

felix ...

THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON



Council:
Does anyone
care?

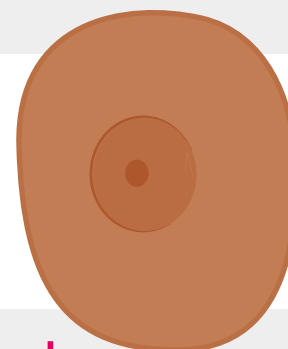
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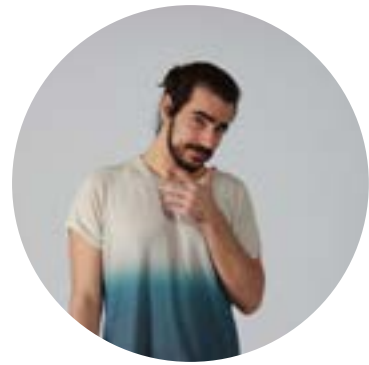
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I will not challenge the status quo
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On nudity and nipples



We're all born naked. If there's one thing that unites us it's that. Take away our clothes and pack us in a room and soon enough, we'll turn into one big mass of flesh, individuality stripped away along with the fabrics we so fondly wrap ourselves in. Maybe that's why nudity has so much power still. Power to shock, move, inspire. Nudity causes a reaction, which is why we use nudity to sell products, ideas and papers *wink*.

So, it's interesting to see how social factors affect the acceptance of nudity, how some naked bodies are more welcome than others. The social perception of nudity reveals many things about our social condition.

Let's take the humble nipple, a tiny flap of skin which has been causing so much controversy. Despite the fact that nipples don't look particularly different across the two sexes, female nipples receive radically different

treatment. While male nipples are a casual feature of everyday normality, female nipples are censored, reflecting the treatment of women in our seemingly progressive western society,

The free the nipple movement has come under a lot of criticism, but the critics fail to understand that despite the name and campaign strategy, the movement is not about nipples; it's about freedom.

The nipple is just a symbol. Freeing the nipple is not just about flesh, it's about changing a mindframe. It's about freeing women.

This week, just like every other week we have produced a centrefold. Some nipples are visible and some are not. Nothing has changed.

So, if you find our centrefold offensive in any way, take a hard look at the reasons driving your feelings. If you don't, and find the #freethenipple campaign 'so 2014', well - good. Making a big deal out of a nipple is boring and doesn't belong in the 21st century.

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Does anyone still care about Union Council?

Lef Apostolakis

I bet you won't even read this, you undemocratic filth

The first Council meeting of the year took place last Tuesday and Nas Andriopoulos, Union President failed to present a written report, in violation of his constitutional obligations. Council is the representative voice of the student body and part of this includes holding the sabbatical officers to account. As such, Council requires they produce reports on what they've been up to.

After apologising and reassuring council of his commitment to prevent this from happening again in the future, he presented verbally. "It's regrettable that I was unable to present a written report at the Council meeting this week," he later told *felix*. "Rest assured this is a one-off occurrence and I will guarantee that a full written report will be presented at the next meeting in two weeks' time."

The absence of a written report didn't go unnoticed amongst the other members either, with one anonymous Council member saying "the whole concept of a council

report is that you are elected as a student and throughout your time as an elected official you are accountable to them. Part of that is telling them what you're doing. If you're not writing a report you have closed all channels of communication and you might as well be a member of staff. That's the whole point of having elected sabbatical

**\\ No one really cares what happens there. Just let the students be angry somewhere **

officers. If you need to cut corners, that's just not the one to cut".

This hasn't been the only hiccup Council faced so far, indeed Council has had a turbulent start. Many of the officers expected to produce a report (including yours truly) were unaware of their obligations, which included presenting a report of their progress, until Thursday last week. There were also

complications with the room booking, and there was no confirmation of whether there'd be a Union staff member to take minutes until the very last minute.

In fact this is actually the second scheduled Council meeting of the year, but the first one to be realised, as an earlier meeting had to be cancelled due to lack of organisation (in particular issues with room booking). Council Chair, Abigail de Bruin, had wanted to start off the year by providing training for Council members and inherent within that was the assumption of having the Governance Manager's support. But the Union role was made redundant earlier this July so Council members were only sent a powerpoint instead. "I didn't think I had the authority to summon 16 people to listen to me talk, whereas if there is a staff member there's an element of validation to it", says de Bruin.

The removal of the role and the perceived failure to reallocate most of the duties that came with the position has made many students unhappy. The role of Governance



Just look at how 'packed' it once was (c.2013) \\ Cem Hurrell

Manager encompassed things such as organising minutes and agendas for all the major meetings in the Union, being the deputy returning officer for the Big Elections, as well as being an integral part of the Governance Committee, among other things.

This has led some to believe that the removal of the Governance Manager role is a symptom of a general disregard for democratic processes. As de Bruin explains, "There's been a fundamental issue that

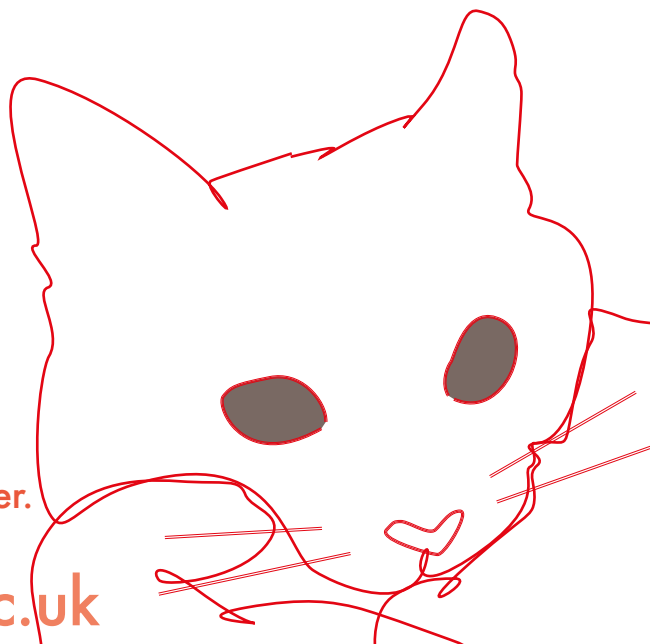
I've definitely felt since I've started. Because attendance was repeatedly poor last year, Union Council, despite being our greatest democratic tool, has been really disregarded. It's thought of as this thing like 'It happens but noone really cares what happens there. Just let the students be angry somewhere.'"

She concludes, "It's just the same issue we've faced in the Union for years: Communication with the membership."

Are you a cat,
or a mouse?

That's a silly question.
You're a reporter.

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You can
be a **felix**

REPORTER
REPORTER
REPORTER



Student accommodation situation dire

Student Accommodation Awards refuse to choose winner

Abigail de Bruin

The skyrocketing price of student accommodation has been an ongoing issue in the minds of students, one that certainly feels all too familiar for Imperial students living in London. This week saw the publication *Property Week* being forced to withdraw a category from their Student Accommodation Awards after the panel of student judges refused to choose a winner for Student Experience in a protest over increasing rent prices. The panel consisted of students from a broad range of institutions including UCL, Bristol and Manchester Metropolitan University. In an open letter tweeted by Jenny Killin, welfare officer at the University of Aberdeen's

Student Association, the panel explains the decision they took: "None of the entrants could demonstrate that they are meeting the urgent need of students to live in accommodation that will not force them into poverty". The students' open letter goes much further into explaining quite how dire the current situation is, stating that one applicant "puts shareholder satisfaction before student satisfaction and boasts "£20 million revenues" and ends resoundingly in the statement "Unless all students have access to safe, affordable accommodation at every institution and the means to pay for it, there is no cause for celebration, nor the ability for us to award a for-profit sector for failing so many of our peers."

\\ Our student judges have sent a clear message that the industry needs to do better \\

The decision by the student judges has been treated respectfully by *Property Week*, with a spokesperson for the Student Accommodation Awards saying in a statement to *The Guardian*: "Our student judges have sent a clear message that the industry needs to do better. In light of this, we have taken the decision to remove this category for this, our inaugural event, and review it for 2017. We will continue to encourage the industry to raise its game and

put the student experience at the centre of everything it does." It is a hollow comfort to hear how universal the situation is across other institutions. This is an issue that has been discussed frequently over the last few years at Imperial College Union, featuring heavily in many DP (Welfare) manifestos. Last year saw Jennie Watson's proposal for College to act as a rent guarantor for overseas students being accepted and agreed by the Provost, a clear win. That said, there is clearly a lot further for College to go when it comes to affordable student accommodation. The primary target for further action here surely has to be for postgraduate students, whose current accommodation offering as

\\ It is a hollow comfort to hear how universal the situation is across other institutions \\

listed on the College website consists solely of GradPad. There is a Union Council paper that handily sums up the issue: "The basic PhD stipend is less than a years rent at GradPad". It also appears Postgraduates will remain unable to use College as a guarantor until three years of international undergraduate students have been trialled successfully.

IC Girls Can - only do girl things

Celebrate women's sport by "jumping away the calories"

Lef Apostolakis

Continuing on from the successful This Girl Can campaign, Sport England have joined forces with BUCS to promote female sport participation at universities nationwide between 31 October and 6 November. This means the Union is launching Imperial Girls Can again this year in an attempt "to encourage and celebrate womens sport". The initiative sees twelve events at various locations

on and off campus (but predominantly at Ethos), places on which can be reserved for free by quoting IC Girls Can. Interestingly, half of the events are dance or aerobics classes, two are lectures including a lecture on healthy eating, and one is the ACC Sports night. Here is the description for Kanggo Jump Class: "Get bouncing in this unique aerobics class. With special, springy low-impact shoes you'll be jumping away the calories. Important: bring

long socks". Admittedly, trying to promote women's sports by making it all about the calories is questionable at best.

In fact, only two events offer the opportunity to participate in a team sport.

We approached women's

\\ Trying to promote women's sports by making it all about the calories is questionable at best \\

rugby for comment. "Sport Imperial did not involve us at all in the planning of their rugby event, the tag rugby session, evident by the fact that it is at 1pm on a Monday. They did ask us if we're going to do anything extra, which we are, but haven't advertised it at all", said Vivien Hadlow. At the end of the day, it seems that although there is an attempt to subvert sexist stereotypes and encourage women to participate in sport, the effort falls short.



\\ Imperial College Union



Harambe vigil in Hyde Park

Imperial computing student organises memorial

Cale Tilford

Up to 3000 are expected to attend a candlelit vigil this Friday in Hyde Park to commemorate the life and death of Harambe, the Gorilla killed earlier this year at the Cincinnati Zoo and Botanical Garden in Ohio. The event, which was set up by third year Computing student Paul Balaji in response to a similar event in Durham, has already engaged with over 14000 people including 5700 people who have shown interest. The vigil marks the five month anniversary of the death of Harambe, a Western lowland gorilla who rose to prominence in May after being shot when a three-

year-old boy climbed into his zoo enclosure. Harambe has become the subject of various internet memes since his controversial death, including the popular 'Dicks out for Harambe'. Many have noted the surprising longevity the meme, which has been attributed to the reluctance of corporations to co-opt his image as part of their marketing campaigns. Speaking to *felix*, Paul Balaji described his initial expectations for the event: "It was literally just a bit of banter, maybe I could invite a couple of hundred friends, 20 show up and we can chill in Hyde Park for a bit and then head to the Union or go out somewhere." Despite the popularity of the candlelight

\\ It was literally just a bit of banter, maybe I could invite a couple of hundred friends, 20 show up and we can chill in Hyde Park for a bit and then head to the Union \\



Paul may or may not sleep with this on his bedside \\ Cale Tilford

vigil on Facebook, it's possible that the event could run into trouble with park authorities; Royal Parks policy requires that any gathering over 40 people must contact the park office. However, Paul was

more optimistic: "The event is so big people are actually questioning whether it's gonna happen or not - it will happen. At the end of the day, if people turn up with candles,

be respectful to Harambe and don't act like idiots - I think it'll be a fun little meet up."

Union launches social enterprise scheme

You can make bags of cash and be a good person

Lef Apostolakis

Imperial College Union launched its new social entrepreneurship scheme, ACT Now! (exclamation mark and everything) last Monday, at an event that saw seasoned as well as novice entrepreneurs, take to the stage and share their experiences in the Union Concert Hall. Nas Andriopoulos, Union President, started the event with a warm welcome in which he outlined the aims of the ACT Now! scheme which include creating "the hub for all enterprise activity at

Imperial". The scheme involves a series of workshops, pitches, and sessions with people within the Union to help further social enterprise ideas you might have. The first speaker to be invited on stage was Paul Barlow from Creative Conscience, a company which tries to connect "young designers with a problem and [unite] them to change the world". The Unilever-sponsored not-for-profit holds annual awards for "socially valuable, human centered design", the winners of which get "mentorship or

internships (through the CCA network) and profile building PR activities". Sadly the prizes made the awards feel more like a way for companies to poach talented, driven and socially conscious individuals, rather than promote social entrepreneurship. Talks from a number of recent entrepreneurs followed, including Tristan Dell & Debes Mandal from IRIS Drone Technologies, current IC undergrads, and Ilana Taub from Snact who eagerly shared their experience. The former talked about their

recent endeavour to create a company aimed at fast tracking medical examinations through the drone facilitated transportation of samples. The team talked about the hurdles they had to overcome and the difficulty of trying to run a business during their degrees, but ended on a high note, encouraging aspiring entrepreneurs to believe in their ideas. Ilana Taub runs a viable company which consciously manufactures snacks in an effort to reduce global food waste. Like Dell and Debes,

Taub talked about the inspiration behind her business as well the challenges she has had to overcome, some of which she's still facing. These included financial viability of the product as well as the ethical complications that arise when trying to create a socially conscious business. Despite the quality of the presentations, the event left a bitter aftertaste and some of us wondering whether social work and entrepreneurship should ever be marketed as a pair.



Free the Nipple and me



Emily-Jane Cramphorn **urges you not to freak out about this week's centrefold**

\\ The campaign, whilst focusing on nipples, is about so much more //

You may have noticed that this week, the centrefold is a bit different. There are uncensored female nipples in it, and one pair belongs to me. Before you skip ahead (if you haven't already done so) take a moment to read why this centrefold should not be viewed differently to nipple-free centrefolds and why this is so important.



\\ We live in a society within which breasts are hypersexualised and their function is forgotten //

the survival of the human race for aeons? Without the female nipple we would not be here today - historically, females born without nipples failed to nurse their offspring and so were unable to pass on their genes into the next generation. But we live in a society within which breasts are hypersexualised and their function is forgotten. We use breasts to sell everything from phones to diets, whilst breastfeeding in public is reproached. Why remind the world of the existence of your nipples when you could just use a bottle, eh?

This sexualisation of breasts detracts from their beauty, as we are taught that breasts should look a certain way or they are bad. However, in reality, breasts are not there to be perky, they are there to feed young and sustain life. Notwithstanding this, sexualisation is not always harmful - embracing and experiencing sexuality can be both empowering and liberating, but it's important that women's bodies aren't sexualised without their

consent. We've created a world where breasts are sexualised to the point that their simple exposure is seen as sexual, as opposed to natural and beautiful. Which is really what breasts, bodies and this centrefold are. Beautiful.

The Free the Nipple campaign began four years ago, when Lina Esco created and featured in a film named Free the Nipple. Its aim was to raise awareness of everyday sexism that exists within our society by highlighting the absurdity of censoring female nipples not only within media but generally within society. In subsequent years the campaign has gained both support and momentum, with participation from famous figures including Miley Cyrus and Cara Delevingne.

\\ Exposure of the male nipple has not caused the world to burst into flames, so why are we so afraid that women's nipples might? //

The campaign, whilst focusing on nipples, is about so much more. It is about equality and respect for all people irrespective of gender. It is about mothers around the world who are forced to feed babies in toilet cubicles if they

chose nipples over silicone teats. It is about every person having ownership of their own body and celebrating humans of all shapes, sizes, genders and races. It's about quashing rape culture and the notion that breasts are simply there to look good or please others. And it is for these reasons I am so passionate about freeing the nipple - it represents true equality for women in our society. If women are able to vote, lead nations and go to space, why on earth must they hide their nipples? Exposure of the male nipple, which is the vestigial twin of the female nipple, has not caused the world to burst into flames, so why are we so afraid that women's nipples might?

Having said all that, after leaving the shoot I started having doubts. What is the law surrounding this issue? Can it impact my future or my ability to do my job? Will it cause me ridicule and shame? Will people think my boobs are bad or ugly or that I don't have the right body for public exposure?

