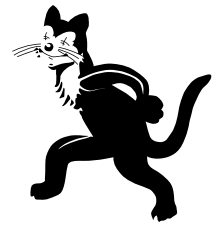


felix ...

THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON



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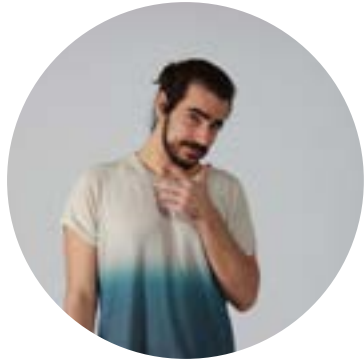
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I will not challenge the status quo
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We're almost there



Another week, another quality paper. The holidays are fast approaching, and let me tell you I cannot wait. For a glorious three weeks I will not have to work like a madman and I can catch up on all the Westworld I've missed, and go through my inbox, print all my unread mail, put it in little envelopes, mail it to myself, act all surprised when I receive it, take it to the lounge in front of the fireplace and chuck it in the blazing flames.

Speaking of emails, the department of Life Sciences thought it was a good idea to remind everyone that sexual assault is bad – thanks, I guess.

In other news, all the Jailbreak teams should be on their way back by now. Some from the outskirts of London, others from whatever their intercontinental destinations were. They raised a lot of money which

was good. But some spent a lot of money too, which was not so good. But, who am I to judge? The nicest thing I've done all year is share some of my celery with Jonathan Masters.

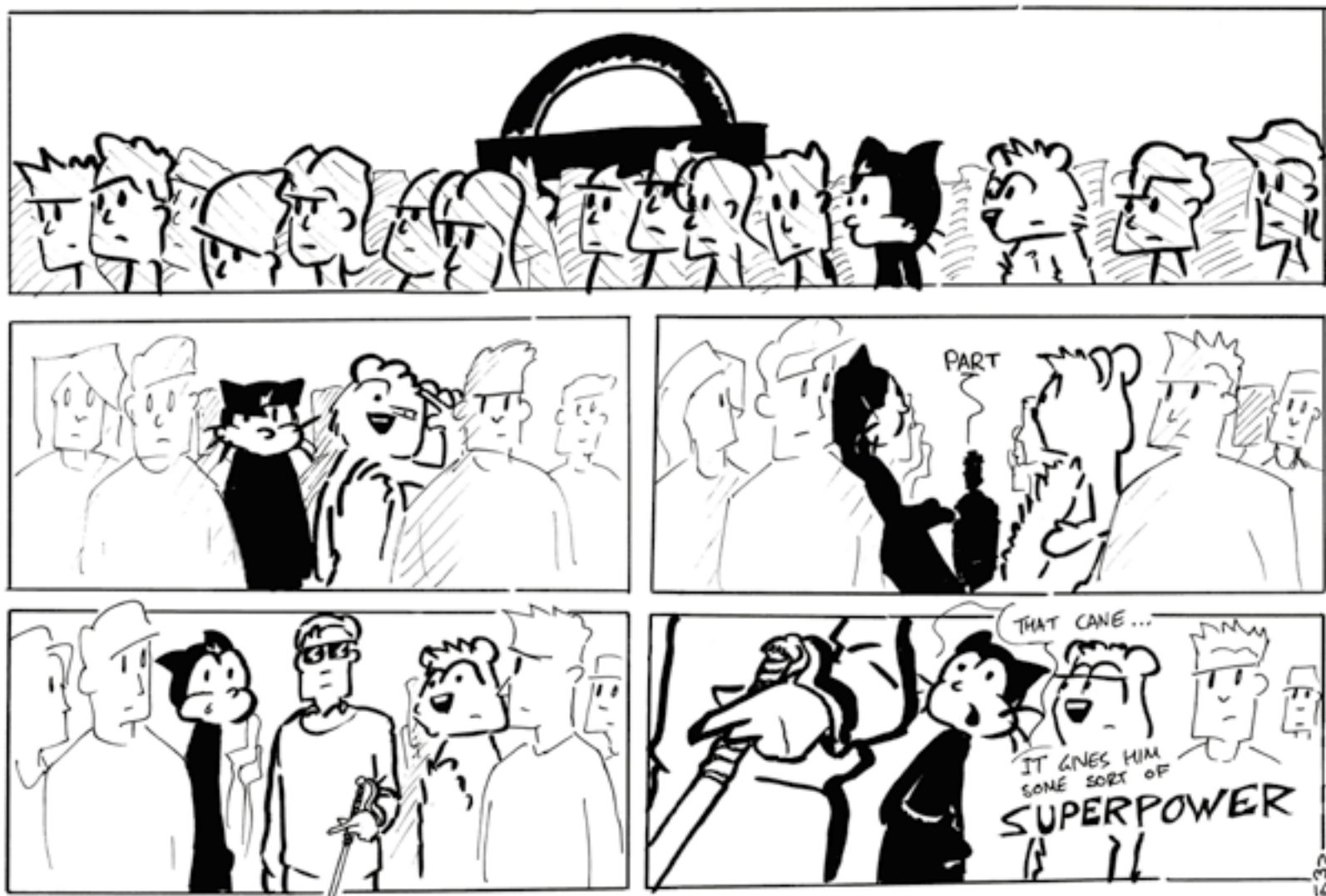
This week we tried to focus on disabilities. We wanted to put the spotlight on the community but sadly we didn't manage to get the participation we were hoping for. We still have some strong features and we want to thank those of you who came forward and decided to share your stories with us. Talking openly about our experiences is the only way to really understand each other and appreciate where everyone is coming from. We hope these themes are taken as intended, as open invitations to continuing contribution, not one-offs.

So, enjoy and be brave. Two more weeks till the winter break.

T H E
T E A M

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Public meeting to save Charing Cross

Stephen Naulls

A packed crowd criticised changes to A&E services

A packed public meeting was attended by hundreds of Hammersmith and Fulham residents this week, in support of the campaign to save Charing Cross Hospital.

"There is nothing that makes me prouder to be British than those three words: National Health Service". This was the rallying call sent

**\\ Cowan asked what type of world we want to hand on to our children, following a scathing criticism of the government's plans **

out by Cllr Stephen Cowan at the close of the meeting after defending his refusal to sign the North West London Sustainability and Transformation Plan. Cowan, the Leader

of the Council asked the audience what type of world we want to hand on to our children, following a scathing criticism of the government's plans to radically overhaul healthcare in the borough as part of an extensive cost-cutting programme touted to be worth in excess of £1.3bn.

Roger Steer, a member of the team involved in the critical appraisal of the STP, voiced concerns over the viability of the plan, which would see a reduction of in-patient capacity by 600 beds in a time when the population of North West London is projected to increase by 26% over the next 20 years. There was also a criticism of Imperial College Healthcare Trust's statement claiming "there will be no reduction in the hospital's A&E and wider services during the lifetime of the STP" as spin, given that the duration of the plan is only five years; hardly providing lasting protection for the status of the hospital. Indeed, for a plan which claims to be sustainable and transformative, there is little evidence of any consideration of the long-term ramifications of the

reforms.

There was further elucidation of the exact changes that would be made to Charing Cross' A&E services. Since Hammersmith and Central

**\\ There was further elucidation of the exact changes that would be made to Charing Cross' A&E services **

Middlesex A&Es were closed, other A&Es in London have struggled to meet the national waiting time requirements due to increased pressure on services. Again, Cllr Cowan outlined the calculated use of A&E classification to deceive the public on the fate of the services. Currently, CX has a 'Class 1' categorisation, which NHS England defines as a "consultant led 24-hour service with full resuscitation facilities and designated accommodation for the reception of accident and

emergency patients". The plans would see CX downgraded to a 'Class 3' A&E which is "nurse led and treats minor injuries". As the panel jested – if your child got their head stuck in a bucket, you'd take them to a Class 3 A&E to get some Vaseline to help slide it off. More seriously though, this draws to attention the clear deception of the public on the true extent of the changes; in a world increasingly consumed by a post-truth politics, politicians appear more concerned with masking the truth from us than engaging in a real debate about the future of our health service.

Also under threat would be Charing Cross' world-class stroke services, which would potentially be relocated to St Mary's in an effort to create a 'superhub' capable of competing on the international stage. For campaigners from Save Our Hospitals on the panel, however, providing rapid and safe treatment for Londoners takes priority. The shift in location would see two stroke centres based within one mile of each other, potentially leaving NW

London dangerously isolated. The government's pledge that they could transport somebody from Chiswick to Paddington in under 14 minutes was laughed off by the audience. But beneath the laughter remains the much darker truth that the extent of the centralisation present in the plan could put patients in danger, especially if the population projections are accurate and acute demand in NW London continues to grow.

There was a chance for ICSM students to ask questions too. A member of BMA Imperial's contingent quizzed the panel on the consequences for undergraduate medical training. With closures resulting fewer hospitals to train in, students voiced concerns that there would be fewer learning opportunities due to saturation of their clinical placements with more students per consultant and the impact of this on their ongoing training.

Whether this outcry from both local residents and students at the plans will change the future of Charing Cross remains to be seen.

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Jailbreakers return breaking past records

Turns out people really want to get away from Imperial

Lef Apostolakis

As another year nears its conclusion so does another Jailbreak challenge. This year's annual travelling competition, organised by IC RAG, broke the previously held record for participation, as well as for distance travelled by a single team. The winners Ayush Dharap and Rohan Prasad from team Brownian Motion, managed to reach Bali, Indonesia, a whopping 12,500km away (or a return trip to the centre of the Earth) raising £355.88 in the process.

The key to their success, they claim, was planning. "As soon as we committed to doing Jailbreak we were set on breaking the Imperial record of Singapore. We thought preliminary fundraising would be a good opportunity to test the waters, and to get a headstart on raising money for our charities... We noticed how few people carried cash on them - because of this we set up a separate online donation page for the day of Jailbreak. Using technology was an effective solution, and we raised £200 from here."

On the day of Jailbreak, Brownian Motion hit the busy London streets and managed

to raise £700. This allowed them to book flights to Dubai only to almost immediately cancel the tickets to buy flights to Bali, a good 7,000 km further away yet still within budget (return costs were covered by the Jailbreaking teams). Almost 24 hours later, Brownian Motion checked themselves in a luxurious four

\\ Our dreams of Kazakhstan were dashed by a long stopover in Moscow \\

star hotel, having broken the previous Singapore record.

But Brownian Motion weren't the only team to achieve impressive distances this year. Over half the participating teams reached the 1,000 km mark, and over a quarter of the teams surpassed the 2,000 km mark.

In not so close but equally astonishing second place, rip harambe travelled an impressive 4,515 km, managing to reach Gambia in the process. Team rip harambe, consisting of first year medic Benjamin Jones and his climbing partner,



I mean there's winning and then there's that \\ IC RAG

second year Southampton computing student Samuel Law, achieved their mission by identifying the destination with the best distance to price ratio the night before. ("Our dreams of Kazakhstan were dashed by a long stopover in Moscow").

2016's Jailbreak challenge went a lot smoother this time round. Last year, one of IC RAG's Jailbreak teams got pulled off a flight to Turkey after terror suspicions (it was all a misunderstanding). Despite the lack of drama this year, there were still surprises. "I spent £36 on 3G sending a Snapchat, which was fun", says Jones of team rip harambe, who we hope will think twice next time he enables data roaming in Gambia.

Though Jailbreak is often criticised when donation money is spent on travelling expenses, teams are expected to pay for their journeys back and they usually also acquire sponsorship per mile travelled, so in the end, despite travel costs, the fundraiser yields significant proceeds. RAG chair, Cynfelyn Nancarrow-Lei, said " [We tried] to create

a per-mile sponsorship form prior to the Jailbreak, so that you raise more for Charity after the Jailbreak (when you know how many miles you have travelled) than you do for flights during the event. I really pushed that this year in the presentation I gave and in emails and social media. Unfortunately the winning team didn't adopt this method. If they did they could be raising a hell of a lot more. Most other teams will however

\\ I spent £36 on 3G sending a Snapchat, which was fun \\

did take our advice."

The top two teams (distance-wise), Brownian Motion and rip harambe, have so far raised £355 and £435 respectively. In total this year's jailbreak has raised £10,000 so far but is expecting to raise somewhere between £15,000 and £20,000 by the end of term. Donations

will be split equally between ActionAid, The British Heart Foundation, Cancer Research UK, and Noah's Ark Children's Hospice.

Honorable mentions include: Dora the explorers, consisting of Lindsay Reid and Priya Gupta, who raised £500, yet only managed to cover 3.6km (I cover more distance during my commute to work).

The High Five (who ironically consist of four members, as the fifth member forgot to register online) managed to raise £ 1,936 yet only travelled 6.7km, bagging the top fundraising team prize in the process.

Teams The Hitchhiking Honey's and Shallow End Club who travelled the furthest in the UK and exclusively via hitchhiking respectively (that's the spirit).

