



FELIX

The newspaper of Imperial College London



The science of
the Kardashians

PAGE 9 **SCIENCE**

How problematic are
the sabbs?

PAGE 5 **COMMENT**



BEIT BASEMENT PROJECT DEEMED 'INFERIOR'

Multimillion pound
redevelopment "significantly
worsened" student facilities

A report, commissioned on behalf of Imperial College Union, described work completed on Beit's west basement as having created a facility "considered to be very much inferior to that which existed before, with a significant portion of it being unusable."

It also referred to shortcomings in the design and construction of the IC Radio studio, Jazz and Rock, and control rooms, which has led to poor soundproofing between the spaces.

Several clubs are housed in the west basement, including Jazz and Rock, and the Media societies, and it is these that have been most affected.

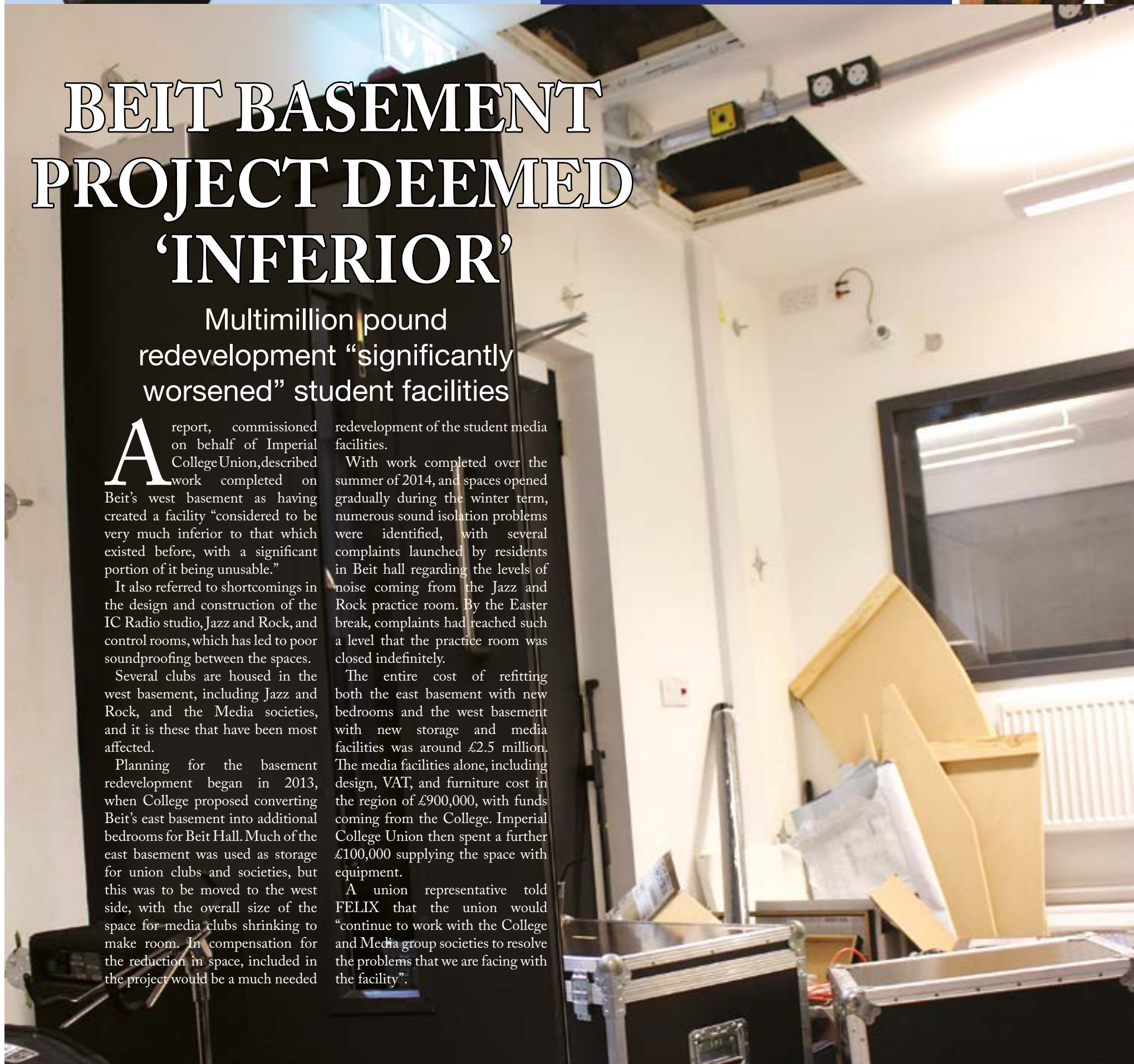
Planning for the basement redevelopment began in 2013, when College proposed converting Beit's east basement into additional bedrooms for Beit Hall. Much of the east basement was used as storage for union clubs and societies, but this was to be moved to the west side, with the overall size of the space for media clubs shrinking to make room. In compensation for the reduction in space, included in the project would be a much needed

redevelopment of the student media facilities.

With work completed over the summer of 2014, and spaces opened gradually during the winter term, numerous sound isolation problems were identified, with several complaints launched by residents in Beit hall regarding the levels of noise coming from the Jazz and Rock practice room. By the Easter break, complaints had reached such a level that the practice room was closed indefinitely.

The entire cost of refitting both the east basement with new bedrooms and the west basement with new storage and media facilities was around £2.5 million. The media facilities alone, including design, VAT, and furniture cost in the region of £900,000, with funds coming from the College. Imperial College Union then spent a further £100,000 supplying the space with equipment.

A union representative told FELIX that the union would "continue to work with the College and Media group societies to resolve the problems that we are facing with the facility".



FELIX EDITORIAL



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A word from the Editor



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What's a sabb? Your guess is as good as mine, mate. Points if you know that sabbatical officers exist, get paid a hearty £19,000 a year, are given free accommodation and don't have to pay council tax. Sounds pretty cushy. Bonus points if you know who any of them are, and answers on a postcard if you know what any of us actually do.

As you hurtle down various A-roads on the way home for the Christmas holidays, a lot of you will be wondering what the hell you're going to do next year. Maybe you're a little behind on the old grad job front and you're getting a bit nervous about your life plan after that Imperial ID card expires. It could be this mentality that freaks people out enough to print hundreds of posters of their own face, make an embarrassing video that you'll forget is on YouTube until someone finds it, and cry in Metric when you win/ don't win/ get confused as to whether or not you've won.

Maybe you just really love clubs and societies, really care about safe spaces and welfare and shit, or you just have a truly unhealthy obsession with the academic representation system. If any of the above sound like you, it might be worth running. Hell, it's definitely *worth* running (financially, that is – see above). Ever tried to strike up a conversation with someone in the library cafe by offering them food with your face printed on it? It's character building. If you've done door-to-door canvassing for your local MP, this'll be a breeze, since presumably, no-one you'd be campaigning for this time is guilty of a war crime.

This week, we've featured an interview with the union president, and it got someone in the comment section a little riled. Do sabbs need to be 100% representational of the student body? Should we have Facebook polls over every desk the union purchases? Probably not. We all vote for the sabbs most representative of our views and then hope they do what we want them



to. And essentially they do. I can safely say we're obsessed with our work and are always thinking about student welfare, club budgeting, or producing tip-top content for millennials.

We're paid to care, so use us, don't abuse us and be kind, because arguably, we're just as clueless as to how to get good stuff done as you are.

FELIX, Beit Quad,
Prince Consort Road,
London SW7 2BB
Tel: 020 7594 8072
Printed by Iliffe Print Cambridge,
Winship Road, Cambridge
Registered Newspaper
ISSN 1040-0711
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Letters (kinda)

In response to 'Feminism isn't just for girls', Issue 1613

Dear Ed,

I was glad to read the Angry Grad's article "Feminism isn't just for girls" in the 13th November issue, and I could not agree more with the sentiment behind the title. The author alludes to the fact that the actions and beliefs of some of the more extreme schools of feminism not only dissuade people from associating with the title, but also are often used by opponents of feminism to diminish the whole movement.

I would like to share an idea, which I hope the Angry Grad and others adopt, in order to tear down this common straw-man fallacy and evade some of the mistargeted criticism that the majority of feminists face. It all comes down to a matter of precision.

Saying 'I'm a feminist' really says very little about one's ideological standpoint. It is no more descriptive than saying 'I'm a Labour supporter'. Well are you a Blairite or a Corbynite? These views are incredibly different, often contradictory and only loosely related. The more extreme schools of feminism (radical, French, separatist etc) generally call for the whole-scale change of the structure of society, whereas liberal feminism predominately strive for gender equality in the current society from a universal-rights based standpoint. Many people would feel deeply uncomfortable associating with the more extreme views, and one can see how "I'm a feminist" could be interpreted in all manner of ways. As such, there is much to be gained by being more precise about our views.

Most people who describe

themselves as "feminist" mean "liberal feminist". This stems from the idea of equality for all, irrespective of gender, race, religion, disability, sexual-preference etc. which is (thankfully) something on which most people can agree. I fall into this category and I suspect Angry Grad does too.

Currently the liberal feminists do not identify strongly enough. We allow the extremes of any movement to yell louder, dominate the headlines and often tarnish the reputation of the whole movement. This is putting off would-be sympathisers and allowing the opposition to tar all feminists with the same brush.

If we want to see the income gap disappear and an equal number of women in positions of power, then the mainstream movement needs to identify themselves as such. It begins with each liberal feminist

identifying themselves and spreads until we have a critical mass.

@Nas Andriopoulos
*A classical liberal and liberal
feminist*

I wouldn't dare put words in Angry Grad's mouth, mate. She's well scary.

-Ed.

In response to 'Union spends five grand on desk', Issue 1619

[REDACTED] has got the trustee board to increase his wages to over £80k while other staff were made redundant to cut costs. Long term staff were let go and replaced with inexperienced new people in the name of cutting staff wages. This is just a small example of the control exerted by the top bosses at the union while they hide behind

"student trustees". The truth is our sabbs do nothing but seal and stamp on what they want to do. This is why a lot of major changes take place over summer before the new sabbs completely know what's happening. There is a real focus on increasing revenue to make all this seem worthwhile, which is why FiveSixEight makes over £250k a year in profit. This is the money that the union says they invest in clubs, but club money is provided in grant by the college. The total pot for money for clubs were increased for the first time last year but saw a cut for the previous five years. There was a time the total pot was over £400k.
'Anon knows' (online)

FELIX can neither confirm nor deny the above statements. Gee, and we thought the £5000 light-up desk pissed *us* off.

-Ed.



Imperial represents at climate march

Donning lab coats, students protested ahead of COP21 in Paris

Peter Munton
Writer

Last weekend saw Imperial students along with over 50,000 people march through the streets of central London to campaign for action from governments against climate change.

Organised by Imperial College Environmental Society, over 40 Imperial students joined the student bloc of the climate march to demand that global leaders take action to tackle the growing threat of global warming.

Dressed in white lab coats and handing out climate change factsheets to members of the public, the Imperial cohort made their way from Park Lane down to the Houses of Parliament. With an audio speaker in the midst of our team, campaign-appropriate songs were blasted out as well as the occasional Imperial March theme.

High profile figures such as Emma Thompson, Charlotte Church and Jeremy Corbyn, addressed the crowd.

The London march was the largest of roughly 2,500 demonstrations, which included hundreds of

thousands of protesters, taking place around the world ahead of a crucial UN climate summit in Paris.

Other UK cities that hosted marches include Bristol and Edinburgh.

In Paris, hundreds of pairs of shoes were placed in the Place de la Republique to replace the protesters who could not march as a result of the event being cancelled amid security concerns. A human chain was also formed by hundreds of Parisians linking arms along the route of the cancelled march.

The 2015 United Nations Climate Change Conference, known as the Conference of the Parties (COP21), will be held in Paris from Monday 30th November until Friday 11th December. 147 heads of state from

Over 40
Imperial
students
joined the
student bloc



This sign is 100% recyclable. Photo Credit: Jen Ho Ker

around the world will converge on the French capital to attempt to reach a consensus on climate change.

The 21st session of COP21 has seen over 190 nations gathering in Paris, with the aim of reducing the emission of greenhouse gases amidst dangerous rises in global

temperatures.

Over the two weeks of the conference, the attending parties will discuss a potential new global agreement on climate change. The last time the world discussed the possibility of a climate change deal and came close to an agreement, was in 2009 at the Copenhagen

summit. The campaigners who marched hoped that there will be a successful consensus from the talks in Paris, with a firm agreement to reduce the impact of human activity. Whatever the outcome, those that marched sent a clear signal to our world leaders: they want a cleaner, safer, more just future for everyone.

Imperial's Charity Week raises over £61,000

Over £750,000 was raised internationally

This week it was announced that Imperial College's Islamic Society (ISoc) have managed to raise £61,648.31 for good causes as part of Charity Week.

The week included street collections, the 'Smoky not Smudgy' fashion event, a climb up Mount Snowdon, and the annual Charity Week dinner and auction. This year the bid for a mosque-shaped cake reached a whopping £2200, and a teddy bear was bought by ISoc and Muslim Medics for two grand.

The gang also sold hoodies, organised a charity football tournament, and held a conference on 'Overcoming Obstacles', inviting

speakers from the UAE and US to speak on the topic in SAF.

Charity Week began in the year 2000, as a combined effort between the University of London Union's ISoc network. It's now an international campaign, with ISocs from the UK, the US, and Qatar, now involved.

Over £750,000 was raised this year in the UK, which is an increase of 22 grand on last year's final figure. £435,000 of this was raised by students at London universities. Last year, ISoc broke their own record by raising a mammoth £83,401.70.

Not a charity in its own right, Charity Week operates in

partnership with Islamic Relief.

"The members of the ISOC have worked tremendously hard throughout the summer and first part of the term to make Charity week the success that it is," said Jawaad Farooq, ISoc's President.

"We're proud and humbled that we have this opportunity to make a positive difference in the world during our time at university."

There will be a poll to determine how the funds are spent. As well as funding care for newborns in Gaza, students can nominate to aid Syrian Refugees with psychosocial support and education, as well as other projects in Malawi, Pakistan, India, Myanmar and the UK.



This was one expensive cake. Photo Credit: ISoc



Junior doctor strikes called off

The government finally accepts junior doctors' suggestion to involve an independent negotiating service

Grace Rahman
Editor-in-Chief

On Monday, it was announced that the junior doctor strikes that had been planned for this Wednesday and two other dates in December had been suspended, due to a last-minute breakthrough in negotiations between the British Medical Association (BMA) and the government over proposed contract changes.

Many were angered when Jeremy Hunt, the controversial health secretary who has spearheaded the proposed changes, tweeted: "Victory for common sense. Strike shouldn't have been called w/o talking to govt first but great for 7 day services", along with a link to the Acas statement announcing the strikes had been called off.

The talks have recently been reopened with the help of Acas' negotiation services, after breaking down last year. Junior doctors voted

overwhelmingly in favour of strike action on the 19th of November. The first strike was planned for this Wednesday, and would have seen junior doctors walk out in every department except emergency care. Two subsequent strikes would have been full junior doctor walk-outs.

Speaking to the Mail on Sunday after the strike ballot result was announced, Hunt accused pro-strike junior doctors of "bullying" on social media, and compared the NHS on the weekends to flying in a plane "without a co-pilot". He called the BMA the "toughest union of the lot", alluding to the fact that

Most GP practices were unaffected



The strikes have been suspended for the time being. Photo Credit: FELIX

a historical doctor's union resisted the initial construction of the NHS. He neglected to mention that this opposition lasted just two months and was back in 1948. The same newspaper broke the news of the strike ballot result as 'Dirty tricks of strike doctors', and repeatedly refers to activist Anna Warrington as the campaign's 'strike cheerleader'.

Most GP practices were unaffected, but thousands of hospital appointments and operations had already been cancelled in preparation for the strikes. However, junior doctors argue that strike action was the only option left to demonstrate to the government how serious the situation regarding work hours and pay was. The BMA have always said

that patient safety was their main concern, with strikes being the last resort in a desperate situation. Proposed contract changes would see working hours currently classed as unsociable be reclassified, which the BMA says will see junior doctors work "dangerously long hours" and receive a significant pay cut.

Anne Robinson's dismay at Kensington sculpture

You are a terrible waste of money, goodbye

This week, plans to install a new sculpture on the roundabout just off Gloucester Road were damned by ex-presenter of The Weakest Link and Watchdog, Anne Robinson.

Robinson, whose infamous glare made her a TV staple in the noughties, said the £100,000 price tag was too much, considering the UK is enduring "times of austerity". Pointing out that the public art was tucked away on the traffic island, which was only really overlooked by the Michelin starred Launceston Place restaurant, she said, "It's ludicrous to think that school-run mums and white van men will stop to admire a sculpture at that junction".

The roundabout is just beyond the Gloucester Arms, and is currently

covered by well-maintained shrubs. The sharp-tongued presenter maintained that Kensington and Chelsea were using the new statue as an excuse to "not to have to weed and plant" in the small patch.

She said she'd rather the money were spent on less frivolous ventures, such as "my day care in years to come".

The local resident's association has been mulling over proposals for the centrepiece, submitted by several notable sculptors. Charles Hadcock, whose work has been displayed in and around Canary Wharf, proposed a globe, while Peter Randall-Page, who has work in the permanent collection of the British Museum, has proposed a lizard-like statue.

The sculpture would be funded by next door's £600m new build,

She said the £100,000 price tag was too much

One Kensington Place. The council insists on large developments like this donating money for public art, with local councillor, Daniel Moylan saying the funds are not public money, and can only be used for this purpose.

Robinson remarked that she would make a complaint against the plans before the deadline for consultation, which was today. Watch this space, literally.



What the new statue should look like. Photo Credit: tellymix.co.uk

FELIX COMMENT



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Problematic yet representative?

Anywhere else, there would be wild uproar, but Imperial has a different demographic



Cale Tilford
Music Editor

In an interview on IC Radio two weeks ago, our union president revealed a number of potentially problematic views. We all say things we later go on to regret; it's symptomatic of the social media age. But, our union president chose to defend her contentious tweets, including one which some Imperial students might find offensive.

In response to a question about a tweet where she said "Scots who voted 'Yes' shouldn't be allowed into England," the union president suggested that voting to "disband the entire of Great Britain" was "essentially" #treason.

