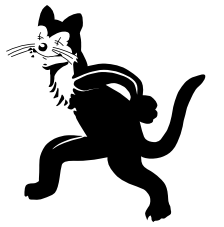


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THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON



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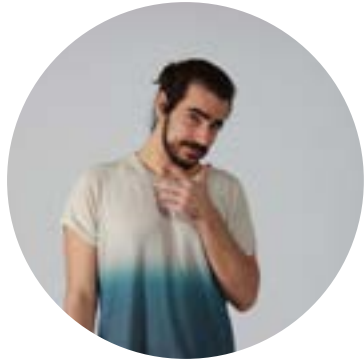
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I will not challenge the status quo
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I will not challenge the status quo



It happened



The dreaded day has come and gone. The world has changed. Donald Trump is a democratically elected world leader. I don't think I've processed the tangible reality of the above sentence quite yet (and what a sentence: four years, eight years or life?). The man who inflamed an already polarised American society, demonised his rivals, maddened his supporters – the businessman, the tycoon, the clown, the misogynist, the politician, the actual red terror – is now a victor.

It's been particularly intense in the office. What are the members of a student paper meant to feel when a man who has threatened to change the laws that protect press and ensure freedom of speech wins the popular vote (but not really)? The man whose followers have insinuated assassination of political rivals and public lynching of journalists? And all this has been taking place in 'The land of the free'.

Dread, disappointment and hopelessness is what I'm

feeling at the moment. Perhaps a dash of anger, but mostly the numbness that comes with hopelessness. The result of this election, like numerous others in recent years, suggests a social split between groups so disconnected they completely fail to understand each other. This is the scariest conclusion of all this political turmoil. We have lost our ability to communicate, to exchange and discuss ideas that are so different (but are they different at all?) they seem irreconcilable. The fact that different ideas scare us so much, in fact, terrify us to the point of despair, is a problem.

So how do we proceed? We wait and see. And we listen. We remove ourselves from our echo chambers and engage with opinions we don't like, at least until we understand them.

As for the press, we stay strong. As many have said in the aftermath of the election, we must face our responsibility so that we don't have to face the music. Today, the need for truthful, responsible journalism is greater than ever.

T H E
T E A M

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The US presidential election fallout

Matt Johnston

This is the end, beautiful friend

They only went and bloody voted for him, didn't they? By now if you haven't seen the news that Donald Trump, the Washington outsider, is the 45th President of The United States then I'm not sure if you've actually been conscious since Wednesday. For those of you that read the headline and started weeping before you could get past the opening paragraph, fear not as here's a deeper look into what occurred.

What went down?

Between about midnight and 7am on Wednesday morning, as the polls closed across America and counting commenced as the results began to eventually trickle in. The way the US election works is that people can't really be arsed waiting around until all votes have been counted. Instead a panel of experts and statisticians for each TV network sit down and analyse the cumulative vote tally as all the little voting areas send in their totals. This means that once a very strong trend is seen and

the experts are sure a state is going one way or another they 'call' it and it's added to the electoral college votes. This means some results came in pretty quickly after voting stopped.

No big surprises early on, the Democrat states voted for Hillary Clinton and the Republican ones went for Trump. The key to the election lied in the swing states with the large number of electoral votes

**\\ Clinton leads the popular vote. More people voted for her but she lost. Welcome to democracy **

(Pennsylvania, Ohio and king of them all, Florida). Trump won those as well as the Republican heartlands and so won the election. Simple.

Why were the polls wrong? Probably shy Trump voters hiding their true intentions, although currently the big forecasters are in post mortem mode. The underlying

voting demographics are likely to be scrutinised for where the surges (or suppressions) that helped Trump were. The results were 228 for Clinton and 279 for Trump (9 over the magical 270 electoral votes needed). But Clinton leads the popular vote, 59,942,917 to 59,704,842. More people voted for her but she lost. Welcome to democracy.

Aside from the main prizefight there were the elections for parts of Congress. Another great night for the Republicans who came away with both the House of Representatives and Senate (the two parts of Congress) meaning that they now hold the balance of power in both legislative bodies that motions have to pass. This means that it's easier for Trump to enact things he wants to, as long as these align with the views of the wider Republican party. If Trump strays too far right (or even left) they'll hopefully keep him on the straight and narrow. Parts of Congress are up for grabs next year again and so control of one or both the branches could fall back into Democrat hands, keeping an even tighter leash on The

Donald. Oh and by virtue of them being on a joint ticket, Mike Pence is now the Vice President. Will he accomplish anything? Will he become president when Trump gets bored and leaves? Who knows.

What's happened since?

After Trump managed half the 538 Electoral College votes, twitter, financial markets, and quite a lot of the wider world started to freak out. The FTSE (UK), Dax (Germany), Dow Jones and Nasdaq (both US) all plummeted upon hearing the news before actually regaining to roughly where they were before. Massive currency fluctuations were seen at first and then died down but this

**\\ He might start a few wars, he might kickstart the economy or he might do both. Only time will tell **

is only early days. Gold was up in price in the immediate aftermath, great news for all you pirates out there.

International governments queued up to give the customary congratulations to Trump with varying degrees of sincerity. Putin was first and hopes to strengthen US-Russian relations with Trump (the two of them have praised each other in the past). Theresa May also passed on her congratulations; she doesn't want to lose both the US and the EU as a trading partner in one year, after all. Anti-Trump riots were also a thing, with effigies of the president elect being burnt in several cities across the US as well as a protest at the US embassy in London too (see page 5).

What's next?

Erm, nobody really knows. Trump will be sworn in officially on January 20th and from then his reign begins. How chaotic and apocalyptic it will be remains to be seen. He might start a few wars, he might kickstart the economy or he might do both. Only time will tell.

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Imperial team wins iGEM competition

Matt Johnston

Imperial triumphed at the International Genetically Engineered Machine (iGEM) competition in Boston last week, with their project 'Ecolibrium' beating almost 300 other undergraduate teams from around the globe.

The project centres around a process known as 'Co-culturing' where different types of cells are grown together. The benefit of doing this is that it opens up different pathways for synthesis of complex biological entities that weren't previously possible before. The downside is that different cells require

varying conditions to thrive and preferring one set of conditions means one type of cell thrives and the rest, well, don't.

The solution the team's design is centred around is compromise, finding a balance of conditions that allow different cells to grow at optimal conditions in the same culture. They also designed some genetic circuitry to force two cells to coexist at pre-determined ratios. The idea wasn't the only part of the competition, the teams also had to engage the public to their project and explain what weren't specialists in the field.

This they did through an Apple and Android game, Go Culture, which aimed to dispel negative perceptions of microbes and bacteria.

Their successes with all the parts led them to winning the Gold Medal plus five major prizes. These included 'Best Foundational Advance Project' (their competition category), 'Best Poster', 'Best Wiki', 'Best New Basic Part', and 'Best Education and Public Engagement'.

The winning team consisted of members of two Imperial departments; Lisa Asher, Alice Boo, Akashaditya



Wooh! Science! \\ The iGEM Foundation and Justin Knight

Das, Jonathan G Li, Carys Moller, Teal Carter from the Department of Bioengineering and Akash Bhattacharjee, Stefan Grossfurthner, Alyssa

Henderson, Henry Lloyd-Laney, Rachapun Rotrattanadumrong and Aditi Satija from the Department of Life Sciences.

Union report highlights C&S underfunding

Lef Apostolakis

Last Tuesday at council, Clubs and Societies Deputy President, James Cox, presented his report in which he addressed the issue of Clubs, Societies and Projects (CSP) underfunding. An investigation looking at figures from 2009 onwards showed a marked increase in student led activity and its associated cost. This increase in cost was not paired with a proportional increase in direct financial support.

These results come at an interesting point in time for Imperial, historically struggling to maintain high levels of student satisfaction which hit an all time low this year. In fact, the National Student Survey (NSS) report for 2016 revealed a drop in student satisfaction across all categories, which

include Teaching, Assessment and Feedback, and Academic Support. Satisfaction with the Union in particular, saw a seven point decrease from 2015, placing ICU on 56th place in the Higher Education Rankings.

In his report, Cox said that the "CSP Grant had been maintained in approximate value from 2012, not accounting for inflation," which is problematic considering the constant expansion of CSP. "As costs have increased without increased financial support from the union, significant costs are being pushed onto membership income and other profit making activities," he continued.

At the same time the Union has been encouraging the expansion of student-led activities with the creation of an Activities Development Fund.

However the funding is only partial and after one year, clubs are expected to include any new activities into their annual budgeting, funding for which rarely increases.

If many clubs and societies are to maintain the breadth of activities they offer at student friendly rates, they need more money. The Union aims to renegotiate block grant with College this year and considering the great lengths Imperial is going to, in an effort to increase student satisfaction, it might just succeed. However Cox warns "there is not an unlimited supply of income to the union to distribute towards CSP funding," and although students seem to prioritise CSP over other services, more consultation is needed before any decisions are made.

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US Embassy protest in pictures

London reacts to Trump



Images: Izzat Haziq and Liheng Yao



I was in the Bataclan



Ollie Kemsley talks about the day of the Paris attack last November, and his experiences in the year following

\\ This past year has been emotional and at times very difficult //

I was inside Bataclan when the attack happened. At around 9:45pm there was the sound of something like firecrackers coming from the back of the hall. The band stopped, all of the lights came on suddenly, I looked over my shoulder and, to my horror, I could see three figures with machine guns blocking the exits. Immediately the three terrorists began shooting indiscriminately with their kalashnikovs, and people fell to the floor in a domino effect. After several seconds of sustained shooting, there was an eerie silence and I took the opportunity to scramble towards a door in the distance next to the stage. In those few seconds of silence following the shooting, as the terrorists reloaded their machine guns, many people remained laying on the floor and elsewhere there was panicked shuffling. When the shooting began again, I dropped flat to the floor and waited for them to finish their round before attempting to make an escape. This happened several times.

Reaching the door, it turned out to be locked (with a keycode adjacent to it). There was a security guard standing next to it. I was shouting at him to open the door as we piled towards it and the gunman continued shooting from behind, and I remember he looked at me totally blankly and then looked back towards the shooters. He seemed frozen by fear. Falling back on the floor, when the shooting subsided again, I looked up and the door was now open. It led into an internal stairwell.

I was knocked to the floor in the doorway by people pushing me from behind. I was getting trampled on by people trying to escape, literally stamping on me in blind panic, and I really thought I was going to get trampled to death. I desperately pulled my legs from under the weight of bodies by sliding myself along the floor, managed to slip out of one of my trainers where my foot was trapped, and somehow managed to get up.

I ran a couple of flights of stairs, and then came to a stationary group of people on the 3rd floor, one flight from the top. People continued to flood up behind me, and for a moment there was some horrible crushing in the very narrow stairwell. With no fire exit at the top of the stairs, my heart sank. Suddenly, there was a really loud explosion from below which literally shook the building, and some smoke appeared from below. I could not see any way out at this point and was accepting that we may all die.

There was, however, a skylight window in the ceiling of the stairwell that we managed to get the bars off, and started filling out up through the window onto the roof. It took some time, but everyone was incredibly calm, and waited their turn. I let

\\ I could not see any way out at this point, and was accepting that we may all die //

a couple of women go in front of me, and helped another person who was struggling to get up. Shooting continued from below.

Once on the roof, there was a man pulling survivors through a window of his apartment on the 3rd floor. Around 70 of us stayed there in his living room, trapped and hidden in near complete darkness.

We were up there for around three hours, with no idea what was happening below. There were multiple loud explosions which made the room vibrate, and further bursts of gunfire. We remained in almost total silence, only the occasional whisper. It was frightening, not knowing if the terrorists would find us at any moment.

At around 1am there was loud banging on the window of the apartment. There was a collective groan from within, and we all sunk even lower onto the floor and

under chairs, as we dreaded the possibility that we had finally been discovered by the terrorists. My heartbeat increased back to levels similar to when I was being shot at three hours earlier. The door burst open and it turned out, to our relief, to be the special forces rescue team. We were made to stand up with our hands behind our heads, lift our tops to show we didn't have suicide belts on, and then filter out slowly in single file to street level.

Negative symptoms kicked in several weeks after the attack. My sleep became heavily disrupted, and I'd wake up suddenly at 3am unable to get back to sleep night after night. Simple day to day activities became a total slog under these conditions, and my mood and energy hit rock bottom. Over time, this turned into a feeling of total and utter hopelessness about ever regaining any sort of normality in my life, and a palpable sense of isolation. This was compounded by an overarching sense that I wasn't doing the right things to recover, and the myriad of well-intentioned but widely differing advice from others on what I should or shouldn't be doing to aid recovery only intensified the feeling of uncertainty.

On one of those sleepless nights back in January, I suddenly felt an urgent compulsion to properly meet my father for the first time. I

\\ Negative symptoms kicked in several weeks after the attack //

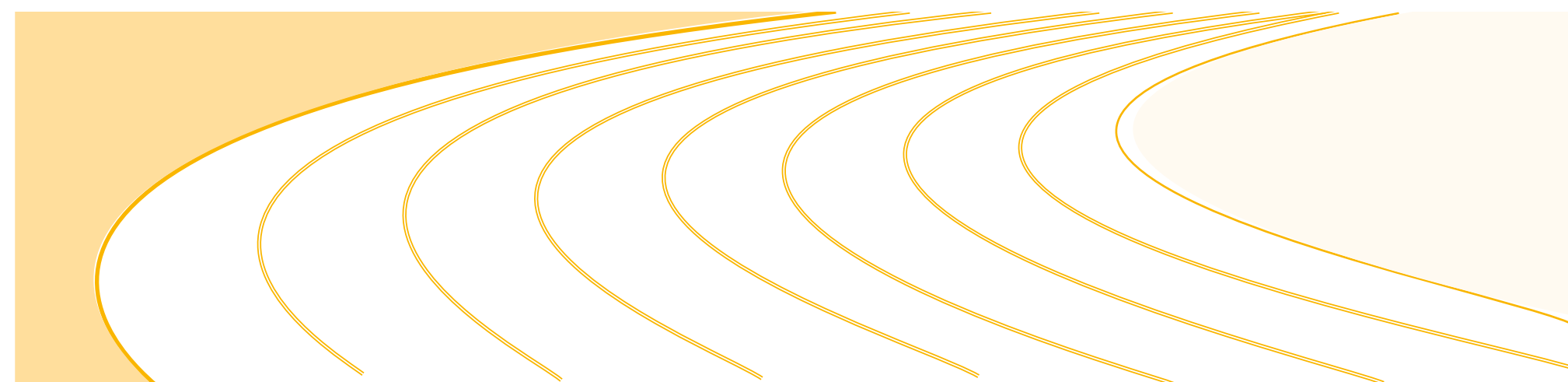
had spent a significant amount of time tracing him when I was 19, met him very briefly when I was 23 and had been in email contact with him since then over the following seven years. Until that meeting, he had not even known I existed. So I emailed him and told him I was coming to the States to visit. Less than a week later, I was on a plane



to Arizona, and ended up spending the majority of ten days with him. It was a wholly surreal experience, but a positive one and a crucial one to have at that time. The decision to go was led from compulsion rather than prolonged reason, and that felt good.

On my father's side, I managed to find out that my ancestors came from Santander, northern Spain. This was uncanny as I had elected to study there on Erasmus in 3rd year of university, not knowing that many generations of my ancestors had lived in the same streets all those years ago.

Later in the year, I decided to find where my maternal grandfather was buried and see if my grandmother was still alive, having no recollection of meeting them. Several days of investigation informed me that my grandfather had been cremated but not yet interred, and my grandmother had passed away, too. I traced the



address of my maternal aunt, who I had also never met, and since then I have met one of my two cousins. I didn't even know I had cousins previously.

In May, I had to go back to Paris to attend the investigation hearing put on for all victims of the attacks. With some free time before the hearing, I decided to go for an impromptu jog. Running through Eastern Paris, along the canal of Saint Martin, I continued through the edges of the city and just kept running. When I got back to the

\\ After a meal with my friends on my second evening in Paris, I went back to the Bataclan //

apartment, I had done 22km - well over double anything I had ever run before. That was the seed of the idea for running my first marathon in the months to come.

After a meal with friends on my second evening in Paris, I went back to the Bataclan. Arriving just after midnight, the building was half covered in scaffolding and so quite hard to recognise from the same side of the street. I crossed the street to get a better look. Scanning the front of the building, I looked up to locate the apartment I had been hiding in that night. And to my surprise, there was one set of lights on the building - that apartment. I had been told that everyone had vacated the apartments above the concert hall after the attack, but this bolstered my hopes to find the person who had let me into his apartment and truly thank him.

\\ These conscious acts have all been an attempt to make positive changes after the horror of that experience //

Returning at a more acceptable hour the following day, I pressed the buzzer to his apartment several times, but no one answered. Yet I had a sense that someone might be up there, and had no other options, so hung about by the building's door. After about 15 minutes a woman came to the door from the street, and I snuck in behind her. I got to the door I guessed would belong to the apartment from that night, knocked and a man in his 20s answered. I explained who I was, and he welcomed me in. He, his girlfriend and I ended up chatting for several hours about that night and our experiences since. The apartment was just as I remembered it, which surprised me. I thought that perhaps the heightened emotions of that night might have warped my sense of space, especially in near darkness. Since meeting the person who saved around 60 lives, including my own, through his selfless act, I have nominated him for a bravery award and attempted to get him the compensation he deserves.