Tequila Mockingbird, Teletubbies, and Gimperial also scored points for their excellent name choices.

Celebrations will take place next week (info to be released on IC RAG's Facebook page). Due to the event's success this year, another round will be taking place in Spring.



The winning team, someplace a lot warmer than London \\ Brownian Motion



Prayer Room refurbishment

Long overdue works are set to be started

Lef Apostolakis

Plans to restore the Brothers' Prayer Room to an acceptable condition are underway after the issue was brought to the attention of DP Finance and DP Clubs and Societies at the beginning of term. The prayer room is managed by IC's Islamic Society, and located at 9B Princes Gardens. The prayer room has been in a "sub-optimal state for some years now", according to Mazen el-Turk, chair of Islamic Society but currently the group is in discussions with the Union and College about a refurbishment.

"The College is currently having their own discussions

over what exactly to do with the building we're in. So while a major refurbishment is definitely (hopefully) coming to us in the near future, we're going to have to wait for

\\ The prayer room has been in sub-optimal state for some years now \\

the college to go through their channels before we actually know what exactly is happening" says el-Turk.

The prayer room is suffering from a number of maintenance issues, including a dirty carpet emitting a strong smell, damp on the walls, and peeling wallpaper. All of these issues are exacerbated by poor ventilation.

"We first approached the Union to fix this about six years ago. We were told then that we might be moving out of the room soon, so we should wait and see what happens. We were mainly told this as we were planning to spend our own money on the refurbishment, and the Union did not want us wasting a few thousand for no reason. After that, we didn't really pursue the matter

further until last year when we approached the Union again (of course, everyone who had initially inquired had already graduated) to which they said similar things.

\\ We first approached the Union to fix this about six years ago \\

"It was only until this year that we managed to secure a refurbishment to the building. I think having the building

manager visit and see the state of the room really helped. We still might be getting moved out soon, but we'll have a fully refurbished room while we wait."

The refurbishment was agreed after DPFS and DPCS met with the Head of Estates, who has arranged for the works to take place during the Winter break. In the meantime the Union, in conjunction with College, will locate an appropriate space for members of Islamic Society to pray, which takes into consideration the club's needs such as proximity to washroom facilities. The finer details of the refurbishment are still under negotiation.

Life Sciences: 'College says sexual assault = bad'

Department sends weird email mentioning sexual assault incident

Lef Apostolakis

An email was sent out on Wednesday, to the Department of Life Sciences, informing recipients of a serious incident of sexual assault taking place last year between members of the department.

The email was signed off by Professor Murray Selkirk (Head of Department), Professor Neil, Fairweather (Postgraduate Tutor), Dr Stuart Haslam (Senior Tutor, Biochemistry) and Professor Pietro Spanu (Senior Tutor, Biological Sciences).

The precise wording of the communication was: "It has come to light that, last year, a serious incident of sexual assault took place between students of our Department. The College and the Department of Life Sciences take the view that such behaviour is completely unacceptable.

"We take this opportunity to remind you of the official college policies on this, as well as advice for anyone who may have been involved in any incident of this kind"

The email also included links to College's Harassment, Bullying and Victimisation

policy, as well as to a College page with resources for victims of sexual assault.

It is unclear why the department of Life Sciences chose this line of communication, the sole purpose of which seems to be a reminder to the student body of the College finding such behaviour "completely unacceptable" - one would hope that the fact that sexual assault is illegal should suffice.

However it is likely that there has been more than one incident, with victims choosing not to come forth with allegations yet.

This email might be an

attempt to reach out and support silent victims who may have failed to seek appropriate support.

We tried contacting Imperial College and the Department of Life Sciences to divulge the circumstances under which the sexual assault took place, but no specifics have been released, such as whether the assault was reported to the police, or whether any disciplinary action was taken.

An official statement read that "The College's priority is always the safety and wellbeing of its students and staff. Any kind of sexual violence or harassment has no

place within our community. We treat any allegation of sexual assault with the utmost seriousness.

"Students would always be encouraged to contact the police if they feel they have been the victim of any crime. Any student who has experienced sexual violence and who would like to talk to a member of the College can contact the College Tutors, their personal tutor, Hall Wardens, or the student counselling service for advice and support."

We have yet to receive a reply from the Department of Life Sciences.

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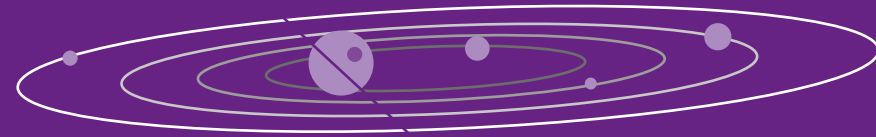
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A question of body and mind

Maurice Zard explores the links between physical and mental disease

An ever growing body of evidence is suggesting that depression, and other forms of mental illness, can be linked with physical conditions like bowel and skin diseases. While it's clear that mental disorders are associated with a higher incidence of physical conditions, how generalized (over a range of physical health outcomes) these associations are is far less clear.

A recent study by psychologists at the University of Basel and Ruhr University Bochum

has identified temporal patterns in the mental and physical state of 6,500 young people. In particular, the study links arthritis and digestive system diseases with depression, anxiety with skin disease and others like epilepsy with eating disorders. Previously, evidence linking physical and mental disease was largely on a single-case basis, but for the first time it has been formally noted that the two are correlated, with physical diseases occurring more frequently in adolescents having previously suffered a mental illness. Interestingly, the same might be said about mental disorders occurring after the onset of particular physical diseases. Diseases relating to moods, feelings or attitudes like depression often saw the development of arthritis or digestive diseases, while anxiety disorders were more common with people with a history of heart disease.

Another study looked at the association of 16 specific mental disorders with the

subsequent onset or diagnosis of 10 chronic physical conditions. The cases were spread across 17 countries, with the main outcome of the study being that all kinds of mental disorders were associated, at least in part, with a significant risk of developing one of a wide range of chronic physical conditions. The authors suggest that current efforts to improve the physical health of individuals might be too narrowly focused on a small group of the most severe mental disorders, while it might be more optimal to consider integrating physical health considerations into the treatment of all mental disorders, as early as possible.

These studies offer insight into the causal relationship between physical and mental disease, throwing light on the processes that are relevant to their origins and perhaps how to better treat them individually, or even together. The results of these studies, and others, are likely to cause many to doubt the effectiveness of



what can only be described as the appalling treatments that exist for many serious mental diseases. Arguably, we're not advanced in the areas of physical science, philosophy or psychology to fully explain the interaction between physical and mental disease, or how to properly cure them. That said, now that the relationship between them is better established, we might better anticipate mental or physical disease in all their forms. The origins of one might well stimulate the onset of the other, and perhaps more study into the nature of this relationship will lead to better treatment, and ultimately prevention of the crippling and cyclic nature of mental and physical disease.

When I was
Three
I wanted to be...



Fact: A 10-year old girl discovered a new molecule in her chemistry lesson.

Anyone who did chemistry at school will remember those ball-and-stick molecule toys that teachers used to try and get everyone enthusiastic about covalent bonding. But 10 year old Clara Lazen decided she knew more than her teacher.

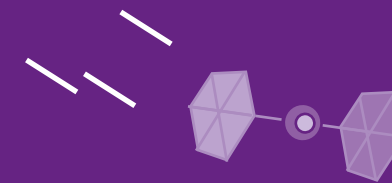
Clara managed to arrange black, red and green balls (representing carbon, oxygen and nitrogen) into a complicated arrangement that looks like the result of a bet on who could make the most excessive molecule before someone got shouted at. And yet, when she asked her teacher if it was real, he wasn't sure.

Turned out she had discovered tetranitrotoxicarbon - a molecule that doesn't exist in nature, but could theoretically be made in a lab. Cue the youngest author of a paper in Computation and Theoretical Chemistry and everlasting jokes about being the teacher's pet. While the molecule hasn't actually been made yet, in theory it could be used to store energy or as an explosive similar to dynamite.

Funnily enough, now she's more interested in biology and medicine. Chemistry? Completed it mate.

Another one of Mr. Aran Shaanak's Little Bites of Science @BitesOfScience

Another one of Mr. Aran Shaanak's Little Bites of Science @BitesOfScience



A foundation in fractals

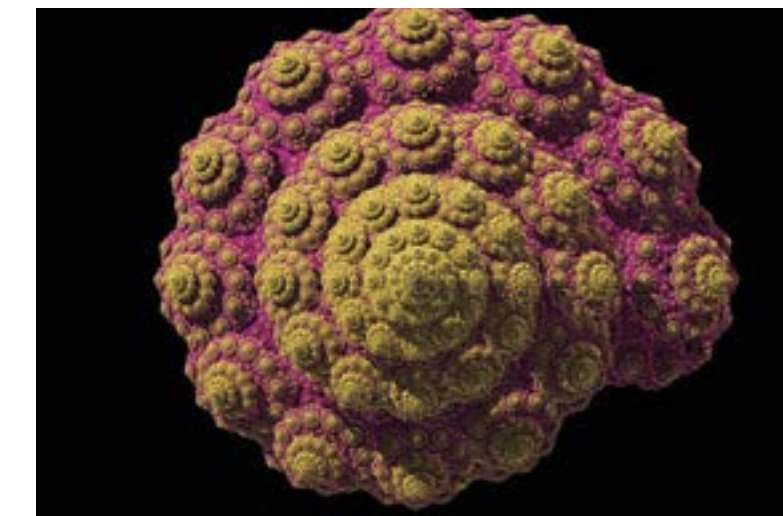
Zofia Strzelecka highlights the wonders and applications of the patterns that make up the universe

Fractals are everywhere we look. Clouds, snowflakes, broccoli - even mountains are full of them. Simply put, a fractal is a never-ending pattern that can be defined as 'a rough or fragmented geometric shape that can be subdivided in parts, each of

which is a reduced-size copy of the whole'. This property of fractals is called self-similarity. In nature, fractals mainly include branching patterns like those of a tree or river tributaries, or spiral patterns like a hurricane or the Milky Way.

Despite being evident in all living things, they

predominantly feature in the study of maths, as they were first named by Benoit Mandelbrot (1924-2010) - 'the fractalist' - who is the father of fractal geometry and invented the term in 1975. Mathematical fractals, such as 'the Mandelbrot Set' are simply formed by repeating the same equation thousands of times and looping the answer into the start. This forms an infinitely complex pattern, which can form beautiful pictures when viewed graphically. For this reason, fractals are often used in fashion as well as creative arts with one famous example being paintings by Katsushika Hokusai. Even the work of famous classical musicians has underlying fractal algorithms to explain



why their compositions hold so much interest.

But the world of fractal mathematics not only inspired artists. By showing the hidden beauty found beneath reality, studying them has also aided researchers in cosmology, medicine, engineering and genetics as well. Using fractals is a great way to describe the unpredictable, like earthquakes, variation in heart rhythm and the outbreak of disease to name but a few applications.

Another important use is in the financial market, where Mandelbrot first started working on the mathematics of complexity at IBM during the 60s. He even wrote a book on his theories, where he applies fractals to describe the future of the stock market.

Overall, fractals not only make great desktop backgrounds, but they also describe the world by showing the hidden beauty, complexity and unpredictability we face in life.

£5 for top quality animal fat

Ben Sharpless discusses the latest controversy surrounding the new £5 note

Introduced in September of this year, the revamped £5 bank notes are designed to be more robust and last longer than the previous edition.

Already seen in countries like Australia, Canada and Indonesia, these polymer bank notes are designed not to be torn, therefore increasing their lifespan by about 2.5 times, reducing the need to produce more.

Though unlike these banknotes, the UK's £5 note contains one surprising ingredient - tallow.

Tallow is a processed form

of rendered beef fat obtained from cows, and is probably best known as once being used in candles as the main form of light in pre-electrical



times. More recently, it is found in soap, the production of biofuels, and food production, such as deep-fried fast food.

The Bank of England has declined to comment on any further details about the use of animal fat in its banknotes, without giving a reason or a possible alternative, but the news has left many people angered and triggered a large online petition to have the banknotes removed or replaced. While most of the time vegans - and other consumers - have a choice to consume animal or

non-animal goods, there is little choice when it comes to which currency you use. The use of animal fats also implicates religious groups such as some Hindu, Sikh and Jain groups, who are forbidden to use beef products, in line with their faith.

Protesters argue its use as unethical and needless, citing the lack of animal fats in polymer banknotes of other countries, and the petition against the use of tallow in £5 banknotes has reached 100,000 signatures at the time of writing.

Barrier bleaching isn't so Great

Elizabeth Riach evaluates the future of Australia's biggest attraction



Following the general vibes of this tragic excuse of a year, scientists have now confirmed that 2016 has seen the largest coral die-off ever recorded on Australia's Great Barrier Reef.

The most affected area runs along the northern part, where an average of 67% of all shallow-water coral has been lost in the past 8-9 months.