The fact that I was so vulnerable to such thoughts infuriates me because nipples should not be criminalised, they should not impact my career and they should not be a cause for shame. Yet because I am a woman they are. If I had a penis I wouldn't think twice about whipping my top off for a centrefold, so why should my vagina cause

me to do so? Western society denounces Sharia Law for censoring women's bodies then continues to do the same. Fundamentally, censorship of nipples is no different to censorship of faces, but somehow society fails to realise this. Moreover, my body is not an item to be judged on its appearance. It should not have to look a certain way to be beautiful; the sheer fact that it is a vehicle for my being makes it both beautiful and worthy of respect. For this reason, I resolved with myself that I would not backtrack on my commitment to this centrefold. It is because of the stigma surrounding women's nipples that I decided to bare all in the first place. Deciding to back out simply adds to the idea that women's bodies must look a certain way and that breasts and nipples are shameful and need to be hidden. Unless of course they are both perfectly plump and perky, and on the pages of Playboy for the pleasure of men.

#FREETHENIPPLE



Nuclear power is not part of the problem, it's part of the solution



Sebastian Gonzato offers the green argument for nuclear power

\\ Stubborn anti-nuclear policies and wishful thinking can be as damaging to the green movement as climate change denial //

I'm currently in Switzerland, which is about to have its twelfth referendum this year (and you thought Brexit was bad). Having rejected a minimum living wage, the Swiss will be asked to vote on an initiative proposed by the Greens on whether to speed up the closing of nuclear power plants. Unlike with Brexit, the Swiss government is unlikely to follow through with this proposal no matter the result of the referendum, and I'm tempted to agree with them.

This referendum is actually asking when Switzerland should shut down its nuclear power plants as opposed to whether or not it should. However, it serves to highlight a trend in Europe towards phasing out nuclear power.

Switzerland decided to phase

with nuclear power and also by legitimate concerns on how to dispose of nuclear waste. In the case of Germany, Belgium and Switzerland, the choice to eliminate nuclear was also due to pressure from green parties.



\\ The problem is that coal consumption in Germany has stayed constant thanks to its decision to phase out nuclear //

out nuclear after Fukushima while Germany, Sweden and Belgium have been doing so (or at least attempting to) since Chernobyl, and Italy became nuclear free in 1990. In all these countries, the decision to opt out was driven by the fear factor associated

This is all well and good if it leads to more use in renewables, and in the case of Germany at least, it has. (Best not mention Belgium's track record.)

Germany's Energiewende, or energy transition policy, has led to a tripling in the electricity provided by renewables in the last ten years to 31% of the total. Most of this comes from wind and solar photovoltaics (PV) rather than dubious renewables such as biomass, whose green credentials are questionable. It is hard to argue that this isn't a step in the right direction, but that isn't the whole story.

The problem is that coal consumption in Germany has stayed constant thanks to its decision to phase out nuclear. In fact, its emissions actually increased some years and have stayed roughly constant

since 2009.

A similar situation has occurred in Sweden, where a tax on nuclear power has allowed for a laudable increase in investments for renewables. Sweden also aims to have 100% carbon free electricity production by 2040, which is simply not possible solely with renewables. A paper that appeared in the European Physical Journal predicted that CO2 emissions would actually double if Sweden phased out its nuclear reactors, principally because the best way to deal with intermittency issues would be gas fired power plants.

In short, going carbon free with only renewables is not possible. This is due principally to intermittency issues as mentioned earlier, but also because of the sheer amount of energy we consume. At last year's Imperial Climate Change Symposium, Asad Rehman from Friends of the Earth stated that there's more than enough wind and solar energy to satisfy the UK's electricity demand, which is quite simply not true.

\\ Sweden also claims to have 100% carbon free electricity production by 2040, which is simply not possible solely with renewables //

A report by Zero Carbon Britain in 2007 predicted that while total wind resources amount to 3,212, TWh/year, only around 14% of this could realistically be tapped. The UK's energy consumption was 2,249 TWh in 2014, so even with other renewables sources, meeting this demand is impossible without converting vast swathes of the countryside into wind farms.



\\ Nuclear is a necessary part of the energy mix, at least until we are able to reduce demand to the point that we can meet it with only renewables //

Then there are the problems with intermittency.

Germany actually causes blackouts in Poland and the Czech Republic due to the inconsistency of its wind power. This is not an insurmountable problem, but given that storage solutions are costly (and come with their own significant carbon footprint), it's likely that the solution will come in the form of some form of fossil fuel.

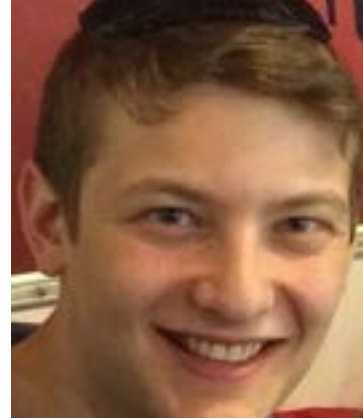
Given all this, my own opinion is that nuclear is a necessary part of the energy

mix, at least until we are able to reduce demand to the point that we can meet it with only renewables. On this point at least I agree with the Green Party, whose energy policy aims to reduce electricity demand by two thirds by 2050. Call that target ambitious or naïve, but at least it recognises that reducing demand is more achievable than meeting it with renewables.

To be clear, I'm not particularly pro nuclear and my opinion of Hinkley Point is ambivalent at best from reading the Private Eye so much. I do, however, think it's important to be practical, and stubborn anti-nuclear policies and wishful thinking can be as damaging to the green movement as climate change denial. This is a view shared surprisingly by the inventor of Gaia theory, James Lovelock, who has come out as pro fracking and nuclear in the last decade. Unlike Lovelock, I am not as pessimistic about our future as a species, but we need to be more pragmatic and less ideological if that's to remain the case.



The Donald was not created in a vacuum



Shaul Rosten explains why Donald Trump's candidacy isn't much of a surprise after all

\\ It is, essentially, the Republicans' own fault that they are stuck with The Donald \\

Donald Trump is, as a bullying toddler of a man, a hugely amusing individual. Except, perhaps, to those in the US whose lives may be a little more impacted by his

\\ We have to look more deeply at the root of the problem: the Republican Party itself \\

political parties? Lots of people, over lots of conversations, have their own answer for this. Bruce Springsteen, for example, this week said that he thinks it's to do with The Donald pretending to 'left-behind people' that he is listening to them when others aren't. I think that is a short term and inaccurate view. In order to understand the phenomenon that is Donald Trump, in my opinion, we have to look more deeply at the root of the problem: The Republican Party itself.

The Republican Party traditionally stands on the Conservative Right of American politics, espousing policies such as free markets, deregulation and traditional Christian values, against the Democrats, who believe in liberalist policies of mixed economies, civil liberties, and social justice. These divisions, and the arguments on both sides, are important ones, and it is the political wrestling of nations between a range of approaches that results in countries taking steps forward, using a diverse collection of

\\ This election is the inevitable outcome of years of what I would term 'Republican Low-Road-ism' \\

ideas and methods. This election, however, is not about these issues. This election is the inevitable outcome of years of what I would term 'Republican Low-Road-ism'. That is to say, the Republicans abandoning reason for madness, slinging mud desperately at the Democrats, and appealing to the insecurities and unfounded beliefs of the American people in a shameless attempt at scooping as many votes as possible. This policy, and the post-truth America it has created, has paved the way for a Donald-like character to march into the Oval Office.



The Republican Low-Road-ism has seen some strange policies adopted, such as the public denial of climate change and global warming, and the frank and angry rejection of evolutionary theory in favour of creationism. With due respect to all beliefs, it seems odd that a modern, Western country, that houses such great intellectual institutions as Harvard, MIT and Yale, should have politicians claiming that climate change is a "hoax", and, on the theory of evolution, stating "I don't accept it".

The Republicans have gone with this for so long because, thanks to underlying beliefs and heavy propaganda, Americans have been coaxed into rejecting rationalist observation, and give their votes to people who defend their right to stupidity. But even the Washington Republicans have their limits: they are bound, at least to some degree, by political correctness, and to play to American weaknesses such as racism and fanatic xenophobic patriotism is a step too far.

But not for Trump. He is happy to stick his silly face on the news and announce that Mexicans and Muslims should all leave the US, that the US should "screw" foreign people like he screws them, that Blacks have ruined Baltimore, and that women are just things for him and other men to play with. This, clearly, resonates with some Americans, and has rocketed his non-existent political career to where it is now.

All he's done is continue the Republican Low-Road approach, but take it further than his rivals were willing to. It is, essentially, the Republicans' own fault that they are stuck with The Donald. The fundamental point is this: Trump is not a one-off nutcase, but is the bed that the Republicans have been making for the past few decades - and now they have to lie in it.

\\ All he's done is continue the Republican Low-Road approach, but take it further than his rivals were willing to \\

It must be said that there are most certainly other reasons why Trump has done so well: Clinton, although vastly more experienced, is easy to dislike, and her smug dismissal of Trump and his 'deplorables' won her few friends. Nonetheless, the pre-disposition of millions of Americans, particularly white men, to support Trump is indicative of the Republicans' having deepened the furrows of systemic racism, violent xenophobia and denial of basic science that have cut through America's potentially bright future. Whilst Hillary has her drawbacks, she is the obvious candidate of choice for all rational human beings and, as such, I hope it is not too presumptuous to proclaim: we're with her.



There should be more to foreign aid than emergency support



Eva Coles condemns the current approach to humanitarian aid

\\ Aid has become a self-sustaining industry, promoting permanent charities \\

If you were to hear mention of Haiti in a conversation, what would your initial thoughts be? Some of you would likely confuse it with Tahiti or have no clue as to what Haiti actually is. For most of you, though, I am sure the first thing to pop into your minds would be the devastating 7.0 magnitude earthquake that hit the impoverished country in January 2010, killing an estimated 300,000 and leaving over two million without homes.



As for me, Haiti is simply home. I am often approached about my origins, and I can say from personal experience that only after my mentioning the natural disaster are people able to place it on a map.

On the 4th of October, Haiti was once again ravaged by mother nature, only this time, the culprit was the category four hurricane Matthew. The southwest region received the brunt of the blow. Crop fields were swept away along with

\\ Despite the well-intended nature of this gesture to the country, the long-lasting result was further destabilisation of an already fragile economy \\

most of the livestock and, in some areas, 90% of the infrastructure was destroyed. You may be surprised to learn that this is simply due to the fact that almost all the houses are essentially tin-roof shacks.

Despite global awareness of the earthquake and its aftermath, I was shocked to discover that most remain completely oblivious to the population's current living conditions. They assume the vast influx of emergency aid, which I would like to note was so highly advertised in the media, would have repaired some, if not all, the damages. Nonetheless, over 80% of the rubble is unmoved and millions continue living as refugees in tent-cities outside the capital, Port-au-Prince.

In fact, take a short drive through and you would be astonished at the seemingly post-apocalyptic landscape the city became, and still remains, since that fateful afternoon on the 12th of January 2010.

This begs the question: Why are Haitians still living in such dire conditions? Conditions that should have been dealt with years ago? One answer,

however paradoxical, may lie with the humanitarian aid community.

In Haiti's case, external aid originating from NGOs to entire governments resulted in a plethora of unintended consequences. Few may be aware of it, but is an issue which arose long before 2010.

In the early 1980s, Haiti was self-sufficient in rice production. Though, due to a growing population, the International Monetary Fund (IMF) proposed new trade liberalisation policies on rice imports, aimed at

\\ The inhabitants' living conditions remain unchanged as they grew dependent on foreign donations \\

preventing famine. Once implemented, import tariffs were subsidised from 35% to a mere 3%. A wave of rice imports from the United States followed, commonly known as 'Miami Rice'.

Competition with domestic production increased and by the late 1990s, imports outpaced local production, and those employed in the sector were forced to abandon work and move elsewhere. This created a dependency on imported rice, and this pattern rippled across the agricultural sector,

affecting mainly peanut, and sugar cane cultivation. Thus, despite the well-intended nature of this gesture to the country, the long-lasting result was further destabilisation of an already fragile economy.

After the earthquake struck, millions of individuals donated to various charities providing immediate emergency aid. A whopping \$10 billion were raised from these efforts and promised to the Haitian government. Yet, less than 1% reached its designated target. What, then, became of this huge sum of money?

Firstly, private donations were mainly directed to emergency response, all imported from outside the country. Hence, virtually no money was allocated to local government, companies, or organizations.

Secondly, the US government and organisations such as USAID spread their investments in a rather strange manner. Over a \$ 100 million was allocated to housing projects, including luxury townhouses with swimming pools for the staff.

As though to further mock the suffering, \$ 18 million was spent on the construction of an Olympic-style sports and recreational centre adjacent to one of the largest tent cities, where clean running water and plumbing was alien to most. Even more, \$260 million funded the completion of Caracol Industrial Park, which is located over 150 miles north of where the earthquake struck.



Not only has the distribution of foreign aid to Haiti after the earthquake been conducted in a most bizarre fashion, whatever efforts actually did reach the Haitian people purely involved giving. This did provide immediate and effective results in the short term. Nonetheless, after six years of aid influx, it does not come as a surprise that the inhabitants' living conditions remain unchanged as they grew dependent on foreign donations.

To summarise, aid has become a self-sustaining industry, promoting permanent charities, particularly in places like Haiti, driving out local businesses and preventing governments from progressing on their own terms. But how can a government be expected to progress when external influences (e.g. charities) reduce the pressures of certain issues (e.g. poverty), thereby distracting from a truly effective solution? Though there is no correct answer, a stepping stone would involve efforts aimed at increasing pressures on local government to instil self-sustained change, through local job creation, reconstruction of infrastructure and, finally, on education.



Decolonising my mind, decolonising my life



Jian Chew goes to great efforts to free himself from Western colonisation

\\ How can I continue living with my mind colonised and poisoned by the evil West? \\

Last Tuesday I watched a viral video showing Social Justice Warriors (SJWs) at the University of Cape Town, South Africa, decrying science as racist because it was developed by European scientists and isn't applicable to Africa. Also, magic is real and science cannot explain how witch doctors can call down lightning bolts from the sky. When one scientist in the audience said that it wasn't true, the SJWs berated and scolded him until he apologised. They ended by saying that people should decolonise their minds and reject Western modernity.

I was astonished! These SJWs have opened my mind! How can I continue living with my mind colonised and poisoned by the evil West? I spat out my morning oatmeal in disgust. How can I eat this patently Scottish dish? #firststepindecolonisation. I then realised that I study at Imperial College London. Imperial! #educationcolonisation.

I stopped going to lectures and made it my life mission to decolonise the world around me. #endwesternhegemony.

I was dressing when I realised that T-shirts and jeans are American inventions. How dare the Americans colonise my clothes? In disgust, I took them off. I also took off my Uniqlo Heattech inner clothing. How dare the Japanese colonise my clothing after losing WW2? #endjapaneseinfluence. I kept my underwear though, since underwear was invented in China amongst other places.

I realised that electricity was a Western concept since it was discovered by Benjamin Franklin and generated by Nikola Tesla and Thomas Edison. I turned off all the electrical appliances and huddled underneath a blanket, annoying my flatmates. When they complained about the cold, I bought a sack of coal to burn for warmth and they promptly threw me out of the flat.

I first went to the Chemistry department at Imperial and loudly demanded that they stop teaching it since the basis of Chemistry was discovered

and advanced by the Arabs. Alas, their colonised minds couldn't take the truth and the security guard evicted me. I then went to the Mathematics department and screamed that Arabic numerals were invented by the Indians and that geometry was discovered by the Greeks, and the English should decolonise themselves and revert to using whatever number system the Celts had. This time the police arrested me for being a public nuisance.

\\ I left the police station after telling them that since I decolonised my life, British law no longer applies to me \\

I left the police station after telling them that since I decolonised my life, British Law no longer applies to me. I spoke to them in Chinese since I had decolonised my speech.

Their minds opened by my revelations (or maybe because they were fed up with me), they let me go. I then went on a campaign telling people to stop using paper money, paper, gunpowder and the compass as they are Chinese inventions, as well as to stop eating pasta. How dare the Italians culturally



appropriate our food? #endfoodappropriation. I was soon beaten up by a mob of angry people.

At this point you must be wondering what I'm doing with my life. That's a very good question. However, if you think or say anything negative you have offended me and my safe space and I demand an apology or I will dishonour you and your cow.

I woke up in hospital, horrified that Western medicine was used on my body. I demanded that the medical staff apologise for imposing their view of medicine on me without my consultation. The nurse then screamed at me that they saved my life, but I replied that she offended me, and she left in a huff without apologising. The cheek!

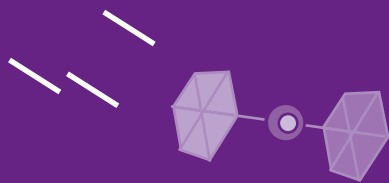
When I recovered, I discovered that I was living in the United Kingdom, the land of the world's ultimate colonial power! I decided to return to Malaysia, but realised again that it used to be a British colony! Horror! I had to go to Guangdong, China and find the village from which my ancestors left China

five generations ago. I then realised that even the Chinese I spoke was due to imposition of Mandarin by the northern elite to standardise the Chinese language, and unfortunately I speak no Hakka, my native dialect! See how they erode our unique identity? #endnorthernhegemony. #longlivesouthchina.

That left the problem of how to go there. I couldn't take automobiles, trains or aeroplanes. But I had one final realisation. The SJWs in the video said that gravity was a Western construct.