I went to my first concert since being at the Bataclan in May in Hamburg. It felt flat. Apart from scanning the room for exits, and being more aware and watchful of what was going on around me rather than what was on the stage, my behaviour had not changed

significantly from before the attacks. But the feeling and response to something I had previously enjoyed - live music - had changed.

I started to think that nothing would ever match the adrenaline, the sheer intense, animalistic, nature of those hours during and after the attack. Looking back, those few minutes in direct line of fire were the only truly instinctive moments of my life. I sometimes wonder whether I was just sleepwalking through life before then, and whether anything in my life will ever measure anywhere near the level of emotion and intensity of that experience.

I flew to Nice on Wednesday 14th July, and the horrific truck attack on the Promenade des Anglais happened the next day. Flying back to the UK the day after that, and over the following weeks in which there seemed to be a spate of terrorist attacks in France and Germany, I wondered whether this was becoming the new norm. Whether the frequency, and perhaps scale, of these attacks was to become regular and severe. Whether society might just become accustomed, perhaps even desensitised, to such attacks.

I wondered whether we needed to start training people in what to do in a terrorist attack situation and what that would involve. What struck me on the night was that our theories about life or death situations, our 'fight or flight' instinct kicking in, just didn't seem to hold up. The majority of people appeared to neither fight (near impossible given the situation) nor attempt to escape, but rather froze with fear. And

why wouldn't they? The situation was so far removed, so detached, from anything that the vast majority of people attending the concert would have ever experienced or could have been prepared for.

Locating and contacting estranged family, solving answers to long-unknown family mysteries, finding the owner of the apartment to thank him and get him the recognition and support he deserves, taking up new pastimes, writing; these conscious acts have all been an attempt to make positive changes after the horror of that experience last November, and I suppose to an extent a way of healing. The culmination of these positive acts is the idea of running the original marathon on the one year anniversary of the attacks in memory of the people who were killed that night.

So this Sunday, on the one year anniversary of the attacks, I will be taking on the Athens Marathon in memory of those who lost their lives. I am raising money for RedR, an international disaster relief charity.

Completing the marathon is my way of doing something positive out of something so awful. This past year has been emotional and at times very difficult, and taking up long-distance running has been a massive help to me in terms of recovering and keeping active and positive.

\\ Completing the marathon is my way of doing something positive out of something so awful //

Any donation, however small, would be hugely appreciated not only by me but by my charity as well. To donate towards my fundraising challenge or for more information, visit www.mydonate.bt.com/fundraisers/olliekemsley





Electoral dysfunction



Steve Bohnel reflects on the results of Wednesday's election

\\ I just wish that so many politicians and voters wouldn't treat the future of our country like it's a fucking game \\

Right before I boarded my flight from London Stansted Airport to travel to Rome for a short trip, I refreshed a Google search on my iPhone. My screen read the following: Hilary Clinton with 215 electoral votes, and Donald Trump with 244. Hours later, as I was chatting with two Londoners who were taking the same train I was to central Rome, one of them said, "Donald Trump won the election." And here we are: the day millions of Americans have been fearing since the Donald declared his run for the White House on the 15th June last year. Many of my friends are shocked by the news. And I am too. But let me be clear: Trump is not the main reason I am sickened by my country. It's the people who voted him in.



by that idea for him to reach the magic number of 270.

I could spend the rest of this piece criticising Trump for all the repulsive actions he's committed and words he's spoken since his

\\ Many of my friends are shocked by the news, and I am too, but let me be clear: Trump is not the main reason I am sickened by my country. \\

announcement more than 500 days ago. I could also blame his supporters for failing to consider the dangers of those actions and rhetoric.

But that ultimately doesn't matter. Our system decided he will be the next leader of one of the most powerful countries in the world. Perhaps it's fitting that Clinton actually won the popular vote in our country,

but lost where it counts – in the Electoral College. This election has been anything but predictable, and Trump's victory fits that narrative almost perfectly.

Clinton's loss must be one of the most mentally devastating moments in her life. Many polls showed she was the favourite to win, and some even suggested she would do so comfortably. But did the recent news about her email scandal cost her? The FBI letter that was released was short, and answered few to none of my questions about the new developments.

Multiple reports indicate that the Clinton Foundation has been suspicious with how it hands out money to charities. Clinton also has given speeches for Goldman Sachs and other corporations for hundreds of thousands of dollars. Even if we didn't see the transcripts, how much is she influenced by big business? It's a fair question to debate.

I write about Clinton's faults understanding that if someone put a gun to my head, I would pick her. But these are the reasons that Trump supporters couldn't cross party lines and vote for her – including one of my best friends from back home in the Philadelphia area.

There's an old saying that "The White House makes the man." I'm clinging to this idea, that once Trump is sworn in this January, Congress will check him when he proposes something infeasibly radical, even though Republicans hold a majority in the House and

Senate.

But even as I try to rationalise and predict what will happen in the next couple of months, I can't help but feel guilty that I'm typing this in Rome, a city more than 4300 miles away from my hometown of Doylestown, Pennsylvania.

Minorities have historically been dealt a worse hand in my country's history. The most recent example of this is the Dakota Access Pipeline proposal through Native American lands.

That's why when I started joking about deporting myself if Trump wins, I eventually realized how selfish that

300 million people?

This isn't to say I would ever want to be a politician. First off, I'm simply not a strong enough public speaker to fit the bill. And more importantly, I am certainly not smart enough to be handling a lot of the policy issues that drive the future of this country.

But then again, I realize politics should be about policy, not mud slinging.

I'll return to the United States in December, and I won't be certain what the atmosphere will be like. But I will come back with the same mentality of treating people with respect, like my mother raised me.

At the end of the day, I do believe this country will continue to be united, even as divided as it currently appears. Because despite political differences with many friends and colleagues, I – and countless others – have been able to step back and re-evaluate what ideas and policies we should implement for those around us.

I just wish that so many politicians and voters wouldn't treat the future of our country like it's a fucking game.



mentality is.

I didn't fill out a ballot and send it in, and that deserves a fair amount of criticism. But why were many Trump and Clinton supporters so against hearing criticism about their candidates for the past year and a half? Again, how are voters acting like sports fans when the issues at stake will shape the future of more than



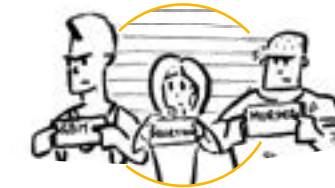
Northern Ireland's abortion laws are outdated and inhumane



Michael Purdy discusses the archaic abortion laws of Northern Ireland and the obstacles in getting them changed

\\ The current legislation surrounding abortion in place in Northern Ireland is anachronistic, and I am not speaking figuratively \\

For generations the gears of the political systems in Northern Ireland have been oiled by religion. Northern Irish politicians have interweaved their self-perceived concepts of morality (determined by their personal religious beliefs) into the politics of the country. The religious beliefs of the country's politicians have profoundly affected the passage of many pieces of legislation through parliament, which has led to the isolation, discrimination and, at times, social persecution of those who do not conform to these beliefs. Laws surrounding abortion are a prime example of this.



from obtaining an abortion if she is raped or, in the case of fatal foetal abnormalities, under punishment of a maximum sentence of LIFE imprisonment. Thus, the law still exists from a time when it was common for twelve-year-old children to work 14-hour days in cholera-infested factories, and men were legally allowed to beat their wives with a stick (but only if it was thinner than their thumb).

The act is by no means a dormant piece of legislature. This April a 21-year-old woman from Belfast was given a three month suspended sentence for carrying out a self-induced miscarriage using pills she bought online. This woman's decision to abort the pregnancy would have been one of the most emotionally and physically taxing moments she had ever experienced. For the rest of her life, every time she applies for an international visa, a job, adoption application etc. she must detail this conviction, meaning it will plague her indefinitely. Many women in Northern Ireland who decide to have an abortion travel to England where it is currently legal. This trip

\\ This April a 21-year-old woman from Belfast was given a three month suspended sentence for carrying out a self-induced miscarriage \\

The current legislation surrounding abortion in place in Northern Ireland is anachronistic, and I am not speaking figuratively. The 1861 Offences Against the Person Act prevents a woman

costs on average £900, a sum of money that is not light heartedly expended in an economically underdeveloped country. Thus, the law actively discriminates against working class women who do not have the money to travel to England for an abortion and are forced to have the child or terminate the pregnancy by illegal means. In November 2015 Belfast's High court ruled that Northern Ireland's current abortion law is incompatible with international human rights. Furthermore, an

\\ So why then has there been no change in the last 155 years? \\

Amnesty International survey stated that 3/5 people in Northern Ireland agree that the law should be changed to include cases of foetal abnormalities, incest and rape. So why then has there been no change in the last 155 years?

The largest political party in Northern Ireland is the Democratic Unionist Party (DUP). The party is and has historically been controlled by evangelical and fundamentalist Christians. The party opposes any change to the current laws surrounding abortion and has a large enough majority in parliament

to prevent a change in legislation. This is not the first time the party has opposed a change in law that would facilitate social equality. The party's founder Ian Paisley led his party on a campaign to 'Save Ulster from Sodomy', claiming homosexual acts were "a crime against God and man and its practice is a terrible step to the total demoralisation of any country." This campaign intended to prevent the decriminalisation of homosexuality in Northern Ireland.

The DUP, however, are not solely to blame. The Catholic dominated pro-life group Precious Life frequently protest outside Belfast's family planning clinic. Typically these protests revolve around harassing and showing extremely graphic images of aborted fetuses to women who are seeking advice about undergoing a pregnancy termination. The leader of the group, Bernadette Smith, currently has a restraining order in place against her which was filled by a former Belfast MP (Dawn Purvis) who supported a change in the current laws surrounding abortion. This was a result of continuous and belligerent harassment from the pro-life campaigner.

The education system in Northern Ireland is also inseparably associated with religion. The teachers actively project their religious views on the students. Whilst at school I remember being shown in religious education

class a movie called *The Silent Scream*. This involved being forced to watch grotesque images of abortions from the 1980s obviously in an attempt by the Catholic school to ensure students associated the procedure with feelings of repulsion. Statistically speaking there was a very high chance that a girl in my class at the time might have had an abortion or might have known someone very close to them who would have had one.

Nearly 5000 women in the past five years have travelled to Britain from Northern Ireland to obtain an abortion. The opposition believes that legal changes will lead to a spike in abortions, yet inevitably if a woman desperately wants an abortion in Northern Ireland she will have one. All a change in the current laws will do is help protect the mental and physical health of women in crisis and prevent them from being stigmatised by society as a murderer for making an incomprehensibly difficult decision. Fundamentally, the archaic legislation in place inhibits one of the most significant human rights. Freewill.





FREEZE PEACH

C O M M E N T ... **felix**

We cannot ignore the consent crisis

Abigail de Bruin discusses the Union's spend on consent training in light of rising sexual crime statistics

No one helped.
No one understood.

An anonymous student shares their story of the damage done by misconceptions about consent

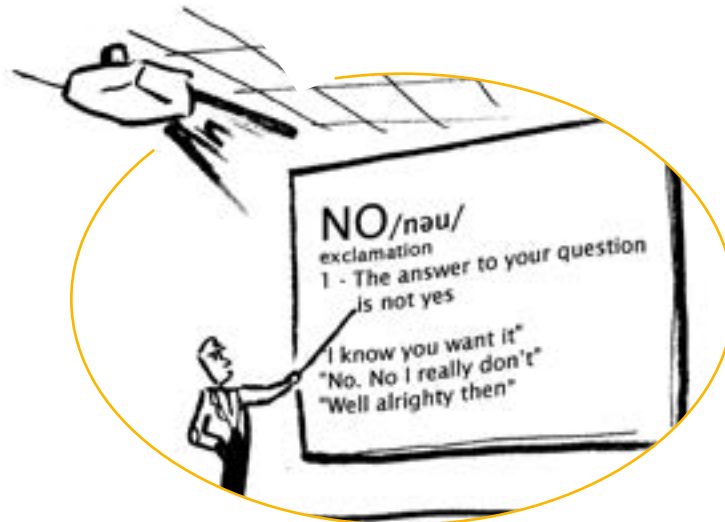
Consent is a pretty hot topic at the moment. It's been in this newspaper a lot and in fact in the national news a lot too. So why is it that consent is such a matter of importance in the public minds at the moment? Well, to put bluntly, if sex doesn't involve it then it's not sex – it's rape. And rape and related sex crimes (or at least reported ones) have massively increased over the last year.

According to the Met Police crime figures, rape crimes have increased 10.8% in the last year to 5939 and Other Sexual Crime has increased by 10.7% in the last year to

\\ We're looking at a figure of 114320 incidents a year in London. That's 13 an hour \\

11209 crimes just over the last 12 months. That's nearly 50 reported sex-related crimes a day in London alone. If we consider the statistic, as reported by Rape Crisis, that only 15% of those who experience sexual violence choose to report to the police, we're looking at a figure of 114320 incidents. That's 13 an hour.

We can't just close our eyes and say it's not happening



to me so it must be fine. This is an issue that hits about as close to home as it can get. The number of rapes in Kensington and Chelsea increased 26.3% this year and the number of other sexual crimes increased 21.5% this year in Hammersmith and Fulham. So, in a time where sexual violence is increasing this much in a single year, can we really afford to take a stance against any action that may work towards decreasing these figures?

I can understand the reluctance to engage on issues relating to consent. Without careful consideration of the discussion it can feel a little similar to one of those awful sex ed lessons from school that always ended up more awkward than informative. That doesn't mean it's not important or worth tackling though. Society needs to be talking about consent to start tackling this huge sexual assault issue and we need to be doing it now.

The £5000 consent training bought by the Union with College funding has received such a bashing lately, but I have to express my support for it.

Sure, maybe it'll only reach a small handful of people if not used effectively but even if it makes just one person think

twice about whether or not they're pushing a boundary, if it makes just one person less aggressive, if it makes my friends half a percent less likely

\\ Can we afford to take a stance against any action that may work towards decreasing these figures? \\

to be assaulted on their way home then I'd say the cost, that really is only 30p per student, is absolutely worth it.

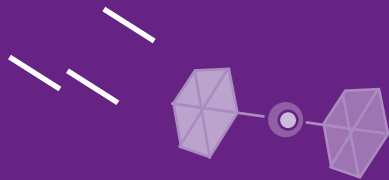
I don't know if this is the place to share my story, but with so many sexual assault happenings being opened up and spoken about, I feel like I should say something.

They go to Imperial. They were a friend, someone who provided comfort and companionship. I never wanted anything sexual to occur between us, and I had told them on multiple occasions, and every time the subject arose I would refuse.

As with many of these stories, my sexual assault happened when I was drunk. I was drunk, and as I often did, I went over to theirs because it was a safe place, or so I believed, and I didn't want to wake my roommate at the time. I was drunk enough that I drifted in and out of the realisation that my trousers were no longer on me, they were inside me, and then it was over. I woke up, half naked with them beside me. Unlike other stories, I didn't leave straight away. I asked them what happened, my heart in my mouth, shaking. They told me we had sex. Then I left. I was so scared. My friend, my companion – were they entitled to these things of me? People I turned to and asked all told me things that didn't help: "You were drunk and went over, what did you expect?", "You've been seeing them for a while, it was bound to happen at some point", "Just...don't go over again", "They did nothing wrong", "It wasn't rape", "It's a grey area."

No one helped. No one understood. Even now, six months down the line, my heart races and my head pounds when they're brought up in conversation.

It's hard to forgive your closest friends for not understanding. I still don't think I have. What's even harder is how I now see that others feel they can treat my body as just that – a body. Now it's been violated and used, I can see just how out of control of it I am. Even to the point where a friend of mine held me too close for too long and didn't stop when I told him to let go. It's MY body. It's MY choice. Not anyone else's. Never anyone else's.



A Trump Presidency | a new era for America... a disaster for Earth?