The worst part is that the north side of the reef was the most pristine and protected section of this natural marvel. The well-known marine research station, Lizard Island, is directly where most of the die-off has occurred. Earlier this year, I asked a friend of mine how to get

involved with the research they were doing and she just replied "I wouldn't recommend it right now, the coral is bleached to heck and everyone working there is a bit sad at the moment". I now



understand why.

Further south, scientists were very much relieved to see lower levels of death and destruction. Professor Andrew Baird led teams of divers to re-survey the reefs in October and November, and has confirmed that on average 6% of bleached corals died in the central region, and only 1% in the south this year. These corals have bounced back post-bleaching and regained their vibrant colour. This is welcome news after the majority of them bleached over summer, and there were fears many were too far gone.

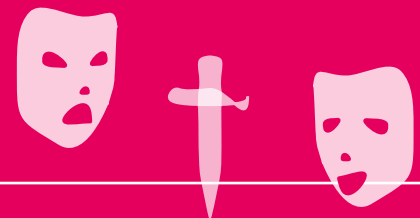
The reason for this partial protection of the reef may be to do with the upwelling of cold water from the Coral Sea reducing heat stress from



rising temperatures. For now, these parts are safe, but it would take at least 10-15 years before the northern area of the reef regains its coral. However, there is a risk of a fourth bleaching

event this coming summer that could damage the already broken reef beyond repair. An even more terrifying prediction has also been put forward by Drew Harvell, a renowned professor in ecology biology who specialises in marine diseases. She says that after mass bleaching events, outbreaks of coral disease often follow as "the double whammy of corals being stressed and warm temperatures favour infectious micro-organisms".

The take away message from this story, is if you've ever fancied visiting this natural wonder, do it sooner rather than later. With these climate predictions, it won't be so 'Great' in a few years' time.



A stunning study of everyday beauty



A nuanced study of domestic bliss \\ Soda Pictures



Fred Fyles

Jim Jarmusch's latest work *Paterson* is a **breathhtaking** exploration of day-to-day life, blissful love, and the sheer **power of poetry**.

Being made an adjective is a double-edged sword. Take pity on Kafka – while having an eponymous adjective may mean your style has made its lasting mark on popular culture, it also means that it has become ripe for parody; never mind the legions

of individuals who use Kafkaesque as a synonym for 'dark', 'alienating', or 'pertaining to queues'. As such, perhaps American director Jim Jarmusch should be worried: over his last eleven films, since his directorial debut in 1980, Jarmusch has carved out a niche for himself in independent American

cinema with his trademark style. Going into a Jarmusch film, you sort of know what to expect: reels of exceptionally-crafted dialogue; an industrial, washed-out soundtrack; and probably a cameo from Tom Waits. Surely it's only a matter of time before 'Jarmuschian' enters into our popular lexicon.

On paper, *Paterson*, his 12th film, finds Jarmusch treading dangerously close to the realm of self-parody: Adam Driver stars as Paterson, a bus driver living in Paterson, New Jersey with a penchant for modernist American poetry, particularly William Carlos Williams, and his epic poem *Paterson*; Golshifteh

**\\ Jarmusch has created a many-layered film that belies its simple premise, and merits repeat viewings **

Farahani plays his wife Laura, who turns her hand to numerous creative endeavours, and dreams of being a black-and-white-outfitted cupcake-baking country-star. The film covers a week in Paterson's life, and the routine is immediately established: waking early, Paterson drives his bus around the city, eavesdropping on the passengers and writing poetry in his breaks while his wife paints and makes new outfits; returning home, he walks his dog and stops off at a bar for a beer. The scene fades to black, and the new day dawns.

And that's pretty much it. The days aren't all the same, but very little actually happens. There's no grand narrative arc, no crucial denouement – in essence, Jarmusch rejects the conventional trappings of screenwriting. But *Paterson* is all the better for it: through paring down the plot, Jarmusch strips away any extraneous flesh, leaving a clean bone of a film – one

that can powerfully yet subtly show off its best attributes. The dialogue, as you would expect from Jarmusch, is simply superb, completely nailing the wandering nature of conversational speech; it's like being an intimate witness into dozens of fascinating conversations, allowing us to revel in the simple power of language. Cues and references in the script are brought back again and again, both visually and through speech, creating a many-layered film that belies its simple premise, and merits repeat viewings.

Driver is on superlative form here, easily delivering his best performance on screen yet. His *Paterson* is – compared to those around him – a quiet cypher, one who is more comfortable listening than talking, and stands at the eye of a cyclone of conversation; the majority of his lines come in the form of a voice-over of him reading his free-verse poems, written by New York School member Ron Padgett. Driver displays great bravery in taking on this role: poetry reading, especially in films, has associations with over-dramatisation and poor writing skills. Driver and Jarmusch eschew the easy option, which would have Driver reading out obviously poor-quality work; instead, Driver lovingly gives the poems the attention and care they deserve, but no more, making them all the more

**\\ Driver is on superlative form here, easily delivering his best performance on screen yet **

powerful for it. Similarly, Farahani is pleasingly earnest as Laura, whose creative interests pull her in a multitude of different directions. A lesser film would portray Laura as a scatterbrain, a dilettante who will never get anywhere. But *Paterson* never stoops this low: the central pair are perfectly charming, possessive of

**\\ In *Paterson*, Jarmusch has managed so masterfully to use spoken words to conjure up a fantastical tone poem, one whose strength lies in its stoic dignity **

an inner strength as true and clear as the waterfall *Paterson* goes to every lunch-break for inspiration.

Paterson operates on one level as a rejection of modern life, made not in anger, but in quiet dignity, and a heroic tribute to blue-collar America: *Paterson* refuses to use a cell-phone, surrounds himself with mid-century design, and hides away in a basement den stacked with books and DIY paraphernalia. But it is far from a one-sided assault on modernity: Laura uses a laptop and a tablet, and *Paterson* never makes any form of grand statement about why he eschews technology. With *Paterson*, Jarmusch is not railing against the horror of screen-burn. Instead, he is encouraging us all to stop and look around, to take in the wonderful magic of everyday life.

'They're just words,' *Paterson* says towards the end of the film, referring to the poems in his notebook. Yes, words may only be words, but in *Paterson*, Jarmusch has managed so masterfully to use spoken words to conjure up a fantastical tone poem, one whose strength lies in its stoic dignity. *Paterson* is a truly generous film, one that – to bastardize William Carlos Williams somewhat – is so sweet and so cool, in equal measures. It is an uplifting display of hope in these trying times: hope in the innate goodness of the human spirit, in the healing power of creativity, and in the essential beauty of everyday life.



Documentary Corner | James Marsh Special



Don't look down! \\ 2008, Jean-Louis Blondeau/Polaris Images

I often hear people sing the praises of director James Marsh and his two supposed classics *Project Nim* and *Man on Wire*.

Having recently seen both films, I thought it would be interesting to present my reviews this week in tandem. The reason for this is that I noticed a lot of similarities in presentation and subject matter between these two films... I also bloody hated one and quite liked the other.

It just so happens that *Man on Wire* – which fell under the "bloody hated it" banner – was the first of the two I chose to watch. It documents the life of French gymnast Philippe Petit, an eccentric tight-rope walker, most well known for his stunt-walk between the twin towers. Whilst I ultimately see this feat as slightly overhyped, it was undeniably big news in its time and therefore a seemingly good subject for a documentary. Overall, the 'feel' of the film is competent enough and the editing is adequate, if lacking a certain energy. The problem with the film is simply its content: unless you like seeing people parroting endless, repetitive praise for two hours, hyping up an event for which there only exists four photographs and is over in five minutes, I wouldn't recommend it.

The main problem here is Philippe. He comes across as a selfish, self-aggrandising egotist and, unlike in *Project Nim*, no one featured in the film seems to question what a horrible man he is. For example, at one point Philippe talks about cheating on his long term girlfriend immediately after completing his walk and the story is romantically used to make Philippe seem oh-so-passionate and mysterious. Later on, Philippe allows the same girlfriend (along with many friends) to be extradited from the US and cuts contact with them. This act isn't condemned at all, beyond one of his friends showing a bit of emotion when he talks about quickly forgiving him. With not one dissenting voice in the entire documentary, I am forced to believe that Marsh intended me to root for (maybe even like?) this man.

The recreations of Philippe and his team sneaking their equipment into the towers was initially going to be the one redeeming aspect of this film. However, a quick

**\\ *Man on Wire* is overly long, hero-worshipping, and an unforgivably boring film **

James Marsh is acclaimed as one of the best documentarians working today. Ben Collier takes a look at two of his most famous works, *Man on Wire* and *Project Nim*, to latest if the man can live up to all that hype (spoiler: not really...)



It's a monkey, not a baby \\ BBC Films

**\\ The project is ultimately presented as pseudo-scientific nonsense **

and selfish, Herb is almost as unlikable a character as *Man on Wire*'s Philippe Petit: beyond merely his character, Herb's experiment – which seemed to take a back seat to Herb sleeping with all of his students – is ultimately presented as pseudo-scientific nonsense. The idea of taking a baby chimp from his mother and entrusting a clueless, upper-middle class hippy family to then teach it sign language during adolescence is a wholly pointless scientific endeavour in my eyes. What's important here is that there is a difference in how Herb (in contrast to Philippe) is presented to us by the director. Where Philippe was showcased in a romanticised light and talked about exclusively by his hero-worshipping 'friends', Herb – and his experiment – are actually challenged. He isn't free from scrutiny as Philippe seemed to be, allowing the film to focus on an unlikable man and have it not ruin the experience. I, for one, actually loved to hate him.

I felt a similar way towards *Nim*'s first human 'mother'

Stephanie LaFarge. In our first act we see a lot of Stephanie raising *Nim* like a human child in her bourgeois-bohemian New York mansion. What's different about Stephanie is that she is so ridiculous, indulgent, and stupid that she doesn't even require any runtime being set aside for criticism. Anthropomorphising her little 'child' constantly, Stephanie at one point speaks about trying to smoke weed with *Nim* and even discusses sexual tension between the two... I wish I were joking.

In most other aspects the film is perfectly passable. The post-production job here was obviously monumental, and the filmmakers did well to establish a steady pace and coherent story line. Just as a little aside to finish on – I wasn't a fan of the fact that all the interviews took place in front of generic grey background. I have always considered it much more effective when documentarians film their subjects in somewhere more personal to their interviewee. Fictional films do not have a monopoly on the use of *mise-en-scène*, and by choosing interesting and personal locations we can often gain an understanding of characters. Since characters are the driving force in these two films, it's a small change that would have added a lot.

You're invited to our Frozen Winter Carnival - tickets rise Monday



It might be the middle of December... but the cold never bothered us anyway!

This year's Winter Carnival returns on Friday 16 December. Celebrating the end-of-term with a bang, FiveSixEight, Metric and the Union Bar hosts their Frozen Winter Carnival with performances from your favourite DJs and student performers...and snow! Tickets are just £3.00 and you can save by buying yours in advance - **tickets rise to £4.00 on Monday 5 December** and they'll be £5.00 on the door. Tickets are selling fast - get your ticket now!

imperialcollegeunion.org/winter-carnival

Community Connections: thank you to our mass volunteers!



We have had a fantastic number of volunteers coming along to our Mass Volunteering since August. We have had people sorting toys at Pimlico Toy Library, making a difference at Brompton Cemetery, spreading information about Indian soldiers in WW1 at Diwali in Trafalgar Square, getting crafty making cards for sick children and many more. We have filled an amazing **71 places with 62 volunteers!**

There is still so much coming up with helping the elderly, heading back to the toy library, going to a new GoodGym in Hammersmith and more! They are making a huge difference to our local community and having fun whilst doing so.

If you want to get involved in mass volunteering please check out what one off volunteering we have. If there was something you would love to do and don't see it please get in touch with the Student Development Team at volunteering@imperial.ac.uk.

imperialcollegeunion.org/mass-volunteering

Learning and Teaching Strategy - Open meeting, Thursday 8 December



You still have the chance to contribute to the new College-wide Learning and Teaching Strategy. The team are really keen to get as many staff and students as possible to contribute to the development of the Learning and Teaching Strategy.

You can join the Open meeting on Thursday 8 December 12:00-13:00, SAF G16. Bring your phone or tablet to contribute to the interactive discussion! If you can't make it, watch live or catch up on Panopto. You can read more about on College's website or at

imperialcollegeunion.org/lt-strategy



Time for a fresh approach to club drugs

The success of the #saveourculture campaign has led to the reopening of fabric, but has an opportunity been missed to rationalise the approach to drug-related harm in clubs?