Hashtags are often used in jest, but by doubling down on a regrettable error of judgement our president trivially dismisses the serious political desires of a subset of Scottish students.

In case you missed it, the union president also spoke about her views on national politics (this was not included in the transcript of the interview which you will find in this week's FELIX). When asked



Lucinda Sandon-Allum @LucindaJaneSA · 18 Sep 2014

The Scots who voted "Yes" shouldn't be allowed into England. You don't like us -well news flash, we really don't like you either. #treason



A look through Lucinda's Twitter reveals some problematic views. Photo Credit: Twitter

about her support for Margaret Thatcher, "an inspirational lady who transformed the face of British politics," in a tweet after her death, she stated that "there are a lot of families who were affected negatively by her, my family's wasn't one of them so I think it's quite hard to relate to that."

A complete lack of empathy

Not only does this show a complete lack of empathy, but it gives respect to a politician who tried to oppress student unions in the seventies with

proposed changes to their funding (although they were eventually dropped).

The sentence "I'd vote for the Conservatives, and I'll give a very good reason why" isn't normally followed by empathetic reasoning. The union president explained her support for the party by saying: "For my family, if the Conservatives weren't in power, they'd be severely, severely screwed over... I feel like I owed it to them." To be fair to her, she then went on to describe her opposition to both Jeremy Hunt's junior doctors contract and cuts to student bursaries.

Maybe I'm being harsh. Her views on politics are obviously disconnected to her role as union president and the tweets in question were made before she started in her

current position. However, even if her political views don't influence union policy they still have to ability to alienate parts of the student population.

Sometimes, I wish I had gone to UCL

If a sabb at any other university described Thatcher in the same way there would be wild uproar; however, the views of our elected president are likely representative of students as a whole, so I'm probably wasting my words. Sometimes, I wish I had gone to UCL.

Overly opinionated?

Think you can you write?

Do you love having arguments with your friends?
Do you get irrationally angry when someone is just wrong about something?

You should write for Comment, then.

Drop us an email if you're interested.

FELIX COMMENT



comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk

INDCs are not a solution to climate change

We are all responsible for demanding action on climate change

Joss Knight
Writer

On Monday, 25,000 official delegates from 150 countries descended on Paris for the COP21 Climate Talks. Of all the talks we have seen to date, they are the best organised international talks, with the most potential. The biggest progress is that they are focussed around the climate action targets that countries have agreed meet by 2020, called Intended Nationally Determined Contributions or INDCs. They are also set to acknowledge at least some of the great potential of local and grassroots action on climate change by emphasising the role of individual cities, like London, in setting their own targets and actions.

It would be a lie, however, to herald them as a solution, even a temporary one, to our climate change woes. The INDCs mentioned will allow for more coherent discussion and will hopefully push countries to be more ambitious, but taken as they are, they still steer us on a course for at least 3°C of warming. This means catastrophic sea level rise of at least half a metre by 2100, massive weather disasters, floods, droughts, and mass homelessness. This will largely affect those in the global south who haven't contributed to climate change in the first place.

Look a little closer and it's clear that even this is optimistic. Huge business groups like Business Europe have taken the stance that climate action is directly opposed to economic growth and governments are nodding along with them.

Add your voice and your hand

Reluctant to set real regulation, and scared that they'll lose out on industry, they have promised huge tax funded pay-outs to companies, should they set any. Business Europe are right: economic growth and true sustainability are fundamentally incompatible and until governments

can prioritise people before profits, economic growth will always take precedence and climate action will not make headway.

So, do the talks in Paris have any relevance to the climate struggle? They do, because they bring climate change into the global media

We need a massive international people's movement

spotlight, providing a stage for the real issues to be aired among the lies and lobbying. Globally, climate marches of well over half a million over the weekend highlighted the real strength of this. These people provide hope for real action beyond the Paris talks, outside of the isolated world of politicians and corporations.

Many marchers in Britain emphasised the link between climate apathy and active hostility,

on the part of our government, and their vicious and selective austerity. Cuts to solar subsidies have cost 2000 jobs and the prospect of viable solar energy on the grid for many years to come, and the scrapping of a home insulation scheme for new houses is a huge blow to sustainable living as heating will remain our biggest domestic fuel use by far.

It has been estimated that a national home insulation scheme would create 100 thousand jobs. Meanwhile we are the only G7 country to increase fossil fuel subsidies – a move condemned by the UN.

What can we do? The thing about climate change is that it is acutely time sensitive. As long as we emit greenhouse gases they keep piling up in the atmosphere and will guarantee some degree of climate cooking even if we halt all emissions immediately. We need a massive international people's movement that doesn't rely on our economic and political system to change things, and we need it now. In fact, we need to change them. But, time is short and we must take every opportunity to force the powers that be to listen now, whether that be rallying in huge numbers in every country on the 12th of December to mark the end of the climate

talks, taking part in mass civil disobedience through the climate games, or playing a part in any of countless climate change actions organised by ordinary people like us in the months following the talks.

It would be a lie to herald them as a solution, even a temporary one

So don't be disheartened by the failure, on the surface, of the Paris talks to deliver a safe future, instead add your voice and your hand to the growing number demanding action on climate change for our own sake and that of our fellow humans.



Will we drown, waiting for climate change? Photo Credit: DesignPLX/Isaac Cordal



Whaling in forbidden waters

Japan storms into the Southern Ocean disregarding international ban

Jane Courtnell
Science Editor

The International Court of Justice sought to wave goodbye to the whaling industry, until recent pressures arose from Japan, who seek to continue exploiting the ocean's riches for so called "scientific research". Missions to kill 333 minke whales have brewed up a storm in the international community, with Japan encountering fierce opposition from countries such as Australia and New Zealand.

The Australian Environmental Minister stated that 'We do not accept in any way, shape or form the concept of killing whales for so-called scientific research'. Japan has been consistent, stating that its whaling activities are vital for the progress of science. Four vessels left the port of Shimonoseki, Tokyo on

Tuesday, preying on the Southern Ocean. The expedition is due to end March 2016.

However, this is one expedition of many, planned under project NEWREP-A, scheduled to last twelve years, until 2026/27. 4000 minke whales will be slaughtered under the program. The IUCN red list considers Antarctic minke whale populations as 'data deficient' making it impossible to access ecological status. Are populations threatened? Near extinction? Least concern? We don't know.

The level of endangerment would severely affect the justification for whaling. Hence we are faced with a snag. More scientific research of the Antarctic minke whale populations is needed, and killing mammals for scientific research is permitted. Japan argues that only lethal methods can be used for assessments of whale age-at-sexual maturity valuations. However, is this abuse of the loopholes in a law



Dragging whales from their ocean; specimens for scientific research? Photo Credit: Wikipedia

supporting scientific research?

Sea Shepherds CEO, Captain Alex Cornelissen suggests that Japan's whale hunt should be regarded as a criminal act, breaching international law protecting the Southern Ocean and warns that his crew and will intervene if necessary,

to prevent such crimes.

Whether Japan's declarations are honest or not, there is a need for more scientific research of the Antarctic's minke whale populations for a thorough assessment of the species' ecological health. However, diving in with plans to kill 4000

minke whales presents a high element of risk to a population with so many unknowns. It is especially disturbing when such proposed research is being carried out by a country heavily involved in the whaling industry.

At the speed of radio

The discovery of more mysterious fast radio bursts leave scientists flummoxed

Naomi Stewart
Writer

We all know that space is a vacuum and that all those Star Wars space explosions would never be heard. But at the same time, the universe is still full of waves of energy sent outwards from their sources, like infinite ripples through an empty pond, eventually landing on Earth's remote shores. Finding and measuring them all is a painstaking task carried out all over the world by scientists and technicians, with many still remaining outside our understanding.

Some of these patient folks are located about five hours inland from Sydney, Australia in the small, unassuming town of Parkes. With not much else going on, it is host to a 64 meter telescope called the Parkes Observatory. Radio wave data from

both the deep and the near recesses of the universe has been collected here for over 50 years.

In 2007, scientists at the

No one has managed to produce a theory for this bizarre effect

observatory discovered never-before-seen highly energetic pulses of radio waves in their archival data from 2001, which they called 'fast

radio bursts'. Carried into our galaxy from billions of light years away, these fast radio bursts only last for a few thousandths of a second, but produce as much energy as the sun does in a day.

Radio waves range from low to high frequency and interact with free electrons as they travel on their cosmic voyages. These interactions slow down low frequency radio waves, which arrive later than high frequency ones. This is known as the dispersion measure and allows us to measure cosmic distances.

In the space signals of fast radio bursts, there is a mysterious mathematical pattern in the dispersion measure, where the delay between the arrival of low and high frequency radio waves is almost always a multiple of 187.5. An initial superficial explanation could be that each recorded burst occurred at exactly the same distance from Earth, but that is unlikely.

No one has managed to

produce a theory for this bizarre phenomenon of equal distancing between the wavelengths. This lack of explanation has led some space-minded citizens to argue for extra-terrestrial origins. However, scientists are quick to distance themselves from these claims, pointing out the small sample sizes as skewing the perception of pattern identification, which may disappear in larger datasets.

Though it has been estimated that about 10,000 of these bursts reach the earth every day, researchers have only found them in their records 15 times, with only one ever having been observed live, on May 14, 2014. Five of these events were just discovered recently, including a previously unseen twin-burst. Results were published in the Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society last week.

Scientists on the investigation were excitedly tweeting the discovery of the new events, which

was all the more relevant since a paper was also just released in *Astrophysical Journal Letters* identifying a potential source as the cosmic union of a black hole and neutron star.

While their source is still definitively unknown, these fast radio bursts are an exciting new field in astrophysical studies. Researchers at the University of British Columbia are building a telescope to measure them, called CHIME (Canadian Hydrogen Intensity Mapping Experience). Hoping to gather data from tens of thousands of these events, they plan to use the information to construct a 3D map of matter in the universe.

With a cloud of mystery still surrounding these fast radio bursts, we will undoubtedly keep our eyes and telescopes scanning the sky to look for more events, in the hopes of understanding the origins of these puzzling ripples in our cosmic pond.

Imperial College London



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FELIX does the Kimposium

That big bum thing is taking over the world and we should pay close attention

Lef Apostolakis
Science Editor

Last week, in a world first, an academic conference on the Kardashians was held at Brunel University and if I'm honest, it led me into an existential crisis. It's hard looking society in the eye, but someone's got to do it. We know it's not science in the form many at Imperial are familiar with, but it's social science, and just as important.

Contrary to what many might have thought, Kimposium[sic] was not a celebration of the Kardashian phenomenon but a discussion of a range of important social issues, through the prism of one of the world's most recognizable families. The Kardashian family has occupied the public spotlight for almost a decade now and since 2007, has spawned 5 reality TV spin-offs, a clothing franchise, countless products, a modelling career and a disturbing home made video, among other things.

The effect reality TV has had on the life and success of the Kardashians might be obvious, but



All hail the mighty Kim! Photo Credit: Eva Rinaldi

the interaction of the family with its social context is more complicated than would appear at first glance. Intricate relationships of race politics, body image, social media curation, and brand management have resulted in a show that provides a fascinating glimpse of contemporary society.

Kimposium aimed to shed light on exactly these intricate relationships through a healthy discussion, open to the public. Brunel invited a range of speakers from all over the country and beyond, not limited to academics, but also including artists, fashion and culture writers and bloggers. Talks took the audience on a 10-hour journey through the realm of reality TV, its effect on image in 21st century society, the broadcasting of trauma and transitions through the prism of twitter, post-feminism, body shape and size, and even genetics.

There was a similarly a wide range of attendees, across all levels of education and beyond, all of who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the discussion. Sophie O'Connell, a local 6th form student encouraged by her sociology teacher to go, said she was very excited to attend the Conference. "We wanted to see 'Fatness, Thinness and Race', because now that she's having a baby she's getting criticised for gaining weight, which obviously you do. They've changed social media and a lot of girls' perspective of how they should look and how they should

feel, especially twitter, and have had a massive impact on our generation as a whole".

Similarly positive was the experience of Hannah Smart, a photography student from Nottingham Trent University, doing her dissertation on women in self-portraits. "It was really good, very

in. During the fifth segment, Katherine Appleford and Cecilia Cappel from Kingston University talked about the progression of western beauty ideals and their shift of focus from size to shape. The Kingston Academics looked at the historical and cultural context of white vs. black beauty and the effect Kim Kardashian's idolization has had across the white and black population, with more white women striving to get that mega-butt and more black women seeing an increase in eating disorders across their community, possibly as a result of trying to attain the unattainable Kim K shape.

Then Gemma Cobb from the University of Essex took over and talked about anorexia nervosa and the almost eugenic mind frame inconspicuously prevalent in not only the anorexic subculture (forced underground due to regulations against the promotion of mental illness), but also society. She looked at the fixation of the community with Kendal Jenner (half-sister of Kim Kardashian), with many members treating her as a 'thinspo' (thinspirational, possessing a slim body to aspire to). She pointed out the prevalent trend of condemnation of the Kardashian genes, as 'trashy' and the danger of them contaminating the 'lovely' Jenner gene pool that must be responsible for everything 'pleasant' about Kendal, differentiating her from her sisters.

The session raised interesting points about the intercontextuality of race and beauty and the complex politics underlying the dynamic.

Kimposium ended on a strong note with a plenary from Professor Paula-Irene Villa, who summed up the discussions and talked about feminism, body image and pornographic liberation.

The Kardashians, for better or for worse, are one of our time's 'hottest' cultural products and are invaluable in understanding many current social issues and trends. Dismissing them as unimportant would be short-sighted and an inexcusable omission of this decade's cultural history and understanding.

Of course I'm not advocating consumption of said product. There are certainly thousands if not millions of better things one could do with their time, including staring at a freshly painted white wall, but as long as the consumption of the "Kardashian Bun" is as widespread as it is today, the show remains a goldmine for social scientists and provides a window into modern society and some of its more subtle, unnerving aspects.



Caitlyn unaware of that impact of them Jenner genes. Photo Credit: Duncan Rawlinson

Session five: Fatness, Thinness and Race

different to anything I've been to or seen at university. It's particularly interesting how different it is and controversial from the outside perspective, maybe from people who might think this is ridiculous or a waste of time. Then you come to something like this and realise there's much more than the TV program or their brand, there's a lot more depth."

Personal highlights of the conference included 'Session five: Fatness, Thinness and Race' possibly due to the caffeine from the three coffees I drunk had just kicked



Half Kardashian half Jenner half-sister, Kendal. Photo Credit: Disney | ABC Television Group

FELIX FEATURES



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Your union president speaks!

Your very own union president, Lucinda Sandon-Allum, was a guest on IC radio a while back. Here's what went down.

IC Radio: On a scale of Abraham Lincoln to Donald Trump, how would you rate your ability as President?

Lucinda: Probably more towards Abraham Lincoln. If Trump was 1 and Lincoln 10, 6.5.

IC Radio: So if you were president of the world you wouldn't be launching nuclear attacks on everyone?

L: Oh, no.

IC Radio: That's good to hear. This was a user submitted question: what's your go to meal to cook at home?

L: Um, sticky Lime and Ginger Chicken.

IC Radio: This is user submitted so don't judge us. If you could keep one of music or sex, which would you keep?

L: Sex, sorry Mum.

IC Radio: What's your go-to selfie face?

L: I don't take selfies. I always smile though, I can't take pictures without smiles.

IC Radio: One horse sized duck, or 100 duck sized horses?

L: 100 duck sized horses. I think having a load of little ducks running around would be really cute.

IC Radio: How much work does Imperial have to do to improve Gender Equality? The Physics department forwarded an email to the year which encouraged students to attend a freshers lunch in order to stake a claim on one in five girls. That example was included on a book about sexism in Universities.

L: It varies. Obviously in the sporting world there's a lot more work to do, for example the events at varsity last year as well. In general terms, not that much, but I think more respect needs to be shown towards women, especially if you step forward and put yourself in the limelight, I've experienced that myself.

It depends what sector you look at, but it definitely is getting there.

IC Radio: Is there an undercurrent

of tolerance, even encouragement, of sexist, misogynistic behaviour in Imperial Sports clubs and can you do anything to change that? Last year, a Sport Imperial employee at the Varsity spoke on the Rugby Girls saying, "I don't care how those fat girls get home". Do you agree that there is an undercurrent of sexism in sport at Imperial?

L: I think there is, but I think the issue comes with group mentality and drinking. I think if we're going to use boys as an example within their teams, then I know a lot of guys who play sport and are very nice people, but the minute you put them together in a group mentality and drinking... I think it also extends, because they're quite traditional societies; it extends from back in the day when sexism was ok. Horrible as it sounds, and I hate saying that, but it was. Now it's being clamped down on, but I think it still extends from that, it's a group mentality.

IC Radio: Is that an excuse?

L: It's not an excuse, but it's something that will take a while to work on.

IC Radio: Is there anything you can do about it?

L: We can. At the beginning of our club officer training we showed inequality videos. There are steps that we can take to try and ensure things are better.

IC Radio: Last year there was a rugby scandal. For those of you that don't know, basically there was a game where the rugby players on the way home from training had to

It's not an excuse, but it's something that will take a while to work on



FELIX's invite to the presidential handshake must've got lost in the post. Photo Credit: Imperial College London

get off the tube, strip off as much as possible, and then get back on the tube – a drinking game.

The way the president at the time, Tom Wheeler, dealt with this was sanctions. But there was a big backlash from doing that, a lot of criticism over him doing that. I want to ask you: do you agree with what he did, or do you think he deserves the criticism he receives and would you do anything differently if that happened this year?

L: I think he handled it amazingly well. I think the way that he did it... obviously as the union we are there to protect the students from everything. We're there to make sure the media don't get hold of it, the police don't get hold of anything, that every single student is fine with their future lives and all that sort of thing; that there's nothing on the record.

He dealt with it very well because it stayed internally. Yes, he might have got a backlash but it stayed internal and there was nothing that went out. I think he dealt with it very well in that respect. You have to discipline people to make them understand that it's not ok, but they didn't come out of it badly.

IC Radio: Some people say that sabb positions, like the one you've got, like the one Grace Rahman, the

FELIX Editor has got, are only run for people that have got careerist ambitions, people looking to put something on their CV. Are you a careerist?