Lara Bailey discusses how US politics will affect the future of our planet

A man who described climate change as “created by the Chinese” and “fictional” is now the leader of the free world. The World Meteorological Organisation, a UN body, recently released data showing that 2011 – 2015 have been the hottest years on record. Moreover, many extreme weather events that occurred during this period have been attributed to man-made climate change. Now is the time for unified, global decisions to be made on tackling climate change. Trump has previously

threatened to pull out of the UN Paris Agreement, ratified by Obama. The Paris Agreement is an agreement within the UN Framework Convention on Climate Change covering greenhouse gas emission mitigation and adaptation to climate change. Leaving the deal would only be an option three years after it had been in force, and it came into action last Friday. On top of this, it would take a year to pull out. America is responsible for 13% of the Earth’s greenhouse gas emissions, and under the Paris agreement has agreed to cut emissions by up to 28% by 2025. The legislative promises made by the 200

governments that signed the deal are critical to ensuring that global temperatures are kept below the 2°C threshold (which is 2°C above

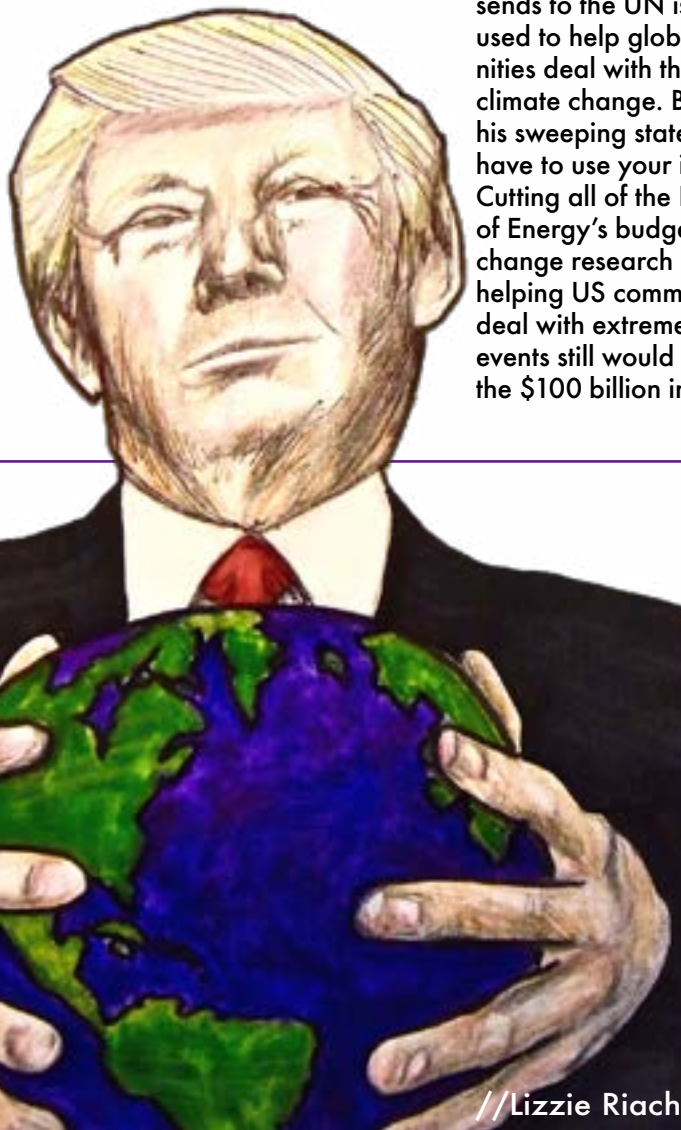
pre-industrial revolution levels). One of the world’s biggest emitters going against this deal would have huge ramifications.

Back in May he pledged to cut “\$100 billion” of climate change spending. In reality the amount the Federacy sends to the UN is lower, and used to help global communities deal with the effects of climate change. But with all of his sweeping statements, you have to use your imagination. Cutting all of the Department of Energy’s budget, climate change research and funding helping US communities deal with extreme weather events still would not produce the \$100 billion in savings

promised. In contrast, the Clinton campaign set out clear goals on the issue, and Clinton pledged to make America the “worlds clean energy superpower”.

Trump has also apparently backtracked on his words about climate. In September he said “there is still much that needs to be investigated in the field of climate change”, and “we should be focused on developing energy sources and power production that alleviates the need for dependence of fossil fuels”.

However unclear his intentions, the clear anti-climate statements should not be ignored. Rising seas do not negotiate.



//Lizzie Riach

The fate of American Science

What’s in store for the rest of the scientific world?

Sara Hamilton

The 9th of November saw tears, despair and a whole lot of memes as the results of the 2016 presidential election rolled in. As I woke up to BBC alerts of Trump’s win on my phone, I found myself reliving that fateful Friday morning in June – closing my eyes, telling myself it was all a dream and everything would return to ‘the expected’ when I checked again. However, something is different. What

Brexit would mean to science was, and still remains, quite uncertain, but Trump’s science policies are quite clear cut and, with Congress backing, likely to be implemented. Whether we’ll see a wall built with the Mexico border is still to be seen, but that we’ll live through incredible changes in American science policy is almost guaranteed.

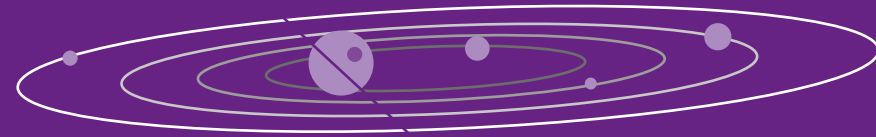
Analyses of Trump’s proposed

budget indicate catastrophic deficits, with the government left to figure out how to limit spending. Except for NASA, Trump has not identified any areas of scientific research worth supporting, and most of his answers about science spending focus on a need to make ‘hard choices’ to meet budget constraints.

Trump has also shown little to no respect for general scientific findings themselves. He has openly claimed

that he believes in the link between vaccinations and autism and that global warming was “created by and for the Chinese in order to make US manufacturing non-competitive”. He has pledged to reverse Obama’s regulations for climate protection and withdraw from the Paris climate agreement, which became effective five days before the results with the promise of finally bringing forth change, as well as to get rid of the Environmental Protection Agency altogether. He also has claimed that he wants to scrape all federal spending on clean energy, including wind, solar, nuclear power and electric vehicles. Furthermore, his anti-immigration policies have obvious implications in terms of hindering efforts to recruit scientists and STEM students from abroad to US universities, a key for scientific prowess.

The optimist in me has in vain been searching for some silver lining in the results of this election but science policies are definitely not the answer. There is no way around denying that Trump will lead to a research effort focused purely on short-term economic interests rather than scientific endeavour itself, not to mention a disaster for the planet, environmentally speaking. Sad days for science it seems.



Spotlight on Medicine

Beacons of hope in this cursed year...

Lizzie Riach

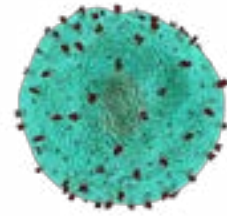
1. HIV Testing USB Sticks



Scientists here at Imperial College have created an extremely easy way of testing for HIV. A simple USB device detects the virus and sends corresponding electrical impulses that can be read on a laptop or handheld device. Not only does this allow testing to be quicker, easier and self-applicable throughout treatment, but it can also enable patients in remote locations immediate on-site

results. The device itself is disposable, and works by monitoring levels of the virus in the blood. Before this technology, results would take as long as three days following testing, with samples often having to be sent back to laboratories. Current HIV treatment is known as anti-retroviral treatment, and works by reducing HIV levels to near zero. The USB sensor could be used to directly monitor whether

a patient is responding to treatment, or if it has stopped working. For some, especially those in less developed countries, this rapid way of testing could mean the difference between life and death.



2. Zika-Neutralising Antibody Discovered



New tests have found that a human antibody (given the catchy name of ZIKV-117) can actually save infected mice from dying of Zika, whilst also shielding their unborn babies from its adverse effects. As I'm sure you're aware, in humans the virus has been linked to birth defects in babies

with infected mothers. This usually results in a smaller than usual head and, consequently, brain which may affect the child's learning, motor function and cognitive development. The condition is known as microcephaly. Despite this recent breakthrough, researchers are

unsure whether this would work on humans, however they remain optimistic. Trials need to be completed on other primates before reaching humans, but if it works, could act as protection against a now terrifyingly widespread disease.

3. Key Protein for Spinal Cord Repair Found



Zebrafish are amazing when it comes to regeneration. Even when their spinal cord is completely severed, it can completely restore itself. In humans, a severed spinal cord can leave them completely paralysed or dead. Research into spinal cord studies and stem cells have given many hope that one day broken spines can be fixed, and now we seem to be one step closer. By studying these tiny transparent animals, scientists have been able to pinpoint the exact protein that is responsible



// NICHD

for re-joining the spinal cord and enabling it to work again. The protein in question is called CTGF, which stands for connective tissue growth factor. Humans also have CTGF, and although it differs slightly to the form found in zebrafish, when the human protein was added it worked in the same way. Although the

protein is not the whole story, it gives scientists a clue to how regeneration works. The question now is what does the zebrafish have, that we humans don't? According to those working on the project, the next step is looking at regeneration proteins in mice.

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

Breakfast Take Two



Fact: You can un-boil an egg. Boiling an egg causes a fundamental change in the proteins that make up the egg white, which you'll know if you ever had eggs and soldiers as a kid because a raw egg and a cooked egg look pretty different. The high temperature causes the proteins to lose their shape and tangle up, turning the white from a liquid into a gloopy, rubbery solid.

What you may not know is that scientists can reverse this process, in effect 'un-boiling' the egg. A chemical called urea can be used to untangle proteins in the egg white, which allows them to then re-fold in the correct way. Spin it all around a few times (really, really fast) and within a couple of minutes, just like that, the protein has re-folded correctly and your egg is raw again.

Applications of this research could save hours of labour in certain industries, and addresses that age old problem "I don't really feel like a boiled egg anymore, I wish I could have scrambled instead." Although you may not want to try this at home; urea is a major component of urine, and that's enough to put anyone off breakfast.



Overpopulation | Is it a myth? Is it inevitable? Should we be worried?

Jawaad Farooq muses on what the possible solutions to an overcrowded world may be, what the future may have in store, and why we should care

On watching Dan Brown's *Inferno* this weekend, the question of how we would survive overpopulation struck a chord with me. It may have been a slightly dull film at times but the theme nevertheless was a relevant and intriguing one. Essentially, a billionaire concerned with overpopulation creates a virus to cull the number of humans in the world. Robert Langdon then proceeds to chase clues through art, ends up finding where the virus is due to be released and *spoiler alert* ultimately saves the day.

Despite being a work of fiction, the questions asked throughout the film seem to be very real. At some point the rising population will overtake the resources we have. How then will we sustain ourselves? Many have thought of solutions, but most seem to be about culling the population, not sustaining it. An increasing death rate due to war sparked by competition for resources, or a decrease in birth rate implemented by governments, like China's one-child-policy seem to be the main options. But will our governments take action proportionate to the crisis we are possibly facing, or will we mess things up and reach a shit-hit-the-fan scenario like humans seem prone to doing? The population was 0.8bn in 1800; by 1900 it had become 1.6bn and by 2000 it was 6.115 bn. We now stand at more than seven bn. The numbers at first glance seem to point to certain disaster for the future.

Given the toxic mix of increased population, further

damage from climate change and increased technologically advanced and destructively powerful weaponry, how to manage and handle the problems of the future are something that needs to be taken seriously. So what are the potential solutions?

The first and most obvious one is the advancement of science and technology. Science has been our 'saviour' which has generated and sustained the industrial revolution and allowed the population to explode so dramatically. Most of the work being done - except those few eccentric genocidal billionaires apparently - is in this area. From mitigating climate change and creating clean and sustainable energy resources, to improving healthcare and growing more food, all avenues are being explored. This seems to be the most obvious way forward without a morally dubious solution to the problem. In our all-pervading mentality of the consumer comes first, and rising living standards of the world, most of us are not willing to or have even considered radical lifestyle changes.

Yet these changes could be a real solution to the problem of overpopulation. There would have to be radical changes to what is currently accepted as a norm of lifestyle; a solution where the consumption of resources would decrease radically. If we are to strip life bare and think about it, what is it that we really need to survive and be happy? Food, health-care, a roof over our heads, companionship, some sort of work and some sort of entertainment. Instead of being a consumer orientated society we would have to become



oriented around not having and acquiring new things, but being satisfied with what is there and finding pleasure in the repetition. That is a massive and somewhat untenable cultural shift that would have to occur, but it is not impossible. Yet statistics and human nature seem to be against us.

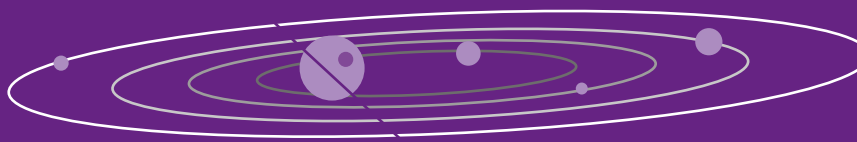
**\\ In our all-pervading mentality of the consumer comes first, and rising living standards all over the world, most of have not even considered radical lifestyle changes **

Demands shift as living conditions get better. For example better lifestyles correlate with bigger demands for meat and dairy, so grain that could be used to feed many more people goes into feeding animals to make more of what we want. But we need our cheeseburgers apparently. Yet cultural shift is not impossible. These changes have been seen to come into play via two ways - wars and revolutions. Both are tragic, bloody and traumatic. The latter is a possibility but I think it unlikely that people would rise up in some sort of green revolution against governments, solely due to the threat of overpopulation or indeed climate change.

What seems more likely is that society becomes reset through the almost unavoidable consequence of war occurring due to a fight for resources and supremacy in a world which knows things are going wrong but refuses to face the facts. It as if the world will head to a high energy state; the bubble of our ego's will inflate and continue to do so till it bursts, expends its energy in war, and finally returns to a low

energy state. Then people will - having learnt their lessons - realise where they went wrong and rebuild society on a more sustainable, simpler model. The war will solve the population problem as well, by wiping out a goo chunk of it. If the remnants of nuclear war don't create an uninhabitable environment, maybe the few lucky survivors will be able to rebuild society. But the tragedy beyond all of this, is that even if some survive, the history shows humans do not seem to learn the lessons of the past, especially not those of war. Two world wars in the space of twenty years, and much more in between and after. It seems war may just be part of our nature. Overpopulation may just be a frustration that lets us express that nature once again.

But maybe science and technology will lead us to the solution. And what will that solution be? Maybe we worry about earth as the only planet we have, but maybe that won't be the case in the future. What if we colonise other planets and our population can spill over and we develop the technology



to planet hop and live elsewhere? Efforts are currently underway for a manned mission to Mars, and research is ongoing with regards to how we would populate the red planet. If we can move out of our planet and mine resources from other planets, then the universe is our oyster. Then not only is overpopulation solved, but we could potentially expand beyond any limits. But this is a race against time. Elon Musk with his SpaceX program and desire to die on Mars just "not on landing" may take us one more step closer to colonising it. He hopes to have astronauts on Mars by 2025. NASA has more humble predictions of sending astronauts into orbit by 2030. Having an actual civilisation on Mars therefore seems to be decades off.

There are those who would preach for us to stop having children or to just have one child. In their self-induced panic, they may even set an example for the world. Fair play to them. But beyond the sudden pang of morality you might feel from hearing them preach and beyond the panic that ensues from watching a

\\ In the last 15 years, population has increased from six to seven billion \\

film such as *Inferno* as you tentatively put on your intellectual's glasses and begin to consider if a population cull is what is really needed, we should actually sit down and consult the figures.

The idea that population growth is exponential is one that is thrown around quite a lot. And quite callously might I add.

From the comparisons of humanity as a virus and the images in your mind of cells dividing uncontrollably, exponential population growth – the increasing growth rate of something proportional to its total quantity – is not supported by the statistics. Starting at 1800 in the space of a hundred years we doubled, then in the next hundred years we multiplied by around six and in the following



15 have increased from around six billion to seven billion.

Hold on you say. Things look like they're increasing crazily. However, contrary to the panic the internet will leave you in, Hans Rosling, a Swedish medical doctor and statistician, believes overpopulation is a myth and will not surpass eleven billion. He claims that since the 60's, population has been growing steadily, not exponentially. He explains that the population will grow some more, but as access to medical care, contraceptives, empowerment of women, better education for women and men, later births, family planning and rising living standards all kick in, the birth rate will sustain itself. The death rate and the birth rate will be roughly equal. As living standards rise, people will have less children and focus on giving them a better

\\ Overpopulation may not be something to fear \\

standard of living. The population is predicted to reach 9.5 bn by 2050 and 10.9 bn by 2100. So the value of 32bn within this century quoted in *Inferno* seems to be nonsense. The idea that population will stabilise therefore makes sense. Add to that the projected betterment of technology, the fact that – as Ester Boserup, eminent Danish economist put it – the threat of starvation and increased demand motivates people to modify and research into agriculture, produce new technology and modify methods to increase food production and better understanding of the world in general,

the future may not look so bleak. Overpopulation may not even be something to fear. What we should probably fear is us messing things up by destroying ourselves in a war that we can't come back from. And destroying the animal and plant kingdom because of our activities and global warming.

Overpopulation may not be the problem the film suggests it is, but if one thing is for sure, while we may be producing enough food for everyone, we certainly don't know how to distribute it. Instead of films like *Inferno* scare-mongering about the threat of more humans, maybe we should focus on how to get the food we have to those who need it and educate people to feast responsibly and sustainably for the betterment of all. It's a crazy world, but we have the tools to manage it.



FRIDAY 11 NOVEMBER

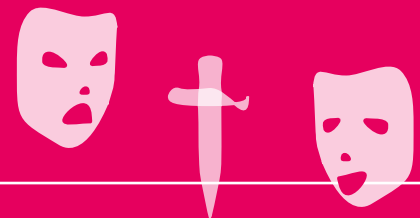


COCKTAIL NIGHT

From 17:30 till late
Buy two cocktails for £7.60 or £4.50 each.



Venue	Regular Events	Time	Day
Metric & FiveSixEight	Worst Behavior Special	20:00 - 02:00	Friday 11 November
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 18 November
h-bar	Pub Quiz	19:00 - 21:00	2nd & 4th Thursday
h-bar	h-bar 3rd birthday party	16:00 01:00	11 November
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 Club	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



Arrival



Nah, I can't make it out either \\ Paramount Pictures



Arrival presents us with an alien invasion scenario where **communication**, not confrontation, is the order of the day. The result is an **intelligent**, nuanced science fiction film, the blockbuster debut of Canadian director **Denis Villeneuve**



By Cale Tilford

At some point during their time at school, children will inevitably be asked to describe something in simple enough terms that even an alien, having just arrived on Earth, would understand. Like much of what is taught at school, this exercise is completely detached from reality. It assumes that another intelligent life form would speak, that it would communicate in a language structured similarly to ours, and that it would understand the concepts we use to express ourselves. Language is essentially meaningless without shared experience or points of reference, and as humans we are only able to communicate across languages (and translate them) because we all experience and interact with the world in a relatively similar way.

