.



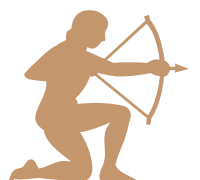
LIBRA

This week as horoscopes writer you realise how much you hate this fucking job. I mean no one even knows who I am? Bullshit. I spend like an hour on these. Some of these are even real so I've had to carefully write them to protect anonymity. Fuck you, FELIX.



SCORPIO

This week you (unlike most other Imperial students) get laid! Congratulations! The problem is you went out on the ACC sports night and are forced to go into your 9am labs in the outfit you wore the night before. Perhaps you shouldn't have dressed as the murdered quad tree.



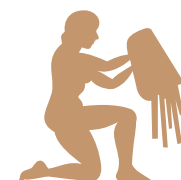
SAGITTARIUS

This week in an attempt to spice up your sex life with your partner you decide to order some saucy outfits as well as a litre of lube; however, you accidentally send it to your home address. You return at Christmas to you find the mango lube half empty.



CAPRICORN

This week you hope to finally have a threesome so you decide to post an advert on your course's Blackboard page. Most Physics boys are too scared at this concept so you only get one reply but unfortunately it's your thermodynamics lecturer.



AQUARIUS

This week you are very close to finishing your Mech Eng masters project and once it is done all of humanity will thank you. However, when you show it to your supervisor he doesn't think a robot that alerts you to when someone is going to walk in on you masturbating is a good idea.



PISCES

This week your housemate that spends every night at her boyfriend's is finally back but she seems to have aged dramatically. Turns out whilst she was away she had like 3 kids. Time flies when you're at Imperial, I guess.

Blue³

The weekly newsletter of the Faculty Building

Formerly 'Blue News'

Provost Post of the Week

Every week, we like to provide the opportunity for one of our wonderful Vice Provosts to write a short column on a topic of their choice. Providing our staff with the opportunity to communicate to the masses in such a highly respected organ as Blue³ is key to our continued commitment to staff development here in the Blue Cube. This week, we've asked the Vice Provost (Staff Management), Reese Huffle, to give us a few words!

Hi everybody!

I'm delighted to be able to take this opportunity to share a few words with all you magnificent workers of the Blue Cube, and I'd like to thank the boys (and girl!) in Comms for maintaining such a fantastic publication. I'd also like to thank Alice for giving me this prestigious slot, and I'm sure she won't be disappointed with what I've got to show you all!

Unfortunately, Reese was unable to complete his column due to an unexpected top-down reorganisation of his department. As a result of this organisational restructure, some minor down-sizing occurred, and Reese was regrettably shuffled off to another, lesser paid job in some other, less world-leading institution.

Due to Reese no longer being with us, we regret that we may have to cut this week's Provost Post somewhat shorter than we would like, and feel that this lack of commitment and willingness to see things through to the end, no matter what, is typical of Reese's attitude and perhaps indicative of why the time had come for him to be (forcibly) moved on.

Anyone with any queries or concerns over the recent staffing changes can of course get in touch with our staff complaints email address, disciplinaryproceedings@imperial.ac.uk.

Hello all,

Good morning, good afternoon and good evening, and welcome back to another wonderful issue of Blue³!

It's been a hectic week here in the Faculty Building, and I'm sure you can't wait to take the chance to de-stress, put your feet up in one of our specially-designed break-out areas, and catch up with all the latest news from across the Imperial campus (well, the important parts of it, anyway)!

After all the excitement of the Blue³ relaunch last week, everything was going to feel like a bit of an anti-climax, so we can understand any element of disappointment or feeling of diminishing returns you might get while perusing this week's copy, but rest assured: the lovely boys (and girl!) in Comms assure me they have plenty of fabulous and exciting tricks left up their sleeves!

This week's big, blue news is of course that Imperial has been making a splash in the media with our latest commitment to Doing Science™ (can someone please check if this is the correct trademak? We have so many, and I'd hate to accidentally muck up the branding). We've been covered in some very big national newspapers for our forthright and uncompromising new position on antibiotics, and I'm very glad to see the positive and encouraging response from the world at large.