L: I think everyone at Imperial is, but that isn't the reason why I ran. I ran because I have been quite heavily involved in different areas of the Union in my time here. I really enjoy doing this sort of stuff. I wouldn't have run or put the amount of effort I did when I was running if I wanted it for a career reason. I could have spent my summers, instead of doing things for RCSU, doing internships, but I didn't. I really enjoy helping students out, I know it sounds very clichéd because the president is saying that, but I genuinely do. When students come up to me and says: "You've made quite a big difference with this, thank you for your help", I feel really good about myself. So I didn't do it for that reason, I did it because I really wanted to help, but I think everyone at Imperial looks after their careers as well.

IC Radio: Do you have any particular advice for someone that's running for a sabb position?

L: I would say, think carefully about the position you want to run for. If you're deciding between a few, think about the experiences that

you have behind those, as they differ a lot. Ask the current sabbs, that's the best way to find information. Try really hard to put something together that's really unique and innovative, as you don't want to be making the same promises as last year.

IC Radio: When you ran for Union President, you ran as a woman running in a STEM subject only university where 69% of the students are men. Did you ever suffer any sexist abuse? How did that make you feel, what was your response? Do you think you need a tough skin to be a sabb officer?

L: Yes I did [suffer sexist abuse]. At first it made me feel really terrible, it really, really did, but then I had a lot of people saying, just ignore it, that is what is going to happen. I spoke to a few female old sabbs or people who ran for sabb positions before I did, and they said, "as a word of warning, people aren't going to judge you on your manifesto points, they are going to judge you on how you look and how you present yourself because you're female." So I had that instinctive, you know, this is going to happen to me. So at first I did feel rubbish, but my friends and campaign team reminded me [that this would happen]. You do have to have very

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felix@imperial.ac.uk



The face you pull when you realise you don't have to get a proper job for a whole extra year. Photo Credit: Imperial College Union

thick skin I think. People are going to hold you accountable for a lot of things, people are going to lay into you about some things that they are not happy with. There is a lot, and I know people talk about you a lot as well. You obviously hope people try and talk about you in a good light, but sometimes it's not. I know sometimes a lot of people vent their anger and say things like, 'Oh the sabbs have done this and the sabbs have done that', so yes, you do have to have thick skin, and that's something I now have got. I didn't have a thick skin as such before I ran I think, but now I really do. I'm not phased by much.

IC Radio: So you expected the vitriol and the abuse directed at you, maybe partly because you are a woman as this male dominated university? And if so, did it still hurt, did it still affect you even though you knew it was coming?

L: Yeah. That's a hard one because it did hurt even though I knew it was coming, so I don't think anything can prepare you. You can be warned about anything but then until it happens, you'll say "Oh gosh, this has actually happened to me, people weren't lying or trying to psych me out." Yeah, it did hurt, but like I said, I had the most incredible support and they said, "don't even think about it, forget it, you're the one who has put yourself forward, you're the one that wants to do this, you're the one who wants to change student experience and that sort of thing, so go for it, don't think about it." Actually I had a lot of my

friends who stopped it as well. If they heard anything, they'd say "no, that isn't the case", and I had a huge contingent of male campaigners, so that counteracted it really, because I thought, actually, people might just be saying this because they want to vent about something or other.

IC Radio:

This is one of my favourite tweets, possibly of all time.

"The Scots who voted yes shouldn't be allowed into England. You don't like us, well news flash, we really don't like you either #Treason". Do you still stand by that statement?"

L: Partly. I think I wrote that when I was very angry because I'm, as you can probably tell, extremely patriotic. I love Great Britain; I love Great Britain as England, Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland. Anything to do with Britain I will love. I think it was more a case that I felt like: "Why would you vote to leave the body that is together, that is supporting each other?" I just can't get my head around that. I still can't. I think that was a little bit harsh, it was very in-the-spirit of the moment. I knew this would come

up at some point! I remember one of my friends saying "You should delete that" and I said "No, I'm going to stick by this".

So no, I stick by it. Obviously I've got a lot of Scottish friends, but thankfully all of them voted to stay within the Union. I just felt it was "England, Scotland, who supports who? Who does this, who does that?" I want it to be a unity. Anyone saying 'no', I feel that's a bit of a two fingers up to everyone else. I think that upset me at a deeper level. I know that's very controversial, I don't think anyone knows about that tweet actually.

IC Radio: But is it treason though?

L: Hmm, this is my traditional side coming out. I don't know, I think treason is a very strong word, but, in a sense, if you're voting to disband the entire of Great Britain essentially.

IC Radio: You mentioned you have to represent the views of the students, but at the same time you have to be apolitical, because you have to represent all of them, and

there's a massive mix of student views.

Again, I'll start with Twitter:

"Tube drivers! You are not entitled to massive salaries. Get over it!" via the Telegraph.

Are junior doctors allowed massive salaries? Do their salaries qualify as massive given their job? Do you support Jeremy Hunt in his bid to cut them?

L: I definitely do not support Jeremy Hunt, at all. I don't know who would! I'm sorry if you do! In relation to the tube drivers and the junior doctors, the amount of qualifications junior doctors have to go through, the work that they have to put in, everything that they have to go through to become a doctor. Obviously that's the school, further education, higher education, the money you have to spend, especially now with £9000 fees. Everything that goes into becoming a doctor, you have to live, breath, eat, and speak medicine, everything!

With tube drivers, no they are not entitled to massive salaries! Their salaries already are huge, for the fact they press a button, and they drive a train. I think every job [salary] should be in relation to how much effort, how much training has been put into it. I know a lot of people will be like: "What, as if tube drivers can't become doctors?", that sort of thing. I completely appreciate and respect that, but there are a lot of people in this university who have come from extremely disadvantaged backgrounds, who have worked extremely hard and are on their way to becoming a doctor.

So in respect to training, hours and effort, doctors should get paid more.

IC Radio: Do you support that move by the current Tory government to remove maintenance grants?

L: Not at all. I think the problem is that, yes you might be getting the same amount of money technically, or more, but the student debt thing comes into account, and actually it will put off a lot of people coming to University, if they think that they'll be in even more debt and I already can't afford to come to university.

It'll put so many people off, and from disadvantaged backgrounds as well, and they're the people who we need. Especially in STEM subjects. I think that at Imperial, being the only specialist STEM institution in the country, it's already difficult to get people in who haven't come from independent schools, because

I love Great Britain; I love Great Britain as England, Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland

independent schools have all the equipment necessary to teach science at a high level. The problem is that if we're just going to take away the money we can give to students without them having to pay it back, people are going to be so daunted by the prospect of coming to university, especially London. That's the issue. People will think, "Oh, I'm going to come out with loads of debt that I'll have to pay off." People will end up doing apprenticeships, and they're good as well if you want to do that, but obviously coming from a University point of view, I feel that everyone, if they want to, should be able to come to University. I think that would be such a shame if that was not an option for people.

The lads from 'Listen Whilst You Work' interviewed our President. You can listen to Arran and Hasan on IC Radio every Tuesday from 8 to 9pm



44.7% of Scotland voted 'Yes'. Photo Credit: Twitter

FELIX CLUBS & SOCS



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The Neverwhere cast speak

Daisy Rogers-Simmons
Writer

Getting lost on the way to an audition and turning up half an hour late is never the best way to make a first impression. Even for the loudest, bubbliest, most shameless person, the audition process is daunting. When you factor in poor punctuality, relatively little acting experience and the general dazed bewilderment of a fresher, you can't expect to get very far. And yet, for some reason it was decided that I was suitable for the role of a vile, ruthless, deranged killer. Out of context, this may not

seem very pleasant, but I couldn't feel luckier. Having the chance to perform again has been amazing, and in my excitement I devoured the script as soon as I got a copy – which did happen to be very late at night (or very early in the morning, however you want to look at it), and before a 9am. It was worth it.

Neil Gaiman's 'Neverwhere' has a variety of outlandish characters, and seeing them brought to life during rehearsal has been incredibly interesting. As someone who has not acted in two years, it's been refreshing to start over, seeing how other people take to characters and how our director (Helen Root) interprets them. The dark nature of the play has lent itself to an exploration of different acting

techniques – things that I certainly have never tried before. A highlight was the stage combat workshop. I have never been part of a fight scene before, and learning how to kick, punch and otherwise attack a fellow actor was exhilarating. For those wondering, this doesn't mean that DramSoc members know how to

beat people up. As one of the stage combat tutors said, if he got into a real fight, at best he could throw a fake punch and confuse the assailant for long enough to run away.

Gaiman is known for writing dark, bizarre stories – but all of them, Neverwhere included, contain a touch of humour. The character's personalities are therefore brilliant to play with. Whether the laughter comes from being utterly grotesque, sarcastic, scathing, or just really, really pathetic, it's always satisfying when the comic timing is right on point.

As for rehearsals, they are some of the most fun I have had since starting at Imperial. After a stressful series of lectures, or a lab where nothing seems to go right, nothing

cheers me up like a rehearsal. I've met some lovely people and made great friends.

If you haven't seen the teaser trailer for Neverwhere, check it out. It's downright badass – and it took a day of makeup, shooting and recording to put together. As someone who was a part of it, it was really exciting to get into costume for the first time, though it made the show seem a lot more real and a lot closer, which did make me panic a little. It's been a real challenge to balance line learning and rehearsal with starting a degree, and has also shown me just how little sleep I need if I have coffee. Saying this, I've loved being a part of 'Neverwhere', and all I can say now is bring on show week.

All I can
say now
is bring on
show week!

Neverwhere crew: what do they do?

Oscar Tucker
Writer

It's obvious when you think about it, but still slightly odd: more than half of people involved in theatre never make it on stage. A further four people are on stage, but exclusively when the lights are off. In almost every play, actors are truly the tip of the iceberg. Most people know very little about backstage work (which is, perhaps, the point), but after working in it things become a little clearer.

I'm involved with stage management, the people in black who move things around on stage. Their work kicks off with the creation of "the book", which is to the stage manager as the Bible is to God. It's a copy of the script, but with absolutely everything you need to know to put on a play: the timing for lights and sound, where the actors will be, what the stage hands will be doing, and literally everything else.

The book is then given to the deputy stage manager, who sits in a perch overlooking the stage. They instruct lighting, sound and set over radio. At first, this was a nerve-racking experience for me. A wrongly placed cue can really disrupt a play. Once, I asked for a phone noise and instead got

a clip from the Backstreet Boys. Fortunately, the nerves quickly give way to a sense of megalomania. Looking down on a play and having light, sound and people co-ordinating to your voice can really be a thrill.

Then you have the stage hands. This is a great way to get involved without committing too much time, and to see if you'd like to do more in future.

And if you don't want the pressure of being there when the play is on, there's still plenty to do.

We have
a small
but skilled
group

Possibly the most labour intensive part of production is making the set, which is ideally done before the play starts showing. This is more time consuming than you would believe, so DramSoc often finishes about half an hour before the curtains open, but we go with what works. The job normally involves sawing, glueing and nailing, to the point where DramSoc has a workshop

directly under the stage.

There's also costume design and creation. We have a small but skilled group who make costumes from scratch, but complicated or important costumes are normally rented from the National Theatre. Just visiting their storeroom is an experience – there are literally thousands of costumes, ordered by

era.

The final touch on a costume is stage makeup. Lights on stage are famously harsh, so actors all have a thick layer of foundation, eyeliner and lots of contouring. It's a great way to release your inner Kim K.

Working backstage is stressful, difficult, but ultimately great fun. It's a weird perk that each play has

its own specific roles. For example, Neverwhere has "Beast Creator" and a stop-motion artist in its crew. DramSoc always needs more help, so if any of the above sounds like fun, please get involved – email dramasoc@ic.ac.uk.

We are still looking for stage hands for Neverwhere or any of the above roles for shows next term.



Two very menacing cast members Photo Credit: Cem Hurrell



Model United Nations hit Oxbridge

They danced to Drake and formulated policy

Nil Bozkurt
Writer

Have you ever wanted to listen to an interesting lecture in the antique Sheldonian Theatre of Oxford or walk around in a crowded, loud Ashmolean Museum holding a champagne glass in your hand? Imagine participating in such events whilst discussing and proposing new solutions to the international issues humanity faces today. This was only a part of what ICMUN did in the past week.

These past two weekends, ICMUN has participated in two very renowned MUN conferences: Oxford International Model United Nations (OxIMUN) and Cambridge University International Model United Nations (CUIMUN).

In case you're confused, Model United Nations is a forum, within which delegates represent a country in the United Nations committee. Delegates work together to address various international issues. Over two events, our members were able to agree on responses to the Syrian

refugee crisis, flight path safety assessment (after the crash of the Russian airplane in Egypt), and many more contemporary issues.

This year ICMUN was able to send its highest ever number of Chairs to lead the debates at the conferences. Our Chairs Enric Alcoser, Milia Hasbani, Justus Löbler, Lalit Maganti, Ahmed Raja, and Dijana Spasenoska were able to ensure committees ran smoothly for both weekends. Furthermore, we could not be prouder of our ICMUN delegation, who persevered in the face of headstrong delegates, harsh weather conditions, and multiple late nights of MUN parties. Such determination enabled our very own two members Ilaria Coppola and Chris Whitehouse to travel back home with a Best Delegate Award and a Diplomacy Award.

Of course, it wasn't all business. Dining in some of the most prestigious colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, dancing to Hotline Bling and enjoying exclusive club nights in both Oxford and Cambridge were only some of the highlights of our trips.



The Imperial delegates at Cambridge University International MUN 2015 Photo Credit: Nil Bozkurt

If you are interested in the United Nations and how it works, feel free to come along to one of our sessions. These are held on Thursdays from

18:00 – 20:00 in Skempton 307. No prior MUN experience is required. If you want to be one of the future leaders in politics, business or any

other industry – or if you're just looking to develop your soft skills – come by or write to us to find out more about what we do!

Live in very vibrant colour

Abigail de Bruin
C&S Editor

It's always a good sign when you look back on your week and realise that you definitely spent more hours in rehearsals than on your degree. We're at Imperial. My course averages 7 hours of contact time most days. So, that's not exactly a meaningless statement. But, that's just the world of theatre.

At the beginning of term, and having taken a year out, I was altogether too enthusiastic about returning to my studies. I auditioned for pretty much everything going. This meant that I ended up conning my way into the cast for both Musical Theatre's 'Revue: Live in Living Colour' and DramSoc's 'Neverwhere', which conveniently have their show weeks one after the other.

In all four years that I've been here, I have never had so much fun or so little sleep. The talent of every single person I've worked with so far is truly incredible, and I'm so excited for both of the shows.

Of course, I don't actually get to watch the shows when I'm singing, dancing, acting or some terrible combination of the three. So it's down to you to come and tell me if they're any good. From my end they're looking pretty snazzy, though. They should do, too, because I'm pretty sure some of our directors haven't been to sleep in a fortnight. We've bounced from run-throughs to rehearsal, to tech-runs and dress rehearsals, and occasionally to Primark and Poundland to pick up various bits of costume at the last minute.

If you have the chance to audition, do it! Just, maybe don't audition for everything, if you actually want to pass your degree this year.



Musical Theatre Revue cast. Photo Credit: Chads Chadwick



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- ▲ Best Innovation

To make your nomination, visit
imperialcollegeunion.org/sacas



Ben Hur turns pirate-y in nonsensical panto

Matthew Jesse
Writer

Ben Hur: a metaplay of misfortune, mischief and... many, many manekins. Based on the 1959 film, Ben. the heir to the Hur estate, is accused of treason against the emperor. He is taken slave only to be rescued to wreak his revenge.

Having not seen the film the parody was a little disjointed although you could still appreciate its subtle humour. That said, it was somewhat over shadowed by the assaultative slapstick dominating every scene. Not to mention an irrelevant foray into a lovesick cast member's infatuation with the leading actress. Despite this, it was redeemed by occasional, hysterical bouts of cunning punning.

With the protagonist giving a somewhat stilted introduction in the recurring panto-esque theme, before retreating backstage. After a clattering and a hullabaloo of costume change the play sprang into

action, or rather trotted in on three camels to a nativity scene featuring Mary and the three kings revealing the entire four membered cast!

Despite each of the three auxillary actors often switching characters to help with plot development, I admired how each of them maintained an identity with each of their characters. This created an undercurrent which helped propel the characters through the whirlwind storyline. A perplexed old man, a dreamy young woman and a vexed Welshman.

Initially, I was fairly disenchanted as the play completely failed to pass the Bechdel test, as most of the females were pretty darn flakey! However, the homogeneity of these characters only served to create a necessary structural lifeline to the otherwise chaotic play.

The panto style continued with a dabble into audience participation, when the characters jumped out of character to throw the audience into a sinking slave ship. Each part of the auditorium were given certain phrases to shout, with a few chosen



A passionate Ben Hur. Photo Credit: Tricycle Theatre

audience members given cue cards. This all ended in a piraty climax.

The second half dithered as the rhythm and plot started to slide. We

meandered nonsensically around a shifty sea captain and a leper colony, although it did provide an amusing dance routine.

To wrap up this play provides an unpretentious slapstick affair. It is a perfect panto preview for those who just can't wait for Christmas.

Love and lust in Lulu



Lulu at The Silk Street Theatre. Photo Credit: Guildhall School/ Clive Barda

Samuel Lickiss
Writer

Frank Wedekind's Lulu is a story of seduction and tragedy. Choosing adjectives to describe

Nicholas Wright's adaptation of this controversial nineteenth-century play is challenging. It's humorous at first, Lulu (though she is known by a variety of names) works her way through several husbands in German high society and gains considerable notoriety. She enjoys her power, the attention she receives

and the privilege of wealth.

However, through the play's five acts, Lulu takes on a darker tone. Fluid set changes between acts are accompanied by Alex Hall's haunting score, and a new actress playing Lulu. Each actress brings with her continuity, but an evolving personality. Leonie Benesch is

extremely flirtatious, somewhat arrogant and manipulative. Claudia Jolly is slyly intelligent, while Ellen Gibbon's is wracked by tragedy.

For me, Countess Geschwitz (played by Bessie Carter) was the highlight of the show; her performance is heart-breaking. While Rodrigo (Nicholas Richardson) adds a playful element, and Schigolch (Paul Gorostidi) is impossible to take your eyes off with his energetic (perhaps over-acted) performance, Geschwitz suffers. She is bullied, but remains loyal, and is one of the few characters who possesses a genuine love rather than lust.