Noam Chomsky, "the father of modern linguistics", even theorised that the structure of human language is biologically determined in our mind and a 'universal grammar' (a sort of inborn understanding of how to form sentences) exists. So while we might be able to communicate on first contact with a community living in an unexplored part

of our own planet, trying to understand and deliver a message to an alien life form would be a monumental task.

In Denis Villeneuve's *Arrival*, the extra-terrestrials that visit Earth communicate in a way completely unfamiliar to humans. Faced with the unknown, humanity attempts to understand the motivation of their visitors, who touch down across twelve landing sites around the globe. The story is far removed from the typical alien invasion blockbuster; it focuses on the complex process of translating a foreign language that no other human on Earth understands. We follow this translation process from the perspective of linguist Dr. Louise Banks (Amy Adams), an academic who quickly adapts to life on a military camp stationed close to one of the alien spacecrafts. Banks works closely with Ian Donnelly (Jeremy Renner), a mathematician, as they piece together the alien language during the small windows of contact that the spacecraft permits them.

The visual spectacle of modern science-fiction can be tiresome at times but *Arrival* manages to surprise viewers visually in the most unlikely of places – language. The ink-like substance of the aliens

flows satisfyingly each time it 'spells' out calligraphic-style messages, with a circular structure and grammar that mirrors the film's circular narrative. Sweeping shots of massive spacecrafts against the backdrop of various familiar (and unfamiliar) landscapes create the sense that the whole world is relying on the exchanges between Dr. Banks, Donnelly, and the two alien creatures. Complementing this, Jóhann Jóhannsson's score, filled with strange and erratic noises, is as subdued and as

**\\ The story is far removed from the typical alien invasion blockbuster and focuses on the complex process of translating no-one Earth understands **

otherworldly as the creatures that inhabit *Arrival*'s fictional universe.

Eric Heisserer's excellent script explains the complicated subjects of linguistics and translation without confusing or condescending viewers. It's difficult not to

be awestruck when the team of experts piece together another part of the puzzle, even if these moments are contrived and implausible. Beyond these complex themes, the film focuses on Dr. Louise Banks' internal struggle, and it is ultimately her emotions – and the strange visions that she experiences – that move the film towards its revelatory finale. Amy Adams delivers another fine performance, outshining Jeremy Renner's emotionally flat portrayal of a rather lonely mathematician. While Donnelly is never really explored beyond his role as a mathematician, we see the human side of Banks as she experiences loss and the struggles of motherhood.

Yet for a film that attempts to challenge its viewers, the geopolitics of *Arrival* fall too easily into familiar tropes. When faced with a potentially existential threat, America is humanity's saviour while the militaristic powers China and Russia threaten to use force against Earth's visitors. This simplification of our world's problems detracts from the attempted realism of Heisserer's script. If there is any message to be taken from *Arrival*, it is that communication rather than conflict is the solution to difficult and unnerving situations; the film is explicit

in its criticism of military intervention, America included.

It's rare to leave the cinema with an optimistic view of how humanity would react to an alien invasion. *Arrival* might resolve in an unbelievable way but overall the film feels far more rooted in reality than its contemporaries. The film manages to condense a long and complex process into under two hours and as a result, it simplifies in places but Villeneuve and Heisserer complete this task deftly. It is an 'intelligent' blockbuster that teaches the viewer the basics of linguistics without ever feeling like a lecture, and it sits alongside *Ex Machina* and *Upstream Colour* as one of the most thought-provoking science-fiction films of the past few years.



I know you are, but what am I? \\ Paramount Pictures



Girls Lost



Capturing the wonder of youth \\ Götafilm



The subject of gender transformation has proved a rich seam of inspiration at which artists and writers have mined for centuries. From the ancient Greek myth of Tiresias to Virginia Woolf's immortal gender-swapping count in *Orlando*, the question of 'what would you do if you woke up as the opposite gender?' has captivated many around the world. It's this question that Swedish director Alexandra-Therese Keining attempts to answer in her latest film *Girls Lost*, which centres around three young girls drawn together by their shared creativity and kept together through social isolation. Kim (Tuva Jagell), Bella (Wilma Holmén), and Momo (Louise Nyvall) are all misfits, facing regular misogynistic and homophobic abuse at school. With little support from their families, they turn to each other for solace. However, when

they grow a strange plant whose fruit allows them to experience life as boys, their group begins to fragment.

On the surface, the divisions that crop up are related to the increasingly dangerous activities of Kim, who falls in love with local rebel Tony (Mandus Berg), and his group of delinquents. Seen in this way, it's a classic tale of peer-pressure and adolescent aspiration to conform (albeit through nonconformity), and doesn't seem to add much to the genre. Indeed, *Girls Lost* ticks every box that is required today of a European coming-of-age drama: squat parties in abandoned industrial complexes; a shot of someone silently screaming underwater; there's even a couple of daybreak rooftop scenes thrown in for good measure.

However, what sets this film apart from others is the decision to tackle transgender issues, particularly how trans adolescents feel at a period

of immense physical and psychological change. Kim is immediately more seduced by the idea of acting out her fantasies of being a boy, simply because for her they are more than mere fantasies. While Momo and Bella are playing a social role, Kim is discovering an explanation for why they've felt so trapped.

In this way, *Girls Lost* reads like a combination between the heartfelt exploration of true Swedish life found in Lukas Moodyson's work and the searing exploration of gender politics undertaken by Céline Sciamma. *Girls Lost* doesn't meet the heights of either director's work, but Keining's ability to capture the fleeting magic of adolescence, all twilight revelations and shimmering electronica, combined with the bold decision to take on gender issues make *Girls Lost* one to watch.

By Fred Fyles

Tom Kingsley and Will Sharpe follow up their delightfully-dark 2011 debut *Black Pond* with *The Darkest Universe*, a film that serves as both a subtle reminder about the intimacy of family relations and a stunning advertisement for the UK's canal network. Sharpe stars as Zac, a city banker whose already-difficult life is turned upside-down by the disappearance of his sister Alice (Tiani Ghosh),

refusing to find herself a job or do any of the washing-up. Zac and his long-term girlfriend Eva (Sophia di Martino) attempt to change things, first moving her into the houseboat, and then getting her to look after Eva's grandma. But once Alice actually gets up and goes, a hole opens up in Zac's existence, and he is driven to the brink in an attempt to find her.

With this set-up, it seems like *The Darkest Universe* would be a depressingly bleak, Mike Leigh-esque exploration of London life, but the film is surprisingly upbeat. As Zac begins to crack up, he pours all his energy into creating a campaign to find Alice, focusing on fancy websites and a regular video-blog in which he obsessively attempts to remain upbeat. These sections, his 'postcards from the canal', are the most effective in the film, allowing humour to cut through all of Zac's nervous desperation.

While I loathe to use this word – which, in the run

up to and fallout of Brexit, has become more and more toxic – there's something unmistakably 'British' about *The Darkest Universe*. Not in a Carry On, kitsch kind of way, but rather how it reflects the subtle nuances of the emotional and cultural life of the UK. For me, the closest resemblance to *The Darkest Universe* was Ben Wheatley's *Sightseers*, which also took a sideways look at modern British life through the guise of a tour of the countryside, with all its subtle menace.

With *The Darkest Universe*, Sharpe and Kingsley have created a delicate, fine film, one that floats along with a zephyr-like lightness. Its strong cast, led by Sharpe, help communicate the strength of family ties and the crushing impact of loss in a way that is insightful, but never too heavy. *The Darkest Universe* is a hidden gem, one that deserves to be uncovered and shared.

By Fred Fyles

The Darkest Universe



Will Sharpe delights in *The Darkest Universe* \\ The Darkest Universe PR





Women in sci-fi | A space oddity?



Arrival \\ Paramount Pictures

This week sees the release of *Arrival*, a hot-ticket sci-fi film with a **female protagonist**, which follows quickly on the heels of 2013's *Gravity*. But do these films mark a breakthrough of the sci-fi **glass ceiling**, asks **Fred Fyles**? Or do they play into the **tropes** well established in the genre?



Gravity \\ Warner Bros

Around the halfway point of Denis Villeneuve's latest sci-fi thriller *Arrival*, which touches down this week, I found myself questioning the circular nature of time. But while the film itself – with its focus on language, neurology, and chronology – does try and upset our conventionally-held notions of time (to say any more would risk spoiling it), my confusion was more simply explained as a regular case of déjà vu: haven't we already seen this before? You see, what was brought to my mind most of all while watching *Arrival* was Alfonso Cuarón's 2013 film *Gravity*. Like *Arrival*, *Gravity* was a big-budget production – both films were visually resplendent, and I imagine *Arrival* will pick up almost as many award nominations as *Gravity* did – but what struck me the most was how in both films a decision was made that is rare in science fiction: both had a woman as the central protagonist. In *Arrival*, it's Amy Adams' Dr. Louise Banks who saves the day, a linguistic expert who is tasked with communicating with aliens who land across the planet. In *Gravity*, the stakes are a bit lower – globally speaking – as Sandra Bullock's Dr. Ryan

Stone needs only to save her own skin after a chain reaction of debris peppers her space-craft mid-flight. The comparisons extend further beyond gender politics – *Gravity* and *Arrival* share a sweeping soundtrack, a sense of wonderment at human progress, and an overt distrust of the Russians – but something about the choice to cast women in the centre of both films seemed bold, daring almost. It shouldn't really, and yet, even today, women are rarely seen in cinematic leading roles, particularly in science fiction. A study released earlier this year from the Center for the Study of Women in Television and Film, a unit at San Diego State University, found that women made up only 22% of protagonists in the top-grossing films of 2015, meaning male protagonists outnumbered them by more than 3:1. Furthermore, this represented a recent historical high: in 2014, only 12% of protagonists were women, indicating that – despite the widespread calls of gender equality in some sections of the industry – Hollywood lags far behind in terms of

representation. And thus, the huge success of *Gravity* (which made close to three quarters of a billion dollars), and the presumed success of *Arrival*, should be more than welcome. But things aren't really all they seem: to me, both Adams' and Bullock's characters mark not a breakout surge for the woman-led sci-fi film, but instead a return to the classical tropes surrounding women in media. Rather than something that should be unquestionably lauded, the portrayal of women in both *Gravity* and *Arrival* should be



Arrival \\ Allstar\Cinetext\20th Century Fox

critically scrutinised before we claim it as a feminist victory. Firstly, it's telling that while both protagonists are highly-trained academics, neither work in what are classically called the 'hard sciences' – Banks is a world expert in linguistics, which is not counted among the STEM subjects; Stone is a biomedical engineer, a field associated with the life sciences, which are disproportionately studied by women. This might seem like a small niggle, but it highlights how rare it is to see women occupy the roles traditionally associated with men, such as physicists and mathematicians. Furthermore, in *Gravity*, Stone's character is marked by her lack of experience, and spends much of the film flailing around in space. It's a stark contrast to George Clooney's character, a smooth operator who easily excels at space-walking, and has to help Stone through the more 'difficult' aspects of space-travel. However, the key problem is that neither Stone nor Banks are allowed to have a narrative that stands up on its own two feet – they both need a 'hook', as it were, to elicit sympathy from

the viewer. While this is a common occurrence in science fiction (despite the huge success of the *Half-Life* video game series, studio execs still need to be persuaded that we can empathise with 'normal' scientist-cum-ciphers), in both *Arrival* and *Gravity* the female leads are cast in wholly maternal roles. In *Gravity*, Stone has lost her young daughter in an accident; in *Arrival*, much the same happens, with cancer taking away Banks' daughter before her time. In both films, this is about as far as it goes in giving each character a back-story, forcing both of them into the role of the grieving mother, who pours herself into her work to make up for their personal losses – in the case of *Arrival*, this happens in, quite literally, the first five minutes. Neither character is allowed to be simply a scientist who is good at her job; presumably the studio executives believed that this would be such an unengaging character, so unnerving, that a large dose of displaced maternal instinct needs to be injected in order to gain the audience's trust. At least Cuarón had the good sense to resist throwing in a love story, which is more than can be said for *Arrival*. While this might strike some as me looking for problems where there aren't any, I think



an instructive comparison can be made between these two films and *The Martian*, Ridley Scott's 2015 science fiction comedy-cum-action film. *The Martian*, like *Gravity* and *Arrival*, focuses largely on a single scientist (Matt Damon), who needs to use all his knowledge to overcome a major issue. In the case of *The Martian*, the problem is that Damon's character, Dr. Mark Watney, has been stranded on Mars when a mission goes wrong. His solution? To 'science the shit out of this'. In many ways, these films are quite similar, with the lone (or near-lone) scientist going up against insurmountable obstacles, and triumphing thanks to the ingenuity of humankind. However, there is an

important difference, and that is that Damon's character in *The Martian* is allowed to stand alone, without his narrative being bolstered by the perceived need for an emotional back-story. Damon is free to blow stuff up, dance around the space module, and generally be a free agent; there is no dying child left behind on Earth, no poignant moment of communication with a spouse, nothing – in essence – acting as emotional baggage. In this way, Damon's character fulfils the typical archetype of the man alone in the wilderness, a trope that dates all the way back to Henry David Thoreau's mid-19th Century work *Walden*, which espouses independence from others and a life of self-sufficiency. In a controversial piece written for the *New Yorker* magazine, Kathryn Schulz argues that *Walden* was 'the original cabin porn', which espouses 'a fantasy about escaping the entanglements and responsibilities of living among other people'. While Watney is able to eschew the duties that accompany living with others, Stone and Banks are never afforded this luxury; as women, they are bound by a heavily-networked web of interpersonal relationships

from which they cannot escape. The fact that producers of science-fiction films feel they cannot divorce their female protagonists from this emotional mesh speaks to the deeply-ingrained social roles that women are expected to fulfil: mothers; sisters; daughters. But hasn't this always been the case in science fiction? Haven't women always been relegated to the side-lines? Surely, with these films, even if women are put in reductive roles, at least they are protagonists? Well, the earliest history of science fiction film is indeed marked by a pronounced lack of women characters. Where they did feature, such

as in *Le Voyage Dans La Lune* (1902) and *Aelita: Queen of Mars* (1924), they were cast as aliens – the most literal representation of the 'Other' that you can get. Similarly, in *Metropolis*, Fritz Lang's 1927 master work, which set the conventions for science fiction cinema for the next century, Brigitte Helm plays both the socialist siren Maria and her evil robot double. Neither roles are particularly liberating: Maria is the perfect *fräulein*, a flawless mediator between the workers (the hands) and the ruling classes (the head), while her robot double is, naturally, completely dehumanised. As we enter the swinging sixties, things don't get much better. *Stanley Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey*, the most important film in the genre, is remarkably free of

**\\ In sci-fi, women are still expected to fulfill the social roles of mothers, sisters, and daughters **

women characters, and in the science fiction films that do offer key roles for women, they are often cast as mere eye-candy, and little else. Think back to the 1968 camp classic *Barbarella*, which saw Jane Fonda as the title role, proudly holding up the image of the female adventurer who must wear impractically-skinky outfits – a tradition that continues to this very day. Director Roger Vadim spoke of his reluctance to 'intellectualise' the character, and this shows: *Barbarella* regularly adopts the role of damsel in distress, and when rescued offers to repay the men who come to her aid with athletic sex. For context, this was a film released half a decade after Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*. It wasn't really until the 1970s when women really made their mark on sci-fi. The decade kicked off with *The Andromeda Strain*, which saw Dr. Ruth Leavitt save the world from an extraterrestrial



Under the Skin \\ Allstar\FILM4

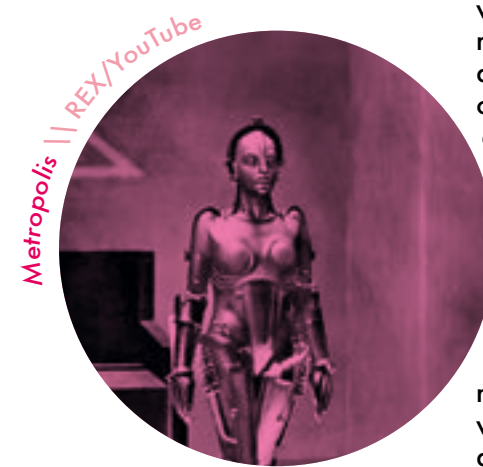


Contact \\ Warner Bros



Ex Machina \\ A24 Films

an off-screen voice. Looked at against this historical context, we can see that the female characters at the front of *Arrival* and *Gravity* do not mark a new golden age of women in sci-fi. While it is welcome to see women in front of the camera, they are forced into roles that live up to the old stereotypes of women: they are mothers or daughters first, and scientists second. What science fiction needs – indeed, what cinema needs in general – are female characters who are simply allowed to be. Ones that we are allowed to simply relate to, as themselves, in all their power and glory.