I finally realised that gravity was a Western conspiracy to hide the ancient golden age of humanity where people flew everywhere! After I type this article I shall reject the concept of gravity and fly to my destination, where I shall be a farmer. Without any land and knowing squat about farming, I shall subsequently starve to death, but hey, at least I will have completely decolonised my mind and life. I shall be truly free. And dead.





S C I E N C E ...

felix

Pale vs. Kale

Nutrition writer **Alexandra Lim** encourages us to eat more **pale vegetables**



Something we are constantly told when it comes to food is to 'eat the rainbow'. Densely packed nutrients bind to colour pigments, hence why colourful veggies are thought of as bright bundles of nourishment. Most white or pale foods are overlooked, with many lacking fibre and nutrients. However, a few of these pasty provisions lack the attention they deserve.

One in particular starts with a 'C', and should be your next study buddy due to its impressive brain-boosting properties. I'll give you the

rest of the article to try and guess it. Most of the foods mentioned in this article are an anti-cancer army, containing the body's master antioxidant, glutathione. In particular, they contain phytochemicals that inhibit mutation-causing enzymes, reducing the chance of cancer.

We kick off with alliums, namely onions, garlic and chives. Many people think of them as flavour enhancers rather than what they really are – gleaming nutritional kingdoms. Warding off old-age and disease, these guys make other vegetables look downright lazy. They are rich in sulphur, protecting us against cardiovascular disease, chronic inflammation and microbial infection. Fun tip: after chopping garlic, wait for 10 minutes before

adding it to whatever you're cooking. This makes it more heat-resistant, and enhancing the flavour and effect of nutrients.

Ah, the magic of mushrooms. With more than 2,000 varieties out there, the most commonly consumed include button mushrooms, crimini and portabella. They contain a compound called Ergothioneine, that humans can't make but can be found in fungi, kidney, red beans and liver. It's been found to have profound anti-inflammatory and antioxidant properties. A popular use for shrooms, and one I strongly support, is a total substitute for meat. This reduces calories and salt whilst adding fibre, nutrition and flavour. If you really need meat, try adding chopped mushrooms

to your mince.

The special C-word? If you guessed cauliflower, you win the prize of my gratification for reading this whole article. Not only does cauliflower fight cancer, it enhances cognitive function and memory, lowers blood pressure and improves kidney function. Not sure what else you could ask for in a vegetable. My last tip: to preserve cauliflower nutrients content, do not boil them for more than 3 minutes. Antioxidants are found in the outer layer, making full immersion in boiling water a blow to all its efforts.

Now go forth, steam your cauliflowers, stuff it in your sandwich, and head to the library. Bask in the little 'thank-you's your brain, heart, and (abused) liver murmur.

When pineapples fight back



Fact: pineapples are the only food to try to eat you while you eat them.

You read that right: pineapples are actually flesh eating monsters. The zombie apocalypse is upon us.

Pineapples contain an enzyme, called Bromelain, which is released when you chow down on your favorite tropical treat. It targets and breaks down a range of proteins in your mouth, and can cause anything from strange sensation to bleeding gums. Given that Bromelain is also used to tenderize meat, you could call this the equivalent of punching yourself in the mouth repeatedly.

In fact, if you left a slice of pineapple on your tongue for a week it would completely dissolve it (disclaimer: do not try this at home). Luckily, most of us can chew faster than that, and once you swallow, your stomach acid inactivates the enzyme, rendering this foul beast harmless. Even better, the body will quite happily replace the damaged cells in your mouth, leaving no lasting damage. Man 1, Pineapple nil.

So there you have it. Pineapples: Delicious, nutritious and surprisingly aggressive.

Another one of Mr Aran
Shaunak's Little Bites of
Science

Why vegetables are saving the planet

Sara Hamilton reviews London's biggest **vegan festival**, commenting on how cutting down on meat may be the answer to our **environmental problems**

TI can already feel the eye-rolls. The "Oh, this vegan hippy nonsense again" eye-roll, so before I lose you all, let me promise that I'm not going to preach about animals' feelings or inform you how tasty avocado is. What I am going to tell you about is a VegFest-induced realization of how easy it is to make a difference to the environment and how many people are doing so already.

Roughly speaking, VegFest, which takes place in London Olympia every year, is one of the biggest congregations of vegans you will see, spanning over 250 stalls. The result? 15,000 people

getting excited about hemp burgers, coconut yogurt and tables full of vegan cake. What made me excited, however, was not the fact that some vegan scientist has invented milk free Camembert (exciting as that is), but the realization that so many people are making a stance in trying to lead a more sustainable lifestyle.

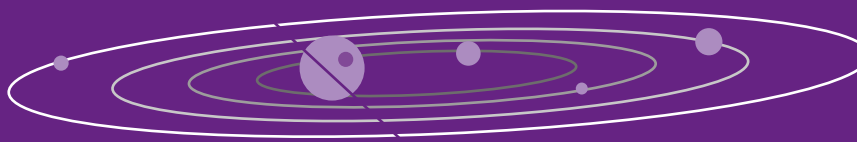
We've all been told from a young age about waste, recycling and taking public transport but how does being vegan, veggie or eating less meat make a difference? Raising animals for food, in fact, produces more greenhouse gas emissions than all cars, planes and other transport combined, and uses 30% of the Earth's



land mass. In the US alone, 70% of all grown grain is fed to farmed animals - grain that could be used for millions of starving people. In terms of deforestation, nearly 80% of land deforested in the Amazon is used as cattle pasture. Now isn't it a happy thought that just by having almond milk with your cereal or switching to Quorn once a week you've

led to the production of 13 times less fossil fuel and 15 times less water usage than you would have by having an animal-derived product?

It's been a good-news-filled October for the environment: more than 150 countries reaching a deal to cut hydrofluorocarbons, Spain announcing wind energy is sufficient to meet 70% of it's energy needs and researchers at the University of Wisconsin inventing eco-friendly flooring. Seeing the amazing turnout at VegFest however, proved that the environment is not something only governments and eccentric scientists are worrying about, but thousands of people worldwide too.



Is lucid dreaming a cure for nightmares?

A study investigating the psychological effects of lucid dreaming on patients suffering from nightmare disorders may offer an insight into treatments, and provide insight into how the sleeping brain works

Amy Thomas

An American paper published last month investigated how so-called 'lucid dreaming' may help to devise treatments of nightmare disorders and other psychological conditions. The idea is that sufferers may be able to re-program their nightmares into neutral or positive experiences by gaining control over their dream world. Turning negative dreams into positive experiences is not a new idea in the field of psychology, previously shown to be fairly effective in treating PTSD sufferers.

Imagery rehearsal therapy (IR) is one technique already

**\\ Lucid dreamers had significantly reduced nightmare distress compared to others **

being used to help turn bad dreams caused by traumatic exposure into positive experiences. It is still unclear how the therapy works or how lucid dreaming may be involved. Although a complicated concept, lucid dreaming is described by the authors of this particular paper as the "reflective awareness and metacognitive monitoring of an ongoing dream". In other words, it is the ability to become aware

while you are dreaming and to use this to navigate the dream world as you please. How subjects achieve this and how evidence for success can be harnessed are more complex questions.

If this kind of control is possible, it would make sense to use it to re-program disturbing dreams and thereby the underlying emotional state of individuals, especially in PTSD or other psychological conditions that cause nightmares. In this study, the authors aimed to investigate how lucid dreaming may be involved in IR therapy by comparing "nightmare distress" in groups with differing lucid dream constructs. One group had actual control over their dream content, others just



//masha krasnova-shabaeva

had some level of passive dream awareness during their dreams. The results showed that during IR therapy the lucid dreamers who could control the content of their dreams had significantly reduced nightmare distress compared to other groups. This may indicate that 'dream content control' is underlying this and that there is some connection between lucid

dreaming ability and the effectiveness of this therapy.

Despite this, the study was quite small (only 33 people) and lucid dreaming is difficult to measure. Although only one small study, it brings up interesting questions about the power of the human mind and the elusive line between dream and reality.

The race to understand leukaemia cells

An Imperial-led team found blood cancer cells actively move rather than hide in bone marrow

T-cell acute lymphoblastic leukaemia (T-ALL) is a fast progressive type of blood cancer that affects white blood cells, especially those activating antibody-producing cells. It affects both children and adults and since it is in the blood, cancerous cells can also move to and affect other organs of the body.

Despite chemotherapy being the most common cancer treatment, it is not fully effective, with relapse common in leukemia patients specifically. Dr Christina Lo

Celso, a researcher at Imperial College London in the Department of Life Sciences explains: "Relapse is caused by cancer cells that are resistant to chemotherapy and we had thought that there would be a special place in the body where these cells would reside." Her group is trying to understand the interactions of leukemia cells with their surrounding micro-environment within bone marrow, building on previous studies suggesting they may evade the body's immune system by 'hiding' amongst blood stem cells. New research in mice, validated with human

**\\ We want to find out whether this movement can be stopped, and whether this could kill resistant cells **

samples, has revealed that certain leukaemia cells are more migratory than previously thought, they don't hide in one place.

The leukemia cells were seen to be actively moving in bone marrow, with movement speeding up post-treatment. This came as a surprise to the

scientists and as Dr Lo Celso adds, "Now that we know that the cells don't hide, we can explore why that is and how their movement helps them to survive. Ultimately we want to find out whether we can stop the movement, and whether this could kill the treatment-resistant cells."

The study is still at early stages but it may justify why previous attempts to treat leukemia have failed, suggesting a change of approach in the field.

Future research at Imperial will be focused on understanding whether slowing down the chemo-resistant



cells makes them more likely to be destroyed and whether continuous migration across tissues is a hallmark of other types of leukemia too. This will shed light on the interaction of cancerous cells with their environment, potentially lead to new therapeutic approaches.

Nefeli Skoufou-Papoutsaki

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Combinatorics

Integer factorisation



Queen of Katwe



Not quite fit for royalty, but pretty darn close \\ Walt Disney Pictures



Tom Stephens

A ten-year old maize seller, Phiona, asks her older sister, Night, as she pokes her head through the hole in the wall of their rotting (rented) hut in the Katwe slum of Kampala, Uganda: "Do you think God is angry at us?" She has recently lost her father and a sibling, and her younger brothers desperately need to be fed. Before turning and running off to her new boyfriend, the only man in the area with enough money to buy her a new dress, Night pauses for a moment, and then quite coldly replies "I don't think he cares"

Perhaps this isn't the kind of scene you'd expect to be seeing in a Disney movie. But then *Queen of Katwe* isn't your average Disney material. It tells the story of Phiona (Madina Nalwanga) and her family: her mother Nakku Harriet

(Lupita Nyong'o), Night (Taryn Kyazze) and her toddler brothers. Their lives, like the lives of everyone around them, are a dead-end struggle; sell maize at a higher price than what it was bought for or the rent cannot be paid and their family cannot eat. There is from time to time some oversimplification of life in Katwe – a wound goes untreated to no consequence, for example – but this is a very impressive movie in that it is not willing to sacrifice a sense of place and reality for a more uplifting story. In fact, it is this commitment to the portrayal of the slum residents' hardship that ultimately elevates the film above its moments of potentially cliché Disney underdog drama (perhaps it could even be called a sports drama, though the game of chess may lie outside the traditional boundaries of

a sport on which a drama can be based).

Phiona's interest is piqued one day on her usual sales run by a small crowd of children gathering outside a hall. When she follows them in she meets Robert Katende (David Oyelowo), participant in a local missionary program, football coach, and chess coach, the latter being the task Phiona finds him performing in this hall. He encourages her in, and another young girl Gloria (Nikita Waligwa) teaches her the basics. She is captivated when Gloria explains the concept of 'queening' to her (when a pawn reaches an opponent's side of the board and can be swapped out for a more valuable piece), because as Gloria explains, it means that "the little person can become the big person" From then on she continues to return to the hall to practise chess with all her friends, and though the other children initially tease her for her smell as she can't afford to wash herself, they get their comeuppance one by one

\\ Messages such as "the little person can become the big person" don't feel anywhere near as eye-roll inducing as they might seem on paper \\

as she starts defeating each and every one of them at chess.

It's odd here that messages such as "the little person can become the big person" don't feel anywhere near as eye-roll inducing or hackneyed as they might seem on paper. Admittedly they rarely come across as the inspirational scene-defining moments they might have been intended to be, but they pass under the viewer's cheesiness-detector without setting off any

alarms of jarring the flow of the scene. I'm still not quite sure how we are told that in life, "chess teaches us to make a plan" and that we must "find our safe square and move towards it", and we calmly believe it as we are told it, but *Queen of Katwe* somehow just makes it work. Perhaps this is again down to the sense of the realistic hardship of the characters' lives portrayed throughout the film.

It could also be due to the script's greatest strength: its construction of a complete and nuanced network of characters. Though Nalwanga's performance as Phiona is maybe not the most gripping I've seen this year, we get a full picture of her as a determined, quietly strong young woman, with the insecurities that keep her relatable, understandable and human. Her relationship with her often-absent sister is fantastically done, but the dynamic between her and her chess-playing friends is even better. The conversations they have, the jokes they make, and the struggles they pull each other through never feel forced, but as natural as a group of friends in the real world.

Best of all are the performances of Nyong'o and Oyelowo. Robert Katende is a truly kind man, one that may have seemed too unrealistically perfect if not for David Oyelowo's treatment of him – he is not some inconceivable living angel, but simply a teacher who is good at his job, dedicated with all his heart to improving the lives of others. There is a scene (grounded in a moral lesson, naturally) in which he tells the children the story of a dog chasing a cat that plays out in a single unbroken take, and throughout the scene I could not stop thinking "good god, he is a fantastic actor". Lupita Nyong'o on the other hand sheds herself of identity altogether

and truly becomes Phiona's harsh, overbearing mother. Much the same can be said of her performance that was said by Roger Ebert of Al Pacino's performance in *Scent Of A Woman*: it is excellent yet "risky, because at first the character is so abrasive we can hardly stand" her. (Like most things about movies, Roger Ebert said it better than I ever could.)

A sense of sterile production above all else keeps this good film from being a great one. It is after all a Disney film, and



David Oyelowo shines in this surprisingly down-to-earth Disney tale



\\ Walk Disney Pictures

I've always found that there is something about the best Disney classics that never quite translates into the live-action world. We empathise with the characters, but never grieve for their troubles. But director Mira Nair has crafted an impressive twist on the underdog sports drama that is powerful in its realism.



DOCUMENTARY OF THE WEEK

In Pursuit of Silence



We are surrounded by overpowering noises and we need a break \\ Transcendental Media



Meryl Anil

Loosely based on a book by George Prochnik, *In Pursuit of Silence* is a film about how noise has overtaken our lives and why we need to treasure and value silence. The opening sequence conveys the level of noise saturation in our daily lives well. Various shots of nature, still and quiet, transition to a mass of people in a public building observing silence for Remembrance Day, also still and quiet. At the end of the two minutes, the scene transforms. People walking, talking, phones ringing, escalators working, doors opening, and traffic moving lead to a sharp contrast to what was just observed. This is our daily background noise, noise which we have gotten used to, noise we filter out, noise we cope with.

The importance of silence has been noticed by people from all over the world and from different walks of life,

ranging from Japanese monks and tea servers to musicians and environmental scientists. The film uses their observations to convey how silence benefits us both psychologically and physiologically, whereas constant exposure to noise is shown to be detrimental to our health. This noise is also shown to be metaphorical in the sense of constant movement and doing. In an age of constant connection to everyone and everything, the value of solitude and isolation has been lost and the importance of this is highlighted. As Pico Iyer said in the film, it has gotten to such an extent that we live "in a world of movement, where stillness is a luxury." However, the film puts across a strong argument on why this is a luxury that is necessary, and one everyone should invest in. It is after all a luxury that is free, you just have to want it and set aside time for it.

Patrick Shen's belief in what's being conveyed is

clear through his confident, enchanting directing and stunning cinematography which uses an abundance of beautiful lingering fixed shots. The minimalistic camerawork is compounded by a quiet piano soundtrack, played at various points throughout the film. One can argue that no soundtrack would have fit the premise of the film better, but to its credit, the sprawling beauty of a film does end in silence. It allowed a short period of reflection. A film with such subject matter is always at risk of being called pretentious, and at the risk of sounding so myself, the film does leave you with a sense of calm and a reassurance in something deep down you believed is true: life is becoming very busy and you need to take yourself out of it every now and then. That might have just been me, though, as once the credits finished, a woman behind me whispered to her partner 'well that was unsubstantial twaddle'.

Powering the Top of the World: Empowering Communities (2014)

This documentary was filmed by two PhD students of Imperial, Chris Emmott and Christoph Mazur. The documentary was filmed over two weeks and follows an international energy conference in Nepal as well as interviews with officials and locals to highlight the issues and needs of a country that has so much potential for clean energy generation. It won a prestigious TVE Global Sustainability film award in the Community investment category.