It's a complex play that could be interpreted in many different ways. Some may see it as horrendously misogynistic, while others will praise the strength of Lulu's individual personality. Generally, the story is coherent, but I felt that more foreshadowing of future events and characters was in order. Lulu lacks a quest – what does she actually want? What are any of the characters attempting to achieve? It's unclear, and an out-of-the-blue climax left me craving some sense of epilogue or resolution.

There isn't any, and perhaps that's

the intention. Lulu finishes on a profoundly unsettling note – a note that doesn't finish but fades into infinity. Wedekind himself was a man with a prodigious sex life, frequenting prostitutes and eventually contracting syphilis. He sends vivid messages about the dangers of narcissism, lust and sex. In fact, it's so starkly portrayed in Lulu that the programme includes a double-page spread on sexual compulsivity, including contact details for Victim Support and Sexual Compulsives Anonymous.

Competent direction by Christian Burgess marries well with Johanna Town's eerie lighting and Erin Witton's effective soundscapes. This is also one of the few plays I've attended that also includes a video designer (Matthew Ferguson) that adds an especially dramatic turn to one scene.

If you're after 'fun for all the family', try Elf: The Musical (Dominion Theatre). Lulu is hard-hitting and bordering on melodramatic. It is thought-provoking and leaves you pondering the complexities of the human psyche. Guildhall's final-year actors and musicians are oozing with talent, and they tackled this brave play with sophistication.



Calder glides and amazes at Tate Modern

Joanna Wolstenholme
Writer

Being new to London, I have been trying to work my way round as many galleries and exhibitions as possible. Unfortunately, work has been getting in the way somewhat, so it was exciting to trundle off to the Tate (via being a photo-taking tourist on the Millennium Bridge) to have a look at one of their latest exhibitions – a collection of sculptures by Alexander Calder.

As soon as I walked into the gallery I knew I was onto a winner. The first room had just three simple hanging wire sculptures, but I was mesmerised. Like a 3D sketch, Calder had deftly captured the features of a woman in a piece entitled 'Medusa' in just a few twists of wire, which cast wonderful shadows, and was equally interesting from a number of angles.

In the next, much larger, room, more of these simple 3D sketches were on display, this time mainly inspired by circus figures. Standing pondering the simplicity of the works I was struck by how they reminded me of drawings produced when you aren't allowed to take the pencil off the page. Strongmen, acrobats, dancers and elephants were all vividly captured in his sculptures, some of which were hanging from



Alexander Calder, Triple Gong c.1948. Photo Credit: Tate Modern

the ceiling and gently twisting, and all carefully lit so that their shadows were projected behind them.

The interplay between Calder's 3D works and their 2D shadows was fascinating, and something I am sure that both the Tate and Calder were keen to emphasise. One room focused on works which consisted

of a painted board backdrop with bigger, blocky hanging sculptures in front of them, where the shadow from the hanging aspect became part of the 2D background.

As you might have guessed from my descriptions, the majority of the rooms cast light on Calder's less known work, but the final two

rooms were full of his iconic organic mobiles – perfectly balanced hanging sculptures which gently twisted and transformed themselves in the ambient breeze. Here again the interplay between the sculptures and their shadows was mesmerising, especially as they gently twisted and changed. It was incredibly relaxing

just to sit and watch. They ought to get some for Central Library.

Whilst I very much enjoyed the exhibition, at £18 a go (luckily not if you are reviewing for FELIX!) this is certainly a gallery to persuade your parents to take you to. The artworks are wonderful – but the price seems extortionate.

Time waits for no comic

Sam Wood
Writer

Stand up comedian's worst nightmare: arriving late to your own show. A stage manager's worst nightmare: having to run the show and entertain a room full of punters whilst waiting for the act to arrive. This is exactly what unfolds before us in the original meta-comedy 'Waiting for Gaddot', running at the Invisible Dot.

The following 60 minutes is an erratic farce that unravels unashamedly in front of the audience. For the most part, the experience is immersive and entertaining. The play intersperses 'live action' with flashback videos;

these are well made and contribute to the narrative, although disrupt the flow a little too much and fail to keep the audience as captivated as they were in the first five minutes.

Often making mockery out of

Immersive and entertaining

pop culture and modern day norms, the humour used throughout is fairly amusing. However, the gags aren't anywhere near as original as the shows format would initially suggest and they are derivative and expected most of the time.

It is apparent throughout that the cast are mainly stand-up comics, for their acting is often over-cooked

and at times transparent. With this said, they can be thoroughly redeemed as they transmit such a positive spirit to the audience, making you want to support every joke they attempt, no matter how silly or obtuse. The venue itself, the Invisible Dot, supports this vibe fittingly – its intimacy, informality and pub-like atmosphere contribute just as much to the experience as anything else.

Overall, 'Waiting for Gaddot' is original, unusual and amusing throughout. Whilst some elements are slightly off and executed poorly, the well spirited cast never fail to keep the audience on edge and most importantly, laughing.

*The Invisible Dot Ltd. in King's Cross
Comedy most nights from £7*



Doesn't he look like a funny, upbeat guy? Photo Credit: Richard Gadd



Pirelli is a poacher turned gamekeeper

The calendar notorious for its nudes turns its focus to inspirational women in the 2016 edition



Serena Williams being awesome. Photo Credit: Annie Liebovitz for Pirelli

Indira Mallik
Arts Editor

First they came for Playboy, now Pirelli; this is turning out to be quite a winter of discontent for the world's meninists. Earlier this week, Pirelli, the luxury tyre company that produces one of the fashion and art world's most exclusive calendars, caused quite a stir when they announced the 2016 edition would feature women more known for their brains and their brawn than their bodies.

In Pirelli's 52 year history, their calendars have almost exclusively featured scantily clad supermodels, Kate Moss, Christy Turlington in the 90s and Adriana Lima and Lara Stone more recently.

The soft core pin-up images have

These portraits demand the women are seen as peers, not objects of desire

been lent artistic credence by the photographers who have worked on the issues. The distinguished roll call includes Helmut Newton and Steve McCurry to name a few.

2016 will be Annie Liebovitz's second edition with the company. It marks an about turn in the calendar's usual subject matter.

It is accomplishment, not flesh on show (for the most part). Instead of supermodels, it's superwomen who are featured. Patti Smith, Yoko Ono, Serena Williams and Ava duVernay make up a roster of women of different ages, sizes and ethnicities who are pictured in next year's edition. Most are fully clothed.

That this is publicity stunt designed to maximise on the current climate of celebrity endorsed social justice there can be no doubt, however, does this signal a turning point in the fashion industry's

attitude towards women and how it displays their bodies?

The Pirelli calendar website certainly proclaims it does. Somewhat grandiosely it declares that the calendar has been 'a journey through the evolution of taste, society and the customs of the last 60 years'

Perhaps. The Pirelli calendar is famous for never going on sale, it is instead sent out to an exclusive and secret list of 20,000 'VIPs': musicians, politicians and royalty' according to a company spokesperson.

The shift towards showing powerful women, fully clothed and presented as peers and equals rather than women displayed as objects of desire for the male gaze shows a shift in the clientele Pirelli is hoping to woo. Amongst the secret list of powerful people, more are now likely to be women, women who who would rather an image of Fran Lebowitz hung on their walls for a month than Gigi Hadid in a moulded latex bodysuit (featured in

In a departure from the calendar's past, the focus is on brains and brawn, not on bodies

last year's calendar).

So what of the artistic merits of Liebovitz's offering? Ironically, it is the image of Serena Williams, one of two women in the calendar not fully clothed, that is the most visually striking.

The living tennis legend is pictured with her back to the

On the foundations of these small victories cultural shifts are built

viewer, muscles rippling. The pose brings to mind classical statues of sporting heroes and demi-gods, of Amazonian warrior women. The delineation of light and shade, the strong profile of her face speaks of power, of legend. It is a beautiful image but it is fearsome at the same time, it commands respect. The beauty in Liebovitz's images are not manufactured male fantasies, but a very specific beauty to each sitter.

The focus in Amy Schumer's portrait is on her sardonic expression, not on her body, though she is the othe rowman who appears (almost) in the nude - the joke being that she is the only one who didn't get the memo. Patti Smith, insouciant in a white shirt and black trousers seems to be lit almost with a halo.

Above all, the portraits demand that the women be seen as individuals before they are seen as subjects. It is tragic that so simple a thing is seen as groundbreaking, but it is on the foundation of these small victories that cultural shifts take place.

Gimmick or not, it is heartening that Pirelli has changed at all. It will be hard for them to go back to the stutus quo, a return to bums and boobs next year is guaranteed to be PR suicide.

Here's hoping they have begun as they mean to continue; it would be great to see more inclusion in the future; perhaps 2017 will feature Laverne Cox as Miss July or Ruth Bader Ginsburg as Miss May. A girl can dream!



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Surrender to *Carol*'s ravishing beauty

Cate Blanchett and Rooney Mara burn bright in Todd Haynes' most beautiful film yet

Carol



Dir. Todd Haynes *Script:* Phyllis Nagy *Starring:* Cate Blanchett, Rooney Mara, Sarah Paulson, Kyle Chandler. *118 minutes.*

Fred Fyles
Film Editor

The verb 'to ravish' has two meanings. In one context, we can use it to describe being transported to a place of ecstasy, where our emotions take flight, and we are overcome with an inescapable delight, swirling upwards to a higher plane. In another, it describes something far more brutal: to take by force, to seize and carry someone off, kicking and screaming, against their will. In both senses of the word, exploring this freakish dichotomy, *Carol* is utterly, irresistibly, achingly ravishing.

Based on Patricia Highsmith's convention-busting 1952 novel *The Price of Salt*, *Carol* is at its core a love story. Therese Belivet (Rooney Mara) is a young shop-girl who is unable to reciprocate her boyfriend's feelings for her, and has a vague dream of becoming a photographer. Carol Aird (Cate Blanchett) approaches, following some meaningful eye-contact across a crowded shop floor, to ask for help buying a Christmas present for her daughter Rindy. Making her first move, Carol leaves her gloves behind on the counter, relying on Therese to pick up on the flirtatious undertones in their conversations; returning the gloves leads to a lunch, and then to home visits, and finally a trip out west. It is this sojourn that allows Therese to distract herself from her boyfriend Richard (Jake Lacy), Carol to forget about the impending divorce from husband Harge (Kyle Chandler), and the two lovers to establish their physical relationship. Moving around each other in a carefully choreographed dance of a love that must remain hidden, things eventually – as they inevitably must – come crashing down: Carol returns to New York to fight for custody of her daughter, and Therese's anguish at



Cate Blanchett delivers a career-defining performance as Carol Aird, beginning the long march to the Academy Awards. Photo Credit: Weinstein Company

the abandonment takes on a brute physical force, as she violently vomits up her emotions on a highway returning east.

What was radical about the novel – and, indeed, remains radical over half a century of progress later – is the possibility of a happy ending that opens up for the couple. It is one that is not explicitly stated by director Todd Haynes, who deals in subtle clues rather than dramatic outbursts: the hand lingering just a little too long on the shoulder; the gaze that is caught and held; the meaningful pause. Haynes is clearly in his element with *Carol*, which – after 2002's *Far From Heaven* – cements his place as a key interpreter of 20th century America.

Haynes' camera almost always views Carol and Therese obliquely: through doorways, marking off the boundaries of private and public; within cars, ensconcing them in their own bubble of chrome and upholstery; through windows, their faces smudged into blurs by greasy smears. Trapped within their passion, the pair place a buttress between themselves and the world, retreating into their own private domain – a necessary technique for coping with the social pressures of the day, but also a perfect portrayal

of the all-consuming passion love can bring.

The dialogue is poignant, with every pause and ellipse pregnant with unfulfilled longing. Phyllis Nagy's screenplay brings with it a soft sense of a beat, offset by the visual melody provided by Edward Lachman's cinematography. Carter Burwell's score, all swelling strings and plucked harp, contributes to this harmony, although on occasion it does outstay its welcome. *Carol* is simply stunning. Sandy Powell's sumptuous costume design alone conjures up the idea of a mid-century Manhattan, but Jesse Rosenthal's pitch-perfect art direction takes this to new heights. The audience is transported out of the cinema, and stand blinking, blinded by the midwinter sun, and the possibilities of love it can bring.

As Therese, Mara is at a career-best; in her hands, we watch Therese mature within the course of several months, from a naïve young girl, one who agrees without knowing what she wants, to a fully-fledged woman. Her sexual awakening creates a fire within Therese, one that burns off any soft corners, leaving behind hard edges; her warm dimples traded for an angular jawline; hairbands exchanged for high heels.

Blanchett's Carol, although on the surface more composed, is perhaps even more vulnerable than the young Therese. Hidden beneath the veneer of make-up and furs that mark her as a possession of the affluent, Carol seems impenetrable: confident in her wants and needs; resolute in her refusal to live against her own grain. And yet Blanchett's nuanced performance teases out the complexity of the character. Therese is not just a plaything, a passing infatuation; at multiple points Carol lets her guard down, in a performance that – despite the fact

that she is always ready to retreat – is completely heart-breaking.

For Carol, 'would you?' becomes a rallying cry, one that echoes throughout the film: 'would you like to have lunch with me?', 'would you like to come visit me this Sunday?', 'I was hoping you might want to come live with me – but I guess you won't. Would you?' Earlier on, in the cinema, one of Therese's friends tracks the correlation between what the characters on screen are saying and how they really feel; at points like these, where Carol breaks down the barriers she's so carefully constructed, there is a true intersection between desire and action.

Carol is a visually stunning, emotionally arresting, powerhouse of a film. Shot through with a sense of tender melancholy that – despite the uplifting ending – imbues it with an aching, almost nostalgia-like sentiment, *Carol* is a depiction of a love so powerful as to be combusive. Charring all in its relentless path, we are consumed in its beautiful fire. It is a lipstick mark on the rim of a martini glass. It is the old photograph that has become too painful to clutch on to. It is the greatest love story in recent memory. It is simply ravishing.

Carol is a
depiction
of a love so
powerful
as to be
combustive

FELIX FILM



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The top three

westerns

that aren't

The Good, the

Bad, and the Ugly

When we think of Westerns we think of Clint Eastwood. The final instalment in Sergio Leone's 'Dollars' trilogy, *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly* is considered his quintessential performance. The very definition of iconic, it essentially defines an entire genre. but, at almost three hours it's hardly a welcoming introduction for new fans. Perhaps the following will prove an easier ride:

The Magnificent Seven (1960)

A re-working of Kurosawa's *Seven Samurai*, *The Magnificent Seven* tells the tale of a gang of heroes coming together to protect a poor village from thugs. Here, however, the bandits are met by gunslingers rather than Rōnin. Characters are key in this film and the flawlessly cast set of heroes does not disappoint, with Steve McQueen, Yul Brynner, and Charles Bronson all giving stand out performances.

Serenity (2005)

How boring would the Western genre be if it was refined to grizzled middle-aged men in 1800s America? The idea of a 'space western' makes perfect sense in light of this film. *Serenity* picks up where the infamously-cancelled television show *Firefly* left off. Malcolm Reynolds and his renegade crew return for one last adventure as they evade the might of a military regime and men gone mad at the edge of space.

Unforgiven (1992)

Told you I couldn't ignore Eastwood. Here, he presents a gritty and realistic take on an established formula that gives us equal measures of character development and thrills. Morgan Freeman and Gene Hackman join Eastwood on this tale of revenge, as antihero William Munny takes on one last job. The ending scene features some of the most quotable lines and blood-pumping action ever put to film.

BEN COLLIER

Black Mass



★★★★

Dir: Scott Cooper. *Script:* Mark Mallouk, Jez Butterworth. *Starring:* Johnny Depp, Benedict Cumberbatch, Dakota Johnson, Joel Edgerton. 122 minutes.

There's an episode of David Mitchell's brilliant YouTube series *Soapbox* in which he talks about the problem with gangster movies: one great film about gangsters gets made in the seventies, he argues, and suddenly everyone thinks they can make three hour long dirges filled with smoky wood-finished rooms, hilariously thick swear-riddled accents, and overly masculine geriatric men droning on and on about who's next to get whacked. He blames *The Godfather*. It feels almost unfair to compare any film to *The Godfather*, except perhaps *The Godfather Part II*, but watching the Boston-set crime drama *Black Mass*, it's easy to see what he was on about.

Based on 'true events', *Black Mass* recounts the story of Whitey Bulger (Johnny Depp), South Boston's most notorious (and that's saying quite a lot) mobster, and his rise to kingpin status with the collaboration of FBI agent John Connolly (Joel Edgerton). But while the story itself may be true, so many similar things have been done so many times before – fictional or otherwise – that the subject matter begins to feel stale within minutes of the multiple-perspective frame narration's rambling beginnings. The brooding Mafioso sinking into the cesspool of his own evil, the corrupt police force, the endless string of murders – certainly almost all of this has been done before, and done much better.

Thankfully *Black Mass* manages to set itself apart from the pack somewhat with a few flash touches of its own. The functional but by-the-numbers script is made up for by the subtly excellent editing: during most conversations, cuts between shots of the faces of each person involved come thick and fast. With the stone-cold faces but frantically searching eyes of the performers, these quick cuts create a powerful sense of the constant anxiety and paranoia that comes with living on the edges of the law, and the thought that capture is always hiding right behind the nearest bush.

The relationship between Bulger and Connolly gives the movie



Johnny Depp as Jamie Bulger in the Boston crime drama *Black Mass*. Photo Credit: Allstar

a strong emotional pull; it's not corruption or bribery that keeps the agent from spilling the beans, but a deep friendship forged on the streets of Southy, and his willingness to fight for his blood brother even in the most desperate of times is something not many films like this have touched upon as well as this one does.

What baffles me about gangster movies is how they unfailingly draw excellent performances from their cast. *Black Mass* is no exception: Depp's performance as Bulger has been rightfully hailed as a searing return to form, and he hasn't been this commanding in a role since the first *Pirates of the Caribbean*; Joel Edgerton as well is on fine form, flexing his acting muscles with a wide range of fully believable emotions. Even ensemble turns are fantastic: Peter Sarsgaard's crazed, cocaine-addicted rat and Corey Stoll's FBI bulldog hell-bent on ending Bulger's reign have precious few minutes of screen time each, but both of them steal every second of it.