Metropolis \\ REX/YouTube



Aelita: Queen of Mars \\ Creative Commons



Barbarella \\ Creative Commons



#Trump



So Long Forever — Palace



A woody, melodic gem \\ Fiction Records



So Long Forever is Palace's eagerly anticipated debut album. The group have been releasing singles and EPs from 2012, turning heads and building up a loyal fan base. Wah-wah guitars compliment frontman Wyndam's distinctive woody voice, delivering emotionally charged, repetitive lyrics. Track one, *Breaking the Silence* sets the scene of the subdued frustration to follow. Only one out of eleven of the

\\ Wah-wah guitars compliment frontman Wyndam's distinctive woody voice, delivering emotionally charged lyrics \\

\\ It's clear the band have been highly selective, with each track developing the narrative of loss and ultimately of letting go \\

tracks, *Bitter*, has featured previously on an EP, with the rest being completely new material, and it is clear the band have been highly selective, with each track developing the narrative of loss and ultimately letting go. "I've played heart-strings before, but not in your key" croons Wyndham. *Bitter* has been reworked, produced and re-recorded, which is guaranteed to upset fans of the original, but means it fits consistently and

seamlessly into the album. *It's Over* is a clear highlight, with rhythmic guitars and percussion building to a cathartic, somewhat optimistic crescendo; riffs and high-pitched lyrics give an impression of the collective's range, while maintaining the theme that has been so artfully created. Some tracks, like *Family*, are more bluesy, with reverb and echo creating an almost folksy feel. The chilled sound is perhaps a reflection of Palace's work space. The Arch is a casual studio with local bands and Horus Records coming together to keep rent low and workspace available at all times. "The future is bright if we can ebb with the flow" Wyndham sings on *Live Well*, a philosophy that seems to be serving the group just fine.

By Simran Kukran

The Night Tsar takes control

The Night Tsar' is not a period thriller starring Tom Hiddleston, but rather something far more ambitious.

The night tsar is going to save London's nightlife single-handedly and raise an industry from its knees, away from the clutches of the London property machine. It's a big task, but thankfully the woman appointed to the job seems to have a glowing CV: Amy Láme is a 45-year-old comedian.

To be fair to her, she did found a club night in Vauxhall back in 1995, and recently campaigned successfully against the Royal Vauxhall Tavern's closure, but she's hardly a stalwart of the industry. The whole appointment screams of a publicity stunt to me, and the effectiveness of a tsar to

\\ How a tsar can entice the risk-averse to spend £7 on a watery vodka cranberry every weekend is going to be the real challenge \\

manage and communicate with such a wide range of stakeholders is ambitious at best. London's nightclubs are declining rapidly, by 40% in the last 5 years alone. Recent closures include Plastic People in 2015, Dance Tunnel in June of this year and, most infamously of all, Fabric this September. So why is the industry declining so rapidly? Gentrification of London's poorer areas, the traditional

haunting ground for London's best clubs, is largely to blame, with new property developers building flats right next to venues. The residents move into the property, and immediately complain about the noise, meaning the council forces the club to install noise insulation it can't afford. Inevitably the club goes out of business. Sadiq Khan says he intends to introduce a law to force developers to pay for this instead of the clubs, but I think the presence of older, wealthier families will always produce friction when rubbing shoulders with nightlife; it's only a matter of time before issues other than noise arise, and councils inevitably side with the middle class nuclear family. Another reason clubs are failing is that millennials simply don't like them that much. Netflix is cheaper, sex is found on



Amy Láme, new night tsar, being the MC \\ Flickr/dockleaf

Tinder, and a healthy 8 hours of sleep followed by a kale smoothie is the on-trend way to live. How a tsar can entice the risk-averse, telly-and-duvet generation to spend £7 on a watery vodka cranberry

every weekend is going to be the real challenge, even if the London property behemoth can be successfully restrained.

By Samuel Read



Where to get your post-fabric fix

After *fabric's* tragic closure at the end of October, many of us are left frantically searching for a substitute to tide us over until the appeal on 28th November. Fear not, felix has you covered! Take a look at these great venues...

By Theo Farah

Corsica Studios



\\ Corsica Studios

Ranked an impressive 2nd on Resident Advisor's list of top London clubs, it boasts impressive soundsystems and a friendly vibe, conveniently situated only a couple of minutes walk from Elephant and Castle station. Run as a not-for-profit, it is an enterprise in sustaining arts and culture in London. With its wide range of acts including live music in one studio and top-billing DJs in the other, you'll find you just keep coming back for more.

Ministry of Sound

This behemoth of everything dance music has been a flagship of London nightlife since way back in 1991. Also very close to Elephant and Castle station, it has been the cause of drunken night bus journeys home for generations of Imperial freshers. Make sure to return for one of its many incredible listings!

Phonox

Taking us further South of the river - it's worth it, trust me - Phonox occupies the space previously held by Brixton favourite Plan B. This relatively new addition to the scene pulls in the crowds. Recently launching their Sunday night sessions with the likes of Gilles Peterson and Daniel Avery, they keep the format refreshing. Fridays see a regular lineup of heavyweights, this venue more than makes up for the journey.

CLF Art Cafe



Phil Richards \\

Our last entry in South London, this multi-purpose arts venue is located in the imposing industrial architecture of the former warehouse Bussey Building, Peckham. It never fails to deliver. Three stories, each with its own dance floor and unique selectors. The vibes vary greatly on each floor and each day of the weekend, blasting disco, soul, house and techno.

XOYO



\\ Rob Searle

Student favourite XOYO has earned its reputation through consistently putting on fantastic nights. Situated in Shoreditch, this renowned nightclub provides for more than just hipsters. Its large floors normally play contrasting music on club nights, giving something for everyone to enjoy.

Studio Spaces

Stark photographic studio by day, when the sun goes down this space becomes a go to destination for a series of frequently sold out events. A bespoke Function soundsystem fully satisfies in this large warehouse space. A few minutes from Shadwell station, this furthers our exploration of East London's nightlife.

The Nest

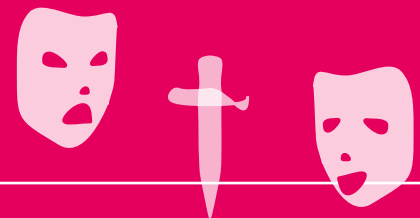
Opened in 2010, this Dalston club is now a stalwart of the London nightlife scene. A capacity of 350 still draws in big-hitters from across the underground electronic scene. A favourite with locals, the focus is always firmly on the music. The long, narrow format of the club means you can really find a spot to dance and lose yourself in the moment.

Oval Space



Oval Space \\

Stunningly beautiful, a wall of windows gives venue-goers a view of the decommissioned gasworks of Bethnal Green. You'll never forget your nights out here, with listings ranging from live music to giants of electronic dance music. Everyone should visit at least once.



The National Theatre gets its groove back with *Amadeus*



Adam Gillen as Mozart \\ Marc Brenner



Jack Steadman

Amadeus is on at the National Theatre until 1st February

Mon – Sat 7.30pm. Matinees Sat.

Tickets from £15

The National's new revival of its 1979 triumph is one tinged with sadness, doubly so on the evening of its opening. The playwright behind *Amadeus*, Peter Shaffer, sadly passed away earlier this year, and on the day of the opening the director Howard Davies, responsible for 30 shows at the National over the past few decades, also left us. There is a pre-show appearance by Rufus Norris and Nick Hytner (present and previous artistic directors of the National) to pay tribute to the two men, and there is an undeniable air of melancholy hanging over the building.

It's an air that lends itself well to *Amadeus*. This is the story of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart told through the eyes of composer Antoni Salieri, Mozart's self-proclaimed assassin. From his deathbed, Salieri gives a warped recollection, crying out to the dead *Amadeus*, begging for forgiveness, pleading for mercy.

Adam Gillen, playing Mozart, occasionally threatens to overegg it early on. The part as written is an infuriating, childish brat of a young man, so it's an inherently fine line to walk between hitting the right notes, and just putting everyone off. Early on the performance threatens to become overwhelming; Gillen is a ball of frenetic energy, limbs flying everywhere, his body contorting itself throughout his

hyperactive vocal delivery. If maintained for the entire run time, it's a performance that would rapidly get tiresome. However, as the play goes on, and Mozart crumbles before us, Gillen emphatically lands the pathos of a broken man. It's heartbreaking to watch; the pain manages

**\\ Vast, and bombastic, *Amadeus* still manages to be both deeply connecting and painfully human **

to fill the enormous Olivier Theatre – a feat of no small amount of showmanship.

By contrast, Lucian Msamati as Salieri is a model of restraint. The role is less overtly theatrical but nonetheless grabs the audience's attention. Msamati gives a towering performance. Salieri's fear of mediocrity, and the intolerable torment he feels as he hears the music of God coming from the pen of a petulant child is made visceral in Msamati's work. He effortlessly nails Shaffer's mixture of comedy and tragedy;

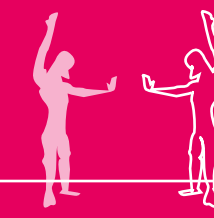


Lucian Msamati as Salieri \\ Marc Brenner

by turns attracting, and repulsing the audiences, he subtly steals the show without anyone noticing. It's only in the play's final moments, with Mozart out of the way, that you realise what's been in front of you all along. Gillen makes a valiant attempt, but this is Msamati's show.

The performances are aided wonderfully by Chloe Lamford's stage design, and Jon Clark's unobtrusive lighting which mesh beautifully with the play's themes. It's all inescapably theatrical; the lighting rigs over stage are clearly visible, many of the sets are simply frameworks for what they represent; curtains attached to bars are neatly tucked away just so to frame the action behind them. The staging underscores the show's discussion of art and artifice, while also neatly complementing this retelling of events by an unreliable narrator; the dying Salieri.

Vast, and bombastic in every conceivable way (it has a full orchestra in it!), *Amadeus* still manages to be deeply connecting, and painfully human. It is at once a celebration and a revitalising of Shaffer's masterpiece; by turning to a past success, the National seems to have re-discovered just what they can achieve. Critically, it's been a rocky road for Rufus Norris' tenure thus far (perhaps undeservedly so), but any memories of the underwhelming *wonder.land* or the lifeless *The Plough and the Stars* are wiped away by *Amadeus*. Mediocre no more, the National is back.



Having just read *We Need to Talk About Kevin* I seated myself in the packed Young Vic theatre with considerable foreboding. All I knew of *The Nest*, Franz Xaver Kroetz' parable with an ecological warning, was that it involved a great tragedy becoming two young parents. I quickly realised that my assumptions had been partly wrong, unlike Lionel Shirver's portrait

**\\ The audience watch through the roof of a frugal flat, becoming voyeurs in a dark new expansion of *The Sims* **

of a psychopath, there is no evil child here, or at least not an ostensible one, instead the demon lurks in poverty and the exploitation of labour.

Conor McPherson's new translation from the original German transports the tragedy to Ireland. The characters remain the same, the optimistic father, a long haul trucker; the beleaguered mother reluctantly off on maternity leave, earning a desperate pittance cold-calling for a bank. Obsession with money permeates their lives and their relationship. "Having a baby isn't going to be cheap you know!", the truism echoes through the thin walls of their home.

The set design was the aspect I liked most about this piece. The flat in which

the play is set feels like an abandoned IKEA warehouse, deplete of all but the basic necessities. It's sparse, and frugal; the sofa is also the bed. As the audience, we watch through the roof, as if we are voyeurs in a new dark expansion to *The Sims*. The outside world is no less ominous, shaded in the greys of a David Firth cartoon: rusty iron foundations jut outward over a polluted lake.

This sinister atmosphere is compounded by the electronic music of P J Harvey which at times was reminiscent of the electro-funk in the *Midnight Run* soundtrack, and at times was distorted and aggressive and could have belonged on a Nine Inch Nails album. The incongruence is effective. It generates a surreal tone, the kind we get in a dream where things don't fit together properly and we know something must go wrong.

Go wrong it does, but not in the way the director Ian Rickinson perhaps intended. In the second half, the play collapses in a paroxysm of physical theatre and shouting that is almost unwatchable.

The main issue, to regurgitate my previous analogy, is that the relationship between the parents is about as believable as the affairs of two Sims, arguing

about showerheads, empty fridges and puddles on the floor. Caricatures don't make interesting characters. The only impression I got about the parents was that the father worked too much and the mother was too worried about money. Their dialogue was accordingly dull and although there were rare moments of black comedy - the father's defiant "there is a lot more to life than mental health" received the biggest laugh - even the jokes felt trite. Here lies the crux of the problem with *The Nest*. If you don't believe the characters then the play's climactic tragedy, in which the newborn is unknowingly bathed by his mother in a lake full of toxic waste, becomes unbearable to watch. The mother's hysteria feels contrived. The father's mea culpa descends into a tedious ten minute pantomime of wailing and hand wringing. There is nothing more boring for an audience than to feel apathy while actors on stage enjoy having emotions. Paring down the manufactured drama might have served the *The Nest* better; less is more. Like the stricken child of *The Nest*, this performance might have been resuscitated if only the director had understood this.

Yet the play is not a complete failure, and however histrionic *The Nest* may be, the moral lesson is not lost.

Poverty is a rough beast, it drives us to dangerous and irrational decisions. It drives us to exploit the world around us, and make no mistake, whatever harm we do to the environment in our lives will be reciprocated tenfold against generations to come.

The Nest overeggs performances to give an uneven show



Caoilfhionn Dunne \\ David Sandison



Ezra Kitson

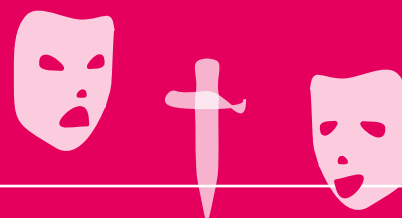
The Nest is on at the Young Vic until 26 November 2016.

Monday – Saturday 7.45pm
Wednesday & Saturday matinees:
2.45 pm

Tickets £10- £25



Laurence Kinlan \\ David Sandison



Cymbeline



Bethan Cullinane and Hiran Abeysekera as Innogen and Posthumus \\
Ellie Kurtz RSC



Claire Chan

Cymbeline is on at the Barbican Theatre until 17th December

Monday – Saturday 7.15pm
Matinees 1.30 pm (Sat, Thurs)

Tickets from £ 35. Concessions available.

Cymbeline is one of Shakespeare's lesser known plays. On reading it before going for the production at the Barbican, I could understand why. There is a tangle of plot lines: star-crossed lovers, kidnapped royal babes, attempted seduction, attempted assassination, and topping it all off, a war between Rome and Britain. The inevitable deus ex machina is almost necessary to bring all of them to the happy conclusion.

With this background to work on, it is quite impressive that director, Melly Still, manages to make *Cymbeline* flow coherently. In the original, Innogen, the only remaining heir of King Cymbeline, marries Posthumus in secret against the wishes of her father, who wants her to marry her stepbrother Cloten. Posthumus is banished to Italy, where he is deceived into believing Innogen has been unfaithful, and orders her murdered. As Innogen flees Britain, a remorseful Posthumus seeks death in the battle against Rome.

Melly Still takes several liberties with the setting, characters and even the lines of the play. She is supported in this by the Royal Shakespeare Company, which certainly lives up to its reputation. I didn't know Shakespeare had such a sense of humour until I heard the lines brought to life on stage! Bethan Cullinane was especially good as Innogen – her delivery was so natural, it was easy to forget that the lines of dialogue were written in the 17th century.

Much has been made of *Cymbeline's* relevance to Brexit and Britain's slide towards insularity, but for me it wasn't the major theme of the evening. There certainly was an undercurrent of 'Britain against the world' – memorably Cloten's brash claim; "Britain is / A world by itself; and we will nothing

pay / For wearing our own noses." Meanwhile, Italy is portrayed as a luxurious casino compared to the barren, resource-poor Britain. Just under the surface there is the not-so-subtle question about Britain's fate; should it decide to cut itself off from the rest of the world?

For me, the more interesting facet of the production was its exploration of gender roles; gender-bending is a major feature of Melly Still's production. This is intriguing in *Cymbeline*, a play that

**\\ Bethan Cullinane was especially good as Innogen – her delivery was so natural, it was easy to forget that the lines of dialogue were written in the 17th century **

makes much of the importance of genetics and blood. Shakespeare implies that some qualities are intrinsic – the noble instincts of the long lost Arviragus and Guideria shine through despite their decidedly un-royal upbringing. "How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!"

What does it mean to be female? Shakespeare is intrigued by this question in the original play. Innogen, though an object of desire for Posthumus, Cloten and Iachimo, must "forget to be a woman" when she cross-dresses as a page boy. In Posthumus' rant against Innogen, he attributes "all faults that man may name" to

women; "Be it lying, note it, / The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers; / Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers..."

In this production, King Cymbeline and his conniving second wife become Queen Cymbeline and a power-hungry duke. Because of our current social norms, a female Cymbeline is perhaps better at portraying the character's inherent vulnerability as well as Cymbeline's deep love for her children. Gillian Bevan does an excellent job at balancing this with Cymbeline's strong side as ruler of a chaotic and divided country. It also made for some amusing lines; in Act III when Cymbeline speaks of Caesar, she declares with a wink: "My youth I spent / Much under him".

Ultimately though, *Cymbeline* is a love story, and Melly Still's production is very much about Innogen and Posthumus rather than the titular character. Bethan Cullinane and Hiran Abeysekera pull off a moving performance of two young people in the first flush of love. When Abeysekera as Posthumus orders Innogen killed in a fit of jealousy, it is the understandable decision of a young man driven mad by passion; the crushing regret and torment he later experiences is palpable.