Winds of Change (2015)

This documentary created by two Imperial Physics researchers, Alex Bak and Tomos Thomas, explores the issues of climate change and use of renewable energy sources in Peru. They were inspired by the creators of *Empowering Communities*.

Solar Nation (2016)

Dr. Helena Wright, a researcher at Imperial College, created this documentary about one of the fastest growing solar markets in the world: Bangladesh. The documentary focuses on people's experiences, the impact solar power and electricity has had on their lives, and what can be learnt from their solar revolution.



What's inside Moby Dick? \\ Herry Lawford

Inside Nature's Giants (2009-2012)

This BAFTA award winning documentary series was created by a team which included Alex Tate, a graduate of Imperial's Science Media Production Masters course, after completing a BSc in Physics. The series focused on the anatomy of some of the largest creatures on Earth.

DNA: The Human Race (2003)

Carlo Massarella won an Emmy for his work on this documentary. An imperial graduate with a BSc in Physics and an MSc in Science Communication, he solidifies the trend of the previous documentaries. He also wrote material for other media such as magazines, websites, and also a book to accompany this documentary. The documentary looks into aspects of the human genome.

Interested in filmmaking yourself? Check out page 37 for more details!

Broadcasting your degree

Imperial College and Documentaries

At Imperial College London, a 'science, technology and medicine' university, conveying scientific information to the public and other academics is an important part of the research conducted, both for receiving more funding for further research and to showcase major discoveries and breakthroughs made. There's also the fact that everyone at Imperial loves their subject so much they just want to tell people about it – and with the rise of Netflix et al., what better way to showcase your knowledge than through film.

Graduates from Imperial have had numerous successes in making documentary films in the past years. Here's a list of some of the noteworthy documentaries to be created by Imperial hands.

Meryl Anil



I, Daniel Blake



A heart-rending cry for justice \\ Wild Bunch



Tom Stephens

A lot of jimmies were rustled in the film critic world when *I, Daniel Blake*, the latest feature from director and outspoken Labour supporter Ken Loach, took home the Palme D'Or (the Cannes Film Festival's highest honour) this year. I was, then, a little worried when going to watch it; did the Cannes jury just get a little overexcited about its anti-state, anti-Tory message? Having watched the film now, I feel stupid for ever having such worries. This is late-period Loach at his absolute finest. He is never a director to make a film about a subject he doesn't care about, but you can sense the relevancy and urgency in *I, Daniel Blake* more than in any other film he's produced for years. A far cry from his last feature, the rose-tinted rural Northern Ireland tale *Jimmy's Hall*, it tells the story of an old man (Daniel Blake himself,

played by Dave Johns) with a failing heart being shafted by the state and being told he is fit for work, against medical advice. When he meets Katie (Hayley Squires), a single mother of two from London with her own story of betrayal by the man upstairs (being made homeless because of a complaint about a leak that was making her daughter ill, and finally being allocated a flat all the way up in Newcastle where the film is set), the pair help each other try to make ends meet with what little time they might have left. Loach reinstates himself with this film as the master of capturing the escalation of a small scene into a catastrophe; the scene in which a character has a breakdown in a food bank is Loach's equivalent of an immense cinematic set-piece. However, his kitchen-sink style of realism and use of naturalistic speech by screenwriter Paul Laverty elevate scenes like this until what we are watching becomes not

just an important scene in a movie, but a real event occurring right in front of us. Loach has found himself a muse for these kinds of scenes in Hayley Squires. She perfectly captures the character of Katie; she's calm on the surface, but the second it even becomes a possibility that she might be under attack, and it's clear that this warrior mentality that she has had to adopt to keep her family alive is taking a hard toll on her. But Squires and Loach also master the intimate moments, and perhaps the most credit is deserved by Johns for his beautifully restrained, down-to-earth portrayal of Daniel, bringing a light stroke of comedy and tenderness in perfect balance to every scene. *Daniel Blake* may be a little old, but he's sure as hell still determined to make his mark, and succeeds in doing so; with this film, it's clear that exactly the same can be said of Ken Loach himself.

When Cumberbatch was announced as the newest Marvel superhero, everyone had their doubts. His usual often rather sociopathic characters didn't quite seem like they would fit with the ever-growing Marvel universe. However, with a turned up collar reminiscent of Sherlock (he clearly knows which looks work for him) and a slightly dodgy American accent, the newest avenger was born to surprisingly enjoyable effect. Doctor Steven Strange (Benedict Cumberbatch) is a neurosurgeon who gets into a nasty car accident resulting in his hands being irreparably mangled. In a bid to by-pass the limits of modern medicine, he leaves on-again, off-again flame Christine (Rachel McAdams) and turns to 'The East' for mystic powers of healing from 'The Ancient One' (Tilda Swinton), Mordo (Chiwetel Ejiofor) and Wong (Benedict Wong). While Strange is perfecting his magical and martial art skill, villain Kaecilius (Mads Mikkelsen) aims to unleash the dark realm upon the world. The character arc consists

of an arrogant genius suddenly becoming selfless when necessary, leading Iron Man, sorry, Dr Strange, to save the day. The most notable part of this film, naturally, is the visual effects. If you didn't like the folding buildings from *Inception*, you will hate this film. It bends and twists in fantastic ways, pausing only for a self-aware reference to LSD - look out for the book in Stan Lee's cameo. But thankfully, the studio didn't allow this to overtake everything else; the trap of using visual effects to compensate for a boring plot-line is one that they have keenly side-stepped. The jokes are funny, even if the many explosions are over-loud and overused. The supporting cast are also mostly interesting. Once you get past 'The Ancient One' being an actual name, Swinton offers a noteworthy guru, providing deadpan tongue-in-cheek lines with great effect. Conflictingly, the love interest is horribly two-dimensional, with even less character development than Spiderman's Mary Jane or Superman's Lois Lane. Although she manages the occasional joke, McAdams'

character feels only partially-formed at best. The Asian adventure is okay, as long as you accept that 'Asia' is one place with one mishmash culture. Despite travelling to Kathmandu for training, the nearest capital for the sorcerers is listed as Shanghai and the style of training feels like that of Shaolin monks - meanwhile the three lead gurus have English, Nigerian and Chinese heritage. From this confusion, however, does come a wonderful score by Michael Giacchino. The sitar melodies weaving through the film are elegant and enjoyable, even if it feels a little odd in a potentially kung-fu-esque film. There was also a great risk of making the recovery of Strange from crippled car accident survivor to sorcerer a bit insensitive, but the struggle of rehabilitation was portrayed relatively well, albeit somewhat montage-ish. Overall, the film was an entertaining two hours. There are few studios who could provide a sarcastic sidekick in the form of a cloak, constant explosions and a ghost fight (yes, really) in a film that is worth watching - Marvel has managed it.

Doctor Strange



Visually stunning yet rather baffling - like Cumberbatch himself \\ Marvel Studios



Jenny Shelley



Five alternative Halloween classics

Stock up on chocolate, bob some apples and cut eye-holes in the sheets, because a pumpkin spice latte won't save you from those meddling kids battering down your door for a candy bar - Halloween is upon us. Costume parties will be everywhere this weekend, but if you're anything like me, when you're at one of these parties surrounded by people dressed as characters from your favourite movies you'll wish you had just organised a Halloween movie night instead. But what's stopping you from doing just that? As a wise man once said, "Don't let your dreams be dreams" If you're looking for the kind of film that will not just creep you out but deeply unsettle you, here are five (not necessarily horror) films that are perfect for a spooky night in.

Silence of the Lambs (1991)

The closest to traditional horror that you'll find on this list, *Silence of the Lambs* is one of the handful of films to take home the Big Five awards at the Oscars: Best Picture, Best Director, Best Screenplay, Best Actress (Jodie Foster), and Best Actor (Anthony Hopkins), and deserves each and every one of them. It plays out as a psychological thriller in which FBI trainee Clarice Starling (Foster) is tasked with tracking down a serial killer who refers to himself as Buffalo Bill. Her first investigative act is to question ex-psychiatrist and incarcerated serial killer Hannibal Lecter (Hopkins) - a character far more terrifying than any character has any right to be. With about twenty minutes of screen-time in a two-hour movie, Hopkins steals the entire show in one of the most compelling and unnerving portrayals of a psychopath ever put to the screen - but that's not to say that the rest of the movie isn't packed wall-to-wall with hair-raising sequences delivering psychological thrill after psychological thrill, with a terrific central performance from Foster.



Tell me, do you like fava beans? \\ Steven Lam

Alien (1979)

The original definitive sci-fi horror, not to mention the film that first introduced the world to the definitive sci-fi heroine in the form of Ellen Ripley, *Alien* is an essential for geeks and movie buffs everywhere. Awoken from stasis by a mysterious signal from a nearby planetoid, the crew of the spaceship *Nostromo* stumble upon what appears to be the remains of a mysterious alien spacecraft, and a chamber containing a huge number of eggs. Through a series of twists and turns the crew end up with a monster on their ship, and not just any monster; the Xenomorph alien is one of the most iconically gut-wrenching sci-fi aliens to have ever been created, and is bound to have you screaming in terror during the final spine-chillingly tense sequences.

Coraline (2009)

What? A children's film on a Halloween movie list - an animated one, no less?! That's what I would have thought if I hadn't already seen *Coraline*. Restless 11-year-old Coraline Jones moves into the Pink Palace Mansions apartment complex with her parents, and soon discovers a portal to the Other World, the inhabitants of which all mysteriously have buttons for eyes. At first this new world seems awfully cosy, but as time passes and the true nature of Coraline's Other Family is revealed, the film becomes more and more chillingly unsettling. Have you ever been afraid of spiders? Thanks to the stunning stop-motion work by the film's animators, you will be now.

Prisoners (2013)

It's a rare occurrence for me that I ever see a film that makes me as consistently uncomfortable and as constantly on-edge as *Prisoners* makes me. The subject matter itself should indicate enough; the worlds of the Dover family (Hugh Jackman and Maria Bello) and the Birch family (Terrence Howard and Viola Davis) are overturned when their children are abducted on Thanksgiving, and one of the affected parents decide, against the advice of the investigating detective Loki (Jake Gyllenhaal), to take matters into their own hands, with kidnap, interrogation and torture. Who says you need a monster to make a movie scary? *Prisoners* shows that sometimes human beings are terrifying enough.

The Birds (1963)

When Melanie Daniels (Tippi Hedren) and Mitch Brenner (Rod Taylor) meet, sparks fly and their attraction to each other grows more and more with each time they bump into each other. Then one night, when Melanie is staying over at a new friend's house, they're awakened by a loud thud; a gull has flown straight into the house's front door and killed itself. The next day, Mitch's sister's birthday party is derailed as the guests are attacked by seagulls. Sparrows plummet down the chimney of Mitch's home the following evening. These seemingly unrelated incidents slowly escalate further and further in this all-time old-school horror classic by the master of suspense himself, Alfred Hitchcock. Expect a perfectly constructed rising sense of dread, a fear of birds that you seriously didn't need, and one of the most ominous endings in film history.

Tom Stephens

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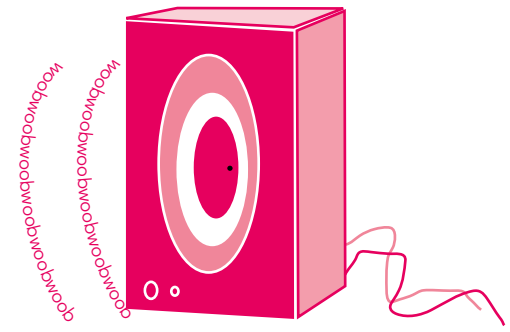
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Venue	Regular Events	Time	Day
Metric & FiveSixEight	iPOP Halloween Special	20:00 - 02:00	Friday 28 October
FiveSixEight	Super Quiz	20:00 - 22:00	Every Tuesday
Metric	Cocktail Night	18:00 - 23:00	Every Tuesday
Metric & FiveSixEight	CSP Wednesday	19:00 - 01:00	Every Wednesday
Metric & FiveSixEight	iPOP	20:00 - 02:00	Friday 4 November
h-bar	Pub Quiz	19:00 - 21:00	2nd & 4th Thursday
h-bar	PGI Friday	16:00 onwards	Every Friday
Reynolds	Quiz Night	18:00 - 23:00	Every Monday
Reynolds	Board Games & Film Night	18:00 - 23:00	Every Tuesday
Reynolds	Sports Night	18:00 onwards	Every Wednesday
Reynolds	Pizza Night	18:00 - 23:00	Every Thursday
Reynolds	Cocktail Night	17:30 onwards	Every Friday
The Foundry	Quiz Night	19:30 - 22:00	1st & 3rd Thursday
The Foundry	Karaoke Night	20:00 - 23:30	2nd & 4th Friday



Felix Feminist Power Playlist

Music is an amazingly powerful way to impact a message to an audience, a community or even a generation. Women have traditionally been a marginalized and oppressed social group and in our modern society, we still face prejudices unknown to our male counterparts. In the spirit of 'Imperial Girls Can', I've listened to the fiery Felix Feminist Power Playlist and here are my first impressions and what I've learnt from these songs.



Abigael Bamgboye

Christina Aguilera | 1 Cant' Hold Us Down

Listen to this when: you want to refute someone's 'witty' remark. As females, there's no doubt that we've all experienced some kind of sexism. Sometimes, it feels easier to ignore the stupidity after a long day. However, we have to tackle the underlying issue. After listening to this song, you'll be ready to obliterate whatever nonsensical stupidity comes your way.



// YayA Lee



// Peter Sekesan

Listen to this when: someone (or you yourself) tries to devalue your achievements. As an eight year old, I remember listening to this and thinking nothing of the power rhetoric this song relates. But now, ten years later, it has a whole new meaning - while your achievements in life are your own, the obstacles may not be. However, you have to believe in yourself before you can overcome whatever lies in your way. When you take responsibility, you ultimately see results.

2 | Destiny's Child | Independent Woman, Pt. I

Aretha Franklin | 3 Respect

Listen to this when: you're feeling sassy. This song never ceases to send chills down my spine. At some point in life, it is inevitable that we will encounter rude, obnoxious or arrogant behavior (it's everyday on London transport). Instead of fighting fire with fire, put on this song and simply outclass the source of offence. Integrity simply attracts respect.

Lily Allen | 6 Hard Out Here

Listen to this when: someone makes a idiotic or ignorant comment. *Hard Out Here* is a rather comedic rebuttal to the objectification of women. After all, when you can laugh at the labels people give to you, you're a million times closer to overcoming them.

Listen to this when: life's challenges make you want to give up.

Nobody starts from the top. In classic early 2000s style, in this song Nicki Minaj iterates the importance of sharing the story of your journey, struggles, tears and sweat. It's so easy to look at the finished results and forget the pain it took to get there. Whatever you want to do, you can do it and you will do it. Go forth and make it happen.

Nicki Minaj | I'm the Best

4



//Eva Rinaldi

Listen to this when: you're sick of watching the news. How do you deal with something hideously absurd? With something wonderfully so. Russian feminist punk rock protest group have struck back at Trump with an instant classic. "The owner of vaginas is not some narcissistic stupid orange ape who'd claim that he could easily grab women by their pussies. The owner of vagina is a woman. Who wears her vag as a badge of honour."

5

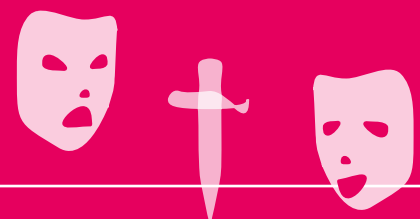
Pussy Riot | Straight Outta Vagina



//Pussy Riot



#FreeTheNipple



Casting women in male roles is not a gimmick

In a time when all-female casts are still seen as a gimmick Jack Steadman discusses the importance of bending and breaking original texts and taking gender off the list of casting specifications



// Rafael Martínez

Shakespeare. "Who owns Shakespeare?". This is the idea Phyllida Lloyd and company set out to challenge with her all-female production of Julius Caesar at the Donmar Warehouse in 2012.

It's easy to dismiss that move as a gimmick, a knock-off copy of the all-male Shakespeare productions that pop up like clockwork, but with none of the historical authenticity those productions claim to wield. However such dismissal would be misguided, both when it comes to intentions and results. Lloyd accepted that first directing job at the Donmar Warehouse on the basis that she would like to direct something with a cast that would be at least half female, before realising that she actually wanted to go even further in addressing theatre's gender imbalance. And as for results, by virtually all accounts, the play was a success, with winning reviews and contented audiences across the board.

Of course, success doesn't actually make all-female Shakespeare not a gimmick per se. But it does make it successful, on this occasion anyway. Regardless, Lloyd and company returned to

all-female Shakespeare in 2014 with a production of Henry IV (also at the Donmar), which was announced to be the second part in what would now be a trilogy of all-female productions directed by Lloyd. Similarly praised, similarly successful, and (depressingly) still seemingly against the norm.

And now, two years later, we're at the final part: Lloyd's all-female The Tempest has opened – not at the Donmar, but at a new, purpose-built, in-the-round theatrical space at King's Cross (if you want your gimmick, there it is. Pop-up, purpose-built theatres). All signs so far point to a similar result of critical praise and audience adulation. But does that mean they can be taken as proof that women can handle Shakespeare's biggest roles as well as the men?