Last week it was announced that fabric would be reopening "soon", along with an extensive new licensing agreement. Particularly salient for students in London is the new block on under 19s from entering on club nights and the lifetime bans for those found with drugs on them or attempting to purchase drugs within the club. The recent saga of closure, #saveourculture campaign, and reopening was triggered by the deaths of two 18-year-olds (in separate incidents) at the club over the summer. In light of this, while I'm ecstatic that one of London's top dance venues is reopening its doors, I can't help but feel that both the club and the council missed an opportunity

**\\ Clearly everyone has agreed that stopping deaths at the club is the priority, but how much are the new measures really going to help? **

to champion a more logical approach to club drug use. Clearly everyone has agreed that stopping deaths at the club is the priority, but how much are the new measures really going to help?

The club is already infamous for its thorough search procedures on entry: many times I have experienced rather more intimate touching than I would like without having had a drink bought for me. In fact, fabric has been commended by a district judge on its industry-leading approach to drug searches and security. However, updated measures include increased CCTV surveillance and "Search Captains", which apart from allowing clubbers to empathise with victims of the Stasi, I doubt will have any impact on drug abuse at the club. Tighter prohibition will merely drive drug use further under the radar. Facing a lifetime ban if caught at the door, surely clubbers will just ingest the currently fashionable upper before they reach the end of the queue. If anything, this is more likely to make them overdose - think how many friends haven't managed to make it out after pre-drinks. Kicking young, insensible drug users out of clubs and onto the streets

or into warehouses will only lead to more harm. Inside a club, they can at least be monitored by staff and cared for until help arrives.

Drug charity The Loop provides drug testing and welfare at music events, and was extensively involved in the licensing review process. In 2013, its director Professor Fiona Measham provided

**\\ A common impurity in ecstasy pills is PMA, which is fatal at much lower doses than MDMA **

drug testing at the Warehouse Project in Manchester, one of the largest dance music events in the UK. Tests are done to determine the purity of drugs handed into amnesty boxes near the entrance of the venue. If this strategy was used more widely, the results could be posted in real time, alerting clubbers to particularly impure or dangerous batches of pills. A common impurity in ecstasy pills is PMA, which is fatal at much

lower doses than MDMA. This strategy would have a two-pronged effect on club drugs, forcing shady dealers to increase the purity and quality of their drugs, further leading to less chance of accidental overdose.

Police, clubbers, and venues have the same objective: reducing harm from drug use. It's time for a logical, health-centred approach to this aim. Prohibition has failed to stop deaths and will continue to fail. The 1994 Criminal Justice and Public Order Act was created to close down illegal, underground raves and music events. This led to the establishment of venues like fabric, which present a safer environment for lovers of dance music to let loose. The increasingly oppressive response to drug use will only lead to the return of illegal, unlicensed events, which lack the staff or facilities to help clubbers that go too far.

Opponents of anonymous drug testing assert that it encourages use of dangerous illegal drugs, but let's be honest and ask ourselves how well the current approach is working to prevent it. Findings by the Crime Survey of England and Wales showed that in 2015, ecstasy use by young

adults had increased by 84% since the year before. A more pragmatic and compassionate approach to drug use is

**\\ Opponents of anonymous drug testing assert that it encourages use of dangerous illegal drugs, but let's be honest and ask ourselves how well the current approach is working to prevent it **

the route to preventing harm. Drug testing would provide useful information to users about the risks associated with the drugs they're taking. It's hard not to compare drug prohibition with the failure of abstinence based approaches to pre-marital sex. It's time to quit the puritanical crusade against drug use and start safeguarding drug users, otherwise we'll keep losing young lives to dodgy pills.

Theo Farah

FRIDAY 2 DECEMBER



CHRISTMAS COCKTAIL NIGHT

Christmas cocktail specials – two for £6.50

Join us for free mince pies, Christmas songs and live music, with plenty of Christmas spirit. Seasonal jumpers recommended.

Friday 2 December, 17:30-00:00

imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on



RNB, DEEP HOUSE, EDM, DNB & MORE

BPM (BEATS PER MINUTE) WILL GET YOUR HEART RACING WITH ITS CHANGING MUSIC SETS THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT
FRIDAY 2 DECEMBER
20:00 – 02:00
METRIC || FIVESIXEIGHT

£1.50 GUESTLIST

£2.50 ON THE DOOR

imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on



Venue	Regular Events	Time	Day
Metric & FiveSixEight	BPM	20:00 - 02:00	Friday 2 December
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 9 December
h-bar	Pub Quiz	19:00 - 21:00	2nd & 4th Thursday
h-bar	PGI Friday	19:00 - 00:00	Every Friday
Reynolds	Quiz Night	18:00 - 23:00	Every Monday
Reynolds	Board Games & Film Night	18:00 - 23:00	Every Tuesday
Reynolds	Sports Night	18:00 onwards	Every Wednesday
Reynolds	Pizza Club	18:00 - 23:00	Every Thursday
Reynolds	Whisky Master Class	19:00 - 21:00	Friday 9 December
The Foundry	Quiz Night	19:30 - 22:00	1st & 3rd Thursday
The Foundry	Karaoke Night	20:00 - 23:30	2nd & 4th Friday

imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on





The Children is a triumph of acting and staging



Francesca Annis in *The Children* \\
Johan Persson



Adam Gellatly

... ..
The Children is on at the Jerwood Theatre (Royal Court Theatre) until 14th February 2017

Tickets from £10

From the moment *The Children* – written by Olivier Award winner, Lucy Kirkwood – begins, the on-stage chemistry between Rose and Hazel is a joy to behold. Played by Francesca Annis and Deborah Findlay respectively, the juxtaposition between the calm and uptight exterior of Rose and the scatterbrain Hazel leads to an opening that is nothing short of hilarious, in a play that is as laugh-out-loud funny as it is touching.

Rose, Hazel, and Hazel's husband Robin – played by Ron Cook – are retired nuclear scientists, having previously built and worked together at a coastal plant. Some months prior, the plant goes into meltdown and, with their home now a threat to their lives, Hazel and Robin are forced to move into a seaside cottage outside the exclusion zone. It is then, after decades apart, that Rose arrives unannounced. Despite the pretence of friendliness, it is clear neither woman carries a great deal of affection for the other; both dismissive or blasée to each other's jokes and anecdotes. When Robin appears on stage it is clear why – Rose is most definitely in love with her ex-colleague and he with her. As a matter of fact, they've been having an affair for years. This is by no means a spoiler, you'd have to be blind and deaf not to spot it a mile off. Which is good because, although it plays an important role in the plot, it does not serve as the performance's main dilemma – that is not to be spoiled.

The premise of three retirees in their late sixties chatting in a cottage is, on the face of it, rather drab. Yet what is presented over the course of two hours (no interval, so make use of the lavatories while you can) is a dialogue and set of actions that is, right now, taking place amongst groups of students all over the country. Bad food is eaten, home-made wine is guzzled, characters gossip, reminisce, talk over one another, mutter sarcastic comments, disguise

flirting with fighting, dance to their favourite song, and pour their drunk little hearts out. The cottage itself even feels like a student house with its damaged furniture, blocked toilet, and general feeling of decrepitude. Far from being dull, were the play two hours of chat between Rose, Hazel

\\ *The Children* is a remarkable telling of how in spite of old age, our human desires, aspirations, flaws, anxieties, and humour differ little from when we were young \\

and Robin, it would have no problem providing a thoroughly enjoyable spectacle.

Just underneath the surface of Kirkwood's witty dialogue, however, is a twist that adds drama and a wonderfully engaging narrative to the play, forcing the audience to reanalyse all that has come

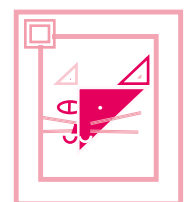
\\ What is presented over the course of two hours is a dialogue and set of actions that is right now, taking place amongst groups of students all over the country \\

beforehand. Once the true nature of events is revealed, a new layer is added to each of the protagonists' personality; this propels the production from good to great. It is at this point when, despite feeling inconsequential at the beginning of the play, age

is of the utmost importance. Lines that had once appeared as throwaway now take on a new level of poignancy; the character development that Kirkwood has employed could quite easily be the subject of an essay. An explicit resolution to the play's central problem is never reached, but the combined effort of script, direction, and acting provide enough of an insight into the souls of Rose, Hazel and Robin that it needn't one.

On a technical note, the staging serves to add, rather than distract from the performances. The set leans at a slight angle – fitting for an old cottage on a hill – alluded to only by a rolling apple and the accumulation of water in one corner. The lighting changes subtly with the passing of time, or with the arrival of a car outside the kitchen window. Robin and Hazel's cottage has no electricity until 10pm each day, and the transition from the faint glow of gas lamps to the bright lamps, coincides perfectly with a reinvigoration of Rose's spirit during an intimate scene with Robin.

Although talked about constantly, no children ever appear during *The Children*. A child, however, can be heard laughing at all the jokes and quips; not from the stage, but the audience. The youthful laugh from the lower circle is so fitting to the play's underlying message, the more cynical audience members might think she was a skill. *The Children* is a remarkable telling of how in spite of old age – with all its physical limitations and responsibilities – our human desires, aspirations, flaws, anxieties, and humour differ little from when we were young.





Despite the pre-existing *Manon* by Jules Massenet, Puccini chose to write another opera based on the story of *Manon Lescaut*, defending his decision thus: "a woman like Manon can have more than one lover." The sentiment is not untrue; by turns passionate, coquettish, and mercenary, Manon is a character who captivates both the audience and her fellow protagonists on stage. Manon begins the opera as an unsuspecting ingénue of striking beauty. In keeping with the long tradition of badly treating women like her, she is desired, and exploited. Her father sends her to a convent; her brother happily sells her off to the old lecher Geronte. Geronte, on his part, tries to abduct her by force but she escapes with Des Grieux, the student she has just met and fallen in love with.

in contemporary Paris. Having watched the modern productions of *Cymbeline* (delightful) and *Oreste* (terrible), I'm not actually sure where *Manon Lescaut* falls on the spectrum. The sets were individually stunning – a crystal cage with garishly pink trimmings for Act II, a broken-off highway to nowhere for the final scenes – but

\\ Sondra Radvanovsky managed to bring out the complexity of the character, with her voice alternating to evoke both the lighthearted coquette and the desolate fallen woman \\

didn't really come together to tell a coherent story. Act II, set in Manon's boudoir, was surprisingly risqué though it did bring across the exploitation and voyeurism Manon was subject to. What is the point

of a modern setting? If the plot works better in its original historical period, importing it to the modern era feels more gimmicky than constructive. It is a bit hard, for example, to imagine anyone being sent to a convent or deported for being a courtesan in this day and age.

Nevertheless – the essence of an opera should remain in its music. Puccini's score for *Manon Lescaut* is beautifully lush and symphonic. It was thought to be his response to the German operatic giant Wagner; as a great fan of Wagner, perhaps that is why I found it particularly enjoyable. Antonio Pappano is an experienced conductor of Puccini at the Royal Opera House, and he did not disappoint. As Manon, soprano Sondra Radvanovsky managed to bring out the complexity of the character,

\\ Antonio Pappano is an experienced conductor of Puccini at the ROH, and he does not disappoint \\

with her voice alternating to evoke both the lighthearted coquette and the desolate fallen woman. Tenor Aleksandrs Antonenko also made for an emotionally raw Des Grieux, though his voice perhaps did not quite match up to the powerful orchestra.

A very good performance all round, and worth going to, even if the production does leave a few open questions at the end.

Manon Lescaut raises some questions



Kristine Opolais as Manon Lescaut in *Manon Lescaut* \\ The Royal Opera © ROH | Bill Cooper 2014



Claire Chan

Manon Lescaut is on at the Royal Opera House until 12th December 2016

Tickets from £13



Jonas Kaufmann as Chevalier des Grieux in *Manon Lescaut* \\ The Royal Opera © ROH Bill Cooper 2014



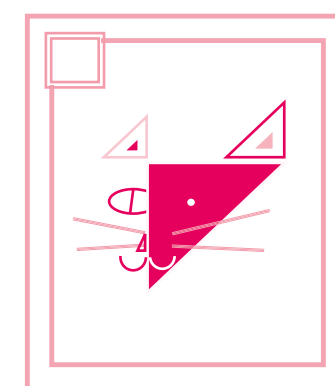
Great Expectations | A worthy adaptation



Anya Chalotra as Miss Havisham \\ Guildhall School | Clive Barda 2016



Ezra Kitson



The advice of Mr Jaggers is "Take nothing on its looks; take everything on its evidence. There's no better rule." It is keenly observed by Christian Burgess who delivers a no frills production of *Great Expectations* superbly carried by convincing performances and slick directing.

Great Expectations is Dickens's penultimate novel and perhaps his most assured; by 1860 Dickens had acquired considerable life experience – he had separated from his wife Catherine Dickens, and was concealing a surreptitious affair with the much younger Ellen Ternan – this is channelled into the capricious affairs of young Pip along his journey toward adulthood. Many of the novel's themes reflect the Victorian Britain in which it is set: social injustice, poverty, a gothic depiction of the waning aristocracy. Others are timeless characteristics of the bildungsroman: unrequited love, disenfranchised youth, pride, ignorance, and catharsis.