One does feel at times that the play is trying to do too many things at once, some of which don't quite work. The Soothsayer, a minor character in the original play, wanders rather gratuitously (and confusingly) in and out of the scenes. Act V provoked a giggling fit in the audience member sitting next to me when little paper men floated down from the ceiling to represent the spirits of Posthumus' dead family.

This is a playful treatment of Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*; an enjoyable production that despite its light-heartedness manages to discuss serious themes of gender and nationalism.



The Good Place



It's always awkward when they get your name wrong \\ NBCUniversal



Becker, Ted Danson's underrated late 90s sitcom gem, was something of a staple of my formative years. So, naturally, when a new sitcom with his involvement was announced, I took notice. *The Good Place* follows one Eleanor Shellstrop, played by Kristen Bell, who dies in a freak erectile dysfunction-related accident and finds herself in the titular 'Good Place'. There's just one problem, Eleanor is nowhere near as 'good' a person as the location's creator Michael, played by Danson, believes her to be.

The series generally follows her as she attempts to fit in with her surroundings and avoid getting caught and sent to 'The Bad Place', helpfully described by horrific screaming. The premise, though it may sound outlandish, is a refreshing change from the banality of contemporary network sitcoms. Instead, it evokes memories of cult classics such as *Pushing Daisies*, with similarly bubble-gummy visuals. Similarly, the comedy is not abrasive,

ostentatious, or too in-your-face. Jokes are subtle and consistent, keeping you entertained throughout. However, extremely stand-

\\ It evokes memories of cult classics such as *Pushing Daisies* \\

out comedic moments are few and far between. So if you prefer big jokes, you may not enjoy this as much. Conversely though, a lot of attention is paid to small details, and there is often humour to be drawn from seemingly small elements of the background. The series also manages to build an uncharacteristically rich lore for a sitcom, all without thrusting needless exposition or details onto the viewer. The show has more layers and mysteries than initial

appearances suggest, and a solid foundation is built for any future seasons. Personally, I'm left to wonder how such seemingly 'selfless' people are comfortable with some esoteric criteria condemning all others to eternal damnation. Clearly, there's a catch. The acting is, unsurprisingly, great although Danson and Bell do tend to dominate on that front. Danson really gets to show off his versatility here, successfully capturing Michael's unsure yet optimistic nature. All things considered, this is definitely an interesting idea, and I'd be glad to see network TV go this way.



Anurag Deshpande

Before *Deadpool* was a mote in creator Rob Liefeld's eye, beloved superhero parodies have long been a cult favourite. As part of Amazon's latest round of original programming, *The Tick* returns to our screens, now played by Peter Serafinowicz, in a decidedly more complex adaptation compared to previous incarnations. The City is descending slowly into crime, its protectors, the Flag Five, have been blinded and brutally murdered by the Terror.

But the Terror is believed dead, and the neurotic, obsessive, and mentally traumatised Arthur Everest is the only one who knows otherwise. Fortunately, there's the titular Tick. Written by Tick creator Ben Edlund, and produced by iconic Tick actor Patrick Warburton, this latest distillation embraces a tonal shift, being more serious, and 'dark and gritty'. Now, normally, I shudder when I

hear those words applied to a comic book adaptation (because God forbid superheroes not be assholes, right?), but here it feels earned. The Tick has always to-an-extent been a satire of superheroes, and consequently frequently been darkly comic. What's more is that this 'darkening' is subverted slightly.

The character of the Tick himself remains untouched. He's still cartoonish, probably insane, and prone to long speeches riddled with mixed metaphors, in short, a classic superhero. The show cleverly inverts the usual comedic formula of a straight man in an absurd world, with an incredibly absurd man in a depressingly realistic world. The pilot does a fantastic job of establishing this new City's status quo, and introducing us succinctly to the main cast. In particular, the decision to make the point-of-view character Arthur, instead of the Tick, is to be commended. In addition to grounding the viewers' perspectives, it also adds another layer of

intrigue; we can never really be sure if the Tick truly exists, or is just a manifestation of Arthur's mental illness. Griffin Newman does an excellent job of balancing Arthur's

\\ The show cleverly inverts the usual comedic formula \\

obsessive tendencies with his genuine desire to do good. The ever underrated Jackie Earle Haley puts in a typically solid and understated performance as the Terror. Serafinowicz seems to have a great time cheesing it up as the blue bug, and while he doesn't quite match Warburton's highs, he does an amicable job. I'm confident he'll grow into the role, given the time. The series is a solid blend of satire, dark comedy, drama, and classic superhero cheese.

If you're a fan of any of those, do give this series a chance.

The Tick



The new face of heroism \\ Amazon



Anurag Deshpande

Union Page

Our Response to the National Student Survey

NSS Response

14 key recommendations
by us, to Imperial College
London.



The results from the National Student Survey (NSS) this year revealed that the number of students satisfied with Imperial College London dropped by 5%, with the number of students satisfied with us, the Union, dropping by 7% (from 2015 to 2016). These new results still put the Union with a higher satisfaction rating than most Student Unions. However, we should always aim to be the best, and understand why and how Imperial College London and the Union can improve our student satisfaction.

We've spent dozens of hours carefully crafting 14 recommendations for the College to take action on, and for the first time ever the College have agreed to implement all of them – an unprecedented move. This is a huge

step in the right direction, and shows real commitment from the College. Our fundamental aim at the Union is to make your time at Imperial the best it can be. It's been that way for over 100 years, since the day we were founded.

Read our full Response online at imperialcollegeunion.org/news

Take part in Imperial's new Learning and Teaching Strategy



Imperial has launched a consultation, open to all staff and students, on the development of a new College-wide Learning and Teaching strategy. Led by Professor Simone Buitendijk, Imperial's Vice-Provost for Education, it aims to bring modern and fresh approaches to the educational experience across College. From evidence-based teaching methods through to new approaches to assessment and feedback, the new Strategy will be key to delivering excellence and innovation in education.

The aim of the strategy is to realise the potential for positive change in education delivery that online learning innovations can bring, at the same time as supporting staff who are already innovating in this area. The strategy will also be focusing on how we reward and develop staff who deliver excellence and innovation in education and those who will play a key role in championing these changes.

The College is working closely with us on the development of the new strategy, including Nas Andriopoulos, Union President, Luke McCrone, Deputy President (Education) and our Academic Representation Network. Find out more and take part in the consultation by visiting:

imperialcollegeunion.org/news

advice centre

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Are you making the Switch?



\\ Nintendo

The **Wii U** was, to be frank, **not that successful** and probably dented Nintendo's position. Now they've introduced the **Switch** with a load of **new features**. Question is, will it be enough?

The year is 2016, and the Wii U has been doing incredibly badly worldwide for a number of years. In March, Nintendo announced a partnership with a Japanese mobile provider, DeNA, to provide some of their intellectual properties on mobile platforms. While this came as a big surprise, it was the news we received shortly afterwards that really set imaginations alight. In a press conference only a few days later, they confirmed that a new hardware platform was in development, simply codenamed the "NX".

Last month, Nintendo

\\ **By simply lifting the tablet out of the dock, you can transition from TV to handheld** \\

officially announced this much-rumoured console as the Nintendo Switch, a home console/portable hybrid. The promotional video they uploaded showcased many potential ways to play, with

the release date being March 2017.

The Nintendo Switch was revealed to be a tablet-like console, with two controllers called Joy-Cons that can attach to both sides of the console. These can be detached and used wirelessly, in a similar fashion to a Wii-mote and Nunchuk, all while playing on the tablet. However, no official information is available on whether the Joy-Cons are motion-enabled or if the tablet has a touchscreen. The Joy-Cons can also act as individual controllers when turned sideways, though they seem rather small. An accessory called a Joy-Con Grip is also available, which acts as a holder for both Joy-Con controllers (termed L and R respectively), and a more traditional Switch Pro Controller will also be released.

The console itself can be placed into a dock which can be connected to a TV for playing on the big screen. However, the tablet cannot be used while docked, so it seems that Nintendo has abandoned multi-screen functionality, available on both the 3DS and the Wii U. By simply lifting the tablet out of the dock, you can transition from TV to handheld, and

to transition from handheld to TV, you simply place the tablet back into the dock. It is extremely simple and seems to work instantly, with the game continuing exactly as it was before the transition.

Nintendo has shown a number of games being played on the system, likely not actual gameplay footage



though. A brand new 3D Mario game was shown, along with *NBA 2K17* and possibly updated versions of *Mario Kart 8* and *Splatoon*. Surprisingly, one of the games that received the most screen time was *The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim*. A large chunk of the promotional video showcased a person taking his Switch

with him on a plane before returning home, playing *Skyrim* the entire time. They also showed arguably their most anticipated upcoming game, *The Legend of Zelda: Breath of the Wild*, which will also release simultaneously on the Wii U.

Nvidia announced that they have been working with Nintendo to create a custom Tegra processor to power the Switch; they currently use the Tegra in the Nvidia Shield, their own portable gaming console. While no numbers or benchmarks have been revealed, the fact that *The Legend of Zelda: Breath of the Wild* will release simultaneously on the Wii U and Switch means the Switch should at least rival the Wii U in terms of performance.

The Switch will play games using game cards instead of discs, which is a clever move as flash media is now faster, smaller, cheaper and able to hold more data than Blu-Rays. Unfortunately, this implies it won't be backwards compatible with the Wii U or the 3DS. Ports, emulators or even accessories haven't been ruled out to play games from older systems, though the latter is more likely a pipedream.

A number of third-party game developers and publishers have been confirmed by Nintendo to be supporting the Switch. The list is extremely

\\ **The Switch should at least rival the Wii U in terms of performance** \\

promising and includes all the major players as well as some smaller companies. Of note are FromSoftware, the creators of the *Souls* series and *Bloodborne*; Telltale Games, who are famous for their point-and-click games; Bethesda, the minds behind both *The Elder Scrolls* and *Fallout*; and Platinum Games, the creators of *Metal Gear Rising: Revengeance* and *Bayonetta*.

The Switch seems like a major step in the right direction from Nintendo; they seem to be guaranteeing strong third-party support and are also trying to appeal to both casual and core gamers. And right now, I think it's definitely working.

Qasim Mahmood



Make restaurants great again

felix discusses what really makes a restaurant shine, with a trip to Popolo – one of Shoreditch's many new trendy eateries that for once isn't just overblown hype.

Christy Lam

How do you differentiate between a good and an excellent restaurant? Is it the Michelin-starred chef behind the counter splattering sauce over thumb-sized morsels of food? Is it the extra 0.1 rating or half a star on OpenTable? Or is it the two-hour-long queue outside the no-reservation system every evening?

Different people have varying standards of a good dining experience. Some people may tend towards the quality of the food itself, while others deliver their reviews based on service and value. For me, the deciding factor is not just the food, or how accessible the booking system was or if I'm getting what I paid for. What matters is something deeper: the personal interactions I can create with the atmosphere, the stories and the people that accompany each dish.

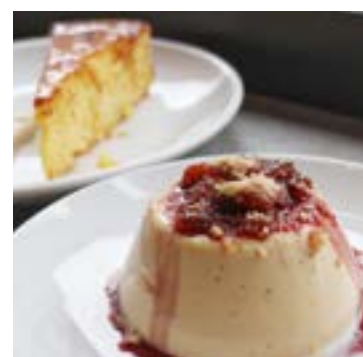
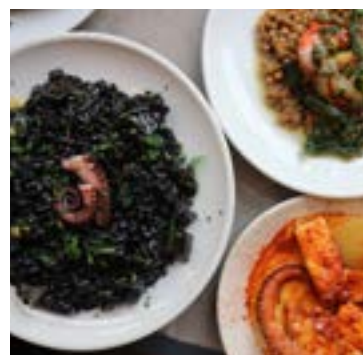
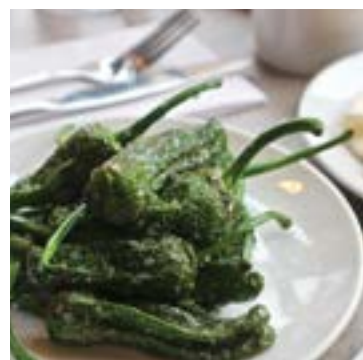
Perhaps this is why I tend towards exploring street food markets and small independent eateries over well-established chains. Instead of tasting the food exactly as how it was placed before me on the plate, I get to see action. I get to speak to the person making my food, not delivering my orders to a waiter. I get to savour each owner's stories from their past, and their aspirations. It's those tiny details that add a greater depth of flavour on

my tongue, give understanding of the food, and establish a long-lasting impression in my memory.

A restaurant that has given me exactly what I was looking for was Popolo, an Italian-inspired eatery that had opened just a few weeks ago on Rivington Street, in the heart of Shoreditch. The two-story restaurant was dressed in a dark grey, almost blending in with the quiet neighbourhood. Some paintwork in a contrasting yellow colour paralleled with the graffiti some 50 metres away.

Upon entering we were greeted by an open kitchen surrounded by an L-shaped bar, giving full view of all the kitchen theatre. Upstairs was a small dining area with tables and a bar table stretching along the window. The simple, grey, industrial-style interior carried through from the door up along the brick walls, and was a complete juxtaposition of the vibrant experience that followed.

Munur, the manager and co-owner, greeted us with such welcoming warmth that we instantly felt at home on our seats by the window. He entertained us with wonderful stories of his past as an investment banker, how he started the restaurant with Jon, the co-owner and head chef, and their ideas. He showed us photos of the transformation of the restaurant from an Indian takeaway to what it is now, talked about the seven



in a vibrant, sweet romesco sauce, with some crunch from the almonds and hazelnuts. The Carabineros ended the mains with a blast of excitement: the palm-sized red prawn was grilled whole. We fought to break the body from the head, separating the luscious meat from the shell, sucking the hot juices from the head. The simple flavours of the sea blended in seamlessly with the smoky flavours from the grill, infused into every inch of the shrimp and diffused through our mouths. Our faces were in the same happiness as the photo of Munur's eleven year-old daughter savouring her father's creation.

To allow our stomachs to be full at this stage was a very wrong move indeed. We were presented with two desserts. The first was a moist orange and almond cake, with coarse bits of almonds which was a surprise from the usual finely ground almonds. The second was a wobbly delight – a panna cotta. This was not any panna cotta, but a burnt honey

weeks of renovation with such excitement while pointing at a white streak on the brick wall where the original white walls had been.

Munur left us to taste the first two plates: fried olives and chickpeas on labne, and a plate of bright green Padron peppers. The olives were crunchy golden nuggets exploding with their mellow, earthy juices, scooping up the smooth, mild-flavoured labne and drips of chilli oil. The Padron peppers came warm, dressed in olive oil and sea salt, and were soft, juicy and sweet.

A selection of dishes from the seafood menu appeared on our table swiftly after. The Capesante was a huge, orange, grilled diver scallop

with its roe still attached, on a bed of lentils and green laver seaweed. The scallop itself was perfectly cooked, still soft and succulent inside. The risotto nero came as an impressive plate of glossy, creamy, flavourful jet black rice, with generous chunks of tender squid and two cheeky tentacles on top. The Pulpo, one of their signatures, was a plate of octopus and potato slices all in an enticing sunset-red. The octopus was the complete opposite from the tough, rubbery, overcooked pieces of protein you get elsewhere, and was soft and supple.

Our meal crept up to a climax with two more dishes. Our vegetable dish featured Romanesco and cauliflower

\\ What matters to me is something deeper: the stories and the people that accompany each dish \\

vanilla version with sweet figs poached in red wine. The caramel notes came through from the velvety smooth cream, introducing a strong floral aftertaste.

Popolo was what I was searching for in a restaurant – simple, delicious food, in a unique atmosphere, people who are passionate about what they do, and a wonderful story behind it.

Why cook at all?

In the age of Deliveroo and convenience foods, why should you cook at all? *felix* finds how the easiest way to connect with people isn't in Metric or Nandos – it's over your stovetop (wine helps too).

Andrada Balmez

The easiest way to make friends, anywhere, anytime, but specifically in college? Cook!

I don't mean the morning milk-and-cereal or ready meals you buy and just put in the microwave for five to ten minutes, I mean real food, prepared 'with love', just as your mother used to do before you left. I am not a chef, but from time to time I like to cook and more often than not, the food doesn't end up in the trash. And every time I prepare something, my kitchen gets full – not only of tasty smells and veggies and pots – but of people.

Someone just enters the

kitchen to get some water or something and they go with the classic "Oh! This smells good! What are you cooking?" and I'll just ask them to stay and have a bite as I hardly ever really know what I am actually cooking – from time to time I follow some

\\ I don't mean the morning milk-and-cereal or ready meals: I mean real food, prepared 'with love' \\



I mean, there aren't college rules on plagiarism for cooking...

recipe or other, but most of the time I just improvise with things I have in the fridge.

Once I tried to cook a recipe from an anime – Shokugeki no Soma, if you want to know – and it was quite successful. So successful that even though I planned making enough food for at least two days, it was gone in less than half an hour with the help of six (or maybe nine?) people. And this is what

happens most of the times I try cooking something that requires more than just the use of a microwave.