Michael Billington, The Guardian's lead critic, in his mostly positive review of that 2012 production of Julius Caesar, suggests that its success doesn't mean "we should get carried away and start arguing that single-sex Shakespeare is the only way forward." He does have a point. All-male Shakespeares run the risk of dissolving into what can only be called

historical intellectual masturbation, becoming trapped by their slavish loyalty to the original production. There is nothing more boring than a Shakespeare with nothing interesting to say, and you certainly can't accuse an all-female Shakespeare of that.

But 'not boring' alone doesn't really help answer

// Does that then mean that all of Shakespeare's roles can be played by anyone, of any gender? It's a question that has an obvious answer – yes, of course they can //

the question. Do Lloyd's three productions, all part of one big project, really work as evidence for women being able to play male roles? Just because it was successful in this case, and an extreme case at that, does that then mean that all of Shakespeare's roles can be played by anyone, of any gender?

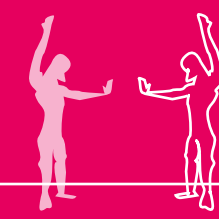
It's a question that has an obvious answer – yes, of course they can – but it seems to have taken the world of theatre an awfully long time to get there.

Julius Caesar was a theatrical revelation when it landed, but it's hard to escape the sense that it still feels like an abnormality in the general currents of male-drive Shakespeare. The words "all-female Shakespeare" do not feel instantly at home, do not inspire the general indifference that greets "all-male Shakespeare". The all-female Tempest still feels like a big deal. But it's not like females tackling Shakespeare is new.

Take Hamlet. The Crown Prince of Denmark is quite possibly the goal in theatre for any young, aspiring actor. But that hasn't stopped Hamlet being played by women – as early as 1777, Sarah Siddons was playing the prince in Manchester, while in the same year as Lloyd's Henry IV, Maxine Peake appeared as Hamlet in a production at the Royal Exchange, in Manchester yet again. It can and does happen but it's not exactly a daily occurrence. Peake was the first female Hamlet in thirty-five years. That being said, the current crop

of shows in London theatres does seem to suggest that things might finally be on the mend. As The Tempest plays in the Donmar's new King's Cross theatre, over the river in Waterloo the Old Vic is staging King Lear with veteran actress Glenda Jackson in the title role. Billed as Jackson's return to the stage (after a good few decades away serving as an MP), the production goes up against a more traditional one by the Royal Shakespeare Company, with Anthony Sher in the same role. Neither production reduces the other – if anything, the prospect of seeing two titans of the field try their hand at the role should have Shakespeare-loving audiences salivating.

Further east along the river, over at Shakespeare's Globe, things have ventured even further from the traditional – and, admittedly, away from the realm of just redefining the texts around the women). Under new artistic director Emma Rice, the theatre has taken a bold new approach to the texts, unafraid to try unconventional approaches where previously they followed a more softly authentic approach (particularly under



Mark Rylance). This has thus far culminated in Imogen – a production of Cymbeline that shifts the focus onto King Cymbeline's daughter, Imogen (who actually has more lines than the king in the original text, since you didn't ask), and renames the whole thing more appropriately in the process. And if the Globe, the very home of Shakespeare in London and (along with the RSC) the authority on Shakespearean productions, can pull off something like that, then why can't everyone else? When will we see the likes of Ophelia? Actually, that's a bit of a trick question: we already have seen it in the case of Ophelia, in a production by Katie Mitchell at the Royal Court earlier this year, but I digress.

We are still in the phase where seeing women play the likes of Hamlet, Lear,

// We are still in the phase where seeing women play the likes of Hamlet, Lear, Prospero and Macbeth does still feel, despite itself, a little like a gimmick //

Prospero and Macbeth does still feel, despite itself, a little like a gimmick. It's ultimately an unfortunate side-effect of their rarity, and until such gender-blind casting becomes the norm, it'll probably continue to feel that way. But that doesn't diminish the power, urgency, and thrill of the switch, and it certainly doesn't render them innately bad or wrong. And sure, there will

be the odd bum performance, just as there is with their countless male equivalents.

One of the many joys of theatre, but especially of Shakespeare, is the way the original text can be bent, broken, and reforged into something new with every production. The story may stay the same, but through changes in setting, in casting,



// Joel Honeywell

in any one of many factors, the play can be found anew. Casting women in the 'male' roles of the play is just one way to achieve that – but it's also a way that provides the added bonus of seeing some of our greatest actors tackle some of our greatest roles.

Seeing women take on the mantles previously expected to be worn only by men feels

// One of the many joys of theatre, but especially of Shakespeare is the way the original text can be bent, broken, and reforged into something new with every production //

more important than ever, especially in a year where we might – finally – see a woman take on the ultimate male-only mantle: President of the United States. Try and call that a gimmick.

A premature follow up | Emma Rice steps down from her role as Globe director

By Jack Steadman

There is a depressing if predictable irony to the fact that, within hours of this article being completed, the Globe's board went and pushed out their female artistic director. On Tuesday morning, it was announced that Emma Rice will be stepping down from her role in April 2018, following the close of the 17/18 season.

Not only this, but with Rice goes "the current nature of work, which has characterised the period since Emma assumed the position". That is to say, all of the modernising (new lights and actual sound system), the shaking up and reinventing of the texts, it's all going away in April 2018.

This decision has been dressed up as a decision purely about the intended purpose of the Globe vis

// Within hours of this article being completed, the Globe's board went and pushed out their female artistic director //

a vis Shakespeare and his original productions – "a radical experiment to explore the conditions within which Shakespeare and his contemporaries worked", as the board's statement put it. Such a claim – coming as it does with remarks that future programming "should be structured around 'shared light' productions without designed sound and light rigging" – feels an awful lot like

window-dressing for a sadly backwards attitude from the Globe.

This is all despite acknowledging that the "mould-breaking work" of Rice had achieved "strong box office returns", which is no mean feat in a theatre like the Globe, which sells about 90% of the available tickets as standard, and the new, diverse audiences being attracted there.

Fundamentally, while the Globe's board may have a point in there somewhere – specifically the one about being founded to explore the original circumstances of Shakespeare – this can't help but feel like a mixture of a complete cock-up and a missed opportunity. The board inescapably knew what they were getting when they appointed Rice – you don't appoint an artistic



// marsroverdriver

director without coming to some kind of agreement on their vision for a theatre. To back down now, like this, is just cowardly and pathetic. And that's all before you get into the fact that Rice is – was – one of few female artistic directors in the country, and one in charge of Shakespeare's Globe at that. You couldn't have made a better statement about how theatre

– all theatre – is for everyone, of all genders, at a time when it feels like theatre might finally be moving towards redressing the balance. Now, of course, that statement just starts to feel like maybe theatre is the small-minded, boys-only club everyone thought it might be.



What is it about ballroom dancing that so enthral us? The public's fascination with ballroom dancing began years ago in Hollywood, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers lighting up the silver screen. And as the wild success of TV programs like Strictly Come Dancing and Dancing With The Stars shows, its glamour and

**\\ Is it the beauty of the figures danced in tandem? The delight of seeing movement and music perfectly aligned? Or even the dazzling costumes that the dancers wear? **

beauty has captured our imagination ever since. Is it the beauty of the figures danced in tandem? The delight of seeing movement and music perfectly aligned? Or even the dazzling costumes that the dancers

wear? Whatever it is, the craze for ballroom dancing has spread over the globe. I myself am no stranger to its charms, having started dancing at Imperial on a whim in first year. One thing led to another, and before I knew it I had five pairs of dance shoes and was spending most evenings a week practicing in the JCR! Incidentally, one of Imperial's best-kept secrets is the second life the JCR takes on after dark. The tables are pushed aside, the floor swept clean of the day's dust, and dancing couples trace figures across the room till security comes to chase them away.

For those unfamiliar with dancesport, there are two broad styles of ballroom dance: Standard and Latin, with five dances in each style. Standard (slow waltz, tango, quickstep, foxtrot and Viennese waltz) is characterised by elegant sweeping steps danced in closed hold across the dance floor, whereas Latin (cha-cha, jive, samba, rumba, paso doble) is known more for its sensuality and energy. As the two styles are quite different, each style is judged separately in competitions, and couples – especially at the professional level – often choose to specialise in one style or the other. One of the most important

events in competitive dancesport was held at the Royal Albert Hall a fortnight ago. Once a year for the last 64 years, the best ballroom dancers from around the world gather to vie for the honour of being crowned World Champion. I had secured my tickets before summer, and was immensely excited to be attending the International Championships live for the first time! Anyone familiar with competitive dancesport would have heard

**\\ Once a year for the last 64 years, the best ballroom dancers from around the world gather to vie for the honour of being crowned World Champion **

of the superstars competing in the championships such as Riccardo Cocchi and Yulia Zagoruychenko, or Victor Fung and Anastasia Muravyova. Naturally, the judges of these amazing dancers would have to be even more illustrious – one of my personal idols, Donnie Burns (who held

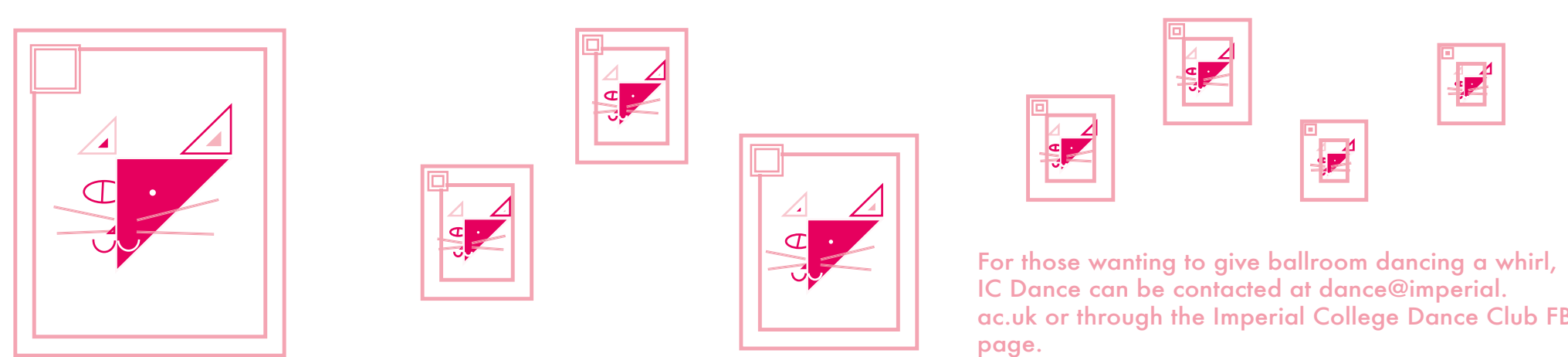
the World Professional Latin title for 14 years), was on the judging panel, as were many other renowned dancers who had moved to judging and teaching after their competitive heyday. I was quite star-struck to be in such close proximity to these legends, seeing them live and even breathing the same air.

Yes, one would almost have envied the RAH floor, such was the number of incredible dancers that graced it that evening. But for me there was one couple that really mattered. Marika Doshoris and Gunnar Gunnarsson, representing the United Kingdom in the Latin Professional Championships! Amazingly enough, Marika is the Latin coach at IC Dance Club; it is quite an honour to have been taught by her since I was a beginner in first year. The Marika we see at regular dance practice is an incredible dancer, but to see her dancing competitively was truly something else. Small wonder, then, that IC Dance team members were out in full force to support her at the Internationals. It was rather amusing to hear our enthusiastic roars of "Marika! Gunnar!" resound through the Royal Albert Hall despite the stares from the more sedate and proper audience members. In addition to the

professional category, the International Championships also include a second category for amateurs. This refers to dancers who do not dance full-time and teach professionally for a living. While professional ballroom dancers, the sort one sees on Strictly, often begin dancing at the ridiculously early ages of five or six, the amateur category encompasses those who might pick up ballroom dancing later on in life or who cannot do it as a full-time

**\\ The amateur category encompasses those who might pick up ballroom dancing later on in life or who cannot do it as a full-time commitment **

commitment. This would include students who started ballroom dancing at university, like myself and many other members of IC Dance. In fact, two couples from the IC Dance Team went to the early rounds of the amateur Internationals! Unlike the professional dancers who



seemed as unreachable as distant stars, the competitors in these amateur rounds reminded me of what I as a student dancer might still hope to achieve.

The World Championships traditionally concludes with the jive of the final Latin round, it being the fastest, most upbeat and energetic dance. But the mood after the final jive took a sombre turn this year. Maurizio Vescovo, one of the most well-known Latin dancers from across the pond, announced his official retirement from competitive dancing in an emotional letter addressed to the dancesport community. Having seen him first in videos and then live during Internationals, I felt the floor would not be the same without his presence. He was a unique character, with a playful, interactive style that contrasted with the classic Latin dancers around him. Though opinion on him

**\\ Maurizio Vescovo, one of the most well-known Latin dancers from across the pond, announced his official retirement from competitive dancing in an emotional letter **

may be divided, there is no question that he managed to define a strong personal style that stood out on the dance floor. And this is something that I feel is important, especially in ballroom dancing. With all the strict rules in this form of dance (Feet turned out! Lift that hip higher!) it is all too easy to forget that dance remains intrinsically a form of expression. I like to

think of ballroom dancing as one would think of a sonnet. Despite the fixed structure, it is within these confines – or even using these confines – that one finds the freedom to be oneself.

And the results of the Championships? Marika and Gunnar were ranked in the top ten in the world – no mean feat! Riccardo and Yulia won the World Professional Latin Championships for the 3rd time, while Victor and Anastasia were crowned World Professional Ballroom Champions for the first time. Yet these results fall flat on paper. How can one describe the flashes of Yulia's exquisite footwork, or the way Victor and Anastasia swept gracefully across the floor? Watching them, I was reminded once again of the magic behind why I, along with so many other people, love ballroom dancing.



// Rob Ronda



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The 'nasty women' of Broad City



The new, 'nastier' faces of comedy \\ Comedy Central



Best Buds \\ Comedy Central

It was during the last US Presidential Debate that Donald Trump muttered 'what a nasty woman' Hillary Clinton was, the latest of Donald Trump's transgressions. Minutes after the debate had finished, Twitter was ablaze with women reclaiming the insult. Elizabeth Warren made 'nasty women' the centre of her speech stumping for Hillary Clinton, and Samantha Bee, the only female host on late night comedy in America wore a

'nasty woman' T-shirt to host this week's episode of Full Frontal with Samantha Bee.

'Nasty woman' has struck a nerve. Women now more than ever are tired of the idea that first and foremost they must be likeable. They are tired of the concept that having opinions, being clever or funny, or having the audacity to stand up for your beliefs must first make the concession to whether we appear to be agreeable. In television, particularly in comedy, women who don't conform are dismissed as 'shrill' or worse, and clips on YouTube are flooded with comments along the lines of 'who knew a chick could be funny?' (When will this myth die?!)

Thankfully, there are a few shows (noticeably often those which are female-led and directed) that buck the trend, portraying women neither in the 'likeable' role, nor in a 'strong independent woman' role. The latter is a trope that substitutes a propensity for violence as a substitute for building a nuanced personality.

Broad City began as a comedy webseries produced, written by, and starring Abbi Jacobson and Ilana Glazer. Still available on Youtube,

the webseries followed the characters, Abbi and Ilana, through life in New York. One episode featured Ilana entering into a relationship with a man solely because he had a washer/dryer in his apartment (they have previously been accustomed to taking clothes in bulk to their parent's home in Pennsylvania), another was in set in yoga class: 'I already

**\\ Women now more than ever are tired of the idea that first and foremost they must be likeable **

feel so much taller, leaner, and more organic' mused Abbi as she settled into an upwards facing dog pose. Championed by Amy Poehler, the show transitioned into a half hour show on Comedy Central in 2014.

The TV series, with its higher production values, has nevertheless retained its rough-around-the-edges, improv feel. The episodes meander through loosely sketched plots, falling down

several rabbit holes along the way. In one episode, Abbi has dental surgery; high on painkillers and weed, she wreaks havoc in Whole Foods, egged on by the hallucination of a giant stuffed toy named Bingo Bronson. In another, Ilana and her mother go to Chinatown in search of knock-off designer handbags and are led through a manhole into an underground bunker; in the same episode, Ilana bursts into joyful twerking at her grandmother's Shiva when she hears Abbi has pegged her boyfriend.

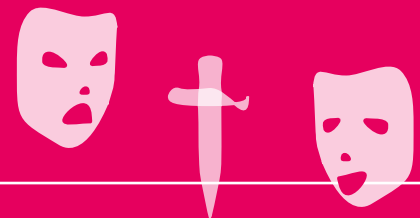
Broad City female leads would be the first to reclaim the title of 'nasty women'; though they might prefer the urban dictionary definition: sexually liberated, and incredibly cool. Abbi and Ilana live pay-check to paycheck in rat infested apartments, have regular 'weed dudes', hustle for Lil Wayne concert tickets, and bring pillows into work so they can fall asleep crammed into a bathroom cubicle. They have little or no ambition beyond making the most of Bed, Bath & Beyond coupons that never expire. They aren't role models, they're not meant to be. These are the 'id' characters that men have

inhabited for so many years on television; Glazer and Jacobson have launched a sneak-attack of feminism to create female characters that take up the mantle.