Burgess tactfully navigates these themes to give a balanced performance. For those who know the novel well, there is admirable continuity. The dialogue is lifted directly from the text and the sparse set design leaves the imagination to conjure up the story's many vivid settings, firmly ingrained in our subconscious from the descriptions in the book. A general atmosphere of foreboding is maintained by Andy Taylor's droning orchestral score and the troop of actors who, when not performing, stand automaton-like on stage, mirroring Pip's reactions to the unfolding drama. This quirk is used effectively to narrate the

play; the same actors deliver Pip's inner monologue as we move from scene to scene. This gives an impetus to the plot and paces the performance excellently, the entire performance is no more than two hours yet covers most of the intricacies in the novel.

\\ Christian Burgess who delivers a no frills production of *Great Expectations* superbly carried by convincing performances and slick directing \\

One disappointing omission are the scenes at Wemmick's castle, and the development of Wemmick's eccentricity is largely neglected throughout the play, but given the constraints of time this is justified. During the performance, once again, I was reminded of why Guildhall is considered a world leading conservatoire. The calibre of talent was very high: Luke Thallon's portrayal of Mr. Jagger was



Rupert Henderson as Pip, and Amelia Strohm as Estella \\ Guildhall School | Clive Barda 2016

superbly imperious and underdemonstrative. It is rare that after reading a novel, our perception of a character is improved by another's interpretation: this was a first for me, and I look forward to seeing how the career of this young actor progresses. Also notable were Rupert Henderson and Amelia Strohm, who played Pip and Estella respectively. In many ways the complexities of the plot hang on the relationship between these two characters, and the actors bore the weight of this burden admirably. Pip's transformation from a blacksmith's apprentice to a besotted gentleman was achieved seamlessly, his performance confident and funny throughout. Estella was played with a solemnity and nobleness that reminded me of the woman with 'beauty like a drawn bow' that Yeats describes in *No Second Troy*. Their relationship was convincing, tragic and provided a firm foundation for the rest of the actors to work from.

During the performance, once again, I was reminded of why Guildhall is considered a world leading conservatoire. The calibre of talent was very high: Luke Thallon's portrayal of Mr. Jagger was

When Dickens first conceived the plot of *Great Expectations*, he called it 'a very fine, new and grotesque idea'. The more I review shows, I am starting to recognise that successful dramas share aspects in common. *Great Expectations* may be grotesque, and it certainly is fine, but it is not entirely new; the fundamental principles upon which good plot, character and story are based on never change. According to E.M Forster: "The final test of a novel will be our affection for it, as it is of anything which we cannot define." The care put into a performance like this demonstrates why *Great Expectations* deserves its reputation as a classic.



The Royal Opera House's *The Nutcracker*, like the switching on of the lights on Oxford Street, or the Selfridge's window display, marks London's countdown to Christmas. The Christmas themed ballet is a tradition that has roots in Imperial Russia. The ballet, which was commissioned by the director of the Russian Imperial theatres – complete with score from Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky, story by Marius Petipa (who based it on a E.T.A Hoffman fairytale), and choreography by Lev Ivanov – was first performed in 1892 at the Mariinsky Theatre in St Petersburg. At the time, it received negative reviews, but since then, countless adaptations around the world have ensured its place as one of the most well known, and most beloved ballets. The score and the story are so ubiquitous in Western art, and music, that the chances are you will have heard bars of *The Dance of Sugarplum Fairy*, even if you're not able to name it as such.

The ballet follows the story of Clara, a young girl who sneaks out of bed one night to play with her new toy, the Nutcracker, only to be transported to a wonderland by the travelling magician, Drosselmeyer. In this Kingdom of Sweets, she battles a mouse army, witnesses the Nutcracker transform into the Prince, and travels to the palace, where she is greeted by Sugar Plum Fairy and her court. Over 400 performances have taken place at the Royal Opera House alone. The present ROH adaptation is choreographed by Peter Wright, who first adapted the ballet in the 1980s for the Royal Ballet. His revision turned back decades of tweaks; Wright collaborated with a musicologist Roland John Wiley, to bring a version to the stage that was as faithful to the 19th century original as possible.

The Wright version, performed by the Royal Ballet, has been recorded and televised numerous times, and

has thus set a standard by which all other performances are danced. None of this century's worth of stifling history seems to sit heavily on the dancers' shoulders, each of whom dance with abandon in their performance. Francesca Hayward, as Clara pitches

\\ None of this century's worth of stifling history seems to sit heavily on the dancer's shoulders, each of whom dance with abandon in their performance //

the performance of a young girl just right –vulnerable, wondering, but with plenty of pluck; she is quick-footed and teasing as she shows off her new toy to her brother in the opening scenes, bold as she brings down the Mouse King with a well aimed strike of a heel. When Drosselmeyer

\\ Glitter and gilt abound, this is a light and frothy production – a fitting celebration of Peter Wright's 90th birthday //

casts his spell to whisk her away to the Kingdom of Sweets, she truly seems to shrink down, Alice-like, as the Christmas tree behind her grows, and grows – filling the entire height of the cavernous Royal Opera House.

On the night I saw the performance, as the Sugar Plum Fairy and her prince respectively, Lauren Cuthbertson and Federico Bonelli danced to thunderous rounds

of applause. Cuthbertson was inundated with bouquets of flowers as she took her bows, deservedly so: at points she seemed to fly, leaping and pirouetting across the stage in a show of breathtaking athleticism and skill. Bonelli was never quite able to reach Cuthbertson's virtuoso heights, but partnered her admirably, highlighting his own talent in his solo piece.

From my perch in the upper amphitheatre, the artifice of the stage below was apparent, but this did nothing to hamper the charm. Rather the action seemed to take place in a gigantic doll's house, rather like the doll's house with which Clara plays in the opening scenes of the production. The set whirled and transmuted itself; cosy rooms melted into snow filled town squares, only to be replaced by wintry fields, giving way to sumptuous palaces. Julia Trevelyan Oman's beautifully crafted set design borrows from the look of the 19th century Imperial Russia; glitter, and gilt abound. The Kingdom of Sweets seems entirely built entirely from spun sugar. This is a light, frothy production, the two hours fly by - I left the theatre in a state of childlike wonder, thoroughly in the Christmas mood.

There is no subversion, no new edgy angle, the Royal Ballet and Wright have chosen not to reinvent the wheel; wisely so. *The Nutcracker* is deeply traditional, performed and staged with excellence: happily, it wears none of the weariness that we might expect from such a long running production. Peter Wright's 90th birthday fell during this run, this year's production is a fitting celebration and tribute to the one-of-a-kind dancer, and artistic director.

The Nutcracker | London's Christmas countdown has begun



Steven McRae as The Prince and Iana Salenko as the Sugar Plum Fairy in *The Nutcracker* // © 2015 ROH | Photograph by Tristram Kenton



Indira Mallik

... The Nutcracker is on at the Royal Opera House until 12th January 2017. ...

Tickets from £60



King Lear is a hit and miss at the Barbican



Antony Sher as King Lear and Graham Turner as Fool // Ellie Kurtz, Royal Shakespeare Company



Adam Gellatly

... King Lear is on at the Barbican until 23rd December 2016 ...

Tickets from £10

How does a creative team begin to tackle the momentous task of reincarnating a play that has been performed and studied for centuries? Do they period dress the stage and cast, and risk being forgotten in the plethora of Shakespeare productions? Or do they approach the play from an entirely new angle knowing that, should they fail, being a forgotten production would turn from curse to blessing? The Royal Shakespeare Company's production of *King Lear* at the Barbican opts for a mixture of the two, leading to an adaptation that trips over itself too often to fall in love with it.

Directed by Gregory Doran, and starring Sir Anthony Sher as Lear, the play opens well. A minimalist set – brick wall backdrop, with rising central panel to allow for the arrival of characters – onto which King Lear and his throne are carried. The dispersion of incense from the stage, the black and gold colour palette of the characters, and the beautifully subtle live music create a surprising sense of place. And the subtle changes to the set during the 3 hour performance, for the most part, allow the imagination to fill in the blanks where the stage does not. Characters appear stage right to depict a hallway leading to a great chamber, faint whispers of seagulls and waves are heard as Edgar and the Earl of Gloucester hike along the Dover seafront, and crickets chirp as night falls.

When the design choices do not work, however, they feel either clumsy or rushed. Anachronisms appear for no reasonable artistic basis: early 20th century leather suitcases carried by sword wielding dukes, and what is meant to be a cloak disguising Edgar, is actually just a grey hoodie. Nowhere is the design more painful to behold than in Act 3 Scene 7 – the blinding

of the Earl of Gloucester. Painful, sadly, for the wrong reasons. A Perspex cube acts as Gloucester's torture chamber, thus allowing the smearing of blood, and drawing gasps from the more squeamish audience members. Granted,

\\ Though some staging decisions raise eyebrows there's enough textual content to satisfy avid Shakespeare fans, and newcomers will find the narrative, at the very least, engaging //

conveying the removal of two small organs to an entire theatre is difficult, but the addition of the transparent box sticks out so badly among the regal gowns, all sense of horror is lost. The scene is made even more awkward when a wounded Duke of Cornwall goes out of his way to enter the cube, simply so we can have more blood smearing. Forget the acting, now you really know he's hurt! The whole fiasco is rounded off when technical difficulties cause a 5 minute interruption to the performance, the untimely nature of which has clearly disrupted the acting of Oliver Johnstone as Edmond when Act 4 is allowed to commence.

Despite this hiccup, Johnstone's performance is very good, particularly in Act 3 Scene 4, when Edgar has descended into madness, and meets Lear, who is in turn well down the road to insanity. Sher's performance, although marred by audibility problems in the opening scene – please stop turning your back to the audience – provides the two most powerful scenes

in the play: Act 3 Scene 2, where in a raging storm Lear and his Fool are projected upward on a mechanical platform and the old king curses his ill treatment with an intensity to match the wonderful stage direction, and the play's final scene, where in stark contrast to 3.2, a dying Lear caresses his dead daughter, Cordelia. Of all the cast, however, it is Anthony Byrne as the Earl of Kent who fills his role best. After banishment by Lear, his return as the disguised Caius – bald and now with a Geordie accent – inhabits a new character so greatly, it would be no surprise if those unfamiliar to *King Lear* did not recognise him until he is revealed as Kent near the play's end.

This being said, as with the set design, the character portrayals sometimes spark bemusement. Edmond, the bastard son of Gloucester who betrays his father, and brother, should be a character that sparks as much disgust from the audience as Goneril or Regan. Instead, Paapa Essideu's performance is more comic relief; it works of course – snarky off-hand comments and winks to the audience – drawing laughs a plenty. Sadly, the overall result is that upon his killing at the hands of Edgar, it is impossible for one to feel joy at the downfall of the script's true menace.

Yet, with all the issues surrounding this production, it is still Shakespeare, and the performances are strong enough to hold together what is perhaps his most tragic of tragedies. Having combined both the Quarto and Folio texts of the *King Lear* there's enough meat to satisfy avid Shakespeare fans, and newcomers will find the narrative, at the very least, engaging. Upon leaving the theatre, however, both parties are likely to be left pondering the play's creative decisions, and not one of literature's saddest tales.

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John McIntosh Arts Centre | 13-16 December



A Return to Stars Hollow | Gilmore Girls



Resilience runs in the family // The CW/Netflix



Indira Malik

Gilmore Girls is a well-loved multi-generational drama set in a picturesque Connecticut town. Its original run was a cultural touchstone, and its popularity made it an ideal candidate for Netflix's recent revival spree. How does the revival compare?

Reiving beloved TV shows can be a tricky business. Shows that are missed tend to build up a mythology around them; with time and absence, every fault and inconsistency is forgiven. To bring them back, however, is to burst the rose tinted bubble of fond nostalgia and push them into the harsh lens of reality. For the creators, raising the old magic from the dead is a high impossible task, as the latest revival of the *X-Files* proved.

Gilmore Girls, a generational show about mothers and daughters, was set against the backdrop of a quirky town in Connecticut. It aired for seven seasons and went off the air nine years ago. The show creator, Amy Sherman Palladino, left the show at the end of the sixth season in the wake of failed contract negotiations. Having handed over her show, she gave interviews in which she shared that she had already planned the show's trajectory, including the intriguing 'four last words'. Thus, for its final season, a case of Schrödinger's *Gilmore Girls* was born; there was one version of the show that played out on the CW in weekly episodes, and another which remained hidden in Amy Sherman Palladino's imagination. Netflix couldn't have hoped for a better sales pitch when they decided to bring back the show for a limited run of four 90-minute episodes this year. Finally, the world would see the true *Gilmore Girls*, the original vision.