While *Black Mass* has enough to make it more worth watching than most crime flick affairs, it unfortunately doesn't quite have enough to make it much more than entertaining in passing; it's all just a bit normal. Once you've seen one gangster movie, it would appear you've seen them all, and – sad as the fact is – not every movie can be *The Godfather*.

TOM STEPHENS

Unbranded



★★★★

Dir: Phillip Baribeau. *Starring:* Jonny Fitzsimons, Thomas Glover, Ben Thamer. 106 minutes.

A warm-hearted, generous film, *Unbranded* charts the journey of four young Texan men as they travel from Mexico to Canada by a pack of wild, 'adopted' mustangs. Immediately we are introduced to the high-stakes game they are playing as, during the opening minutes, one is kicked hard in the shoulder, and another desperately tries to control his bucking bronco. Despite the vast vistas on display, during a journey that takes in Idaho, Utah, Arizona, Montana, and Wyoming, *Unbranded* manages to – like Tommy Lee Jones' excellent 2014 anti-western *The Homesman* – make the classic American wilderness seem isolatedly bleak, dangerous, and utterly unforgiving.

Exploring an ideological battle I had no idea existed, *Unbranded* was made to raise awareness about the plight of the wild horse in the USA: in the 1970s an act was passed allowing mustangs to graze on public land, but this has led to a ballooning of number, making it difficult for any other livestock, and indeed the horses themselves, to survive. The Bureau of Land Management (BLM) is responsible for keeping these numbers down by keeping horses in captivity,

but adoption rates have dropped dramatically, and now numerous horses are kept in cages rather than roaming free. Activists campaign against the BLM, accusing them of horse-genocide with a fervour that could only be found in the USA.

It is an interesting topic, one that could probably be explored in a greater amount of detail, although the film gets us up to scratch. I am sceptical, however, about the effect the film will have, since the issue doesn't really translate to our small isle. Furthermore, I don't know how much it will encourage people in the USA: training a mustang takes four months of hard work, and – as the film shows – human intervention is perhaps not what is best for the horses. Two are struck lame by the end of the first state, and one dies before they reach the end.

But the emphasis of the film is on the companionship of the four young men, and the dangers of their difficult journey, and if we see the film as a document of that, rather than a campaign flick, it works rather well. There are elements that seem excessively cheesy at times – some arguments between the men seem to be engineered for the camera – and some aspects make the entire thing seem like an advertisement for Jim Bean bourbon. Despite this, however, the film's entertaining premise, earnest motivations, and refusal to sugarcoat the dangers of nature, make it a very worthwhile watch.

FRED FYLES

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Radiator



Dir: Tom Fisher *Script:* Tom Fisher, Daniel Cerqueira *Starring:* Richard Johnson, Gemma Jones, Daniel Cerqueira *93 minutes.*

Radiator begins with an everyday nightmare: middle-aged Daniel (Daniel Cerqueira) receives a phone call from his elderly mother, Maria (Gemma Jones), asking him to come up to their Cumbrian home for a couple of days, since his ailing father Leonard (Richard Johnson) cannot move from the sofa. Once he arrives at the house, however, it is clear that things definitely aren't right. His father has stubbornly bunkered down, and is exercising his tyrannical dominion over Maria; here is a man who, possibly in the early stages of dementia, is frustrated at his reliance on others, and acts out in the only way he knows how – psychologically taking charge of those around him. His cantankerous nature knows no bounds: in one scene he complains to Maria that she has bought the straws 'with the corrugated neck', while in the next he is seen snipping off their

tops with the precision of an army major. Their house needs to be set in order, but Daniel isn't up to the task. Instead the amount of clutter in the house slowly grows, infiltrating on the edges of everyone's lives like a malignancy.

While Leonard's prickly nature makes it difficult to warm to him, Johnson's effective performance brings to us a sense of how helpless Leonard feels, having to get his wife and child to clean him up after using the commode. However, the beating heart of the film is with Maria, whose internal suffering is portrayed with extreme pathos by Jones in a masterful performance. With a coping mechanism that doesn't extend past pottering around and making tea, Maria's internal turmoil is reflected in the dramatic Cumbrian landscape, which plays a role in this film similar to that of the Norfolk Broads in *45 Years* – another carefully constructed film about aging and intimacy. In a world that seems skewed against aging actors, it is extremely heartening to see that films are being made that take an unflinching look at the nature of aging, and the effects it can have on the individual.

That the film was Johnson's last performance (he died earlier this year) adds a sense of poignancy, one

The Good Dinosaur has a thin plot with an unsubtle message



Dir: Peter Sohn. *Script:* Meg LeFauve. *Starring:* Raymond Ochoa, Jack Bright, Frances McDormand *100 minutes.*

Despite an original spin on the classic 'Boy & His Beast' trope – in this case, the dinosaur is the boy, and the human the beast – Pixar's latest, *The Good Dinosaur*, felt rather childish. And yes, I know it is a children's film, but that doesn't mean it has to be childish. The fair amount of violence on screen, however, leads to a confusion as to whom the film was truly aimed at.

The story follows a young, fearful dinosaur named Arlo (Raymond Ochoa) who gets lost far away from home, and must make his way back on a perilous – if not somewhat disjointed – journey. During this trek home, he ends up befriendng a 'critter', who is actually a primitive human boy (Jack Bright).

A thin plot with an underlying message that is neither original nor subtly put, on the whole the story has little direction. Focusing on the fear of the unnoticed child in a family, the film goes little

further than to say that even the brave are afraid. That is not to say that genuine sentimentality did not feature; it did, but just not when they were trying to force it upon you. The addition of a some strange choices in the story, not least the small drug-trip scene that featured (yes, you read that correctly), made for, on the whole, a slightly jarring experience.

It wasn't all mediocre though: the CGI landscape was more detailed and gorgeously rendered than any animated film I have seen before (and I have seen a lot). With the entire film set in the open, there are plenty of immensely beautiful shots that I could've stared at for ages. The reason this is so important is because nature has an extremely large role to play – the true antagonist of the film is not a dinosaur, but all of nature.

The daunting presence of the highly realistic storm clouds and crashing rivers contrasts with the cartoonish look of Arlo, making him seem even weaker than he was before.

With enough humour, warm-heartedness, and spectacular scenery, *The Good Dinosaur* is still an enjoyable film, but unfortunately for Pixar it is nothing more than that.

that is reinforced by the fact that director Tom Fisher has mined deep within the seams of his family life. The plot of the film came from his own experiences with his aging, frail parents, and *Radiator* was shot in his own parent's house in Cumbria, left untouched since their deaths. With shades of Andrew Haigh's *45 Years* and Michael Haneke's *Amour*, *Radiator* is a subtle work, held up by powerful performances from the minute cast. The impression it leaves may be small, but it is certainly lasting.

FRED FYLES

ALEX HEIB

Documentary corner: *Jesus Camp*

Ben Collier
Film Writer

Is there anyone in here who believes that God can do anything?" the energised Pentecostal preacher Becky Fischer questions her baying crowd as the camera cuts to a mother raising her two uninterested children's hands excitedly. The opening scene of *Jesus Camp* places the viewer right in the middle of one of the services at a Christian children's summer camp in North Dakota. As the scene continues, fast editing and a haunting score crescendo to a pandemonium. Parents yell encouragement as the children and viewer alike are treated to the first of many frenzied sermons which come to be the focus of this film.

This introductory five minutes alone set the tone perfectly. Telling the story of this camp and its leaders, *Jesus Camp* attempts to make broader statements about fundamentalism in America.



'I pledge allegiance to the Christian flag'. Photo Credit: Jesus Camp PR

A massively hands-off approach is taken by directors Heidi Ewing and Rachel Grady, with no voice-overs or opinions being directly offered by the pair. This approach works so well because the ridiculousness of this church and its inside goings on are so obvious that comment is unnecessary. "We got too many Christian grown-ups who are fat and lazy," our morbidly obese preacher exclaims as the camera

holds on her, and subtle critiques and digs like this are sprinkled throughout the film. The actual opinions of the filmmakers seem to be reflected in a few small clips of radio host Mike Papantonio, who talks of the influence of these religious groups and their scary right-wing affiliations. Some would call his sections slightly forced but I disagree; the dialogue he eventually is able to have with Fischer in

particular serves as a perfect microcosm of political debates occurring within America.

It is this that allows the film to go beyond the camp and explore the wider issues of right wing politics and literalist Christianity in America. One scene that particularly stands out involves a cardboard cut of George W. Bush featured in one sermon, where Bush is deistically praised by the preachers for his pro-life ideals and commitment to God. The dangers of religion in American politics is explored in detail with the nomination of Samuel Alito – a heavily conservative Christian, and friend of Bush – to the Supreme Court acting as a key example.

A simple, objective glance into this camp is really all the filmmakers needed to provide to ensure a solid documentary. The reason why *Jesus Camp* should be considered amongst some of the modern greats is the wider comments it makes: the right wing political and religious undertones to the camp and the

film give *Jesus Camp* an interesting dichotomy – one minute we see the children exploring caves and playing in the woods, while the next they cry, pretend to speak in tongues, and smash cups labelled 'Government'. What we are left with is the question of whether these children are being brainwashed, and how much of a threat these groups pose to American society. Ewing and Grady leave that up to you to decide.

The film explores the wider issues of right wing US politics



Just gals being pals: a history of lesbian films

Following the release of *Carol*, Todd Haynes' latest masterwork, we look back through cinema's greatest sapphic power couples, from *Mädchen in Uniform* to *Blue is the Warmest Colour*



Adèle Exarchopoulos and Léa Seydoux as Adèle and Emma, the two gal-pals at the heart of Abdellatif Kechiche's epic romance *Blue is the Warmest Colour*. Photo Credit: Youtube

Manuela and Fräulein von Bernburg in *Mädchen in Uniform* (1931)

One of the first lesbian films to be produced, the Weimar film *Mädchen in Uniform* has set up many of the classic tropes of lesbian cinema: schoolgirls infatuated with older women; teasing flirtation spilling over into something more; unhappy endings. Based in a girls' boarding school, *Mädchen in Uniform* tells the story of Manuela, a young girl whose mother has died, and has been placed into the strict school. She immediately becomes infatuated with a kindly teacher, Fräulein von Bernburg, who returns her affections immediately. Banned

by the Nazi regime due to its 'decadent' content, many of the stars – who were Jewish – did not manage to escape the death camps.

Martha and Karen in *The Children's Hour* (1961)

Shirley MacLaine and Audrey Hepburn play two friends who open a private all-girls school. After one girl is punished, she starts a malicious rumour that the two headmistresses are in a secret relationship – a shocking revelation in the 1960s. Although their relationship is never actually consummated, MacLaine's Martha does express feelings for Hepburn's Karen; in a masterful turn from MacLaine (who acts Hepburn

The Weimar film *Mädchen in Uniform* establishes many of the classic tropes of lesbian cinema

off the screen), she hysterically outpours all her emotions. 'I feel so damned sick and dirty I can't stand it anymore,' she cries, before – in true 'Lesbians-Can't-Have-Nice-Things' style – hanging herself in her room.

Cay and Vivian in *Desert Hearts* (1985)

One of the first films where a lesbian relationship was depicted favourably, *Desert Hearts* follows the journey of Vivian Bell (Helen Shaver), a professor approaching middle age, who travels to Nevada in order to obtain a quickie divorce from her husband. While staying at a ranch, she is surprised by her feelings for free-spirit Cay Rivvers (Patricia Charbonneau); these feelings are reciprocated, and the

two enter into a steamy relationship. The ending leaves things open for a bright future, although it's not explicitly stated.

Thelma and Louise in *Thelma and Louise* (1991)

The classic gal-pal film, *Thelma and Louise* has become a buzzword for female empowerment, and the lasting bond that is created between two women when one of them kills a rapist. Geena Davis and Susan Sarandon are Thelma and Louise, two old friends on the run from the long arm of the law. An overwhelming success when it was released, *Thelma and Louise* has gone down in history as a cult classic of American cinema, and rightly so.



Radha and Sita in *Fire* (1996)

The first part of Indo-Canadian director Deepa Mehta's legendary Elements trilogy, *Fire* tells of the relationship that develops between newly-married Sita (Nandita Das) and her older sister-in-law Radha (Shabana Azmi). Both women are isolated, cut off from any passion by their neglectful husbands, and find solace in each other. The unflinching depiction of homosexuality seen in the film sparked protests across India, leading to debates about freedom of speech, the role of religion in society, and the social fabric of the country. If nothing else, that would be the mark of a groundbreaking film, but *Fire* goes beyond this, with nuanced performances from the central cast making Radha and Sita a couple burning with desire.

Agnes and Elin in *Fucking Åmål* (1998)

The directorial breakthrough of Swedish director Lukas Moodysson, *Fucking Åmål* follows two teenage girls living in backwater Sweden who develop a relationship. Agnes (Rebecka Liljeberg) is a depressed loner, with few true friends; Elin (Alexandra Dahlström) is more

Thelma and Louise is the classic gal- pal film

outgoing, but full of ennui, and unsatisfied with life. The two come together after Agnes' 16th birthday party, a horrifically embarrassing experience for shy Agnes; they believe the key to living a good life would be leaving their small town of Åmål and making it to Stockholm – the town of Åmål took offence to this portrayal, and in English the film is called *Show Me Love*. A tender portrayal of the turbulence of teenage sexuality, *Fucking Åmål* is a must-watch.

Betty and Rita in *Mulholland Drive* (2001)

I mean, does anyone really understand what this film is about? Widely considered the masterwork of American auteur David Lynch – commonly regarded as one of the greatest directors working today –



Gal-pals par excellence, *Thelma and Louise*, taking a primitive selfie. Photo Credit: Youtube

this film is completely batshit crazy. A brunette woman escapes from a car crash, making her way to safety in a house in LA; suffering from amnesia she takes on the name of Rita, and surprises Betty, whose aunt owns the house. As Betty tries to help Rita remember what happened to her, the bonds between the two women strengthens, leading to consummation of the relationship, and a visit to the mysterious Club Silencio. Way more stuff happens, and I would need to see it at least seven more times to properly understand what's going on. All I know is that the film is visually arresting, poignantly scripted, and boasts career-best performances from Naomi Watts and Laura Harring.

Nic and Jules in *The Kids are All Right* (2010)

Nominated for the Best Picture Academy Award in 2010, Lisa Cholodenko's *The Kids are All Right* is unusual in some ways, in that it shows a lesbian couple who have been together for years, rather than depicting the start of a relationship. Jules (Julianne Moore) and Nic (Annette Bening) are married with two children, living in LA. But when their children track down their sperm donor father, Paul (Mark Ruffalo), strains are put on their relationship, and hidden tensions begin to emerge. With excellent performances from the whole cast, *The Kids are All Right* is a warm, witty gem of a drama film. And if that's not enough to tempt you, there's a scene where Nic sings Joni Mitchell's 'All I Want' – what more could you need in a film?

Emma and Adèle in *Blue is the Warmest Colour* (2013)

Bursting onto our screens in 2013, *Blue is the Warmest Colour*, Abdellatif Kechiche's 5th film, made history when lead actors Léa Seydoux and Adèle Exarchopoulos were awarded the Palme d'Or along with Kechiche at the 66th Cannes Film Festival, for their performances as Emma and Adèle respectively. Based on the graphic novel by Julie Maroh, the film garnered widespread

controversy due to its explicit nature, and lengthy sex scenes. However, look past such aspects, and you will find that *Blue is the Warmest Colour* is a film shot through with pathos, intimacy, and humanity. Following the couple over a number of years, from the development of the relationship, to them living together, and its eventual implosion, *Blue is the Warmest Colour* is one of the most impressive love stories to be put to film in recent years, thanks largely to the incredible performances from Exarchopoulos and Seydoux.

Evelyn and Cynthia in *The Duke of Burgundy* (2014)

It's rare to find a film that combines lesbian relationships, BDSM, and research into moths, but Peter Strickland's third feature film *The Duke of Burgundy* manages to do just that. Following on from his masterful *Barbarian Sound Studio* (2012), based on Italian giallo films, Strickland took his cues from 1970s eurotrash erotica for this exploration of relationships. Sidse Babett Knudsen (of *Borgen* fame) plays Cynthia, the older, more dominant one of the relationship, while Chiara D'Anna is Evelyn, the young ingénue. However, things aren't as they seem, and the film undermines the traditional narrative, and takes things into more philosophical territory. With sumptuous visuals, brilliant acting, and a cracking score from Cat's Eyes, this is a must-watch.

FRED FYLES



Shirley MacLaine and Audrey Hepburn in *The Children's Hour* – gals can't always be pals! Photo Credit: Everett Collection



Tradition vs Taste?

FELIX explores chicken tikka, changing tastes, and asks if anyone should care about whether food is 'authentic' or not?

Sanjay Bhattacharya
Food Editor

Born in the US, to mixed British/Indian parents, and having spent the whole of my recallable life in Oxford at predominantly English schools, I don't consider myself to be Indian, apart from the times when I'm reminded of it, and that's normally to do with food. "Where's the best curry house in London?" some friends ask, and I'll try to explain that I really haven't been to that many, before telling them about the few joints I do know that are good. "What makes a curry a curry?" is another favourite along with having to shut down folks who go and say, "oh, chicken tikka masala – you should know – that's not really an authentic curry, is it?". They both get my hackles up. Who cares if my grandmother wouldn't recognise it? If it's tasty, it's a good recipe and that's all that matters. If we didn't have people who were pushing boundaries, we wouldn't come up with new combinations and recipes. It's the only way that cuisine can advance, and that's what I enjoy being part of.

At this point, I do have to say that there are a few people in my family who won't necessarily agree – my father vs modern Greek salad was a notable battle. Instead of a slab of briney feta atop some coarsely cut onions, cucumber and beefsteak tomatoes, liberally soured with tart red wine vinegar,

If it's tasty,
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matters

lemon, oregano and olives, we had a very different interpretation at a restaurant in Athens. Finely shredded phyllo pastry enrobed a stick of feta, the whole ensemble then fried till crunchy yet soft in the middle. Alongside it were the rest of the ingredients, finely diced (not pureed) and left to marinade – but for just long enough to still retain each component's original flavours, so that you could dip one in the other and have the whole blossom of flavours at once. I loved it, but my father, who had expected something a bit more traditional (read: not enough cheese), was left disappointed. Needless to say, we didn't return.