But I don't mind. I really don't. Actually, I like it when people come to eat with me – it somehow makes me feel like home; people everywhere, who talk about their day and are happy over some pie and a glass of wine. The kitchen, quite a magical place, actually makes college feel more

like a home than expected, as long as people have a reason to spend time in there.

And this is so perfect for a shy person (like me). There is nothing more I hate than starting a conversation, but in the kitchen there is no need for a start – people just talk and change subject and laugh and spend time together; there is no awkward silence – you always have the perfect sounds of food simmering and wine pouring. Cooking really helped me make friends, and not just friends among the people who live in the same flat as me.

But don't take my word for it! Just go cook and share some of your food with people – even if you are not that skilled in the kitchen, most people would appreciate the effort and the fact that you thought about them too.

(Of course, they would appreciate it even more if you could serve them a perfectly cooked steak and some chocolate cake, but hey, you're only a student and you've just began your journey in the kitchen).

Quick and easy

No, I'm not describing one of your sexcapades – that would lose me my job. Here's a simple weeknight recipe for something you can really call home cooking.

Sanjay Bhattacharya

I must confess – the last time I made a stew, it took me 72 hours from start to finish. Short ribs, cooked at 54°C for two-and-a-half days in my waterbath were mouthwateringly tender

and exceptionally beefy, with a wonderful red wine sauce and plenty of just tender veg. But fear not! You don't need to raid the lab for a waterbath for this stew. I've tried to keep it quite

simple here, but feel free to mix it up as much as you want. Beef can be swapped for lamb or pork, but try and pick stewing cuts – they're cheaper, anyhow.

Makes enough for 4

Ingredients

Cooking oil
500g stewing beef
500g carrots, scrubbed
1 large onion, peeled
Plain flour
Pepper
Oregano, thyme
2 cloves garlic, peeled.
Beef stock cube
500ml ale/red wine/water
Worcestershire sauce
300g frozen peas

Start by heating the oil – a good splash – in a large pan. When almost smoking, add in half the beef and get stirring – you don't want to burn anything, but it needs to brown. Turn the heat down slightly and keep frying the beef until it is really brown on all sides.

Remove the first batch of meat to a bowl and repeat with the second half. Once browned, remove the meat from the pan, leaving behind most of the fat. To this, add the carrots, sliced into very thick rounds. Get them browning too, whilst you halve and slice the onions thickly, with the grain (ie. from root to tip). Add them to the pan, and keep frying. If at any point things seem to be catching, add a

splash of water to that part of the pan and stir to loosen it.

Return the beef to the pan, and add a good handful of flour, along with plenty of ground black pepper and the herbs. Keep stirring to get the flour all cooked out, and get rid of any lumps. Slice up the garlic cloves and toss them in with the crumbled stock cube, before adding in the liquid of your choosing – a nice amber ale or a strong red would work well, but so would box wine or just water (fosters?).

Bring to the simmer and let stew, uncovered – I would advise anywhere from two-four hours, depending on your cut of beef. Finish with worcestershire, and add the frozen peas at the last minute.



DRUGS

Drug Bible | Ketamine 101

Bezzle K dog
Ket Vitamin K Special K
Super K Kit Kat Purple
Bez

What it does

Ketamine, put simply, is a general anaesthetic. Whilst infrequently administered to humans, it is more commonly used when operating on animals, predominantly horses. That's right boys and girls, sniffing Ketamine is not dissimilar to taking the drugs required to sedate a horse.

The effects don't last long, normally 30 to 50 minutes depending on the strength and quality of the drug. Effects include; a reduction in senses likened to drunkenness, a change in perception of your sight and hearing (more commonly called 'tripping') and the loss of the ability to speak in a manner which others humans can understand.

How you use it

Ketamine comes in the form of a crystalline powder. When doing research for this article, it was also suggested to me it is possible to inject, however I have never seen nor heard of this happening in real life. When sniffing any form of drug, the effects are almost instantaneous.

When sniffing, please ensure all crystals are crushed. This will not only ensure that your nose doesn't encounter searing pain this Friday, but will also relieve you of the torment of pissing out crystals. The pain which is only comparable to that feeling encountered when you realise Trump has won the election.

Legality

"On June 10th 2014, Ketamine changed from a class C to a class B controlled drug. This means that possession of Ketamine could now get you up to five years in jail and an unlimited fine, while supplying Ketamine to someone else could get you up to 14 years in jail and an unlimited fine." This is official government policy. However, in real life, if caught with Ketamine for the first time you are more likely to simply receive a caution (or a reprimand if you're under 18). Something akin to a slap on the wrist from the police.

Glossary

Tripping / Trips - When your perceptions alter, allowing you to experience hallucinations.

Ket Hole / K Hole - A state encountered when you take large amounts of (good quality) Ketamine. To people around you, you will appear unresponsive, however you will be experiencing some shit hot trips.

Racking up / Cutting up - To form your Ketamine in to lines. Normally lines are formed on CD/DVD cases, if anyone still owns those anymore.

Line - Quite literally a line of Ketamine. Lines come in various sizes, from 0.1 gram (small) to gram lines if you're a professional.

Key - Quite literally Ketamine on a key (for example a house key). Prepared by simply inserting a key in to your trusty bag of Ketamine, keys are naturally smaller than lines. Keys are often used instead of lines due to a reduced amount of preparation required, it is not exactly convenient to start racking up your Ketamine in 568 is it?

Some statistics

According to Home Office's "Drug Misuse: Findings from the 2014/15 Crime Survey for England and Wales - Second edition" (doesn't it have a fancy name for something so dull?), Ketamine use amongst 16 to 24 years olds is decreasing. With "Proportion of adults (16 - 24) reporting use" standing at 1.6%. Whilst that may appear paltry I'd wager there's a substantial number out there not reporting use - I mean why would you?

Things to do when you're high

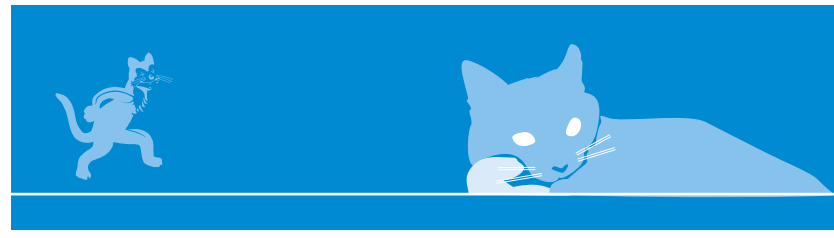
Do

- Chill out with your friends and watch a film, although no horrors if you're tripping!
- Embrace the effects - don't worry, you'll be fine in an hour.
- Make sure you're in an environment you're comfortable with.

Don't

- Feel peer pressured - if you don't want it, DON'T DO IT!
- Take with an upper (Cocaine, MDMA etc.) unless you know what you're doing. Speed-balling anyone?
- Take before any important task. I shit you not, I knew someone who went to an interview after taking ketamine. Needless to say they didn't get the job.

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



SEX

The politics of pubes - how much is too much?

Have you ever felt like someone was judging your pubes? Most of us have felt under some pressure to neat up, groom, or man-scape our bits, but is this a social expectation that we place on ourselves, or do other people actually care about how well maintained we are down there?

When it comes to having sex, no one likes hair in their teeth, but it kind of comes with the territory. I think most people with a regular partner feel that some level of hair is certainly worth putting up with if it means getting to drop the hair removal routine. But while just about everyone agrees that it's "polite" and "considerate" to trim, many people feel an extraordinary amount of pressure to remove all traces of these tufty curls.

Although being completely devoid of pubic hair runs the risk of making you look like a prepubescent, the way that we consume porn has often made it the expectation, particularly for women. For girls these days, this is something

\\ No one likes hair in their teeth, but it kind of comes with the territory \\

that starts as soon as the little curls start sprouting, a contrast to a decade ago where removal of public hair beyond a bikini line trim was an alien concept to teenagers and seen only in Sex and the City.

But the times seem to be changing, with various fashion magazines declaring this

year that the "freedom bush" is back in fashion. Actually, when people say "the bush is back", what they mean is that now people want all hair removed from a woman's genitals, apart from a patch at the top that makes your minge look somewhat akin to Donald Trump's toupee, which is supposed to be artfully groomed so that it doesn't look groomed at all. Of course, women naturally have a lot more hair than that, and this is actually even more effort than asking us to go completely bare.

But it's more cleaner, right? Aside from wanting to feel sexier, the main reason that people give for wanting to, and expecting their partners to be clean shaven, or at least neat and tidy, is hygiene. But even that is a misconception - pubic hair is there to protect the delicate skin of genitals

from friction, and the microscopic wounds created by all methods of hair removal create a breeding ground for all sorts of bacteria and assists transmission of STIs.

Really, are the stubble and ingrown hairs worth it? A pubic mound that strongly

\\ A pubic mound that strongly resembles a recently-plucked chicken is not a happy mound \\

resembles a recently-plucked chicken is not a happy mound. It's entirely your business what you do with your pubic hair; if it makes you feel sexy to know that no one

will see the hairs in your butt crack when they're ploughing you from behind, then more power to you.

But one thing that I've learnt is that everyone has pubic hair, and as long as it's not matted and smelly, it's not going to be a deal breaker. If you're spending time every day in the shower twisting awkwardly trying to keep your undercarriage stubble free because you think that is what is expected of you, maybe try giving it a break for a while and see what happens.

Yes, there is unfortunately some social expectation, and maybe some people will be surprised - for all the 19 year olds I've slept with who've never seen pubes before - but when it comes to getting down, they probably won't mind, and they might even like it. And so might you.

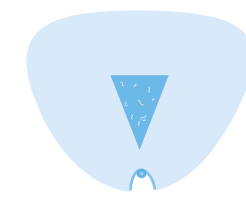
If you're experimenting with sporting a hairy muff, here are some hairstyles you might like to try.

THE BUSH



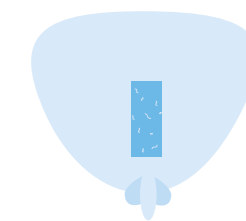
Minimal attention required. A good style choice when you have coursework deadlines coming up.

THE DORITO



Good if you want an excuse for that cheesy smell. A surprisingly high-maintenance version of the original.

THE LANDING STRIP



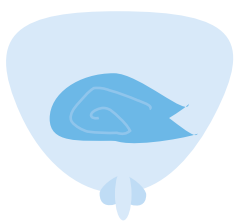
Or the Boyzilian. A solid choice if you think that anyone heading down there needs directions.

THE MOUSTACHE



Best worn during November or when on Erasmus in France. Perfect if you fondly call your junk Hercule.

THE DONALD TRUMP



Ideal for blondes. You can comb this so that it covers up your carefully constructed bald bits.



CRISIS

Chris

Dear Chris,

I need your help! My bank balance is suffering! I can't stop online shopping. There is nothing more soothing than looking at pretty clothes all day, it has become my safety blanket. Nothing compares to the thrill of the parcel coming through the door - it's like Christmas when I was seven but Father Christmas gets it right! Nothing gets my adrenaline running like ripping through the patterned plastic and watching it pile up in the doorway. It's a beautiful sight, until I realise I can't recycle any of it and I'm left with hoards of poor-quality clothing and a chasm where my student loan used to be. What do I do? How do I stop myself?

Yours,
Zara

Hey Zara!

Oh Boohoo, can't you see that things could be so much worse? If you enjoy what you're doing Just Do It! You aren't doing anything massively wrong or Missguided. If it helps you to be Glamorous and get a New Look, you should go for it! We all need something to help us get through the day in the Office. Think of it like this: The Gap in your wallet is fuelling the wonderful system our society is based on. As for recycling, just forget it, the world is no Oasis and you'd be naïve to treat it so. We dig up the ground for Diesel and shove the waste back in.

This is just how the world works; the wheels keep spinning and Vans keep on driving. Everywhere is like this - from the Midlands to the Coast. Trying to act like the Converse is true will only harm yourself. Sure, it isn't exactly sustainable, but it's not like you won't be able to get an Apple because you made an order. Any supposed effects are just conjecture anyway, it's not like, proved or anything, more just a Guess. If you want to Accessorize, then go for it. There's no point trying to stop yourself just Cos. We aren't Allsaints.

Much love
Chris xxxxx

HOROSCOPES



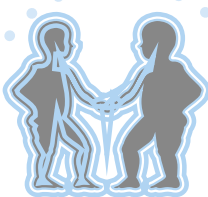
ARIES

This week you're the dog in the John Lewis advert. The foxes and badger are your friends at 'normal' universities. Look at how much fun they're having.



TAURUS

This week you watch Planet Earth 2. There haven't been that many snakes in one place since Freshers Ball.



GEMINI

This week the US Election is finally over but you don't want to know who won. Like everyone, you skip the rest of the paper and just read the horoscopes. Spoiler: Nobody won, we all lost.



CANCER

This week you rush your Italian coursework because it's for horizons and nobody really cares about your grade. You hit up Google Translate for your essay and accidentally proposition your 55 year old Italian teacher. That essay got you an A+.



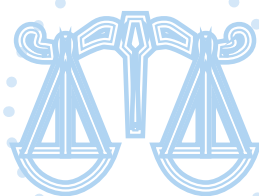
LEO

This week you get upset because someone took your quotes out of context and put them into the wider context that is reality.



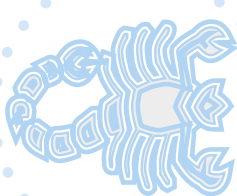
VIRGO

This week you pull out into traffic. You should probably choose a better place to have sex.



LIBRA

This week the library opens both doors in the same day but refuses to have both open at the same time. SORT IT OUT LIBRARY. MY NINE GRAND DESERVES TO HAVE BOTH DOORS OPEN. STOP YOUR FICKLE GAMES.



SCORPIO

This week you get called a gutter journalist. Pat yourself on the back cause gurl, you're doing your job right.



SAGITTARIUS

This week you're the two escapees from Pentonville Prison. You decide to go back inside once you see how fucked it all is in the outside world.



CAPRICORN

This week you're the new Toblerone and you're a fucking disgrace. End of.



AQUARIUS

This week you find Imperial's secret hat room. Find it and you can join the inner sanctum. Join us. Join us. Join us.



PISCES

This we - fuck it, we're not gonna live past this week anyway so what does it fucking matter?



Imperial girls can, always have been and will continue to



have now been married for three wonderful months, and even though I may be the man of the house I can happily say my wife has a more proficient history in sport than I. Do note the lack of shame. I have no beef with such a statement. I am proud to talk about her previous achievements and will continue to be, even when our future children ask why I always lose during games night. Again, not in a 'this is unusual' way, in a perfectly normal, proud-husband manner.

We are here to talk about *Imperial Girls Can*. Last week, Sport Imperial hosted a successful five days of events with the aim of getting women more involved in sport. Sessions included tag rugby, tennis and Halloween-themed exercise classes; sessions aimed at the right target audience and reportedly enjoyed by all that attended. There did seem to be a limited amount you could choose to do, some even suggesting an element of sexism in those advertised. I can emphasise to a certain extent, with a much heavier emphasis on fitness classes than sport. But let's explore this more.

Does that opinion not seem a tad extreme? Bringing sexism into this suggests an

insulting selection of classes whose sole aim is to pander to women, condescendingly making them feel 'involved' in

**\\ Sessions aimed at the right target audience and reportedly enjoyed by all **

a masculine world of sport as if pleasing a temperamental child. I disagree, but don't take my word for it, listen to the opinions of those that matter. This reporter decided to go out and actually ask those who took part, and you may be surprised.

I had the pleasure of speaking to the President and Vice-President of the Lawn Tennis club (both women I hasten to add), who were kind enough to spare a few minutes before heading off to one of the aforementioned events. I began by enquiring as to how *Imperial Girls Can* was set up, organised and advertised. It became clear there was minimal, if any, communication between Sport Imperial and the ACC clubs of Imperial College, echoed by the women's rugby

club who said:

"We were not given the opportunity to input on when the event was, 1-2 on a Monday was largely unsuitable as most people have lectures, as such there wasn't an amazing turnout ... the way they publicize and choose event times needs re-thinking"

Very telling from two clubs whose sports were among the few included. The tennis ladies inform me that most of the ACC clubs had events organised, but these simply weren't advertised to the level of that seen for *Imperial Girls Can*. On whose head this lies is not for me to say, but it should be addressed in future events.

Time to deliver on the pleasant surprise I promised. The organisation may have been questionable, however I get the impression the events were enjoyable. In fact, I'm told the tennis women who attended other events had a great time and even got in touch with Sport Imperial suggesting some be added to the regular timetable. Again, the rugby club agree with this and enjoyed their session, reporting that those who did attend had a great time. If these events were truly sexist surely the atmosphere would have been one of anger and protest, not enjoyment?

The simple fact is that these sports and classes are things that women enjoy, just not exclusively. Sport Imperial only have limited resources but it appears they delivered. Both clubs actually expressed disappointment that more didn't attend, and the two I'm speaking to even inform me a boy turned up (shock horror!). But only the one, guess he must have been lost ...

In fact, he may well have been. As a member of the opposite sex, I did get the impression the week was for women only. At no point was it made clear that men were welcome to attend, but as mentioned at the start of this piece, shouldn't it be obvious? Equality means

**\\ Are men really that intimidating? I certainly don't feel it when doing the dishes in a fetching apron **

opportunities for all at supposedly single-sex events. To quote UN Women Goodwill Ambassador Emma Watson: "Men ... Gender equality is

your issue too".