It's refreshing to have characters so removed from the roles women often play in comedy: the nagging girlfriend or wife or mother (see: every female character on The Big Bang Theory), the hard-ass boss, or the straight man to their male co-star who gets up to all the antics. The Broad City women for all their wackiness feel real, dialled-up-to-eleven, responsibility and ambition free versions of the smart, hilarious women we all know.

Broad City above all is so exuberantly joyful, it's addictive. It has perhaps the best portrayal of female friendship on television right now (Brooklyn Nine Nine's Rosa and Amy have lately been giving the two a run for their money). In one particularly iconic scene, Abbi and Ilana, dressed in homage to Missy Elliot and Nicki Minaj respectively, burst into a bank dancing to Drake's 'Started from the Bottom' to cash Abbi's check for 'eight fucking thousand dollars'. When the clerk's disgruntled 'ma'am' breaks their rap fuelled reverie, Ilana confronts the unimpressed bank clerk: 'you know how she got [the 8k] dude? This bitch, right here, drew this illustration and a sexy new dating website bought it' When the bank clerk still looks bored, she adds 'it came from her heart'.

It's hard to describe the vibe of Broad City without underselling it. The premise of two best friends living in New York is hardly revolutionary stuff, and yet it's quite unlike anything else. It defies explanation. It should be on everyone's to-watch-list; come for the low-key feminism, stay for the incredible fun.



The Kardashian kingdom

The Kardashians have a multi-million dollar empire, a successful TV show, and several influential brands. So why are they so resented?

Anurag Deshpande



Chevrons are the new stripes \\ NBCUniversal

The Kardashians' long standing affair with the media began in 1994, when Robert Kardashian Sr. thrust the family into the limelight defending his friend O. J. Simpson. In the following decades, members of the clan have appeared sporadically throughout various media. Kim Kardashian, in particular, was always quick to maximise her media presence, garnering mild buzz by positioning herself as Paris Hilton's supposed confidante and stylist. Kim and the family, however, both managed to fly relatively under the radar of the general public until 2007. This was when a sex-tape, featuring Kim and her then-boyfriend Ray-J, leaked, thrusting the family into the limelight. Incredibly, and to Kris Jenner and Kim's great credit, they capitalised on this new found infamy with the production of a reality show based on their lives. Fast forward to today, *Keeping Up with the Kardashians* is a staple of the TV zeitgeist and the archetype that springs to mind when someone mentions the term 'reality show'. Kim's net-worth alone has

exploded from an estimated \$4.4 million in 2007, to \$150 million today. That's more than Kanye, Drake, and Miley Cyrus. There's a reason Kim takes the lead in 'Kimye'.

So given how successful the family has been, why is there so much ill-will directed towards them, and why do sentiments still pervade that they don't deserve it, or 'aren't intelligent enough' to have earned it?

Some people may suggest that they're vapid or shallow but is this really such a big issue? Sure, they can be narcissistic at times, but that's something we're all guilty of. They are reflections of ourselves, our obsessions with social media and trivialities. Surely we can't hate them for being extrapolations of us. Even then, their perceived shallowness never manifests itself aggressively, or with great ignorance. The family and series has even made efforts to highlight the Armenian genocide.

Instead, perhaps, an alternative criticism that can be proposed is that they don't really 'do' anything. They simply exist as a family, and they get paid for it. Of course, this is probably the easiest one to debunk. You don't make that much

money without being a shrewd businessperson. Looking around, it quickly becomes apparent just how many different pies the Kardashians have their fingers in. There are two different apps dedicated to just Kim, God knows how many perfume and fashion lines, and even a colouring

\\ Keeping up with the Kardashians is a staple of the TV zeitgeist, and the archetype that springs to mind when someone mentions the term 'reality show' \\

book. All that probably takes a lot of work.

One could rightly take issue with their confused stance on body image positivity. While they certainly promote a wide range of body shapes, it could be argued this is somewhat inauthentic, given their reliance on cosmetic surgeries. Although the show does occasionally and superficially touch on issues

on insecurities, it is usually in a very cursory manner.

The show is also, largely speaking, empty and possessing of little intellectual value, but it still provides entertainment. It's something to have on in the background, or if you want to just be entertained without thinking too much. The often dry and deadpan delivery of the 'actors' coupled with the often ridiculous situations they find themselves in makes for great comedy. In addition, anytime Kanye appears on the show is a treat, since his complete unwillingness to cooperate with the tone of the show, and his frequent incredulity at Kim's excesses make for good TV.

At the end of the day, the show isn't particularly revolutionary or insightful, but it doesn't really need to be. It does its job, as is clearly evidenced by its continuing ratings success. There's much to be said for the shrewdness and capability of the titular cast, and certainly a few valid criticisms to be made. All things considered though, maybe it's time to set aside some of the Kardashian hate. They don't need our validation, which is why they deserve our respect.



Renaissance chic \\ E!



Humans 2.0: Human Harder



Apparently being a Synth lets you stare directly at the camera \\ Channel 4/AMC



Anurag Deshpande

Humans made a big splash when it launched last year. Its compelling performances and intriguing premise made it a must-watch. Ahead of the launch of the second season this Sunday, felix lets you know if it retains the quality of the first.

After *Humans* first premiered in the summer of 2015, few knew what exactly to expect. The show clearly had significant acting clout behind it, and its subtle marketing campaign was quick to pique the interest of the viewing public. Sure enough, the series managed to live up to, and even surpass, its hype: an increasingly uncommon feat these days. It rapidly became one of the powerhouses of Channel 4's prime-time arsenal, and a second season was soon in the works. *felix* had the opportunity to watch the first episode of season 2, ahead of its airing this Sunday. You might be wondering how we managed that. Well, it's a long and fascinating tale involving laughter, adventure, and signing lots of NDAs. Anyways, how does it hold up? Well, from what I've seen, season 2 raises the stakes without compromising the quality.

Episode 1 picks up the loose plot threads from the first season, as both the Synths and the Hawkins family attempt to construct some semblance of normal lives following their ordeal. The Synths stop running and begin to discover the complexities of both the outside world and themselves. On this front, the writing is subtle and layered. Experiences and exchanges are constructed to evoke memories and a realisation of what the Synths are entering; adolescence. The poignancy of these moments comes precisely from the fact that tropes are leaned into gently, and the point is not shoved in your face. The performances on this front, as you might expect, are by-and-large beyond reproach. The Hawkins family plot-line, for its part, brings from season one the undercurrents of human resentment for increasing workforce mechanisation into the limelight. To the show's credit, it uses quite a variety of plot points, some quite insidious, to address these concerns. However, it does

stray a bit into cliché when dealing with this storyline. That's not necessarily a bad thing though, and given the overall strength of the writing, I'm willing to give the writers the benefit of the doubt. In addition, certain events towards the episode's close ensure that Laura Hawkins will have a major part to play in events going forward. It seems as if Katherine Parkinson,

\\ It's a long and fascinating tale involving laughter, adventure, and signing lots of NDAs \\

who by the way is fantastic in person, will have ample opportunity to flex her acting muscles. Lucy Carless, Pixie Davies, and Theo Stevenson don't, unfortunately, get much to do this episode but turn in typically high-calibre performances, regardless. Pixie Davies in particular, considering her age, is one of the strongest child actors I've seen, right alongside Mad Men's Kiernan Shipka or the stars of *Outnumbered*. Considering that *Humans* was a joint production between AMC and Channel 4, season one was relatively UK-centric. Its excellent performance last year has clearly bolstered the

financiers' faith, as the series plays out on a much more global scale this time. The ever-versatile Carrie-Anne Moss takes on the recurring role of Dr. Athena Morrow, a leading AI researcher. While her plot-line was certainly engaging, and shows much promise, it was a bit lower on the philosophical metaphors than the others. None of that is to knock Moss herself, who conducts herself with enough duplicity and flexibility to ensure that Morrow will be someone to keep an eye on this season.

The sublime and heavy on synths (no pun intended) 80s retro-futurist soundtrack makes a triumphant return. There's also the great cinematography and direction to mention. The imagery in this episode is rich and makes extensive use of visual metaphors. One particular such metaphor near the beginning, involving a mine-shaft, is particularly worth praising.

The first episode of this season throws up a number of balls into the air for the series to juggle alongside those still left from season one. It is fast-paced, interesting, and manages to successfully set-up and tease even bigger things to come. If you're a fan of *Humans*, or just considering checking it out now, you will not be disappointed.



Best part of a screening is free beer \\ A Deshpande

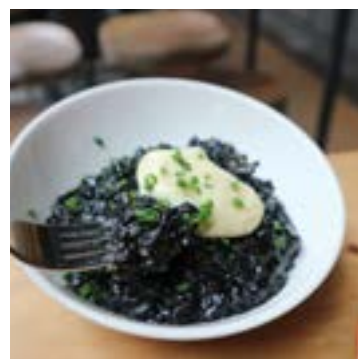


Plates of simple luxury



felix visits the refined Camino for a relaxed brunch of **spanish delights**, with **crisp Patatas Bravas**, **inky Arroz Negor** and **Baby squid**. Oh, and a bottle of **cava** for good measure.

Christy Lam



The luxury of Sunday mornings. The only morning in the week when it is entirely appropriate to put a hush to the endless list of unwatched Panopto recordings, lie-in until the church bells ring, then lazily roll out of the house in time for grocery shopping. Aside from snatching the half-priced flowers from Waitrose to adorn my ill-maintained window sill, another one of my weekend leisures I have grown to appreciate is brunch.

Back in Hong Kong, brunch is an odd trend reserved for those hipster cafés and high-end hotels, normally populated by expats, upper-middle class 20-somethings or those who prefer soggy, overpriced Pain Perdu over the Hong Kong style French toast. (A deep fried, inch-thick slab of white bread drenched in egg mixture, condensed milk and golden syrup, plus a knob of butter and a wallet-friendly price of £2. What were they thinking?)

Luckily in London, I've had more than my fair share of good brunches, from British egg benedicts to American pancakes, Indian naan rolls to Israeli shakshuka. Here, brunch isn't a trend that will dissipate after a few months under the attack of some rain-bow-coloured grilled cheese, but simply a meal for one to relax, catch up with friends

and getting ready for another week (of 9 am lectures stuck in a warm, stuffy lecture hall like sardines) to come.

Two Sundays ago I had the lucky opportunity to be invited to Camino, a mini-chain of Spanish tapas restaurants, to review their bottomless brunch menu. Knowing that tapas are never reserved for lonely diners, I requested a plus one and dragged my friend in the wind and rain to Bankside, where they have a branch located conveniently in the shadows of Tate Modern.

The exterior was exactly what you'd want for the

**\\ In Hong Kong, brunch is an odd trend reserved for those hipster cafes and high-end hotels, normally populated by expats **

perfect chilled hang out under the wet rays of October sunlight: a few shrubs here and there, comfortable sofas and red blankets laid out thoughtfully to fight against the chilly breeze. Upon entrance, we were greeted by an unexpected serenity for a Sunday afternoon, which was then broken by the cheery manager, waiters and relaxed music.

After a quick introduction, we chose our table next to the

window and studied the menu while savouring their juicy, home-marinated manzanilla olives. We chose 3 tapas each, and were presented with our own bottle of cava to share plus a carafe of orange juice for mimosas.

The tapas arrived quickly and filled the surface of the table, transforming it into a proper feast. The view, or #tablesituation in Instagram language, was spectacular. 6 tapas dishes in total with a generous addition on the house of a beautiful charcuteria platter with slices of Iberico Cebo and Serrano ham. Our gossiping was replaced by a speechless awe; we couldn't wait to dig into the arrangement of colours, textures and smells

displayed before us.

The Crispy Baby Squid was served as tender, lightly battered bites with the cutest pot of aioli on the side. My friend couldn't get enough

**\\ Potatoes are cut into precise cuboids, with crispy edges soaking in a slightly spicy brava sauce and mellow aioli **

of this even when we were absolutely stuffed towards the end. The Arroz Negro, their signature dish, was a creamy, comforting risotto in an enticing jet black sauce – made with squid ink, which gives

a delicate unctuousness. The Patatas Bravas was what I've always dreamt of to accompany my weekend fizz – the potatoes are cut into precise cuboids, with crispy edges soaking in a slightly spicy brava sauce and mellow aioli. The Baby Aubergines, halved and stuffed with a refreshing mixture of tomato, onion, coriander, mint and mojo verde, gave balance to our palettes for the other stronger flavoured dishes.

We were torn between the remaining two dishes as our

**\\ Churros were fried to order, dusted with icing sugar, served with a pot of rich, velvety, dark chocolate sauce **

favourite. My friend crowned the juicy, flavourful Iberico Meatballs while I took the rest of the Tortilla de Patatas, with its slightly sweet, runny eggs sandwiched between layers of potatoes. Two hours in and we were still eating; the excited munching turned into nibbles between sips of cava and gossip, dictated by our satisfied stomachs.

Wait. Did I say we were stuffed? I take that back. We had to have something sweet to finish off the hours of relaxation. We went for a portion of Chocolate con Churros to share. The churros were fried to order, dusted with icing sugar and came stylishly stacked next to a pot of rich, velvety, dark chocolate sauce. I could eat just this all day – fresh, hot, crunchy and... chocolate.

I couldn't recommend this enough for a delicious, good-valued brunch for a small group of friends or a cosy date.

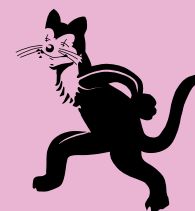
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Another Castle

THE GAMING MAGAZINE OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON





The evolution of female characters in games

Female video game characters today are very different from the ones twenty or so years ago. The steps along the way have been small but have added towards the big picture



Female characters act as role models and inspiration for other girls; like cosplayers for instance \\\ Leonardo Veras

Once upon a time, Pac Man was as advanced as games got, with basic graphics and simple controls. We've definitely come a long way since then with regards to designs, gameplay and much more. With the change and progression of games, we've also seen a change in how female characters have been represented, and for the better.

Let's face it, games never did treat females the same way they treated men, especially in the past. Video game development used to be a predominately male

\\ In general female characters are definitely portrayed much better today compared to previous times \\\

profession, with games catering to the male audience. Looking at the very first few games, we had the stereotypical story where the male hero

rescues the damsel in distress, played out multiple times. Look no further than Super Mario just to get what I'm talking about.

We then look a little further in time to when graphics were getting better and people were growing up. Around the 90's, gaming became a more mature business, with a lot of young gamers now entering teens and early adulthood. But as you might expect, the female characters that were introduced were heavily sexualised with bodies way out of proportion. The first couple of Tomb Raider games for instance, sure they had a main female protagonist, but one with large breasts and always wearing tight, revealing clothes. The number of female characters and protagonists was also a bit lacking; some of them had good qualities about them but there was more much emphasis on their bodies than anything else.

Things weren't great with regards to representation of women. Their very few depictions and appearances were heavily stereotypical. They had hyper-sexualised bodies and little to no character development. They were depicted as being helpless or

victimised, needing a strong male character to rescue them, and sometimes, fall for. Representation like this is harmful. It perpetuates a misogynistic picture to males and females, where males see women as objects and women, either think they're only supposed to look pretty, or stay away from games



in general as they cannot relate to how the females are portrayed.

Focusing on the more positive aspects though, more female characters have started to show up in more proactive roles as time went on. Lara Croft might have been sexualised but she was the main character of her story in her own right. The Super Smash Brothers series went from only having one playable female character to

a significant number; Princess Peach can now beat up Bowser for all the times he's kidnapped her!

Moving on to more recent times, trends have been changing. While game development may still be male-dominated, it's less so than before and gaming itself isn't. Currently, there's roughly an equal number of females who play games as there are males. With the advent of the internet, it's also become easier to raise your voices at anything unfair and absurdly ridiculous.

In general female characters are definitely portrayed much better today, as compared to previous times. Lara Croft now has more practical clothing as well as body that is actually realistic. The leading female characters in the new Call of Duty games are also all strong characters, equally as dominant as their male counterparts with proper padded and armoured soldier uniforms. Even sporting games are showing this trend, with the upcoming Don Bradman Cricket 17 games confirmed to have both female players and teams, ensuring that the women's game is just as fair and true as the men's game.

There are also a fair number of customisable options where people can choose female characters and attributes for their avatars.

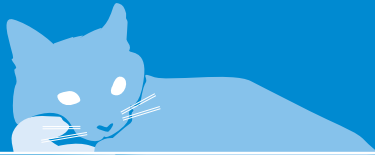
Are things fine then? Is everything good? Come on,

\\ Things aren't perfect yet, but they're getting better \\\

let's be real here, there's still a long way to go. In spite of the increase in the number of female protagonists in games, they are still in the minority and not roughly split 50/50. In some games, sexualisation is still present, where the female 'armour' barely covers half of a woman's body. Also, don't forget the #GamerGate scandal in 2014 which started as an attack on a female developer and escalated into a shitstorm.