Buzzfeed, AV Club, and TV Line went to work and painstakingly curated every last update from the set; it seemed every single one of the original cast members would be returning: from the town troubadour, to Sookie, played by Melissa McCarthy, whose career has reached stratospheric heights from her days of cheerily commanding the kitchen of *The Dragonfly Inn*. There was, of course, to be one glaring omission from the cast list, Edward Herrmann, who played the *Gilmore* patriarch Richard

Gilmore and passed away in 2014. How the show would handle his passing remained one the most hotly anticipated aspects of the show's return, along with the perennial question: 'Jess or Logan?'

The series finally dropped Friday of last week. From the very first scene of 'Winter', the opening episode of the revival's quartet, it is clear that Amy Sherman Palladino is very much back in

// To bring back them back, however, is to burst the rose-tinted bubble of fond nostalgia and push them into the harsh lens of reality //

her element. Exposition-y at first, understandable for a show that is working to catch up its viewers on nearly a decade of the characters' lives, *Gilmore Girls* quickly settles back into its mile-a-minute pop culture peppered dialogue.

Stars Hollow's cutesy New England town charm is a welcome break from the real world. It seems, as Lorelai says at one point, truly like a town inside a snow globe. The outside world, aside from the tyranny of the wi-fi free-loaders at Luke's Diner,

seems hardly to have touched it. What the show fails to say about the world at large, it does incredibly well in its interpersonal dynamics between the characters. Edward Herrmann's absence is felt keenly; the *Gilmore* women: his wife, Emily, his daughter, Lorelai, and granddaughter, Rory, each struggle to come to terms with their grief, as well as how best to honour him throughout the four episodes.

Emily's character arc is the most drastic and the most satisfying; she leaves behind a life in Hartford society that brought her no joy to live in a cottage in Nantucket, regaling schoolchildren with graphic and bloody stories of whaling at a new job in the museum. Lorelai finally gets married to Luke, due to an epiphany she has behind a coffee shop (where else for Lorelai?), after repeatedly attempting to find herself on a 'Wild' (book) journey fail. In one of the most tear-jerking moments of the revival, she calls her mother from the top of a hill recounting

// Stars Hollow's cutesy New England town charm is a welcome break from the real world //



Even famous people have awkward family pictures // Netflix



her favourite memory of her late father. It's a moment of catharsis for the two women who have had a fraught relationship for the series' run. Later, in a scene mirroring the first ever episode, when Lorelai asks for money from her mother, and is asked to spend time with Emily in return, there is none of the bitter resentment that accompanied Friday night dinners.

The youngest *Gilmore*'s arc by contrast brings no real comfort. In the original run, Rory was the bookish wunderkind that could do no wrong. She glided on her brains and her grandparent's financial power from Chilton valedictorian to editor of the *Yale Daily News*.

Even a spectacular meltdown in the later seasons didn't hold her down for long- she graduated top of her class, and set off on the campaign trail with Barack Obama (pre-2008 run): a fledgling Christiane Amanpour. The revival finds the early promise of success

shattered, utterly broken, and chewed up by life. Rory is by her own admission 'rootless', essentially unemployed, couch-surfing, and always on the search for her lucky underwear (that she never finds). This is the tragic side of her millennial identity. She

// Rory becomes associated with the thirty-something club, the gang of highly qualified graduates unable to move out of their parents' homes //

becomes associated with the thirty-something club, the gang of highly qualified graduates unable to move out of their parents' homes.

The show is similarly unforgiving to the rest of

Rory's generation. We were introduced to Lane, Rory's childhood friend, as a sixteen year old desperate to escape Stars Hollow, and her mother's antique shop, to live life as a rock star. She is shown in the revival to be still working in the family business, taking care of her twin boys, and barely finding time to fit in band practice. Paris Geller, ever the firebrand, is successful and still making teenagers cry, but has children being raised by nannies: a reflection of the childhood she also had.

Even Logan, who managed to escape the family business he never wanted to join in season 7, is back working for his father, going along with a loveless relationship of convenience.

There is a sense of everything coming full circle in the revival. There is narrative symmetry in Rory's admission 'Mom...I'm pregnant'. Of course, the famous last words had to be this; in a generational show, there

could be no other ending. We are left to presume that the baby is Logan's, her engaged college boyfriend with whom she's been having an affair. Just in case we missed the Christopher-Luke parallels between Logan and Rory's other significant boyfriend, Jess, we are shown Jess throwing a very Luke-like

// The Gilmore Girls revival is successful in many ways in that it manages to capture the magic of the original run //

wistful look at Rory in one of the closing scenes of 'Fall'.

It's a neat ending, it ties everything up in a bow (much like *How I Met Your Mother*'s big reveal that Aunt Robin was the woman for Ted all along). It's clever, it works on

the page.

Yet on screen, it is a faintly disappointing end to Rory's story, a girl who in her original iteration was more concerned with chasing accomplishments than boys.

The *Gilmore Girls* revival is successful in many ways in that it manages to capture the magic of the original run, namely its quirkiness and humour. It delivers both laughs and tears.

Yet it doesn't quite live up to the insanely high expectations Sherman Palladino built up for herself. The show seems unable to move past narrative symmetry to give its younger characters' endings worthy of their character growth.

The show allows the older characters (Emily, Luke, and Lorelai) to grow out of the lives that no longer make them happy and into lives that do, but dooms the younger generation to retracing the grooves of their parent's lives, trapped in the snow globe of Stars Hollow.

Ever since the success of the show, ABC seems to have made 'Modern Family' its motto. Leading the charge on diverse sitcoms, in recent years it has put out excellent shows like *Black-ish*, *Fresh off the boat* and, now, *Speechless*. This

paced in medias res opening sequence that rapidly establishes the character dynamics. Minnie Driver is the well-meaning but embattled mother, competitive and jumping at the bit to right any perceived injustices, while John Ross Bowie (*The Big Bang Theory*'s Barry Kripke) is her sarcastic straight-man counterpart. Echoing his father's wit is the aforementioned JJ, played by real-life Cerebral Palsy sufferer Micah Fowler. Then there are his younger siblings: the quintessential middle-child, Ray, and the hyper-competitive runner Dylan. An additional appendix to the family comes in the form of the school groundskeeper, Kenneth, acting as an aide to and the voice of JJ.

// The comedy is disarming and charming, but still manages to maintain a wry edge. It very much has the feel of a coming of age comedy //

comedy follows the DiMeo family as they relocate to a new town in order to be able to better provide for their oldest child JJ who has cerebral palsy.

Speechless starts off strongly, with a tightly

stale. This sitcom is like an onion; it has layers. Take, for example, the aforementioned archetypal 'middle child'. He is well realised in his motivations and is sympathetic and understandable in his actions. Pains are taken to ensure that these characters are justified, and doing so makes them feel very real despite their surface-level

// Echoing his father's wit is the aforementioned JJ, played by real-life Cerebral Palsy sufferer Micah Fowler //

derivativeness. It is refreshingly optimistic, and while it treats JJ's condition seriously, it does not reduce him to his condition.

He is witty, sharp, and comfortable in his own skin. I look forward to see how the premise develops with time.

Anurag Deshpande

Big Talk | Speechless



A modern family // ABC





Working Girls | *The Girlfriend Experience*



The sullen pout costs extra \\ Starz



Saad Ahmed

The Girlfriend Experience is an intriguing look at the widely acknowledged problem to student finance and how far people have to go to pay it off. So, does this TV drama do justice to it's weighty topic?

This was an unusual show for a number of reasons. The show starts off fairly simple but slowly evolves into an intriguing drama with complexity and depth.

The series features Riley Keough as law student Christine Reade, who makes a decision to become an escort right about the same time she starts an internship at a law firm. Money is obviously the primary factor, but for Christine specifically, it's also about power. The first few episodes of the series revolve around her managing multiple roles together and making everything work.

The show really starts to get going after all the setup has taken place. You may expect that a standard story where the character realises the error of their ways and leaves the profession; however, in this case, the show subverts the tropes. For Christine, things don't go quite as smoothly as she'd like and everything begins to slip. One of her clients starts to get obsessively attached, and Christine sleeps with her boss only to find out he's involved in shady dealings. It starts to become harder and harder for her to keep the different parts of her lives separate from each other. The later half of the show revolves around Christine losing control and trying desperately to get it back, leading to an engaging and riveting spectacle.

The aesthetics of the show are impressive, if not bleak and colourless. We're treated to a landscape environment consisting of large windows, expensive hotel rooms, and fancy restaurants, none too colourful and all full of class. Given that the main players of the show are rich business people and lawyers, it's a perspective that makes sense. There's even a brief indication of how small the high life environment is when Christine accidentally runs into her boss while seeing a client.

The choreography is well done and works in conjunction with the sound to really produce an interesting

viewing experience. It all comes together to really feel the impact of the scene and the intensity of what the characters are experiencing. For example, in one scene, when a character is jogging but constantly looking back, the viewer is made to feel uneasy and worried with them. Another great scene occurred towards the end when Christine is masturbating alone but unable to get off, symbolising

\\ If you're looking for soft erotica, you're going to be disappointed \\

how all her choices up to that point have led her to get all the money and control she could want, but ultimately, with no satisfaction.

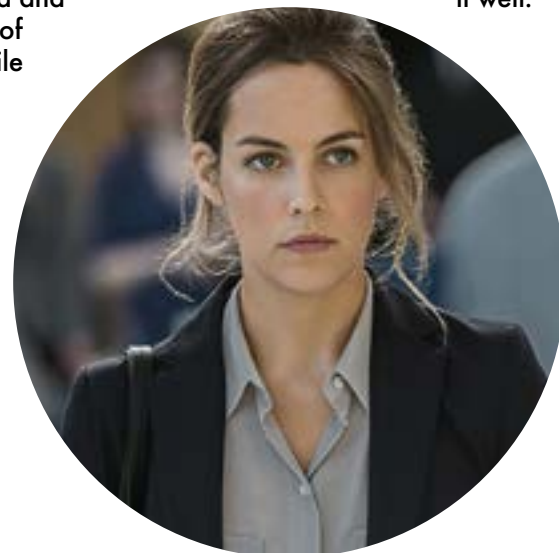
This is a show where the main character is an escort, so as you might imagine, there are a number of explicit scenes. To be frank, they are the least interesting parts of the show, sometimes deterring from the bigger story. If you're looking for soft erotica, you're going to be disappointed. Personally, the only reason they were interesting was to see how they contribute to the bigger picture.

The characters are a stimulating bunch, in that you don't really care for or relate to any of them, even Christine. Most of them are cold and aloof while

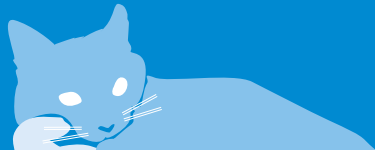
some of them are downright ruthless at times. This is in line with the kind of people and environment that's being depicted, especially with the emphasis on the not-so-great parts of people. Emotions, or having some sort of emotional attachment, is depicted to us as a negative trait, where you need to be distant to move forward in such an atmosphere. That's not to say so the acting is boring, all the actors are incredibly on point, giving out certain subtleties that show you that there's more than meets the eye with them.

Riley Keough is the literal and figurative star of the show, giving an amazing performance as Christine. She's able to play a number of different personas, from Christine's usual stoic expressionless self to her happy and playful escort persona. Sometimes you genuinely believe Christine cares only to realise it was all a charade. You see her keep what little emotions she has in check, while constantly striving to gain control and to be taken seriously. As things start to fall apart, you also see her become more paranoid and start lashing out at everyone.

This show does hard but intriguingly interesting work, giving us a frank look at a very real thing. It refuses to judge Christine and so challenges you to judge its central theme. It might show a very cynical outlook, that relationships are just inherently transactions, but it does it well.



Riley Keough is the show's highlight \\ Starz



Pokémon Sun and Moon



The Nighttime Legendary \\ Game Freak & Nintendo



Saad Ahmed

Pokémon Sun and Moon is out on the Nintendo 3DS

as the trailers made them out to be. The basic gist is that Z-crystals allow Pokémon to use Z-Moves, which can only be used once per battle and have varying effects. Some are straight up attacks

\\ The new games offer a fresh and updated take on the title while staying true to the original formula \\

whereas others can be status changes. The rest of the battling system remains the same as before with some minor tweaks like knowing the type effectiveness of your moves, and the new Battle Royale, which is a free-for-all match between four players.

With a 30-plus hour story mode, these games are largely focused on world-building. They are written and made in a way that makes you focus on the journey and adventure, rather than grind towards the end. The plot is enjoyable and helps stitch the entire game together, even if it isn't particularly special and a bit predictable. There is an air of general mystique that draws you forward and lets the characters speak for themselves. This game in particular has a larger emphasis on cutscenes,

making it feel like a moving story, à la the animé.