My interview with the tennis duo moves onto their sport in general, in order to try and address this. I'm pleased to hear the Lawn Tennis Club has very commendable female participation, but at the social level there's a hint of masculinity that means they actually organised a women's only event. Are men really that intimidating? I certainly don't feel it when doing the dishes in a fetching apron. There is also an obvious frustration that women's tennis is seen as a lower form of sports quality compared to that of men, a thought which fans of hockey (Rio anyone?) and football (sorry boys, the female team have a much better track record) should know is simply not true.

I thank my guests for taking the time to talk to me and I thank you for reading this, but I know nothing can be solved with regards to sport equality in an 800 word article. I want to hear from all the clubs who feel there is a lack of gender equality, I want more events based around addressing male participation in female-based sports (and vice versa) and above all, I want my wife to let me win for once.



IC dD dazzle, dive and dart at mixed regionals

After a great start to the year for the disc Doctors (dD - Imperial's Ultimate Frisbee club) with the women performing brilliantly at SICKO and our very own beginners' tournament, the women in particular were outstanding, scoring an impressive number of points and maintaining the quality of their game. #ImperialGirlsCan.

The 1s came in 2nd at this event last year and were looking to improve. The pool games started well, with convincing wins over Essex, Cambridge and St Mary's and only one loss to Herts 1s placing them 2nd in their pool. dD struggled going into the power pool against UEA but found their mojo, convincingly beating UCL 9-3. An easy cross against UCL 2s left the team playing 3rd placed Brunel – a dangerous opponent. After a convincing 9-5 win, Imperial faced Herts 1s for a place in the final. At the second time of asking, dD didn't quite

\\ Although nerve-racking at times, the team were able to pull out a win \\

have enough to win, losing 8-6 and leaving the team with a game for 3rd against old rivals Cambridge. This was an intense game (as expected), but Cambridge are not the all-powerful side they once were. Although nerve-racking at times, the team were able to pull out a win, giving us one last chance to claim a spot in division one nationals.

This game was once again against Herts 1s. dD were determined not to make it three losses in a row and came out firing. With unwavering sideline support from dD2 and dD3, the team put in six unanswered points to take the lead. This energy ultimately secured the 9-2 win at the third time of asking and gave the team 2nd overall, placing them in the division one nationals next month.



The 2s had a difficult pool, with two first teams, however they overcame KCL 2s to finish 3rd. They also performed well in their power pool, defeating Essex 2s and Cambridge 2s on universe point well into overtime. This meant that the team held seed throughout both pool and power-pool stages – a fantastic achievement.

The Sunday games started off against two first teams in which dD2 played well, but ultimately lost out to the

quality of the higher placed teams. Whilst they didn't gain a position, they hadn't lost a position either, giving them a final game against UCL for 11th overall. This was a very close game, coming down to a single score with the team losing out 4-3 to finish 12th. Coming into the tournament as a third team means there is no pressure to perform and is a great way for many of our beginners to see what good ultimate frisbee looks like. The initial pool stages of the tournament were always

going to be a steep learning curve playing first teams with more experienced players. Despite this, the team kept on improving and put in several points each game. The round robin bracket for 13th-19th was similar, but the team really connected and played commendably, eventually finishing a respectable 18th. The team can look forward to continual improvement with both men's and women's regionals on the horizon.

Anthony Featherstone

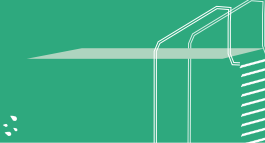
Tennis social proves great success

This Sunday, IC tennis sent forth social players into the world of competitive tennis for the first time. Our six hopeful challengers ventured to Roehampton, where they would take on counterparts from across West London in a series of singles and doubles matches. The fledgling players showed no fear in this new environment,



coming out on top in seven of the ten games, winning the tournament and proving our dominance of the social tennis scene. This competition, the first of its kind, was an incredible success, with players enjoying music and free food throughout the day. Twice as many social tennis players will compete again in December at the University of Brunel to defend their title.

Thomas Matcham



IC American Football still hungry for victory

After finishing 0-8 last year, the Immortals took to the field against the Kent Falcons with a hunger to win. The first half was sluggish with the offence unable to move the ball and a host of conceded penalties. A similar scene was seen across the Falcons' offence. The Immortals were able to force two turnovers: an interception by Immortals' rookie Aaron 'The Geordie' Wilson (Offensive MVP) and a forced fumble recovered by Harry 'I don't like being called beefy in felix' Lawrence. A lapse in concentration from the Immortals allowed the Falcons a touchdown and two-point conversion. The score was 8-0 at half-time.

The Immortal's offense took to the field with renewed

\\ A forced fumble recovered by Harry 'I don't like being called beefy in felix' Lawrence \\

vitality. Jason Patrick 'Kill'em' Kullian (Overall MVP) led the offense to a touchdown and two-point conversion with powerful runs and accurate passes, bring the score to 8-8. The Immortals shut down the Falcons' offense with strong tackling from William 'Gonzo' Ginzo (Defensive MVP) and a beautiful interception from breakout rookie Henry 'no-fly-zone' Alston (Rookie Defensive MVP). Unfortunately the Falcons' defense stayed strong, and after a few drives it was

the Falcons who managed to get a touchdown with a lofty throw and catch also gaining the two-point conversion. Changes to offense found Aaron Wilson playing both safety and wide receiver. The duo Jason (QB) and Aaron (WR) linked up for a long passing touchdown, and with a successful conversion the game was again tied. The Falcons' defense held strong even against strong running from Jorge 'HHHOOORR-REEE-HHHEEEYYYY' Ales (Rookie Offensive MVP). In the final two minutes a fumble was recovered by Imraj 'no groin' Singh, putting the Immortals in Falcons' territory. Immortals were unable to convert, and the game was forced into overtime.

The Immortals started with the ball in overtime. With strong running swallowed



up by the Falcons' defense, they went to the air in an attempt to score, but to no avail. The ball was turned over to the Falcons' offense, with their powerful running back and twin tight-end formation against the fatigued Immortals defense the touchdown was conceded. Final score 16-22.

A special mention is needed

for Henry Turner (Line MVP), a player that proved dependable even when playing both ways, and out of position – a testament to the Immortal's spirit. This may not be the desired result, but we strive ever forward. #HustleHitNeverQuit.

Imraj Singh

IC Fencing sweep aside all-comers

Last week the men's 2s descended on King's College for their third match of the season. The importance of this match cannot be underestimated: Imperial's pride was at stake after the 1s narrowly lost to their counterparts at King's the week before. Foil kicked things off for the 2s, showing our superiority by smashing King's with a score of 45-10. Confident going into epee (one fencer forced to use their non-dominant hand), Imperial won 45-38 after our final fencer was subbed off until he could find a weapon to fence with. Victory was completed with a 45-35 win in sabre,

putting the final score at 135-83, keeping up the winning margins for the men's 2s for yet another week and propelling the team to the top of their league. A mention must go to Cosmin Badea, who normally only fences foil for the team and who was

called upon to fence all three weapons. He stormed his way through all his opponents and was vital in our victory. What a trooper!

The men's 1s were fencing that day against Kent, looking for their second win of the season after a close



win against Queen Mary 1s 130-125 and the aforementioned loss to King's. After relegation last year the team were looking to bounce right back up to the Premiership, so every win is vital. Epee to begin, and with the possibility of double hits, getting a large lead is challenging. However Imperial fencers James Odgers and Charles Morot got +12 and +13 indicators each (the best you can get when constantly winning is +15), leading to an epee score of 45-16. Second up was foil and after a win of 45-23 Imperial had already won the match in similar fashion to Germany against Brazil in the 2014 football

world cup. Sabre didn't want to miss out on this magnificent performance and after +14 indicators for Will Moore and Chris Erickson, stormed to a 45-16 victory, giving an overall score of 135-55.

Topping off a great week for IC Fencing was Ailsa Morrison who, at the week-end, represented Scotland in the women's foil event of the five Nations in Manchester. Scotland finished 3rd in the event and 2nd overall. Well done everyone and keep up the good work. Do or do not, there is no try!

Jamie Simpson



Rugby 3s open winning account against medics

The IC third XV faced the medics at the fortress of Harlington, hoping to follow in the footsteps of the varsity whitewash last year. Falling on the same day as the much-anticipated RVC night, this game could very well go down as one of the most important of the season for the 3s.

A win was imperative. The pre-game team run-through was cohesive and the pre-match speech electrifying, thanks to ex-boy scout and rapid eyebrow-grower captain Morgan Ball. The game got underway with Ball sending his namesake up high deep into the Medic's half. A strong performance from IC's forwards turned the ball over in a ruck. After stringing

together several phases the ball was shipped out to the backs where an overlap saw fresher, and recently-turned animal enthusiast, Tom Berrige score his first try for IC. With no space on the preseason kicking program due to there not being one, Giustinuainai's (spelling confirmed) kick went amiss.

IC dominated the minutes following the first try.

Impressive forward rotation and steaming runs from Harry 'Payne Train' Payne saw momentum build in IC's favor. With the Medics on their heels, scrum half Takemasu kicked to gain ground. Spanish Jean, keen on spreading his culture overseas, chased down the ball and proceeded to ram his horn-like shoulders into the skinny matador

that was the Medics' full back. A penalty followed by a lineout maul saw the forward pack march over the try line for the second try of the game. Once again, due to the aforementioned circumstances, the kick simply couldn't be converted.

Now into the double digits, IC's minds drifted from the field and complacency crept in. Soon the Medics were awarded a penalty five metres from IC's yet-to-be-grazed try line. A quick pick-and-go saw their number eight cut through the line to score the wettest try of the game. The confidence built up over the first half was now gone. The score stood 10-7 to IC at the break.

The second half saw both teams make several unforced errors, resulting in a scrappy



initial ten minutes. It was within this scrappiness that inside centre, Giustinuainai, thrived. Eyeing down the pass from a plump Medic prop, he managed to intercept the ball and run it down the middle. There was unfortunately no report of a dab following the try. After this third try the Medics' heads hung lower than a zebra's fifth leg.

The Medics were now easy

pickings with darting runs from both the forwards and backs easily tearing them apart. The fourth and bonus point try came in the form of a forward pod offload to the backline. Winger, and overwhelmingly French, Papa Roach received the aforementioned pass and managed to bash through the Medics defense to score. The final score stood 22-7.

Leonardo Giustiniani

Save the cheerleader, save the world

Imperial College Titans are the university's cheerleading team. The club is entering its 6th year of competition, with silver medals under our belt from last year's nationals, and we need your support to go for gold.

Cheerleading is one of the fastest growing sports in the UK, combining stunts, gymnastics and, of course, dance. Our team of boys and girls work tirelessly throughout the year to put on flawless routines, which are performed at competitions against university and semi-professionals from across the country. The Titans have seen a revolution over the past two years, with the appointment of an all-star coach who has previously

represented England at the World Championships. Ever since, we have consistently placed in the top three at nationals, bringing home bronze at Level two and silver at Level one. This year we hope to compete at a larger event and improve our standing amongst Level two teams. This involves greater gymnastics skills and more advanced stunts, such as having the flyer on one foot and held at extension (over the bases' heads).

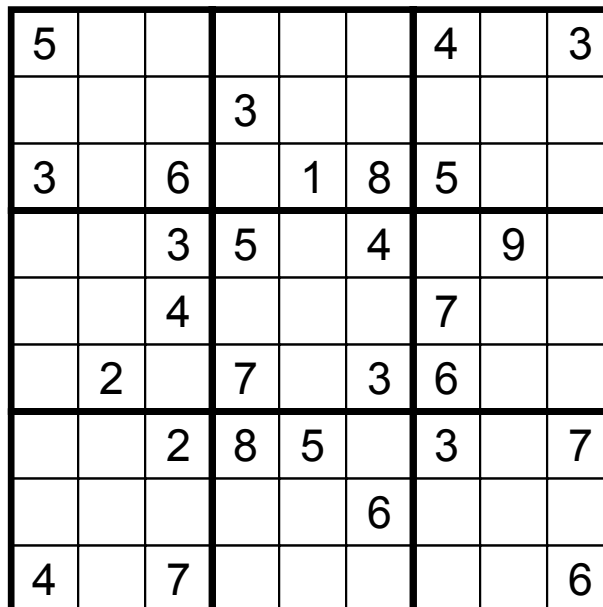
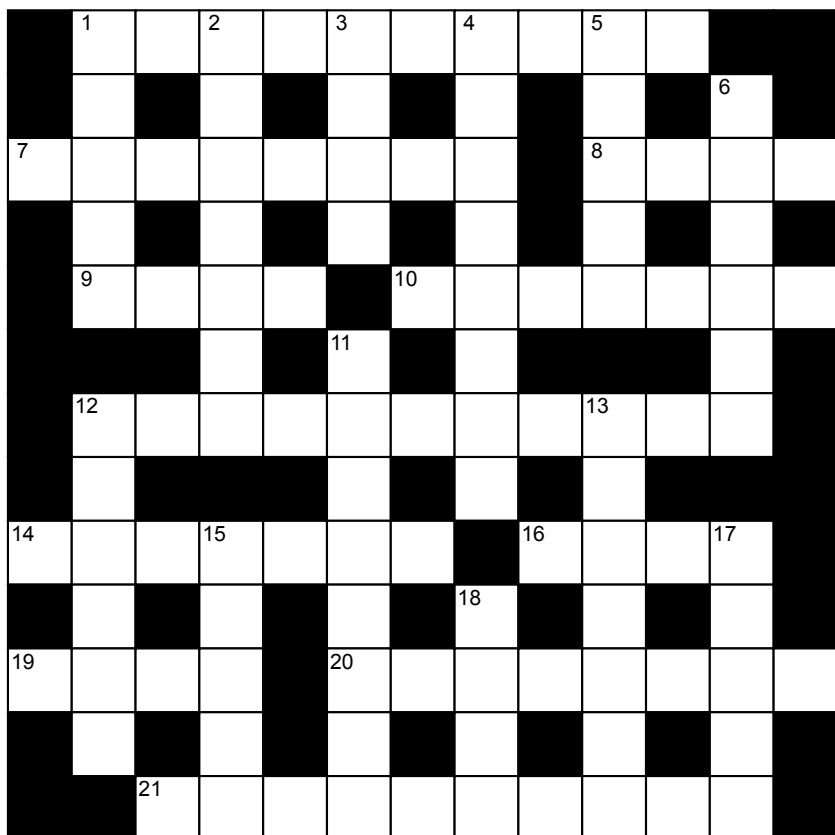
Our annual fundraiser, *Save The Cheerleader*, provides vital financial support for the team. Members can then take part in elite level events without breaking the bank. Cheer is all about showmanship, which comes at

a cost. Tailor-made uniforms and kit, as well as entry fees, are well beyond the average students financial capabilities and so we are appealing to you for help. *Save The Cheerleader* is a great night to show your support and have a fantastic time with the team, who have been working hard to kickstart the new season and would love to see a massive turnout! So head over to Embargos on Wednesday 16th after sports night, to support the cheerleaders while enjoying fantastic drinks deals (2-4-1 cocktails and £2.50 beers!) and the company of our lovely team! Tickets are on sale online and through cheerleaders around campus every lunchtime.

Srishti Bhasin



felix ... PUZZLES



FUCWIT

Leaderboard

The Czechmates	74
Anonymous	69
Sneezing Pandas	63
Willie Rush	63
NSNO	52
Schrödingers Cat Strikes Back	42
Guinea Pigs	40
The Ultimate Fucwit	38
Puzzled	31
The Gravitons	31
CEP MSC	26
Bananana	20
RollEEer	19
Grand Day in Cullercoats	15
Poulet	15
Grilled Cheese Inc.	14
Hillary Killed Harambe	14
Jence	14
Les Nuls	14
G. Hackman	10
Ludi	9
Chemical Brethren	5
Fanny Schmeller	5
TIA	5
Singed Potato	4

Points Available

Nonogram	8
Crossword	5
Sudoku	4
Slitherlink	8

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

	B	R	E	T	H	R	E	N		A	C	E	
H		E		O		O		O		G		C	
A	P	P	L	Y		M	A	R	T	I	A	L	
P		L				A		W		L		A	
P	L	A	T	O	O	N		E	L	E	C	T	
E		C		V		Y		G					
N	E	E	D	E	D		W	I	Z	A	R	D	
						R		U		A	V	A	
R	O	W	E	D		P	O	N	T	O	O	N	
E		E		R		K				C		G	
A	G	I	T	A	T	E		I	N	A	N	E	
C		R		W		E		L		D		R	
H	I	D				N	A	P	O	L	E	O	N

Across

- 1. English county (10)
- 7. Put together (8)
- 8. Replicate (4)
- 9. Way out (4)
- 10. Bewilder (7)
- 12. Collector of shoreline debris (11)
- 14. Injurious (7)
- 16. Immense (4)
- 19. Stitched (4)
- 20. Snag (8)
- 21. Temperature scale (10)

Down

- 1. Idle bee (5)
- 2. Facsimile (7)
- 3. Shout (4)
- 4. Line of bushes (8)
- 5. Go over it again (5)
- 6. Become visible (6)
- 11. Upper arm joint (8)
- 12. Red Indian warriors (6)
- 13. Blackberry bush (7)
- 15. Food from heaven (5)
- 17. Implicitly understood (5)
- 18. Wet weather (4)