Some expressed surprise that we were taking such a strong and world-leading Stance on Science™ (again, can someone please check if this is correct? All this branding business is hard work), and I had to laugh. As a Science Stronghold™ (that's one I just made up, can someone actually get that trademarked please?), of course we are taking the lead on such important issues as "people should have antibiotics" and "antibiotics", because if not us, who? Those posh tossers at Cambridge? I don't think so.

We've also apparently been up to some nonsense with "cryptocurrency", whatever that is. One of the interns tried to explain "Bitcoin" to me the other day, but why anyone would want a bit of a coin when they could just have a whole one (or rather, lots of whole ones) is completely beyond me! Kids these days.

Have a happy, prosperous, wonderful and collaborative week!

Alice Gast: Thought of the Week



"I took the chance to look at our wonderful institution through the lens of an outsider this week, drinking in all this wonderful science knowledge without any experience of what it's really like inside. As this hypothetical outside, I marvelled at our wonderful prime real estate, spread across London, and I admired our world-leading facilities. But, most importantly, I celebrated the fact that we don't have any of those bloody humanities students to drag us down."

What's going on inside the Blue Cube this week

What is: Science?

For those of you who are perhaps a little new to this 'College of Science, Technology and Medicine' business, we're running a special catch-up session just for you!

That's right, this week's 'What is' is exclusively devoted to science - all of it! Come on over to the Boardroom from 1pm on Monday to discover all the wonders that science holds in store for you, and why it's clearly a much better choice for universities to specialise in than all of that "humanities" nonsense.

Staff wishing to know more about the humanities, rather than science, should get in contact with the Vice Provost (Grievance Procedures), Celia Overup, at c.overup@imperial.ac.uk, whereupon Celia will be able to provide you with more information. Any resemblance between this information and a p45 is purely coincidental.

Blue³ Launch Party

The end of November draws near, and that can only mean one thing - that's right, it's time for our pre-Christmas Party!

Due to the College Closure over the December/January period (not a "cheeky month-and-a-half's holiday", as some staff have been heard referring to it as), we are of course completely unable to celebrate Christmas together at the correct time.

With that in mind, we're delighted to confirm this year's Pre-Christmas Party will be held on Wednesday in the Boardroom from 1pm - there will be a small competition to come up with a better name than 'Pre-Christmas Party', and as we all know, competitions mean prizes, so don't miss out!

We look forward to seeing you there - don't forget your party hats and yoga mats, and green tea will (of course) be provided!

What's On outside the Blue Cube this week

Following on from last week's campus-wide (if not city-wide!) rejoicing at the rebirth, relaunch and redesign of Blue³, we're still not entirely sure what's actually happening beyond these fine, four walls of this brilliant, blue building we all love to work in.

We did send out a couple of the interns to try and discern what "the haps" (as I am reliably informed the kids these days are saying) were for the common or garden student, but this provided regrettably inconclusive results.

FRIDAY 20 NOVEMBER



CHILL, HIP HOP, HOUSE, FUTURE BASS AND

BPM (BEATS PER MINUTE) WILL GET YOUR HEART RACING WITH ITS CHANGING MUSIC SETS THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT

FRIDAY 20 NOVEMBER
20:00 - 02:00

METRIC || FIVE SIX EIGHT

£1.50 GUESTLIST

£2.50 ON THE DOOR

£2.00 WITH AN ENTERTAINMENTS CARD



Cocktails and Nibbles

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!



Friday 27 November

h-bar / 17:00 - 20:00

The h-bar wine tasting session is great for meeting people who share a passion for wine. The session costs only £7.50 and you get to try eight wines from a selected global region.

THE WINTER CARNIVAL

FRIDAY 18 DECEMBER 2015
20:00 - 03:00 | ALL UNION BEIT BARS

GET YOUR TICKET BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE
EARLY BIRD ONLINE PRICE ONLY £3.00
ON THE DOOR PRICE £5.00

COMING UP - SEE OUR WEBSITE AND NEWSLETTERS FOR MORE DETAILS!

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



RUGBY: SOAS fail to knock out IC

Overtime cup progression for the mighty Rugby 2s

Edric Ramirez-Valdez
Writer

On Wednesday the 11th November, IC 2nd XV travelled to Regents' Park to face the School of Oriental and Asian Studies in the first cup game of the season. After four consecutive wins for IC, the last two of which were by over 50 points, playing a team from a different league meant a solid performance would be necessary. Motivation for IC was at it's peak with the whole squad knowing that the toughest teams we will face will be in this cup, so progression would be crucial for the team's development this season.