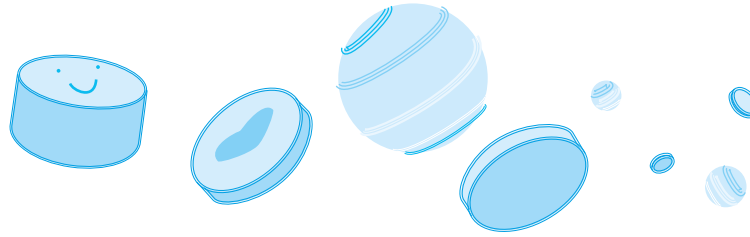
It's nice that Games are adjusting for the better. Things aren't perfect yet, but they're getting there, and that's what counts.

Saad Ahmed



MILLENNIALS...

felix



DRUGS

Drug Bible: MDMA

Mitsubishi Mandy
 E Crystal MDMA Pills MD
 Nintendo Rolex Superman
 Disco Cokies Molly

What it does

First thing's first, 3,4-Methylenedioxymethamphetamine (which is handily abbreviated to MDMA) is the active ingredient in ecstasy pills. Within half an hour the buzz kicks in and can last anywhere from three to six hours. This energy buzz is what caused E's rise to prominence in conjunction with the dance and rave culture of the 80s and 90s, allowing all night parties to live up to their name. Bucketloads of serotonin and dopamine are released, generally making everything feel better.

Careful though, as this energy buzz can subside rather quickly, resulting in anxiety, paranoia and generally not a great time. Word to the wise :what you take is usually nowhere near pure and is likely 'cut' with some nasty stuff which could have any number of side effects.

Legality

MDMA in any of its forms is straight-up illegal. In the UK it's a classified drug (Class A), meaning you can't possess it, sell it, or even give it away. Simple possession can result in a prison sentence of up to seven years, in addition to an unlimited fine, and the police are pretty much obligated to give you some form of formal caution regardless of how much you have on your person. This is the norm worldwide, with Ecstasy falling under a UN agreement. Funily enough, a slip-up in Ireland last year meant that for a day it was legal to possess and buy Ecstasy as well as a whole host of other drugs before emergency legislation was passed.

How you use it

Ecstasy comes in two main forms, a solid pill or just as a crystalline powder. The various weird nicknames for the drug shown above (Rolex, Mitsubishi etc.) come from little icons that are often imprinted on the pills. The pills are, naturally, swallowed but the powder can be taken in a number of ways. These include, but are probably not limited to: snorting, smoking, and dabbing (not that kind of dab) it onto your gums. You can also wrap the powder in a cigarette paper and then swallow that, essentially making your own pill. Because of the delayed impact of the high, users often take a second dose presuming the first hasn't worked leading to a double whammy when they both kick in. Mo' MD, mo' problems.

Glossary

Bomb – MDMA wrapped up in paper, packaged up for ingestion
Rolling – to be high on MDMA
Munday Blues – the comedown caused by MDMA the day after use. It will make you feel depressed and generally like shit.
Buzzing – to be high on MDMA after smoking weed
Cuddle Puddle – a clump of ecstasy users on the floor sharing feelings
Coming up – starting to feel the effects of MDMA
Bean – a capsule containing drugs
Dropping – Consuming MDMA
Candy Raver – the sort of people you will encounter at a rave, popping pills and adorned with colourful beads.

Some statistics

According to the crime survey of England and Wales, roughly 1 in 20 people consumed the drug in the past year, with it being the third most taken drug behind cocaine and cannabis. MDMA-related deaths are on the up in the UK with 50 people dying last year, linked to a rise in stronger, more pure pills and powders.

Things to do when you're high

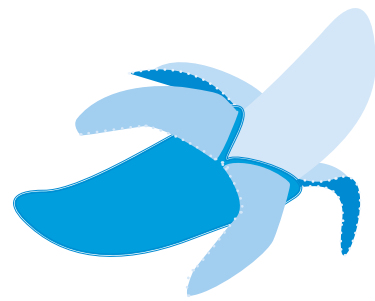
Do

- Keep some chewing gum handy (you grind your teeth when rolling)
- Listen to music
- Channel that impulsive twitch into creative and erratic dancemoves
- Make new friends
- Express your feelings and partake in bonding experiences (not bondage experiences)

Don't

- Drink too much water (might cause brain swelling)
- Do any tasks that require sitting still
- Tell people you love them (because you probably don't)
- Eat like a horse (you'll likely throw up)
- Mix with a downer (a depressant drug) or alcohol. Although, this is controversial advice.

If you're struggling with drug use, visit talktofrank.com



SEX

Drunk consent is not consent. My rape story

This week the coat I lost on the night I was raped found its way back to me.

Having languished, dirty and unloved, at the back of a cupboard in a house I occasionally visited for parties, it was unearthed in a start-of-year clean and returned to me. I had been there a year and a half ago for a club social, where I'd drunk way beyond my limits, and the night had gone terribly wrong.

I had amazing friends there

an Uber and taken home.

I'm told it was difficult to get me in an Uber. At home, my friend and my housemate poured me into bed, noting my badly bruised and bleeding knee as I uncoordinatedly wriggled into pyjamas. I was confused, begging for my boyfriend. One of them made a joke that he wasn't there because he didn't love me. I believed him when he said we'd broken up, and cried.

They later told me that I was too scared to sleep alone, and that I insisted that my other housemate, who had

\\ I'd been there a year and a half ago for a club social, where I'd drunk way beyond my limits, and the night had gone terribly wrong \\

who offered to take care of me, but I had drunk so much that I was out of my comfort zone, and drunkenly created a Facebook group chat to my most spoken-to contacts (including my mother) begging someone to come and pick me up. One friend lived nearby, and he came and collected me, and took me to his flat.

Once I was there, I was disoriented and scared. I thought I was at my boyfriend's house, and demanded to know where he was. I demanded to be put in

just arrived home from a different party, get into bed and sleep with me so that I didn't die in my sleep.

When I woke up in the morning, naked, with this housemate in my bed, and a pool of vomit staining my sheets, I had to ask my other housemate what had happened. We'd had sex, he told me. He'd heard. Twice.

I don't remember what happened. I don't remember a lot of the night leading up to this, and it took months to piece together what had happened. Months where I convinced myself that I must

have consented to it. Extra-relationship sex wasn't exactly something that I could claim to be unfamiliar with, and despite the unfamiliar gnawing feeling I had, I trusted that my housemate had not taken advantage of me. My casual approach to sex was always something that I'd had control of; when I'd had sex it was always on my terms. I'd never regretted or felt ashamed of a sexual encounter before, and it was disconcerting to have to ask a third party what I'd done, and simply not know

condition in which I would have consciously agreed to have sex with someone, much less someone who I would have to live with for another six months, and who I hadn't ever actively considered sleeping with.

But, before I fully understood, while I was still processing my hazy idea of what had happened, word spread to our mutual social circle. On top of having to patch over the deep wound that my apparent choosing to have sex with this

\\ When I had sex it was always on my terms. I'd never regretted or felt ashamed of a sexual encounter before, and it was disconcerting to have to ask \\

how I'd felt at the time.

I later found out the extent of my memory blackout. I'd been totally out of control. I had thrown up in at least two locations, as well as being vomited on by someone else. He later told me that I was awake and actively participating, and I believe him, but I like my sexual encounters with a bit of dignity, and that does not stretch to being covered in blood and vomit. Without the memory of what happened, I have the more evidence-based assertion that this was not a

particular person gored in my relationship, I found myself expected to joke about it and laugh along. After all, if you're someone in an open relationship who occasionally has sex with friends, no one thinks that any sex you could have with a friend could be non-consensual, no matter what state you might have been in. It seems that most people really do believe that if you're someone who 'gets around' when you drink, you're probably always up for it.

There's such a grey area

surrounding consent when you're drinking, and there's a huge stigma associated with asserting this after the fact. It's clear to me now that active participation does not equal consent, and I know now that something was different from the moment I woke up.

I don't think that any of my friends thought that I deserved to be raped, that by being too drunk or generally promiscuous I was asking for it. They just didn't believe that I hadn't given consent. The grey area that surrounds exactly when someone can give informed consent is difficult to navigate, and crossing that line can be easier than you'd think. There are so many people who have been in a situation where they felt uncomfortable about something that happened,

\\ I don't think that any of my friends thought that I deserved to be raped, that by being too drunk or generally promiscuous I was asking for it. They just didn't believe that I hadn't given consent \\

but never acknowledged that they could be faultless.

Consent classes are being held all over the country to try and tackle the vast gap between what films and television, pornography, and 'lad culture' tell us is a normal sexual encounter, and what actually constitutes informed consent. This isn't to dampen anyone's fun – you can have sex when you have been drinking – but we all need to reconsider whether what we often think of as casual drunken flings are making us and our partners feel good, or if they're so far into the

grey area that they're damaging and traumatising.

For me, it was difficult to come to terms with how much it had upset me. How can you be traumatised by something that you can't remember, or something that maybe wasn't even unpleasant at the time? There wasn't anything to have flashbacks about, just an intense feeling of unease and unfocused anxiety.

It took a long time, a lot of evidence, and an astute interpretation of an offhand comment I made to a sexual health doctor to make me realise that I did have a right and a reason to feel distressed, and to release some of the guilt that I'd been feeling.

I like to think that now I'm okay. I no longer freak out when I see him on Facebook, and I could probably interact



through the college on every level. Every day in my academic career, I am forced to fight and defend myself as equally competent as my male counterparts. Imperial strives to achieve equality for all genders, and for the most part, things are improving. But it is horrifying to find people in this environment who feel that it is my fault that someone chooses to have sex with me without my consent, because I made the decision to drink too much at a party. It is appalling that there are people here that think that I no longer have ownership of my body if I have slept with more than n people in the past. At Imperial, the sexism that I face every day manifests itself in a rape-and-control culture that is subtle and pervasive.

I didn't expect to be in the situation where my friends were slut-shaming me after being sexually assaulted. I thought that these were liberal, good people, who were

two and a half years in prison following his conviction in 2012. For victims of sexual assault and rape, it is very difficult to report the crime, and this is reflected in the numbers of unreported cases. For the accused, it can be incredibly damaging, as this is one of the few parts of the law where guilt is assumed over innocence, regardless of the outcome of the trial. Although I feel strongly that having had his conviction overturned, he should now be treated as innocent, I was horrified to read about the line of questioning that the victim (who made the accusation) was forced to endure. She was subjected to an examination of her sexual history, with her previous sexual partners giving evidence as to whether they thought that this particular sexual encounter

\\ I didn't expect to be in the situation where my friends were slut-shaming me after being sexually assaulted. I thought that these were liberal, good people, who were aware of the subtleties of consent \\

was something that she would have enjoyed and wanted.

This questioning sets a dangerous precedent, as it is horrendously discouraging to victims of sexual assault to know that they may have to tolerate public questioning of this level in order to enforce the law. I know that my previous sexual behaviour does not contribute to whether or not I am giving consent in situations like this, and that allowing the consideration that it might merely serve to perpetrate the idea that if a woman is promiscuous, anyone has a right to, in

person who lost this coat, who felt safe enough among friends to get that drunk. To be assaulted cost me friends, possessions, and eventually contributed to the end of my relationship, and these consequences are not something that I can easily forget. But after I get it very thoroughly cleaned, I'll put the coat back on, and each day I wear it I'll remember, and every time I remember it will get a bit easier. After losing so much, to get something back feels like I'm finally taking back control.

felix ... M I L L E N N I A L S



CRISIS

Chris

Dear Chris,

I'm struggling! My lab partner is pretty much unbearable - he keeps talking over me interrupting me. It's clear that most of the time he has absolutely no idea what he's talking about, but he'll rush in front of me, interrupt and then make mistakes I have to deal with. When I correct him, he is clearly butt hurt and just sulks for the hour. He only ever refers to me as little miss, and tells me I ought to have a tailored lab coat. He is terrible at communicating and I'm sick of having to mollycoddle him. Whenever I try to explain to him why his behaviour is unacceptable, he tells me I'm being emotional and irrational, and wont even consider that his mansplaining is out of order.

Best wishes,

Tess Choob

OH darling!

Honey, this isn't REALLY mansplaining. Mansplaining is when somebody (a man or woman) explains something to somebody (a man or a woman) in a condescending way! It doesn't have to be a man to a woman! Not ALL men do this, anyway, and women do it too. I think what you've written is actually sexist. Maybe your coat is just too big for you? I think he's just looking out for you, really, and you should thank him. The most important opinions to you should be the ones you've never asked or cared for!

Even if he was being rude, and I don't think he is, this guy is clearly the exception. You should toughen up and find a way to deal with it. Have a sense of humour and it will make you stronger. It's clearly a problem that you're too sensitive, and you need to deal with this before you go into the world of work. There will be differences of opinion wherever you, and dealing with that is just part of growing up. If you haven't done that yet, I guess you are a little miss!

Big luv

Chris
xoxox

HOROSCOPES



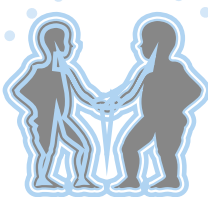
ARIES

This week you're the Great British Bakeoff tent, now empty on the inside. Like Paul Hollywood. Fucking Judas.



TAURUS

This week you're a Hall Warden, adamant that nobody ever takes drugs. You start burning copies of the *felix* drug section and single handedly end the war on drugs. At least that explains where all the copies went last week too.



GEMINI

This week you throw dog food out the window. Nobody seems to be joining you, I guess nobody's really into #FreeTheKibble?



CANCER

This week your long lost son contacts you, claiming that one of your many flings in the past resulted in their birth. Whilst you feel happy to have met him, you do think it's a bit weird that he's 45 whilst you're a fresher. He seems nice though.



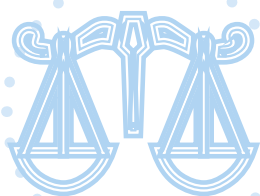
LEO

This week you're a fresher at the first ACC. Initiations start off small but escalate quickly. You wake up the following morning with a tattoo of Alice Gast on your bum. You feel complete.



VIRGO

This week you hear your house is going to be bulldozed for Heathrow. At least you get to be on Project Runway!



LIBRA

This week you buy a broken calculator in the Union shop, but Brexit means your consumer rights only work in French. Better get to Horizons.



SCORPIO

This week you turn up to the IC Girls Can Kangoo jump session without long socks. How you gunna burn dem calories now?



SAGITTARIUS

This week you are choosing your Halloween outfit but there are only a few shitty ones left. You buy one in a hurry and turn up to your crush's party as sexy Hitler. No one is impressed.



CAPRICORN

This week you order a latte and get served a cappuccino. The world hates you, clearly.



AQUARIUS

This week you try to draw a nipple without any reference. You realise nipples look like hats and proceed to laugh silly at the idea of nature equipping us with breast hats to keep them warm in winter.



PISCES

This week you're an Uber driver patrolling South Ken after closing time at metric. I'm so sorry. I can only assume you committed some atrocities/war crimes/were a Kardashian in a previous life.



C L U B S
& S O C S ...

felix

Fancy a film?

So you really love film but you don't know what to do with **this love**? Set it free on Imperial campus where there's lots of film love all around. You can try your hand at being **the next Tarantino**, talk to likeminded people about how much you love that one plot twist from that film, or maybe you just want to tell EVERYONE about said plot twist. Watching films, making films, discussing films. **Imperial's** got you covered.

Meryl Anil



FilmSoc

A society made for and by film enthusiasts who meet every Monday and Thursday in good 'ol Blackett. A great way to start/end the week; great films and great discussions. Some very knowledgeable folk in there, so if you're looking to broaden your film knowledge head over! For just £5 a year, it's basically free.

ICTV

This is THE society to join if you're interested in filmmaking. This is where you go to if you are interested in producing short films, documentaries, music videos or anything else that involves recording things on camera. Catering to all abilities, you should definitely give this a go if you're even the least bit interested in creating moving pictures. Also, once you're a member, you can rent their super awesome equipment.

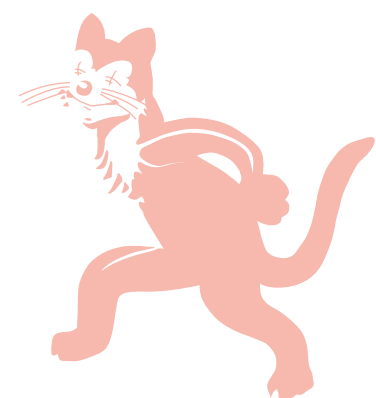


Imperial Cinema

A cinema, the outlet for films. Here's where you can see all the recent blockbusters for dirt cheap with regular viewings on Tuesdays and Thursdays. You can also help out with running the cinema and getting handsy with the £100k equipment. For the real film aficionados there's the all-nighters held once a term where for one night you can watch six films back to back from dusk til dawn.

felix

You love films so much you want to tell everyone about how awesome films are? Welcome to FELIX Film. Part of the culture section in FELIX, anyone can submit film related articles, reviews or just rants. If interested email film.felix@imperial.ac.uk.