That has never discouraged me from presenting traditional dishes to which I've added my own ideas to my family. In fact, I enjoy surprising my entire family with the occasional dish that really is a change from the staple recipes that I do use from time to time. This is easier for me to do with gastronomies I have read, practiced and experienced. For example, I'm happy to improvise an Italian twist on things, and so when I make a Ragu Bolognese (spag bol to you heathens), I'll add soy and Worcester sauces, a touch of smoked paprika and some mushroom ketchup – all of which boost the meaty depth of the dish. None of them notice the additions until I tell them at the very end, at which point they don't mind, and have been converted. Now, that's not quite the same as doing a tofu jalfrezi or suchlike, but it's still changing their way of thinking.

Really, this clash of tradition vs reinterpretation only ever comes to affect my own cooking in certain areas – cuisines that I'm not too well versed in – where I feel that my attempts to create a dish inspired by them may completely misuse an ingredient or idea. This mainly covers those outside of America/Europe, the Middle East and the Subcontinent. I'll have a stab at South American – but salmon for ceviche is not the authentic kind of fish to use (though given that every country appears to use a different one, who knows?) and plod blindly into the Orient – with dishes faithfully born from family



Who would have guessed curries aren't served like this in India? Photo Credit: Oriental Chinese Takeaway

favourites, such as Beggar's Noodles and Wonton Soup. I have no idea if I'm using the ingredients correctly for some of the things we do blithely get from the Chinese supermarkets, but the end result tastes good and is fun along the way.

I mean, don't get me wrong – as a family of scientists we naturally put a lot of research into the recipes (ok, maybe we're just obsessive), and have come up with patiently refined results that we happily offer up to people, even if it is our version of their national dish. Why? Because it tastes good! At least, it suits our palates...but that's a complete article in itself. Is it traditional? I honestly couldn't say.

But, tradition itself is important. As people shy away from cooking, a phenomenon that is fortunately slowing, and choose the convenient route of ready made food – be it with ready meals that present (for the most part) bland, drab versions of once exciting classics, the memories of traditional foods can too fade. All too often, the little intricacies of dishes are left by the wayside, and so slowly people forget just how that particular soup tasted, that pasta felt or those spices blended. I guess this culinary history, like so many

I have no
idea if I'm
using the
ingredients
correctly

languages, is too at risk of being forgotten. If there aren't people appreciating old recipes (and yes, adding their own twists to them as well!), those techniques and flavours will die out! So, at times, I'll pull up my dad's recipe database (I said we were weird) and look up those recipes that he's faithfully copied out from his grandmothers notes, and that both he and my mother cooked for me over many years, and I now get to teach to my girlfriend. And I remember exactly why, sometimes, you don't need to change anything.

That said, I had some other family remind me that you can cook a steak perfectly well in a pan, after I wrote my previous article on meat.

And yes, they weren't wrong – it's quite an art of basting and flipping, and the end result does have more of a grey band – but you get a delicious fond (that browning on a pan from frying meat?) that can form the basis of an amazing pan sauce, something that my reverse searing method – with its digital thermometers and, potentially, high tech water baths, does not. And to them, I didn't have an answer. Was tradition being usurped by a more convenient method, where there was a comparatively low skill barrier? How could I say that I wasn't taking the same convenient route as those who buy ready meals, as all they're looking for is a hassle free meal?

At the end of the day, I strongly believe food should be about taste first, and tradition second – but I know not everyone agrees with me, nor should they. And so whilst I won't be the first to serve up Christmas pudding with a hint of chilli to my gran, or serve my dad that bloody Greek salad, I will happily enjoy a nibble of chicken tikka if it comes my way.

Are you interested in writing for the Food section? Send any articles, recipes, ideas or requests to food.felix@ic.ac.uk



Chvrches fill the Palace with synth-pop

Simon Andersson
Writer

The 2014 synthpop sensation **Chvrches** held the biggest headline gig of their career at a slightly below capacity Alexandra Palace on Friday last week. I bought my tickets from another Imperial student, but there were plenty flying around online in the preceding weeks for less than retail.

The Glaswegian band is currently touring their second album, *Every Open Eye*, which was released in January this year and they were supported by DJ and producer **Four Tet**, a weird, genre-crossing decision which I still require an explanation for.

I feared that the band's sound wouldn't suit the size – 10,000 at full capacity – of the venue, but I was happy to be proved wrong immediately, with new tracks such as 'Never Ending Circles' blasted at full volume, with loud bass provided by Iain Cook and synths by Martin

The low point of the night came when Doherty tried his hand at singing

Doherty.

Lauren Mayberry, the lead vocalist, was confident and commanding throughout; she provided rambling banter with her band-mates and the audience at will. You couldn't help but feel she had it all planned, but



Photo Credit: Cale Tilford

honestly who can blame her. When not singing she was given the task of beating a drum set placed at centre stage and dancing around playfully.

The low point of the night came when Doherty tried his hand at

singing, on the album track 'High Enough to Carry You Over' which the crowd showed little appreciation for. This was fortunately quickly forgotten when Mayberry took the microphone back for the next song.

A fake encore – as is the norm – then a slow song followed by a rousing rendition of 'Mother we Share' left every attendee satisfied that they got what they paid for, myself included.

The Demo Dump will return next week (we promise)!



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

Simon Andersson
Writer

Nero played at the O2 Brixton Academy on Saturday as part of their new album *Between II Worlds*. The adverts had been plastered across the capital for several weeks leading

The bass was ridiculous

up to the event, but the venue was still barely half packed by the time midnight rolled around and Nero took to the stage.

The bass was ridiculous. And not necessarily in a good way. Both my chest and throat were intensely



Buttery biscuit, face-melting bass. Photo Credit: The Jim Jam Jar

shaken, and my friend complained that his eardrum physically hurt. It's safe to say they wanted the music to be felt.

The three piece's lead singer Alana Watson, was not particularly memorable, as she seemingly mimed

the entire hour and a half set aside from the last line, where she wished London good night. At one point her oversized belt fell off – so that at least was mildly interesting.

The music played was predictable and I very much doubt any live

mixing was done, despite the classic knob twiddling and keyboard mashing all night, by both Daniel Stephens and Joseph Ray. The light show however, was intense, with red and white strobing the name of the game.



Leave Kanye alone

A deeper look at one of the most influential artist of the millennium

Aslan Sayfimehr
Writer

I am a pop artist. My medium is public opinion, and the world is my canvas."

As the most despised figure of today's pop culture pantheon, you'd think Mr. Michelangelo-with-a-mic would know how to use his medium better.

But what if we take him seriously?

"I am standing up and telling you: I am Warhol. I am the number one most impactful artist of our generation."

When persistent tall talk like this makes Kanye's diamond-gated mouth sound like my arse after a super-noodle binge, taking anything he says seriously is a pretty big ask.

But, what if he's right? What if he's actually what he claims to be— a Louis Vuitton garbed Lichtenstein?

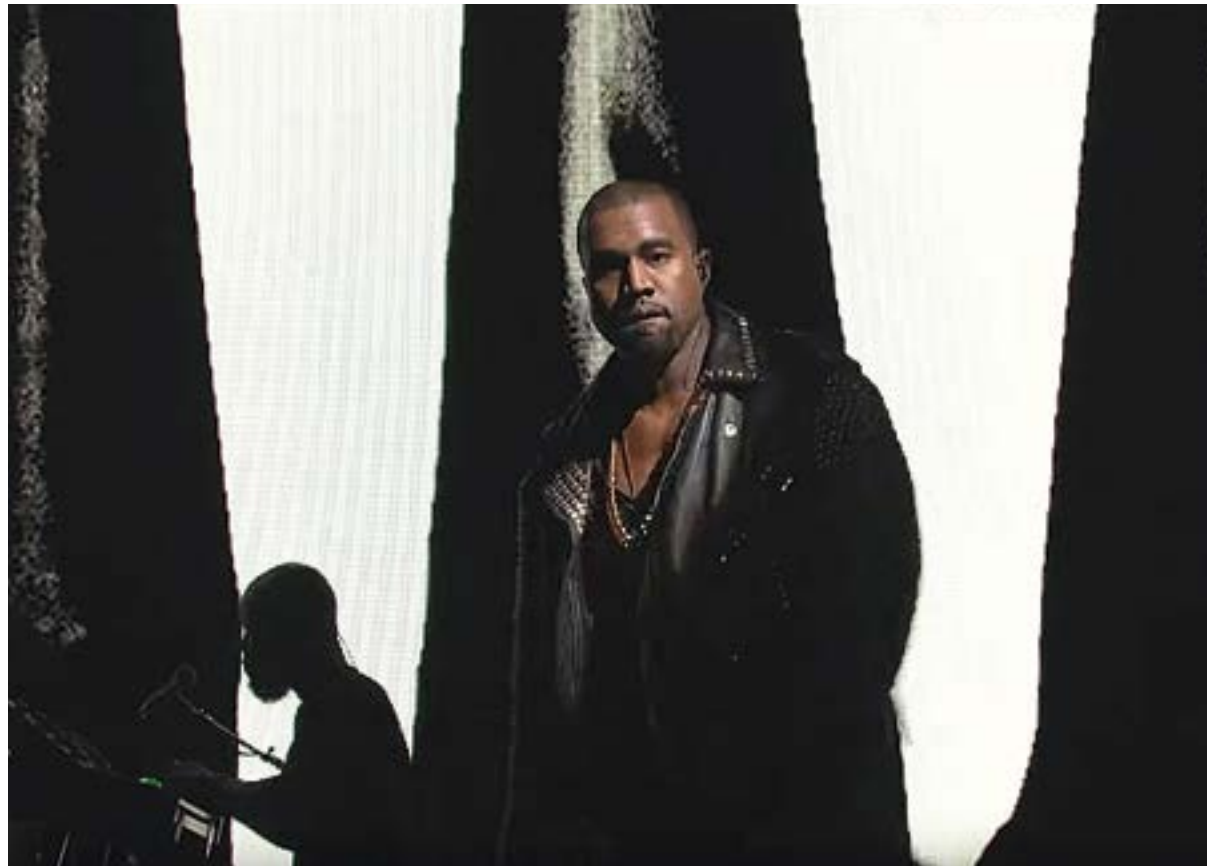
The dude makes really fucking good music. That's a pretty safe statement (if this upsets u hmu 4 a good otolaryngologist). Outside of that he's kind of a walking punchline. Anyone who knows me will know I'm pretty avid advocate of Team-Yeezy (avid/obsessive; potay-to/potah-to), so I'm here to expose the truth.

Kanye West is a criminally underrated post-modern performance artist.

I know how this sounds (believe me, my mates have made sure I know EXACTLY how it sounds), but bear with me. Let's start with an example - the 'Bound 2' music video. If you haven't seen it, the video begins with cheesy stock landscape clips before switching between Kanye awkwardly dancing and Kanye awkwardly riding a motorcycle (often accompanied by the beloved millennial form of Mary Magdalen, Kim Kardashian West). All scenes are shot against a poorly disguised green screen, providing colourfully stylized (but ultimately trashy) backdrops to Kimye's shenanigans. The video's racked up a tidy 400,000 dislikes on YouTube; the people aren't a fan.

The people have missed the point.

'Bound 2' is a genius inversion of the 'Hooked on a Feeling' music video by newly renamed **David Hoff** (he wanted to 'drop the Hassle' from



Something funny about Kanye. Photo Credit: SNL

his name - no, seriously, google it), its release and reception all part of a devilishly sly performance art piece aiming to highlight and disarm America's latent cultural racism.

Kanye West has brilliantly reversed 'Hooked On A Feeling'

"Black tims all on your couch again/Black dick all in your spouse again"

The visuals of 'Bound 2' and

'Hooked on a Feeling' are uncannily similar. Take any Bound 2 shot, and you can find a corresponding shot in 'Feeling' with the exact same colour gradient.

The whole fake motorcycle is straight from 'Feeling.' Kanye's odd expressions when he busts in after the intro? Imitating Hasselhoff's ok-Mitch-it's-time-to-look-sexy stare at the start of 'Feeling.' Kanye spreading his wings in an inexplicable G-6 impression? Also straight from the Hoff.

As science boffins we can all agree that correlation does not imply causation, so let's dig a little deeper. During the 'hooga hooga ooga chaka' refrain of 'Feeling,' footage of a sunglasses clad Hasselhoff runs in the background. His t-shirt's tucked into his pulled up cargo shorts as he prances around a group of African tribesmen. Dude's looking pretty cool. A second Hasselhoff (let's call him Hoff-B) also appears, bopping around with a tribal weaponry, otherwise kitted out in safari gear.

It's as if Hoff-B, singing 'ooga ooga,' brandishing native weapons, is taunting the Africans by inserting himself into their culture.

"They see a black man with a white woman at the top floor, they gone

come to kill King Kong/Middle America packed in/Came to see me in my black skin"

Now in Bound 2, Kanye is either dressed in lumberjack attire or a white-trash t shirt. Also exclusive

It's clear that Kanye doesn't mind exposing himself to ridicule

to Bound 2 are the scenes of Kanye and Kim having as much fun as you can have without your clothes on sur le moto. Pay attention to the lighting in the video; Kanye's features are consistently lit to be as

dark as possible, while the opposite stands for Kim: contrasting their skin tones, highlighting their super-publicized interracial relationship. The video was debuted on the Ellen DeGeneres Show: a talk show most successful in the middle-aged white female demographic. Hardly Kanye's target audience... So why all the theatrics?

Kanye West has brilliantly reversed 'Hooked On A Feeling,' appropriating Americana culture and taunting 'middle America' with scenes of a black man riding into the sunset with his Caucasian wife.

"It's my flag now- now what you gonna do?"

Later that year, Kanye started rocking the confederate flag. A mainstay of redneck iconography, this stirred up quite a fuss, pissing off both racists and those who'd actually experienced racism at its hands. Whether appropriate or not, by adopting the historically racist logo, Kanye's made strides towards disarming it, drawing parallels with the appropriation of n*gger. There seems to be a theme here.

"But the guy really, really, really is talented... No one's near doing what he's doing, it's not even on the same planet." - **Lou Reed** on Yeezus

Kanye's pretty Lynchian in the opacity of his art; what little he's divulged about his 6th LP Yeezus has amounted to 'fashion world marginalisin me cos im black NEW SLAVES fuk u hedi slimane.' Yeezus has had people stumped for a while, but looking at the album through the lens of a black man appropriating inaccessible white culture starts to clear the fog.

Ye's made an angry, controversial record in frustration at his inability to break into the fashion industry. As an outspoken black man, he felt he couldn't insert himself into the fashion world, so he's inserting himself into anything and everything else that's similarly uncharted territory.

The track 'Black Skinhead' (paradox much?) was first heard with a ferocious performance live on SNL. Sonically, the song's closer to rock than hip-hop; cavernous drums chug away around a gnarly guitar-riff while **Marilyn Manson**-esque gasps provide the essential earworm. Kanye gets his scream on;

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The hood Jodorowsky. Photo Credit: Kanye West and David Hasselhoff

something pretty much exclusive to punk and metal. Both white dominated genres.

Provocative visuals flash behind him as he performs: three inverted Ku Klux Klan members loom against a white background, their traditionally white uniform flipped black. The imagery continues in the B&W 'BLKKK SKKKN HEAD' music video, where naked CGI Kanyes of various shapes and size spaz out to the tune. The video ends with five black men in black KKK hoods advancing on the viewer. Another instance of white racism stained black; disarmed.

The SNL performance mimics that of a rock star. Ye's intensity burns through the screen as he wields the mic stand, studded leather jacket contentiously worn over a low-cut t-shirt. The 'rock star' is another exclusively white concept that Kanye's been trying to sort out. He's repeatedly appointing himself the title of 'greatest living rock star,' even screaming it repeatedly in the face of an overwhelming white crowd of near 100 thousand (at Glastonbury at that - a festival

with roots entrenched firmly in rock & roll). The dude's persona is the closest thing we have to the rock stars of old in pop culture (by a LONG shot), so why's everyone getting so pissed off? 'Rap's the new

What if
he's
inviting us
to make
fun
of him?

rock n roll.'

"If I don't get ran out by Catholics/ Here come some conservative Baptists"

Back to the album. The only

feature listed on the track list is 'God,' on the track 'I Am a God.' The song features such absurdities as 'In a French-ass restaurant. Hurry up with my damn croissants! I am a God.' If said by anyone other than Ye, nobody'd be doubting their insincerity. He knows this; dude's toying with how the public perceives him. America's bred a culture of self-hatred into its black populace. Everyone's happy with black musicians referring to themselves as gangsters, drug dealers, n*ggas... But a god? Ye's inverted hyperbole aims to incite rage.

By adopting the moniker 'Yeezus', Kanye's inserting himself further into white iconography: a quick glance through Christian artwork highlights Jesus as the most recognisable white figure in the entire world. The concept's extended in his Yeezus tour theatrics, where 'White Jesus' comes on stage for a quick what-up.

Kanye is repeatedly highlighting his blackness by inserting it into everywhere society tells him it doesn't belong. Black tims all in your couch again. Black dick all in

your spouse again.

"Soon as they like you, make 'em unlike you."

A great deal of effort has gone into making 'Bound 2' unlikeable and it worked: it's the 8th most disliked video on YouTube, ever. When the original (much shittier) 'Hooked On a Feeling' video has a 10 to 1 like-to-dislike ratio with a fifth of the views of 'Bound 2,' you can't help but wonder whether the racial overtones played a hand in its infamy.

It's clear that Kanye doesn't mind exposing himself to ridicule. He became the first mainstream artist in a hyper-masculine genre to expose himself emotionally, mourning the demise of both his mother and engagement on the new-wave autotuned record *808s and Heartbreaks*. A quick glance through his previous music videos shows he knows how to make a good one; the gorgeous self-directed 'Runaway' film speaks for itself. It's pretty insulting to think that he lacks the self-awareness to realise how tasteless 'Bound 2' looks.

Which leads me to question his oval office aspirations. Running against an incumbent president is political suicide, and I don't think Kanye winning a nationwide popularity contest is going to happen anytime soon. When asked about his policy ideas directly after the announcement, a rare smile escaped: 'Everybody gets Yeezys.' YEEZY2020 highlighted the insanity of an unqualified celebrity thinking he can run the U.S.A. Something topical starting with T and ending with P(rick) springs to mind.