After some focused warm-ups, and a minute's silence in remembrance of veterans, Ali Jones kicked off for IC and the intensity from both sides was obvious from the first collision. Early pressure from the IC forwards forced a penalty at the breakdown and Ruairi Dunne landed the kick putting Imperial into an early lead. SOAS then retaliated and after

several phases of clean ball, were able to cross over the whitewash to score the first try of the game.

IC were able to regroup and hold onto possession for several phases in SOAS territory and the communication between forwards and backs throughout these attacks led to long periods of sustained pressure in the SOAS 22. Unfortunately mistakes and ill-discipline meant the lads went unrewarded for their efforts in attack until a slick lineout-and-drive allowed for a man who always ensures family comes first, Adam Motley, to touch down and score for Imperial in the corner before halftime. Dunne was unable to add the conversion but a slim lead at halftime meant the next points would be pivotal to the final score.

Although the boys were fired up from the halftime team talk, poor communication in defence meant that SOAS were able to create an overlap and their winger scored to take the lead from Imperial. Some friendly chats ensued with the ref when both sets of players realised he had the wrong score written down.

El capitán, Gavin Roberts, had his mind on the game and realised a cup game can't be left at a draw

Much to the sadness of Imperial hearts everywhere, the correct score was clarified and the game played on.

IC was forced to play catch-up for the remainder of the second half and after another SOAS penalty due to some dubious work

at the breakdown, the game seemed beyond saving for Imperial. To further IC's struggle, Rob Lawrence decided to take a 10-minute breather and IC were forced to play until fulltime with 14 men.

It took until the very last play of the match for the 2nd XV miracle man, Will Goldberg, to work his magic and sidestep two defenders to score under the posts. Dunne kept a cool head and slotted the conversion leading to a final score of 15-15.

A draw after 80 minutes led to some confusion amongst the players; some were thanking the SOAS boys for a good game, some thinking about curries and nightclubs, but el capitán, Gavin Roberts, had his mind on the game and realised a cup game can't be left at a draw. After confirmation from ICURFC headquarters, a further 20 minutes were about to be played to decide the winner. The lads regrouped and immediately got fired up to win the game and stay in the cup.

IC kicked off through Jones and SOAS quickly worked their way back into Imperial's 22. SOAS shifted the ball through the

backline, which was brilliantly read by the phoneless Oli Parker, who intercepted the final pass and ran the length of the field to touchdown under the sticks for IC.

IC finished the first half of extra time with a seven point lead and strong commitment to keeping an overtime clean sheet. Throughout the second half of extra time, IC kept possession and territory to keep SOAS pinned in their own half. Some good phase play from the forward pods and silky backs allowed flanker Roo Mitchell-Heggs to burst through a gap and offload just before the tryline to fresher George Nicholas who touched down over the line unopposed. Dunne added the extras and sealed the win for IC.

There was a small sense of disappointment that we did not settle the match through a historic round of penalty kicks but there will be opportunity for that later in the cup.

The victory song and port tasted extra sweet after a hard-fought win for the 2's, and the unbeaten record holds up for another week. Onwards and upwards.