As you progress through the world, there are a number of interesting and unique characters you meet who add their own flair to the mix. There's the new Pokémon Professor, Kukui, who is permanently shirtless and always ready to get into the thick of things. There's also Lillie, a character with a mysterious past, and your fun-loving rival Hau. There's even someone who's similar to the edgier, douchebag rivals of the old games, namely Gladion, who's obsessed with beating you. The trial captains themselves have more personality than the old gym leaders due to how much they're involved in the Island Challenges and not confined to gyms.

But, of course, this wouldn't be a Pokémon game without the pokémon and these games do not disappoint. Apart from the 80 or so new Pokémon (bringing the total to over 800!) there are also regional variants of some older Pokémon. Once again, they are in line with the nature of Alola, with designs and characteristics that make sense for the region. For example, the Alolan form of Exeggutor, apart from now being a grass and dragon type, is huge and basically resembles a palm tree. The games capitalise on the fact that there are so many pokémon now, letting you catch a wide variety right

from the start. This makes team-building more fun and enjoyable as opposed to before when you were stuck with birds and bugs for the first three routes or so.

The very outdated system of HM's has also been removed and is now replaced with Pokémon Ride, which fulfills the same purpose while being more fun and enjoyable. This also means you can have a full team of Pokémon that you like, rather than having one or two as obligatory HM slaves.

Pokémon Sun and Moon can arguably be considered the best games in the series released up until now. They've

\\ The games capitalise on the fact that there's so many pokémon now, letting you catch a wide variety right from the start \\

rejuvenated the system while keeping the original DNA enough that new players can easily jump in while older players can still play with a sense of familiarity. It'll be intriguing to see where the series goes next, because Sun and Moon is clearly the beginning of a new era rather than the end of an old one.

It's been a while since Pokémon Go's surprise popularity peak, but with the release of the latest games, Sun and Moon, the Pokémon franchise is back in the limelight. The new games offer a fresh and updated take on the title while still staying true to the original formula; they remind us why the series is still so popular after 20 years.

One of the largest changes these games have brought is the Island Challenge, in the new Hawaii-themed region of Alola. This is a refreshing change of pace from the previous games' usual setup of beating gyms and collecting badges. The challenges come

in all sorts of forms, including a scavenger hunt, memorising dance moves and tailing after some water pokémon. These challenges are integrated with the new environment, making you explore the new area and helping Alola feel like its own region rather than an overworld map. The Challenges prevent things from getting too mindless, sometimes showing up unexpectedly, and make you constantly fine-tune your team while always being on alert.

The rewards of completing these challenges are Z-crystals, the new feature created for this generation. These help spice up battles and don't feel as gimmicky



A brand new region to explore and discover! \\ Game Freak & Nintendo



Varsity Games at Gfinity

Saad Ahmed gives the coverage on Varsity Games' action packed, interuniversity DOTA tournament



An open-spaced and efficient setup, perfect for a tournament! \\ Shawn Briggs

Esports have rapidly been gaining popularity recently and have been making a name for themselves across the gaming community. However, despite this spike in popularity, they have yet to be taken seriously or started building a community, bringing like-minded people together. An organisation called Varsity Games is the first to aim at rectifying this injustice and it's began with an all-out DOTA 2 tournament which took place last Saturday on the 26th of November.

The tournament took place at the Gfinity Arena in Fulham Broadway with teams from

\\ There was a frenzy of spells, deaths and characters dodging and attacking wherever possible \\

the four major universities of London, King's College London (KCL), LSE, UCL and even one from Imperial. There was to be two major

games between two teams, with a best-two-out-of-three competition in each game, each competing for honour and glory. The winners of the games would then proceed to the finals for a game that would decide the winner of the Varsity Games London Trophy.

When I arrived at the venue, I was immediately struck by the professionalism and skill involved in the setup. For those of you who don't know, the Gfinity arena is located at Vue Fulham Broadway. The game was live-streamed onto the big screen and the audience watched from the comfort of cinema seats we all know and love. The teams playing had their own booths right in front of the screens with some of the best computer setups I've seen and technicians on hand to fix any technical issues. Everyone was presented with video interviews of all the teams, with the members sharing stories from their early gaming days and their teams' journey working together.

The tournament got into full swing with the first game between UCL and KCL. The two teams both selected their characters and the countdown began to the first game. Once it began, there

was a frenzy of spells, deaths and characters dodging and attacking wherever possible. There was also live commentary, which only added to the excitement and got everyone hyped. Even I was enjoying myself, in spite of never having played or watched a game of DOTA in my life. The two teams were pretty evenly-matched and that led to some intense and exciting viewing. Both teams won one



each before KCL ultimately managed to dominate the final match and proceed to the finals.

Inbetween matches, there were interviews and talks to tone things down. One highlight talk was on 'Esports and Competitive gaming in the UK: A Summary and Future Possibilities'. It was basically about how e-sports is still a relatively new 'thing' and how people don't really treat competitive gaming in the same

way as conventional sports. Varsity Games restated their aims on how they want things to change and help gaming become serious. Plus we got treated to a free drink AND a hot dog! #Profit.

The next game was between Imperial College and LSE. Imperial fought bravely but ultimately they lost two matches and were unable to progress to the finals (Never mind lads! You'll do better next time). That meant the final was to be between KCL and LSE but before the match could start, there was a delay due to technical difficulties. This was blamed on DOTA needing an update that was expected to come in the next couple of weeks. There was just was enough time for me to drop out, queue for food, leave because it would take too long, and arrive for the start of the first match.

As the final began, KCL were able to dominate the first match. For the second match, LSE tried a tactic that took the entire room by surprise but that ultimately paid off, helping them win the second match. Finally the last match of the day was underway, to decide the winner of the tournament. Both teams started off on equal footing, but slowly LSE were able to

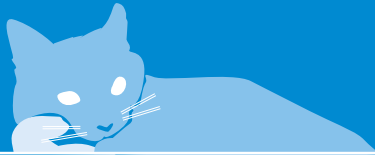
take the lead and gain the upper hand, winning the final match, and in turn, the tournament.

The LSE team members rushed on stage, beaming triumphantly. The team raised the trophy in unison,

\\ The event was successful and well executed: definitely worth spending my entire Saturday on \\

thus capping the first Varsity Games tournament. After a final round of interviews, and a round of applause for the organising team and the Gfinity crew, the event was officially over and everyone dispersed.

All in all, the event was successful and well executed: definitely worth spending my entire Saturday on. Varsity Games plan to expand and have more events, with a larger variety of games. With regards to promoting esports, the organising team definitely did a good job and I'm eagerly looking forward to the next one.



MILLENNIALS...

felix

Where The Pancakes Are



felix visits a new home for pancakes from around the world, *Where the Pancakes Are*, and devours culinary delights such as Dutch Babies, corn fritters, and more.

Christy Lam



Evenings on a Wednesday for me are often spent alone in bed, propped up by a few lumpy pillows and my loyal companion, Netflix. The one that just passed was no exemption, with the addition of feeling betrayed after a solid five hours binge-watching the last episodes of *The Crown*, and left having to entertain myself with my nose in the BS 5500:1991 (which is, in engineering lingo, the specification for unfired fusion welded pressure vessels), looking for the definition of some Factor C.

Taking a break from the 657 or so pages of ill-sized *Times New Roman* that had morphed into fuzzy squiggles, I reached for my dinner, an unappealing bowl of romaine lettuce topped with slices of avocado, olive oil and seasoned with za'atar. My stomach rumbled in disappointment while my mind drifted back to my breakfast earlier that morning at *Where the Pancakes Are*.

Yes. *Where the Pancakes Are*. The name of the delightful pancake house. She takes up a quiet side in Flat Iron Square, a newly opened indie street food hub away from the hustle and bustle of the nearby Borough Market. Walking in through the glass doors, shutting out the biting cold November winds, I was

greeted by a room saturated with Scandinavian hygge. The railway arch was cleverly transformed into cosy space, lit up by the warm, welcoming light from the uniquely shaped lightbulb filaments. Small indoor plants adorned the wooden tables and chairs, creating a simple, homely atmosphere.

This was actually my second time visiting. The second time in a week. Quite a dedication for someone so absorbed in the exciting events in SW7, such as snoozing over morning lectures and fiddling with flanges at hours past twilight. And for a food blogger who had once set a golden rule that she never visits a restaurant more than once, this little place definitely held a strong attraction for me to visit again, much more than queues outside *The Breakfast Club* some 100 meters away.

The waitress gave a friendly smile and handed me the menu, along with a glass and a carafe of water. It was a simple list of pancakes, the savoury, the sweet, and their proud speciality, the Dutch Baby. Following my stack of wonderful, fluffy berries pancake from my prior visit, I went for the sweet Dutch Baby without hesitation.

While waiting for the moment of birth, I spotted the owner, Patricia's stylish, short, blonde hair behind the counter. I introduced myself as the blogger behind the photo

of her pancakes a few days back, and invited her to share her story over coffee.

Patricia lives a life surrounded by all sorts of pancakes. The large, steaming Dutch pancakes in the local pancake house during her childhood in Holland. Living off crepes on the streets of Paris as a poor student. The fluffy American pancakes during her eight

// Shutting out the biting cold November winds, I was greeted by a room saturated with Scandinavian hygge //

years in California as a film producer, striving in the then-booming independent film industry of the 90's. Now her own inventions in her first brick-and-mortar restaurant. All after a gentle nudge of courage, experimentation and her days serving thousands of pancakes at

various festivals, which she humorously described as her "military training".

Her strong, determined, gaze from her light blue eyes was softened by a motherly affection as she continued to describe her dreams of creating a nutritious, wholesome dining experience which this ancient, universally loved dish fuses with modern food trends. In this room, pancakes are not reserved for breakfast, but also for lunch, dinner, a full meal or a decadent snack.

Her menu was not comprised of your usual, superficial, artery-clogging, syrup-soaked stacks, but an honest menu with high-quality, local ingredients, inspiration from different cultures, and most importantly, generous heaps of TLC. Behind it were sprinkles of pancake-related stories, happy memories serving waffles at school fairs and love for her two children.

Midway through our conversation, my Dutch Baby arrived on a hot, cast iron skillet of a cradle with a pot of cream, all on a wooden tray. The beautiful, peaceful

baby gleamed back at me in the form of a popover, similar to a Yorkshire pudding, in the size of my face. The edges were puffed up in a glorious golden brown, giving space for the apple compote, fresh berries and toasted almond slices in the centre. I took my knife and fork, cut a rather large section, added a dollop of that sweet cream and stuffed it in my mouth impatiently. Instantly I knew there was no going back. The batter transformed into two distinct phases that complimented one another: the crispy, chewy edge and the soft, fluffy insides that had soaked up the sweet juices from the berries and apples. It was simple, and absolutely

// This was actually my second time visiting. The second time in a week //

delicious. Of course it didn't last long.

My second visit was definitely not the last. My third visit was on a bright Saturday afternoon, a mere ten days later. This time I tried something unexpected – the Australian. This was not as pancake-y as the rest, with it being a stack of corn fritters, with crushed avocado, crème fraiche, preserved lemon and a mixed leaf salad on top. The fritters were hot with a slightly crunchy edge, a good kick of saltiness and a citrusy hint from the lemon. The whole combination was light and satisfying. I was tempted to encore the berries pancake from my first visit – two thick, fluffy buttermilk pancakes with a sweet elderflower and forest berry compote, cream, crushed meringue and roasted nuts.

That, was where the pancakes were.



What's really in your meal?

Or, a strong argument for cooking your own food. *felix* investigates the what really goes on in many kitchens and why some of the practices might turn you away.

Sanjay Bhattacharya

I have to be honest with you – chefs are doing the job for one of two reasons. Either they absolutely love the food, job and ethos or, they are doing it as it's the only option available to them. Frankly, the peanuts that you get paid for working 14 hour shifts, often for six days straight, wouldn't make any job worth it for the money alone. At the restaurant I worked at over my holidays, which would be considered fancy by some and expensive by most, one might assume that staff have a better living. That is not the case – we calculated my co-workers wages at £3.35/

hr, if you took into account his salary and lack of any pay for overtime. I was not nearly so lucky – I worked for completely free – but I had chosen to do so to build my skillset and pursue my career. I was being paid in the knowledge and skills that I learnt. But, I think it's imperative that you bear in mind that chefs are not all

// Roaches in flour bags, frogs in unwashed salad leaves – the list goes on //



What do you mean this is your salaad? // bl0ndeeo2

there for the food. Some really are only doing it as it's the only option available to them!

With that in mind, you have to also accept that chefs who want to work for the love and joy of it will not necessarily gravitate towards some of the dining establishments you might frequent on a regular

basis. You don't expect the love and attention to detail that you might see in a fine dining restaurant in your local takeaway, so don't expect the same standards of care and hygiene! It's one of the reasons that I shy away from so many small, hipster eateries with extremely trendy overhanging haircuts, amazingly

ring laden fingers and more potential causes of anything from an innocuous hair, to a night of the shits. And those are the smallest of issues in large kitchens. You can hardly begin to imagine the problems that you don't see. Roaches in flour bags, frogs in unwashed salad leaves, the list goes on and on.