Imperial College Eagles land first trophy

Imperial College Handball managed to secure first place at the annual Fresher's Tournament, which is considered by many as the unofficial beginning of the Handball battle amongst London Universities. It took place in the Olympic Copperbox arena and hosted teams from London's top handball universities: University College London (UCL), King's College London, Brunel, Middlesex and of course, Imperial. Despite its friendly nature the tournament presented some intensive games.

The Eagles started with a very physical game against Middlesex. The team's offensive worked very well throughout, however the

\\ Resembling Cristiano Ronaldo during the recent European football championship final \\

lack of experience playing together in defence led to a well fought-out draw (6-6). The second game was against UCL: despite playing brilliantly in attack and fighting well in defence, Imperial's team managed to get their first win of the night (6-5). Next up were the Eagles' fiercest rivals, King's. Improved communication

between players was instrumental in the victory (8-7) that nearly secured the title. In the last game of the tournament, Imperial faced Brunel. A win would secure the trophy, however, losing by no more than one goal would also suffice. After an intense game, Brunel managed to steal a victory (3-4), but since the loss for Imperial was by only one goal, it was enough to secure the trophy for the Eagles. The victory came despite an injured team captain, Jakub Szympicyn. Resembling Cristiano Ronaldo during the recent European football championship final, he played the role of a coach and navigated the team throughout the tournament. His actions on the sideline were key to



our final success.

Since many players of the 2015/16 team graduated last year, this team was assembled in just two training sessions, but the improving communication and team bonding was noticeable throughout the evening. What many might have thought was a new team in the beginning seemed a single unit by the end. This incredible success

gives hope to everyone in the squad. Will the Eagles be able to overcome the odds and win the London University Sports League this year, despite their sub-par performances last season? Only time will tell, but our first trophy certainly shows positive signs of things to come.

Aleksander Kirilenko

IC Women's SICK-O performance

To kick off the 2016/17 season, the women of disc Doctors (dD) took part in the annual SICKO Indoors

Ultimate Frisbee tournament held in Brighton from the 8th to the 9th of October 2016. Things weren't looking great for us at the start. It was the first week back at University and it dawned on us that summer was officially over. With looming deadlines, housing issues and Freshers' week hangovers weighing us down, it was hard to get excited for a weekend of Ultimate Frisbee. However, we rose above such down-trodden attitudes and pushed forward with a paper thin squad of eight.

(yes, the Scottish orange drink) which comprised of a healthy amount of very experienced players. They took the first half from us with ease, but we came back with vengeance and finished just two points behind. Shortly after, we played the Brighton University alumni who go by the name Retired Squaws. Using our young, fresh legs, we scored quickly and took the lead early on in the game. Despite a scrappy second half, our initial lead helped carry us to victory. The third and final game we played was a crossover match versus the Skunks, which we calmly played and eventually won to secure our place in the top eight.

On day two, we fiercely contested all our games, coming home with a final tally of two wins and one



loss to finish 5th out of 14 in the women's division. Over the weekend, we definitely improved and achieved more than we initially aimed to, as well as spent some good-old quality time together as a team (without the boys

this time around). With our placing as the top university team in the women's division, we're definitely excited for what's to come for the 2016/17 season!

Xinjin Ho

WANT YOU!

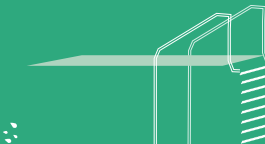
*we want you so bad

We want to hear about your matches, but most importantly, we want to hear about YOU!

Yes that's right, you, the rugby players, the badminton players, the dodgeball players and the beyblade players. The list goes on!

sport.felix@ic.ac.uk

get in touch ;)



Strong wind no problem for IC Windsurfers

On the weekend of the 14th of October, Imperial Windsurfers travelled down to Roadford lake in Devon to join the first student windsurfing festival

of the academic year: Aussie Kiss 15. The event was hosted by the Student Windsurfing Association (SWA) and is the first of six core events. 18 Imperial windsurfers joined in the festivities, breaking all past attendance records of the club. More than 350

students from 30 universities up and down the UK were in attendance.

With strong winds on Sunday and mild ones on Saturday, both advanced and beginner windsurfers enjoyed a great time on the lake. Susie McAllister, Charlotte Flower, Jon Platts, Ryan Dooze and Athena Wang all took part and impressed the instructors, including our very own President, David Salmon. David was awarded 'Best Instructor' of the weekend and was gifted a free instructor course and some great products.

The rest of the group comprised a mixture of intermediate and advanced windsurfers who took full advantage of the demo kit Boardwise brought to the

event. The racing was held on Sunday. Imperial entered three members into the team race: Artur Banach, Dolores Garcia and Jerome de Chillaz. The team did immensely well coming second in their heat, gaining a place in the final, and finishing 6th overall.

Each SWA event has a fancy dress night and this year was no exception. Aussie Kiss 15's theme was 'The Circus', where an appropriately shaped tent was set up next to the campsite, ready for the night. Imperial decided on 'Freak Show' with the majority of the group dressing up as conjoined twins, attracting a lot of attention from the other Universities.

The next core event will be



'Up the Brum' in Birmingham on the 28th - 30th of October. Stay in touch with Imperial windsurfing club on Facebook if you would like to join us. All abilities welcome.

Janice Pun



IC squander ten point lead to go 0 from 2

CURFC 1st XV turned up to a surprisingly calm Harlington, looking for their first victory of the season against the University of Surrey.

With stand-in skipper Mike Wright choosing to go against the wind and the slope, IC started strongly with the new structure appearing to work successfully. The Front Row Union were heavily involved from the start with neat handling along with debutant Adam Dowkes, making some strong carries.

The IC pressure eventually began to tell, closing in on what would have been a first score, despite a dubious knock-on decision. Strong carries from Jerome Hallett, Jack Dunning and Charles Price-Smith, an audacious between-the-legs pass from Henry 'The Horse Master'

\\ An audacious between-the-legs pass from Henry 'The Horse Master' Allingham \\

Allingham, and great calls from James 'The Field Ratio' Field edged IC closer to the line, leading to Oli Parker crossing following a grubber through from Field. However, he was unfortunately pulled back for being offside.

The pressure was maintained with IC winning a penalty and the ball being sent into the corner. The lineout, which has been dysfunctional at times this season (this, of course, has

nothing to do with the hooker throws, I hasten to add), was won successfully and a maul set up with Lord Allingham galloping over for the first score. 5-0 at half time, a good start.

The second half started with a similar theme of IC dominance. Constant pressure resulted in infringements and more IC lineouts. The score went to 10-0 when Wright scored from another lineout after peeling away from a maul and crashing over from five metres out.

IC substitutions were made with forgotten man Tom Marvin entering the fray. Surrey were growing into the game late on just as IC's structure was falling away. This led to numerous opportunities for Surrey, with them missing a simple kick but eventually getting on the scoreboard via a

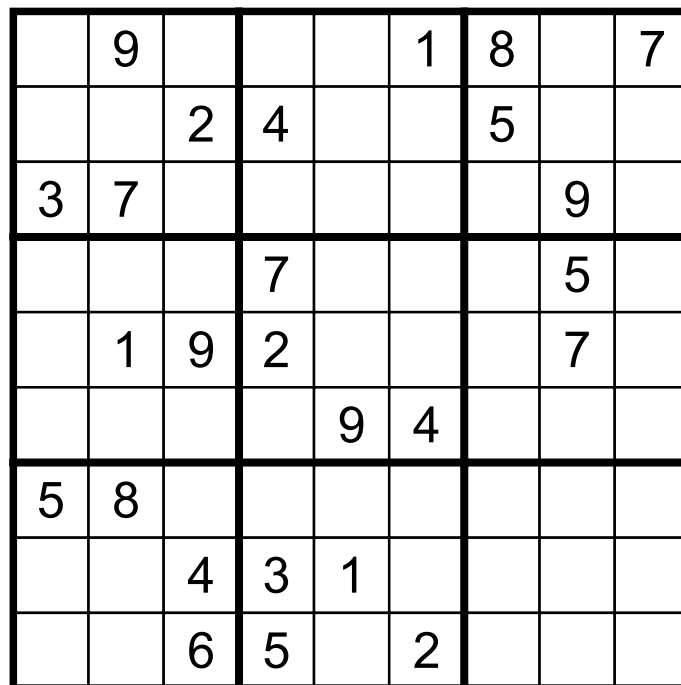
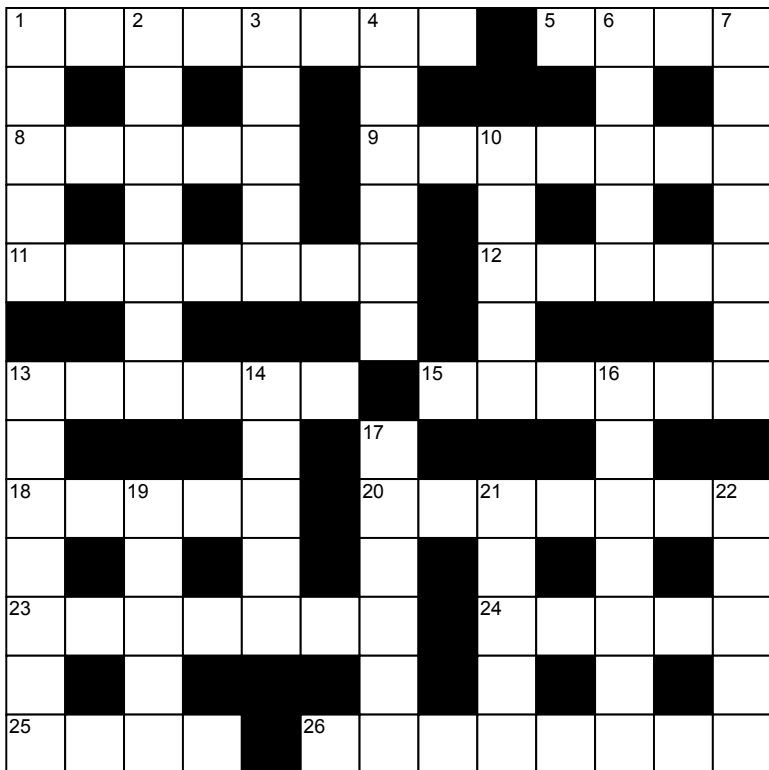


penalty try. Suddenly all the momentum shifted and Surrey quickly found the try-line again following a breakaway down the left wing, taking the score to 10-14 with 10 minutes remaining. IC could not get back into the game, with Wright also falling to the captain's curse after losing a fingernail (yes you read that

correctly). The match ended a disappointing 10-14 to Surrey, with Jack Dunning named IC Man of the Match.

Harry Allingham

felix PUZZLES



FUCWIT

Leaderboard

The Czechmates	51
Willie Rush	40
Sneezing Pandas	35
Anonymous	32
Puzzled	31
Guinea Pigs	26
NSNO	24
The Ultimate Fucwit	24
CEP MSC	17
Schrödingers Cat Strikes Back	14
The Gravitons	12
G. Hackman	10
Grand Day in Cullercoats	10
Bananana	6
Poulet	6
Singed Potato	4

Points Available

Crossword	5
Sudoku	4
Nonogram	5

Across

- 1. Waterfall (8)
- 5. Food containers (4)
- 8. Pulsate (5)
- 9. Border plant (7)
- 11. Diminish, shrink slowly (7)
- 12. Precious stone (5)
- 13. Christmas songs (6)

Down

- 15. Commotion (6)
- 18. Snug (5)
- 20. Saviour (7)
- 23. Knee bone (7)
- 24. Thrown (5)
- 25. Petty quarrel (4)
- 26. Surprised (8)

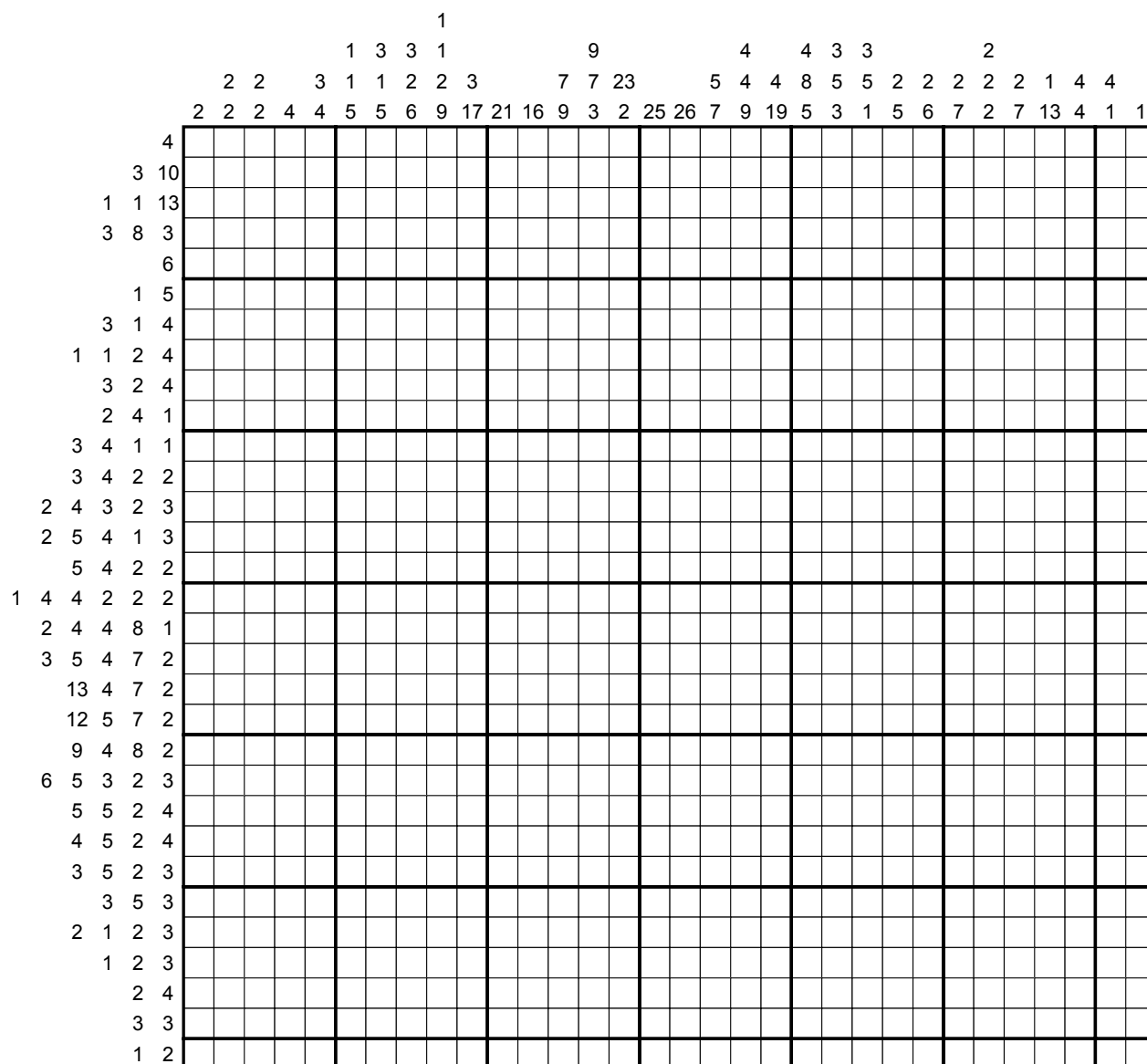
Down

- 1. Quoted (5)
- 2. Breed of dog (7)
- 3. Dressed (5)
- 4. Young cattle (6)
- 6. Relative by marriage (5)
- 7. Vivid red (7)
- 10. Small and elegant (5)

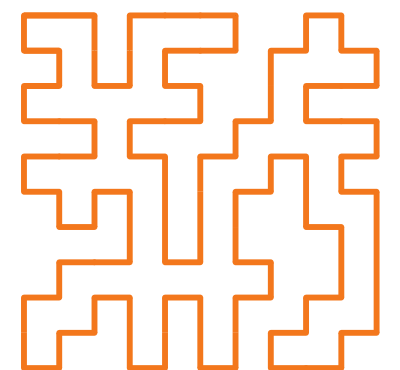
Down

- 13. Pilot's compartment (7)
- 14. Faithful (5)
- 16. Out of the ordinary (7)
- 17. Didn't experience (6)
- 19. Theme (5)
- 21. More secure (5)
- 22. Inflexible (5)

Send in your solutions to fsudoku@imperial.ac.uk before midday Wednesday to get your score added to our leaderboard. Make sure you include the name/team name that you'd like us to use!



Solutions



Nonogram

The aim is to fill in certain cells black. The numbers by the rows/columns show the number of cells to be filled in consecutively. These strips are spaced by one or more blank cells.