"Pop culture tries to force-feed a dumbed down version of everything.

People try to act like the fans are dumb."

From crashing ballet and hip-hop together in 'Runaway' to taking inspiration from the Alejandro Jodorowsky directed arthouse film 'The Holy Mountain' for the Yeezus tour, Kanye's been bringing fine art to pop culture in a progressively more mature manner. October saw the first release of his collaboration with Pulitzer Prize winning composer **Caroline Shaw**. The rework of 'Say You Will' employs her voice as a string instrument: puckering pizzicato vocals flutter around Kanye's autotuned laments before swelling in a jaw-droppingly serene crescendo. It's pretty damn good.

Does an artist have to subscribe to our preconceived notions of how they should look, act or talk like in order to deserve our respect? The notion that popularity automatically equates to unsophistication is irritatingly snobbish. Applying semiotics to Kanye West's post-Swiftgate output opens up bounds of subtext (check out his SNL-40 or DNC performance- I could go on about his subversive trolling of the Glastonbury audience).

People love to laugh at the apparent stupidity of others. Entertainers have been exploiting this idea for ages- just look at clowns and marketing maestro **DJ Khaled**. It's far easier to poke fun at Kanye's eccentricities than to take him seriously as an artist. Almost too easy.

But what if he's inviting us to make fun of him?

"Think you're laughin' at me? Nah, nah, I laugh at y'all/ ... /All they shit they talk, all the shit they write, oh, I love it."



Something funny about Kanye, again. Photo Credit: Normal Mag



The Man in the High Castle asks what if?

Cale Tilford
Music Editor

What if? It's a question that intrigues, inspires and the foundation of many fictions. 'The Man in the High Castle' asks: what would the world be like if Axis powers had won World War II? It is not content with simply offering an alternate history; the series goes further by having the character's in its fictional universe ask the same question in reverse. Their 'what if' is our reality.

Based on Philip K. Dick's novel which contained a novel within a novel, Frank Spotnitz's adaption replaces this literary device with a series of films within a serialised television drama. An early glimpse reveals that these reels of film show a world where the atom bombs were dropped on Japan, not Washington, and where the Allied powers were ultimately victorious. The protagonist's search for these films to see a glimpse of what the world could be and to deliver them to the mysterious 'Man in the High Castle.'

Set in 1962, we see what everyday life is like under fascist rule, whether in the Pacific States of America (which the Japanese control) or the Greater Nazi Reich (taking up most of Eastern America). The world is beautifully realised from the Japanese infused San Francisco, decorated

The world is beautifully realised from the Japanese infused San Francisco to the Nazi controlled New York City

in lanterns and kanji signs, to the Nazi controlled New York City. Spotnitz uses famous landmarks to emphasise the occupation; one of the most powerful images in the series shows the screens of Times Square covered in Nazi insignia. We see supersonic passenger jets speed through the sky at a time that far predates the first flight of the Concorde; the Nazi's have brought order and superior technology to the people of America. Yet as viewers with an understanding of the reality of the Nazi's and Imperial Japan we know that this order comes with a sacrifice: "My father told me what



The fun don't stop when you drink orange soda pop. Photo Credit: Amazon Studios

is was like before the war. He said every man was free." Ultimately, the series plays with our overwhelming desire for freedom.

The series reminds us of the horrific views held by the Nazi and Japanese regimes. In one horrific scene a high-ranking Japanese officer commits seppuku. And the subjugation of the Jewish race is explored, suggesting that while on the surface society might seem calm there are still sinister forces at work.

Rather than showing the conquerors as completely evil and heartless, Spotnitz displays their more human side. We see their

weaknesses, their worries, and their pain. Many of their actions are still horrific and coldly calculated, but regret is often present in the aftermath. At no point does the series suggest their actions were just (or that they are good people), but it's not so reductive as to suggest that every Nazi or Japanese officer is evil incarnate, a refreshing contrast to the current political obsession with good and evil.

'The Man in the High Castle' focuses on characters from both sides of America. The main protagonists, and members of the resistance, Juliana Crane (Alexa

Davalos) and Frank Frink (Rupert Evans) live in San Francisco; their performances never falter and they feel appropriate for the time period, but I never felt fully engaged in their struggle. Similarly, Joe Blake (Luke Kleintank) from New York and a double agent for the Nazi's rarely earns the audience's sympathy.

The most compelling performance by far comes from Rufus Sewell who plays John Smith, a high ranking SS officer. He commands and dominates every scene, whether at work or with his family. There are suggestions that he has been traumatised by war, and a particular regret for actions of the concentration camps.

Similarly, Japanese trade minister played by Cary-Hiroyuki Tagawa is shown as gentle and thoughtful. In the midst of a cold war between the Japanese and the Nazi's, he keeps a cool head and as a result is easily the most likeable character.

Together, these two characters, both on the side of the enemy, give a counter narrative that is both refreshing and progressive.

While there are a few problems with pacing in the second half, where the series slows to an infuriating crawl, 'The Man in the High Castle' has the ability to satisfy your curiosity unlike any other show this year. Over ten episodes it delves deep into a convincing world - one that leaves a lasting impact.

The Man in the High Castle is available now on Amazon Prime



Bad guys don't look at explosions. Photo Credit: Amazon Studios

A refreshing contrast to the current political obsession with good and evil



Master of 'Fun'

Anurag Deshpande
Writer

A few weeks ago, without much promotion or fanfare, comedian Aziz Ansari and producer Alan Yang dropped their new show, 'Master of None'; by way of Netflix. The series' rapidly growing popularity and critical acclaim is a testament to the pervasiveness of the platform. Centring on twenty-something 'Dev Shah' making his way through the world; each episode is dedicated to exploring one aspect of modern life. In fact, perhaps the show's greatest strength is its ability to highlight the humour in the seemingly 'everyday'. In that regard, it manages to be a 'situational comedy' in the truest sense; where very little of the plot feels manufactured. Perhaps counterintuitively, this manages to make seemingly artificial moments even funnier.

Through this exploration, 'MoN' also tackles a variety of social

issues, from Feminism, to the representation of minorities in media, to the supposed ennui and lack of direction of millennials. In this viewer's opinion, the show handles these with a deft touch. Rather than serving the viewers a ham-fisted metaphor sandwich, Ansari and Yang wisely opt to guide us to our own realisations. This is further aided by the diverse cast and their diverse world views. There are no real villains here; not even that guy masturbating on the subway. Well, okay, maybe he is a little bit. This cast also highlights one of the other great strengths of the show; relatability. There are characters and situations here that, I dare say, anyone could identify with. For me, episode 2, 'Parents' was a particular highlight. Here, at least to me, Ansari perfectly captures the parent-child dynamic of an immigrant family.

As has become something of a norm for new shows, the first episode is probably the weakest. Though that's not to say it's bad by any stretch. In general, the following

Refreshing,
insightful,
and,
most
importantly,
damn
funny



Relatable. Photo Credit: Netflix

episodes maintain a high level of quality continuing on. All that, of course, doesn't mean the show isn't without its faults. There are a few unfunny jokes that tend to go on for too long, and Aziz's mugging can occasionally border on the annoying. Some characters, Eric Wareheim's 'Arnold' being a particular victim, come across as one dimensional and cartoonish; seemingly serving no real purpose. At times, the acting

can also feel slightly wooden. The worst offenders for this are Dev's parents. Although this fast becomes self-explanatory and endearing once you know that they are played by Ansari's real-life mother and father. In fact, ironically enough, Dev's father ends up being one of the best characters on the show.

Overall, these minor critiques don't really put much of a dent in the experience, and I would highly

recommend that anyone and everyone watch it. At the risk of sounding pretentious, it's also an important show; for reasons that show's fourth episode 'Indians on TV' illuminates far better than I could. 'Master of None' is that rare sitcom that manages to be refreshing, insightful, and, most importantly, damn funny.

Master of None is available now on Netflix

The (not so) Regular Show



Mordecai and Rigby, the show's stars. Photo Credit: Cartoon Network

Saad Ahmed
Writer

The Regular Show, as the tagline says, it's anything but. This masterpiece of a show created by J.G. Quintel is an example of one

of those few rare instances where TV can appeal to both children and adults. The series features the main leads 'Mordecai', a blue jay, and 'Rigby', a raccoon, who are two twenty-something park workers. However, instead of working, they always prefer to slack off, play video games, watch TV, drink coffee and

The show
draws a
lot of its
strength
from having
excellent,
well written
characters

eat pizza and tacos.

What makes the show unique and so great is the large and wild directions the show takes with seemingly ordinary tasks. The most mundane situations and storylines you can think of turn into very interesting plots and subplots that keep you interested, intrigued and

second guessing as to how exactly they will wrap up. For example one time, Mordecai and Rigby go out to get a grilled cheese sandwich, end up being mistaken for astronauts through their lying and then get stuck in a chamber with a rampaging sphere of antimatter that threatens to destroy the entire planet.

As extraordinary as the plots may be, the show draws a lot of its strength from having excellent, well-written characters. When you meet them, everyone seems fairly generic with their own traits and roles. As you progress through the show though, you see all the characters get developed and shown some love at some point or another. There is literally no character that hasn't gotten their own time to shine to some extent; they're all really relatable and have their own issues that they have to go through. These issues parallel problems of our own, such as the struggles of maintaining a long-distance relationship, trust issues, sibling rivalry, overcoming insecurities etc.

The show brings a touch of nostalgia to the table, capturing the essence of the older Cartoon Network shows with a great atmosphere and a good and likable cast. It also has a modernised element, making it feel up to pace with more modern trends. Given a lot of the stuff that gets past the radar, it feels more like an Adult Swim cartoon wearing the skin of a Cartoon Network one. There are several times you may doubt this is a show written for kids; for example there is a scene where some of the characters go on an "acid trip", courtesy of a concoction of spicy foods.

All in all, this is definitely a fantastic, heart-felt show that will constantly subvert your expectations and make you wonder what kind of tricks and ideas the creative team will come up with next. With its episodes only being around 10 minutes long, it is truly a simple and quick show worth checking out.

The Regular Show is now in its seventh season

FRIDAY 4 DECEMBER

GOOD FORM

Student prices,
student DJs
house // bass //
dnb // and more

Friday 4 December
20:00 - 02:00
Metric and FiveSixEight

Free before 20:00
£1.50 if you sign up to the
Facebook event (must be in by
22:30)

£2.00 with flyer
£2.50 on the door



IMPERIAL GIRLS CAN

Christmas Cocktail Club
4 December from 18:00
Reynolds Bar

Imperial Girls Can is our opportunity to encourage and celebrate women's sport. Continuing on from their successful This Girl Can campaign, Sport England have joined forces with BUCS to promote female sport participation at universities nationwide between 30 November and 4 December.

In support of this Reynolds Bar is hosting a Special Cocktail Club to finish the week!

Free mince pies and Christmas themed cocktails along side our classic menu; and as its so close to xmas its time to bring out those Christmas Tunes!

Two Cocktails only £7.60





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

EARLY BIRD ONLINE PRICE ONLY £3.00
£4.00 FROM MONDAY 6 DECEMBER
£5.00 ON THE DOOR

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

Date	Event	Time	Location
Monday 7 December	Live Comedy	20:00 - 23:00	The Union Bar
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
Friday 4 December	Reynolds Imperial Girls Can	18:00 - 00:00	Reynolds
Friday 4 December	Good Form	20:00 - 02:00	Metric & FiveSixEight

imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on



FELIX HANGMAN



hangman@imperial.ac.uk

NEWS WITHOUT THE NEWS



ANNE ROBINSON CALLS UNION'S NEW SCULPTURE 'MASSIVE WASTE OF CASH'



"Same shit, different day."

HOROSCOPES



ARIES

This week, you're a desk in the union. But not the famous one, oh no. People come to SAC to marvel at the new desk, but no one wants a picture of you because you were just a flatpack from IKEA. Out of spite, you leak details of the new desk's costs to FELIX.



TAURUS

This week you are the Scottish population of England who voted 'Yes'. After hearing that you are not wanted here, you all leave for Scotland. As a result, England's economy crashes, Scotland collapses due to overpopulation, and the whole UK falls to ISIS. Great job.



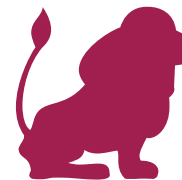
GEMINI

This week, you table a paper at council to vote of no confidence yourself. Everyone agrees, saying it was a long time coming. At the last minute, the ordinary member filibusters your paper, and you're saved. You drown your sorrows in Metric.



CANCER

This week, you write arsey comments under FELIX articles. Congratulations! What you don't know, is that the writer with the most trolls at the end of the year wins a prize. Take that suckers.



LEO

This week, you're British-born and Asian. After raising your hand to ask a what a word means in a lecture, your lecturer asks the room if a 'native speaker' can help you out. A German guy answers who's better at English than all of us anyway.



VIRGO

This week, you're the union president. You charge a radio show £6500 to appear for an hour. You use the funds to build a statue of Margaret Thatcher in Beit. Anne Robinson isn't happy.



LIBRA

This week, you're Jeremy Hunt. The government decides to send you to Syria to fuck shit up. You agree to go, calling it 'a victory for common sense'.



SCORPIO

This week, you sneak round Imperial collecting copies of FELIX to make into a giant papier mache figure of Kim Kardashian. You place it on a plinth on Gloucester Road. Anne Robinson isn't happy. [Enough! - Ed.]



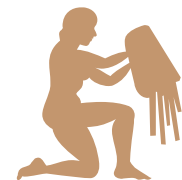
SAGITTARIUS

This week, you spend nine hundred grand building a recording studio. However, it doesn't work, and you're forced to soundproof the room with old copies of FELIX, discarded protest signs and members of The Techtonics.



CAPRICORN

This week, you have a phenomenal scoop for FELIX. Unfortunately, you send your tip-off to Hangman by mistake, meaning that one of the horoscopes, although unbelievable, is 100% true. [Answers on a postcard. - Ed]



AQUARIUS

This week, you get change from a tenner buying a perfectly decent desk from IKEA. Clever you.



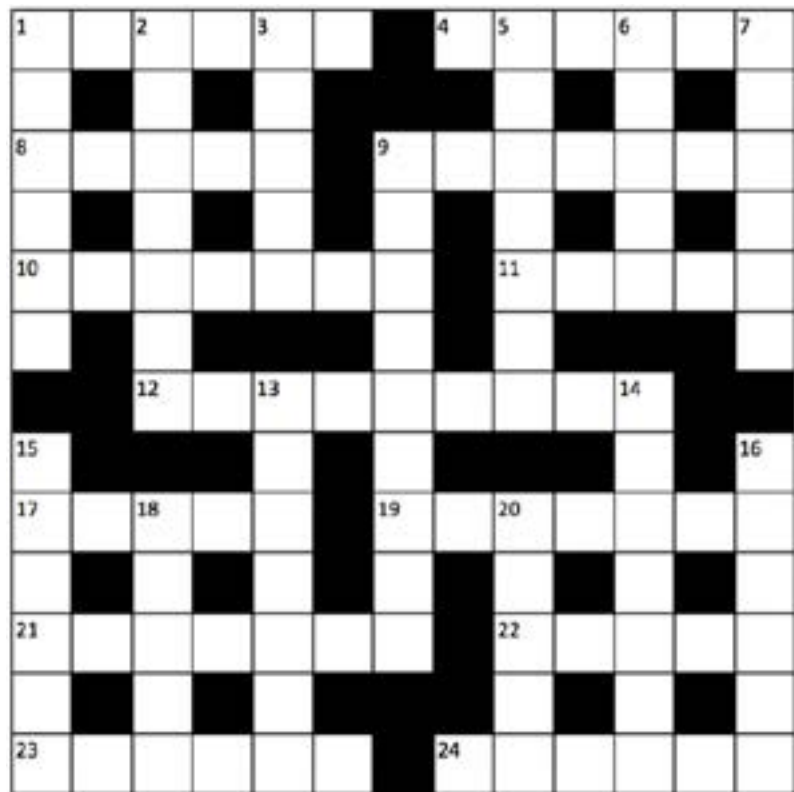
PISCES

This week you think that [REDACTED] is a great idea, that'll probably help your grades. Unfortunately, the [CENSORED] on the top goes wrong, leaving you [NSFW] and humiliated. Luckily, the next one gets [REDACTED] at the last minute, and you live to tell the tale.