Home fixtures: Wednesday 25th November

BASKETBALL

MEN'S 1st
vs KCL

WOMEN'S 1st
vs CAMBRIDGE

FOOTBALL

WOMEN'S 1st
vs KINGSTON

GOLF

MIXED 1st
vs CANTERBURY
CHRIST CHURCH

RUGBY UNION

WOMEN'S 1st
vs BRUNEL

MEN'S 2nd
(MEDICS)
vs ESSEX

BADMINTON

WOMEN'S 1st
vs UCL

MEN'S 2nd
vs QUEEN MARY

LACROSSE

WOMEN'S 1st
vs OXFORD
BROOKES

MEN'S 1st
vs PLYMOUTH

FENCING

WOMEN'S 2nd
vs CAMBRIDGE

HOCKEY

WOMEN'S 1st
(MEDICS)
vs WOMEN'S 2nd

MEN'S 2nd
vs LSE

TABLE TENNIS

WOMEN'S 1st
vs LSE

MEN'S 2nd
vs CARDIFF

NETBALL

WOMEN'S 1st
(MEDICS)
vs UWE

WOMEN'S 5th
(MEDICS)
vs UCL

WOMEN'S 6th
vs KCL

WOMEN'S 9th
vs ST MARY'S

TENNIS

WOMEN'S 1st
vs SUSSEX



A Phaal from grace

IC fail to curry favour, losing to Royal Holloway last week

Aleksei Zaboronsky
Writer

Imperial travelled to Royal Holloway last Wednesday to start what they hoped would be a long cup run culminating in some silverware. Falling on Remembrance Day and being followed by the club curry night, there was a lot to play for to ensure that IC got back on track after an unmentionable loss to the medics the week before.

Arriving at the venue to discover that the game would be played on a 3G pitch, Coach Rich's rousing pre-match speech dispelled any notion that this was in any way an excuse, and saw IC make a solid start to the game, dominating possession and creating opportunities early on. However, a lack of clinical finishing saw the scoreline remain static until sloppy play at the breakdown saw a penalty go Holloway's way just

IC knew
that a
madrastic
change was
needed



Is this allowed? We don't know. Photo Credit: ICURFC

inside IC's half. This saw their one-trick pony of a fly-half step up and unleash his potent kicking ability to put Holloway ahead.

Remaining calm, Imperial responded instantly from the kick off, securing possession straight from the restart through great pressure from Alex Clayton and Hugh Wilman. This led to a line-out fifteen metres out from the as-of-yet-unbreached opposition try line. This called for the big guns to come out, and the resulting move

was sweeter than the sweetest of Peshwaris; slick hands from the dummy man saw a barrelling run off the peel to finally wreck the opposition line which had maintained abstinence for far too long. With the conversion going wayward, at 5-3 the game remained tighter than the average Alex Calyton gym top; apparently Mothercare make workout clothes now.

Due to this, IC continued in the same spirit as before, with centres

Chris MacBeth and Sam Moorby's hard lines off Charles Posh-Smith punching regular holes in the defence. Thanks to the unison of the forward pods the team trundled up the pitch and set the stage for Moorby, who finished off a long set of phases by blasting through a "Receding" Holloway defence to dot down over the line. Extras added by CPS, Imperial seemed in control. However, a late Holloway penalty saw them stay within a converted try as half time came with IC leading 12-6.

However, even with the game going to plan, as they say: it's never over until the fat lady sings, and it seems that the mellifluous old gal had only begun warming up her vocal chords. Holloway came out guns blazing in the second half, and capitalised on some missed tackles to score under the posts and take a slender one-point lead. Aware that they couldn't allow the game to slip away, IC knew that a madras-tic change was needed, resulting in local wasteman 'Harry Styles fresher' being brought on at scrum half. However, the One Direction IC headed was backwards, as a messy turnover at the scrum saw Holloway run in a breakaway try to extend their lead to a dangerous eight points.

Imperial's frustration was beginning to overflow, which became apparent in the next phase as Russian fresher Ali Zaboronsky, probably still fuming from his country's exclusion from the Olympics, tackled an opposition player clearly still in the air from the restart. This resulted in an untimely 10 minute sin-bin as well as being awarded DotD. With things seemingly going from bad to worse, IC captain Dave Nielson-Scott rallied the team with a series of hard-hitting runs, bhaji-ing through the Holloway line and bouncing the biggest plum pudding of a player ever to set foot on a rugby field.

With the sin bin period expiring and no more points conceded, Imperial started stringing together good phases of play, and edged ever closer to scoring a try which would put them within a score of Holloway. Yet, as time ticked on, the scoreline didn't alter, long phase plays and well formulated attacks all succumbing to silly errors.

A sense of inevitability gripped the team as they ruminated the thought of defeat. Just as the heavenly embrace of naan was coming, a cruel twist of fate saw a rare Holloway foray into IC territory and uncharacteristic errors creep into Imperial's defence. Shortly afterwards, insult was added to injury as Holloway sent their winger over in the corner to round off a 25-12 upset. With hearts broken and prides bruised, IC need to recover, Tikka good long look at themselves and bounce back next week in the league to get their season back on track.

Holloway
came
out guns
blazing in
the second
half



O'Donnell's facial expressions weren't enough to distract Royal Holloway. Photo Credit: ICURFC