FELIX PUZZLES



fsudoku@imperial.ac.uk

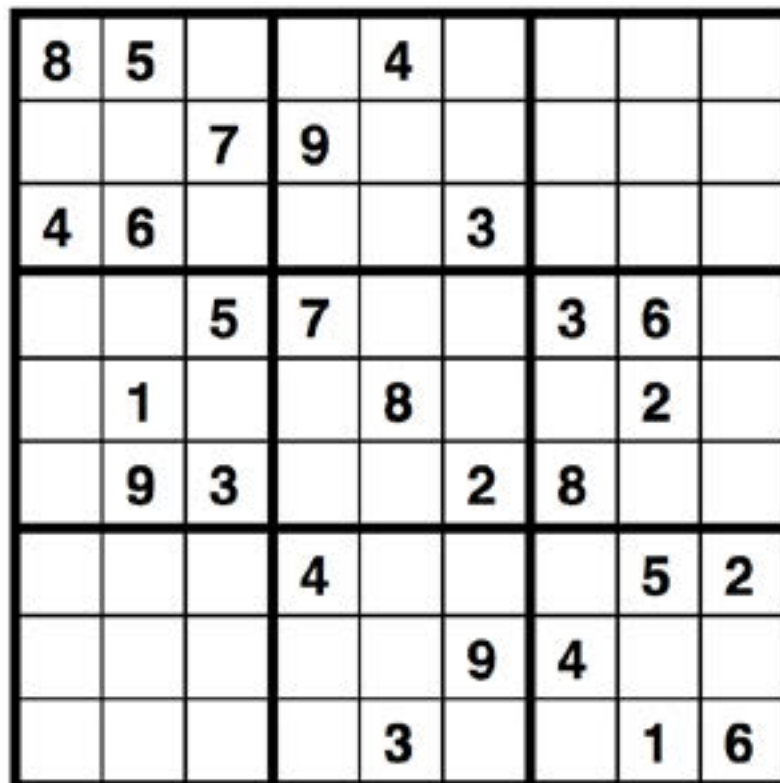
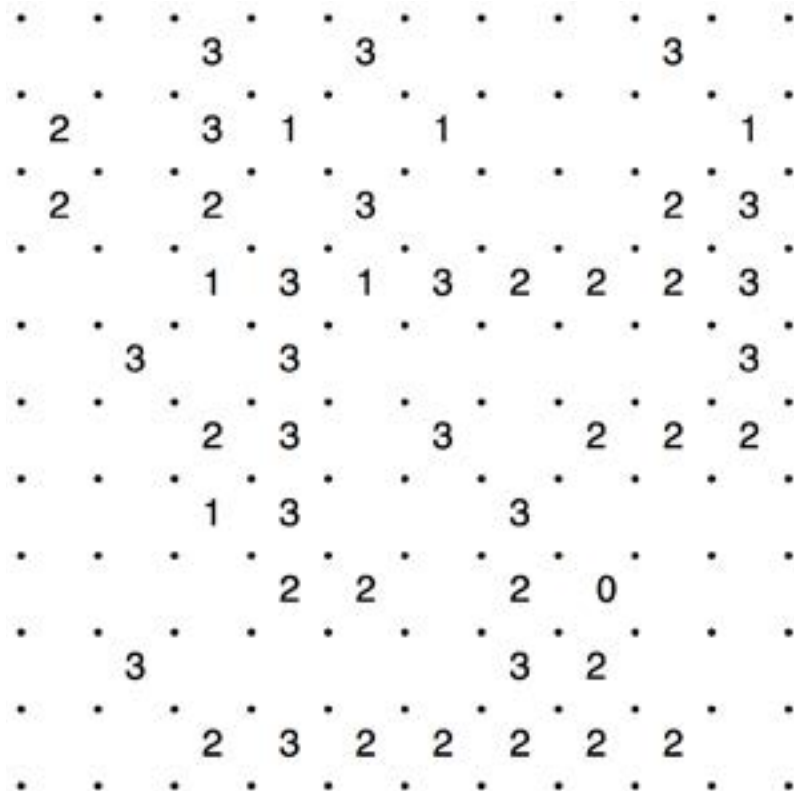


Across

- 1. Steering apparatus (6)
- 4. Polar region (6)
- 8. Suspicious (5)
- 9. Lake District county (7)
- 10. Greedy eater (7)
- 11. ___ and crannies (5)
- 12. Innocent (9)
- 17. Larceny (5)
- 19. Speech defect (7)
- 21. Borne (7)
- 22. Approximately (5)
- 23. Piercing scream (6)
- 24. Salad vegetable (6)

Down

- 1. Haven (6)
- 2. Agitate (7)
- 3. Pharaoh's land (5)
- 5. Love story (7)
- 6. Midsection (5)
- 7. Unrefined (6)
- 9. Owned up (9)
- 13. Tirades (anag.) (7)
- 14. Japanese warrior (7)
- 15. Heaps (6)
- 16. Deliver a sermon (6)
- 18. Mistake (5)
- 20. Ghana's capital (5)



FUCWIT

Solo Efforts

1 st	Nicholas Sim	92
2 nd	Cherry Kwok	91
3 rd	Greg Poyser	42
4 th	Ayojedi	27
=5 th	Jan Xu	13
=5 th	Sach Patel	13
6 th	Harry Secrett	10
7 th	Joshua Wan	8
8 th	Ho Chin	7.5
=9 th	Grace Chin	3
=9 th	Jeremy Ong	3

Groups

1 st	CP Fanclub	45
2 nd	Gap Yahhhh	37.5
3 rd	Pufulezti	37
4 th	Parmesan	9.5

Points Available 17

Crossword	3
Slitherlinks	4
Sudoku	2
Codeword	3
4x4 Sudoku	4
Nonegram	1

Solutions

Riddles

Glove, Keyboard, Shadow, 'M', Piano, Cold, and Ruler

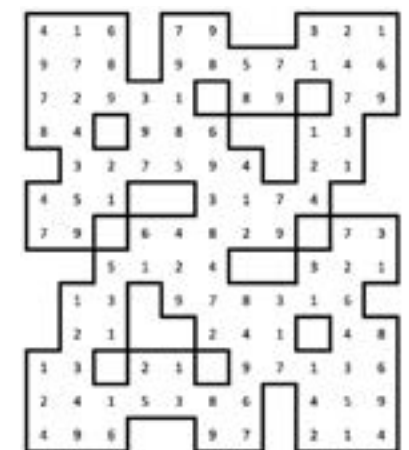
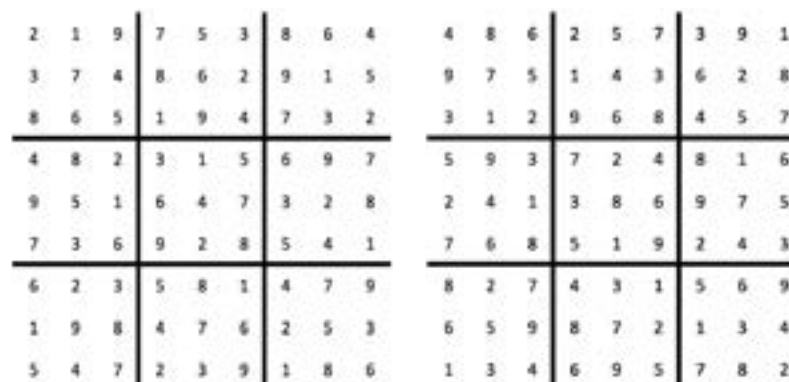
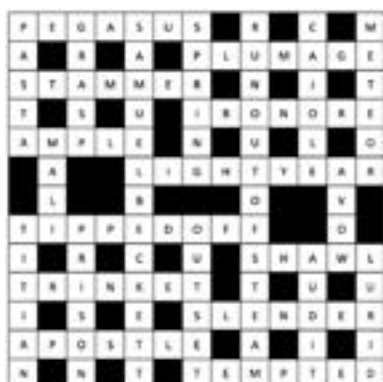
Anagram Family

Happiness, Sadness, Disappointment, and Excitement
Overall: Emotions

Nonogram

A Victory Cup

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



FELIX PUZZLES



fsudoku@imperial.ac.uk

19	6	17	6	5	12	2	9	8		20	2	8	23	20
2		4		4		7		2		12		13		4
10	4	19		19	6	13	16	7		19	13	22	3	19
10		13		1		8		7		13		2		1
19	2	20	18	24		6	26	2	20	12	6	9	5	6
13		20				19		5		6		8		24
10	13	2	19	21	13	24		18	6	8	20			
10		5		23					2		3			15
			14	2	1	13		16	13	5	11	4	6	19
20		19		20		25		3			12			2
11	4	13	19	12	6	19	15	24		18	2	21	2	20
4		25		16		3		13		23		6		12
13	16	2	15	2		25	3	16	18	13		2	16	16
14		6		9		3		12		18		8		6
20	23	19	4	8		20	18	24	16	2	8	23	12	20

1	i	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	L	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	y	25	26

		1	d			7	3				2	9			e
			g			2				e			7	c	4
		2		e		c				8	b		3	g	6
		3		b	f					9					2
		9			c			8							f
				4		8	9				5	d			a
	4		5		3			g		e	c	6			b
		d	f	5		a				9			3		
		f			a			4		d	g	5			
3			9	1	4		8			2		c		7	
7			4	g				3	b		6				
	g					5				a			b		
f						4					9	8		2	
	7	5	2		1	e			c	b		6			
8	d	e				b			6			f			
g			a	7				4	5			b	d		

						2	2									
		1	1			3	1	1								
	6	1	4	3		5	2	1	1	5						
	1	2	2	1		1	3	1	1	2		1	2	1		
3	2	2	1	2		1	4	2	5	1		2	8	2	1	1

				4												
	6	1	1													
	2	1	1													
	2	1	2													
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				8	1											
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	1	1	7													
	1	4	1													
	2	2	1													
1	1	1	1													
	1	4	1	1												
1	1	1	1	1												
	3	3	1													
	4	4	1													

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FELIX SPORT



sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Skiers triumph on dry slopes

Lisa Hey
Writer

Only one short week after Kings Round 2, ICSC's race team returned triumphantly to our favourite dry-slope at Brentwood for an epic third round. Bringing almost twice as many racers as last week – and more than twice as much fun – ICSC smashed it once again.

The first team finished 3rd, whilst ICSC seconds managed a respectable 8th place, with the majority of racers popping their dry-slope cherries (and bruising their arses in the process). This was all after an incredible round the week before where we also came third, meaning our first team have now qualified for the Kings Finals!

Bussing home with UCL and Queen Mary's created a lively atmosphere as expected. After a brief interlude of serious equipment

Bussing home with UCL and Queen Mary's created a lively atmosphere as expected

stashing, the London teams went for a well-deserved pizza before heading out to celebrate a hard days work.



2015's BUCS Duathlon team. Photo Credit: Ski Soc

Feel like you're missing out? Join us next Wednesday for a snow social you won't forget (no skiing involved). It'll be a great chance to

meet the club and head out with the other board sports clubs. If you want to get involved with our race team or freestyle team check out our

Facebook page for more info. We currently have the cheapest sessions out of all the London universities, so come and get involved!

Upcoming matches 9th December

TENNIS

MEN'S 3rd
vs ROYAL HOLLOWAY

BADMINTON

WOMEN'S 1st
vs EXETER

WOMEN'S 2nd(MEDICS)
vs ESSEX

MEN'S 4th(MEDICS)
vs KENT

HOCKEY

MEN'S 5th(MEDICS)
vs ROYAL HOLLOWAY

MEN'S 6th
vs READING

NETBALL

WOMEN'S 2nd
vs ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE

WOMEN'S 4th
vs ESSEX

WOMEN'S 7th
(MEDICS)
vs UCL

SQUASH

MEN'S 1st
vs KCL

MEN'S 2nd
vs ESSEX

MEN'S 3rd
vs ESSEX

FOOTBALL

MEN'S 4th
vs SOUTHBANK

MEN'S 3rd
vs ST MARY'S

RUGBY UNION

MEN'S 5th(MEDICS)
vs ROYAL HOLLOWAY

MEN'S 2nd(MEDICS)
vs KENT

MEN'S 6th
vs SUSSEX

VOLLEYBALL

WOMEN'S 1st
vs ROYAL HOLLOWAY



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ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES BUILDING, IMPERIAL COLLEGE

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TUESDAY 27th OCTOBER

6.30PM FOR A 7PM START

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Tri-IC at BUCS Duathlon 2015

Samuel Jackson
Writer

On the chilly morning of Sunday 22nd November, 21 budding Imperial College duathletes prepared to make the 100-mile journey to the Castle Coombe Race Circuit in Wiltshire, ready to make an impression at BUCS Duathlon. A record 26 competitors had been whittled down due to unfortunate injuries and illness – such is the nature of this demanding sport!

The race started with a two mile run around the perimeter fence of the race circuit before mounting bikes and racing five laps of the circuit itself. The race finished with the same two mile run course albeit at a slower and more painful pace (unless your name is Matt Douthwaite).

Marcus Bishop was first to race in the men's elite wave. Surrounded by the perpetual woosh of disc wheels as duathletes of international standards sped past him, Marcus put

in a decent performance on one of the club's Felt F95 bikes, finishing in a time of 51:38:4, placing him 206th overall.

In the elite women's wave, Leanne Lyons got a telling off by one of the Marshalls for her precariously balanced helmet. Despite this, she still managed to put in a strong performance with a time of 56:30:9, making her the 54th fastest woman of the day. Madeleine Whybrow and Bryony Halcrow followed shortly after, finishing in times of 57:41:6 and 59:12:2 respectively.

Matt Douthwaite lapped most of the competition to finish 3rd in the mixed wave with an impressive time of 48:18:2 for a debut

Such is the nature of this demanding sport!



2015's BUCS Duathlon team. Photo Credit: Tri-IC

duathlon appearance! His second run time of 10:53:8, which was unexpectedly faster than his first, was the 46th fastest second run of the day. Jonny Singh was the fastest Imperial duathlete on the bike, but his commendable efforts were not

enough to make up the time he had lost on Matt during the run, and he finished in a time of 52:34.

The final TriIC race of 2015 was concluded with a speedy ride back to London followed by a refreshing celebratory pint at the union.

Imperial Triathlon has some big events lined up for 2016, including BUCS sprint and standard distance triathlons, as well as Easter and summer tours. If you are interested in joining, you can email triath@imperial.ac.uk to find out more!

Ultimate frisbee finish 14th at Nationals

Chia-Yi Hou
Writer

The discDoctors have an intense weekend in Coventry

After two days of tough competition, Imperial's ultimate frisbee team, the discDoctors (dD), finished 14th out of 20 teams at the Division one Mixed Indoor Nationals that took place in Coventry on 28-29 November. On day one in pool play, dD first took on Heriot Watt University, but couldn't keep up and ended the game with a loss.

Next was a close match against Oxford, with both teams trading points the whole way through. With less than 30 seconds to go and down 6-8, dD pulled out another point to put the game into capped play and eventually universe point (8-8). Imperial came out on top with the win at 9-8 (although later Oxford went on to finish 3rd in the tournament).

The last two games of day one were tough matches against Leeds

and Bristol, both losses with scores of 6-8 and 3-7, respectively.

On day two, dD sealed two

more wins in bracket play against Portsmouth (7-5) and University of Nottingham (7-6), both of whom

had strong players all around. The final game was for 13th place in the tournament against Loughborough.

We started the game slightly slower than their opponents, giving up a small lead. But dD ran hard, and made a comeback to bring it within a single point. The final point started with dD on defense, and the score tied up at 6-6, but in the end Loughborough refused to give up a turnover, taking the game at 6-7.

The team had qualified for nationals, coming in 2nd in the East & London Mixed Indoors Regionals on the weekend of 31 October, losing only to Cambridge.

Now, after taking 1st place at the East & London Regionals earlier in November, dD looks forward to sending a Men's team to division one Men's Indoor Nationals in February 2016.

In addition, dD men have a BUCS outdoor league game against Sussex on 2nd December, and Outdoor Nationals for Mixed, Men's and Women's in March and April 2016.



discDoctors are all smiles after putting in a good effort at Nationals. Photo Credit: Imperial Frisbee



Immortals defeated despite strong effort

Panukorn Taleongpong
Writer

Last Sunday saw the Immortals' third game of the season, against the Hertfordshire Hurricanes. With both teams going into the game with two games down, both were hungry for their first win. The Hurricanes, however, came out triumphant with a score of 6-36.

Despite tough conditions both teams came out ready to start. After a few plays on offense, Bami Falana, one of our starting running backs, picked up an injury and was taken out. We wish him a swift recovery. Due to strong winds, pass plays were scarce and our defense were tested on their ability to stop run plays. They were consistent throughout the 1st quarter, although the Hurricanes scored a touchdown due to an unsuccessful pick from Alex Brockhurst. In the absence of Falana, players were determined to lift up morale, but a fumble on a pass play

was recovered by a Hertfordshire defensive back, leading it towards the end zone. After a miss kick and an unsuccessful conversion, the first quarter ended with a score of 0-13.

The 2nd quarter started out miserably for the offensive team: false starts resulted in small yardage gained, while miss-tackles from resulted in the Hurricanes getting back close to our end zone. However, this was made up in the following play with the defensive team recovering the ball after a forced fumble. Minor errors within the next few offensive plays caused significant repercussions resulting in a QB sack and a safety. After a successful touchdown and conversion, the Hurricanes ended the second quarter with the score of 0-22.

The 3rd quarter started out strong for the offense with running backs Emanuel Olagbaju and Jonathan Robert Joseph plowing through the defensive lines. However, because of false starts, the line of scrimmage



What are they talking about in there? Photo Credit: Imperial Immortals

was forced to move backwards, and Hertfordshire were able to score another touchdown from a pass play against the defense; a successful conversion brought the score to 0-29. The next offensive plays were abundant with Olagbaju's ungodly runs and trucks, but continuous false starts continued to render progress slow.

The final quarter was filled with various fumbles and recoveries from both sides. One in particular, recovered by Paulius Viskis, was very close to Hurricane's end zone, and set up Papa Noach for a much-needed touchdown. Unfortunately, the conversion was unsuccessful and the score was 6-29, with the final touchdown was the result of a lob

pass against the defense.

The Immortals have yet to turn their season around. However, with only three games played, there is plenty of time to do it.

The Hurricanes will now host the next game at Hertfordshire, where the Immortals look towards redeeming themselves and finally turn their season around.

Womens' Rugby leave their mark on tour

Vivien Hadlow
Comment Editor

Southampton was the lucky destination for this term's SIC Women's Rugby tour, and while the weather was mediocre, the rest of the weekend was far from it.

Scandalously, we were separated on the way there, and had to go on two different coaches, but the reunion was oh-so-sweet. Following an outing for beverages and much-needed food, we headed back to base (a luxurious scout hut) and were given personalised tour tasks; some were passed with flying colours over the course of the weekend (shout-out to Laura using an ASDA carrier bag as a handbag on both nights), and some monumentally failed. All was settled at 'Tour Court', a solemn judicial process in which tour offenders were given an opportunity to redeem themselves before Her Honour Ran (tour secretary and justice for the evening).

With a new sense of purpose, we

got to Oceana, where most of us danced the night away in an evening memorable for all, but some went back to the hut early – purely to better prepare for Saturday's match. The next day, everyone was keen, raring to go in the unrelenting rain,

Our Mad Max themed costume game was truly something to witness

and you could barely keep the subs off the pitch. We played a strong game, with tries from Becca 1, Becca 2, Lizzie, and Sam bringing us to a 17-32 victory against the Southampton medics' team. (Freya also brought us our first conversion of the year, woowoo!)

Our costume game was truly something to witness as we went

all-in for our Mad Max theme – the picture explains all really.

Our joint social was slightly one sided (we would have loved to have more new dancing buddies!), but nothing could detract from the pure joy that was Jesters. After another magical evening, and left only slightly confused by the double-toilet cubicle, we made our way

home.

Proud of all we had achieved in the day, we were happily surprised by how rich we all still were (why, London, why?).

Sunday was IKEA-breakfast day (meatballs have never looked so good) and time for the sad trip back home.

Roll on the next tour!



Women's Rugby, like Mad Max, easily passes the Bechdel Test. Photo Credit: Women's Rugby