I'm not saying that high end chefs are immune from hygiene errors, but we certainly take a lot more care. Things from basic food safety certificates to having a head chef scream at you for not washing your hands thoroughly all give me much more faith in similar restaurants.

So what can you do? The simple answer is to do it yourself! Cooking for yourself doesn't guarantee you an escape from hairs in soup, or as my girlfriend once discovered a rogue fly that flew into her salad. But it certainly means you won't have anyone to blame but yourself.

Better than GBK

Lets be real – none of us can afford GBK anyhow. Fortunately, buying burger patties and cooking them up doesn't get your hands too messy, and the results are delicious, as *felix* finds out.

Andrada Balmez

I must start this article by giving credits to my Anonymous Kitchen Helpers: they are the ones who remade the puff-pastry last time, after ruining it. It's always great having helping hands, even if sometimes they can be more of a hindrance.

But now I am not going to

talk about my experiences cooking – I want to talk about my experiences eating out. Not going to Nandos – by eating out I mean just changing kitchens in halls and not being the head chef, but more like an assistant. It happens even to the best of us... but I am, ultimately, a student so, when food is offered to me, I cannot

simply say no. Right?

Some of my friends decided to make burgers, and I decided to trust them and have some faith that I wouldn't die. And believe it or not, I had an extremely delicious dinner – with less effort than I would normally invest in a dinner – all I had to do was to fry some meat. Easy peasy!

Ingredients

4 burger patties
Oil
4 burger baps, sliced
8 slices melting cheese
2 tbsp mayo
1 tbsp ketchup
1 tsp Dijon mustard
1 small onion
Salad leaves
½ lemon
2 sliced tomatoes

1. Find someone who is not afraid to fry meat, especially when all the oil starts spitting. Make them feel like they have to do it so everyone can survive the night and start them on frying the burgers on a high heat.

2. Make the sauce: mix the ketchup, the mayo and the Dijon mustard in a bowl; chop the onion in small pieces and add it in the mixture to taste – you can leave it out entirely. Chop the salad leaves into bite sized mouthfuls, and mix with the tomatoes. Finish with the lemon juice and mix a bit more.

3. When the burgers are close to done, add the two slices of cheese on top of each patty and keep it in the pan for some two extra minutes or until the cheese is melted, but not for too long – you don't want overcooked meat, right?

4. Build your burger. Add some tomato slices and maybe

some extra salad or onion. Top up with the sauce and add the top slice of bun.

5. Enjoy!

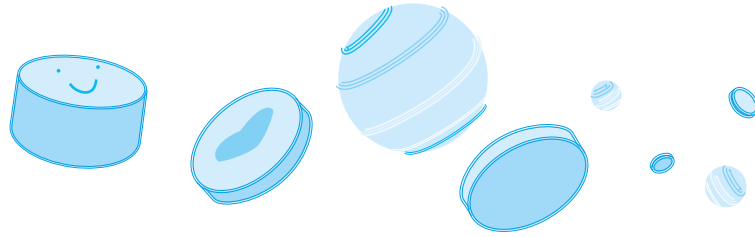
Yes, number five is actually a step: you definitely must relax and forget about all the student worries and enjoy an easy-to-make and almost-healthy meal.

//Some of my friends decided to make burgers, and I decided to trust them and have some faith that I wouldn't die. And believe it or not, I had an extremely delicious dinner //



MILLENNIALS...

felix



DRUGS

Drug Bible | Cocaine

Toot
 Super C
 White
 Coca
 C
 Snow
 Blow
 The Devil's Persil
 White Horse
 Nose clams
 Charlie
 Colombian

What it does

Cocaine is a powerful energising stimulant. Once taken, expect to feel stereotypical effects such as an increased heart rate, sweating, and dilated pupils (that's right, you will feel your pupils dilate). Cocaine acts by increasing the concentration of serotonin and dopamine in the brain. This allows the user to experience a feeling of lightness, confidence and alertness. If you see someone with all of the above symptoms in Metric, then they're definitely having a good time, and that's not because they're enjoying Metric.

How you use it

The duration of effects can vary, it is dependent on the method of ingestion. The most common methods are sniffing/snorting and smoking. Additionally, depending on your own personal preference for cocaine consumption (we all have one, don't we?), you will experience variations of the effects felt. Crack cocaine (which is generally smoked) reaches the brain faster than sniffed/snorted cocaine. This enables you to experience much more intense highs. However, be prepared for the equally intense comedown. Due to these naturally more powerful highs, crack cocaine is much more addictive. The effects of smoking crack have a duration of anywhere between 5-15 minutes, whilst sniffing cocaine lasts 20-50 minutes. Whilst normally this writer has no objection to drug use, in the case of crack cocaine, I draw a line. This writer does not advise trying crack cocaine.

Prices and Mixing

Cocaine sold on the street is often mixed with absolute shite. In order to increase the amount they have to sell, often dealers mix or 'cut' good cocaine with local anaesthetic, quinine, or good old fashioned sugar. Although sugar won't do you much harm up your nose, other chemicals will. People frequently have adverse effects, not to the cocaine, but the other crap in there. Be wary of this. The price for pure cocaine in London is AT LEAST £10 a point (£10 for 0.1 gram, £100 for one gram etc.). If you are interested in buying cocaine use some common sense! If the deal is too good to be true, then it probably is.

Legality

The good news is that cocaine is a decriminalised substance in Portugal and Colombia. So if you fancy taking cocaine without fear of a criminal record that's where you need to be heading. The bad news is that the UK is still very much stuck in the late 20th century (in the early 20th century you actually could buy cocaine from shops). Cocaine is a class A drug in the UK. This is the most serious classification. Being found in possession can result in a seven year prison sentence and a fine.

Glossary

Rushing – Term used when experiencing increased levels of alertness and confidence. Used in a sentence as simply "I'm rushing".

Fiending – Used to express coming down. For example, "Now I've stopped rushing, I'm fiending".

Gram – The common unit when buying cocaine is a gram. Larger weights can be bought if you're richer than the rest of us. Smaller weights can also be bought if you're just looking for a quick hit.

Line – Quite literally a line of cocaine. Lines come in various sizes, from 0.1 grams (normal) to half-gram lines for the professionals out there.

Key – Quite literally cocaine on a key (for example a house key). Prepared by simply inserting a key in to your favourite bag of cocaine, keys are naturally smaller than lines. Keys are desirable due to a reduced amount of preparation required compared to lines.

Some statistics

According to *The Independent*, "about one in 24 (4.2%) of people between 15 and 34 in the UK" admitted taking cocaine in the past twelve months. This means that Britain has the highest rate of cocaine use among young adults in Europe. With an EU average of 1.9% it's no wonder we voted to leave. Europe can't even keep up adequate levels of cocaine use. The same report also showed that nearly one in ten people in the UK aged from 15 to 64 had used cocaine at some point in their lives. So, if you're struggling to find friends at Imperial College to share your rampant cocaine habit with, you are not alone.

Things to do when you're high

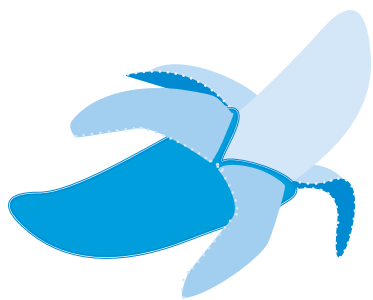
Do

- Go to Metric.
- Go out with friends. In Metric.
- Make sure you're in an environment you're comfortable with. (Metric)

Don't

- Feel peer pressured. If you don't want it, don't do it!
- Go to Fabric. The new anti-drug measures sound a little too heavy handed.
- Take in conjunction with other uppers. You don't want that heart rate getting too high.

Imperial College has a strict zero-tolerance policy on drugs. If you're struggling with drug use, visit talktofrank.com



Disabled people are not sexless

Though we're often led to believe that having a **disability** automatically leads to a sexless existence this couldn't be further away from the truth. Through the veil of **complexities** and social awkwardness what often awaits is just another **sexual** being.

Life is hard, and finding our way through the labyrinth of dating, relationships, and sex is one of the hardest and most formidable tasks we face as millennials. One thing that's usually a given is that we all like sex (unless you're asexual, which is totally okay, or you make the choice not to have sex for whatever reason (whether it's because it causes you pain or mental turmoil, or because you believe that it is an affront to God), which is also totally okay). But when it comes to hunting for a potential mate (or mates), we often have a very narrow view of who fits into our dating pool.

**\\ One thing that's usually a given is that we all like sex **

And I'm not talking about dating someone out of your league, or trying to break that racial bias that we so vehemently deny. I'm referring to the desirability of people with disabilities. As well as the physical or mental problems associated with their disability, disabled people also have to face social complexities, one of which is the stigmatisation of

their condition. This stigma can come in many forms, but one of its manifestations is in an inability to view disabled people as sexual beings.

**\\ Their priority is going to be for both of you to get off, so they'll probably make the hows and whys and what-not-to-dos pretty clear as you go **

In general, the sexual desires of those with disabilities tend to be overlooked because they have so many other things to worry about, and because the sexuality of those with disabilities is not visible or portrayed in the media. But this isn't to say that they don't have the same urges and needs as able-bodied folks. And moreso, it doesn't mean that they aren't having great sex.

In the same way that we make adjustments for other things in our life, like leaving time to commute to work, or putting a towel down before having sex when Aunt Flo is in town, depending on the nature of each person's

disability, some changes may need to be made. Sounds like it could be a lot of work, but really this doesn't have to be any more of a big deal than remembering that Nancy isn't into butt-stuff.

I've known people to be put off having sex with disabled people because it can be complicated, intimidating, and can require forward planning. Certainly for those having sex with a person with severe physical disabilities for the first time, there can be a lot of anxiety. But it needn't be something to worry about – it's not like anyone is going to break like delicate porcelain as soon as you touch them (if they are likely to, they'll warn you), and their

**\\ It means not only looking for someone interested in someone of your gender, but also some who doesn't see the disability as a problem, or (ugh) fetishise it **

priority is probably going to be for you both to get off, so they'll probably make the

hows and whys and what-not-to-dos pretty clear as you go.

**\\ It can be frustrating, wanting to experience the rawest of human desires with someone, but being held back by the way that you are perceived **

There's also the delicate issue of attraction. Attracting someone for sex becomes more of a challenge, because it means not only looking for someone interested in someone of your gender and personality, but also someone who doesn't see the disability as a problem, or (ugh) fetishise it. It can be harder to pick people up in a bar or club, and someone with a disability can quite often be ruled out on dating websites because there are so many other people it would be easier to date. And this is unfair.

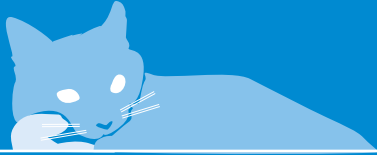
Disabled people often have to work extra hard to prove themselves as sexual beings, exaggerating their sexuality and emphasising their sexual identity, just to be given the

same level of consideration as able-bodied people. It can be immensely frustrating, wanting to experience the rawest of human desires with someone, but being held back by the way that you are perceived. It can be hurtful to be rejected for no reason other than the inconvenience of a minor physical obstacle.

As a society, we need to break away from the subconscious idea that phenomenal sex is a privilege of the able-bodied. The best experiences often come from breaking away from our

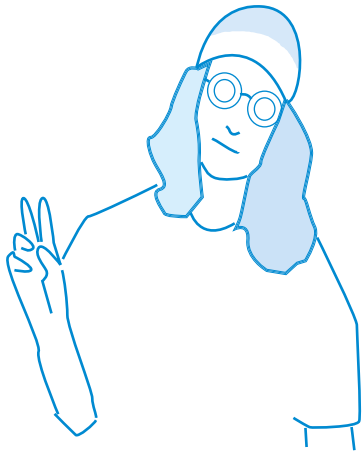
**\\ The best experiences often come from breaking away from our narrow view of who we're attracted to **

narrow view of who we are attracted to, whether that means being open to someone of a different gender, race, or number of limbs. We're all struggling through the existential angst of our modern, soulless world, so let's bond over that and try not to create additional barriers to having the sensational orgasms we all deserve.



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

felix

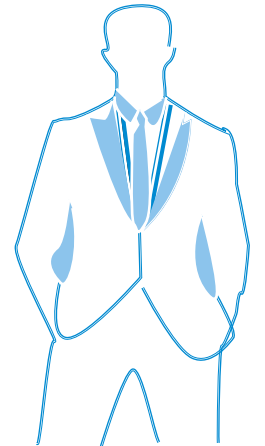


If you aren't vegan, you clearly have a mental degeneracy

Jonathan Masters wants more recognition of the disability that is omnivorism

We must protect women from trying to live their dreams

Monathan Jasters reflects on the difficulties that women face due to being the inferior sex



VOS

This week, dearest readers, I want to write to you about a disability. This is a disability that has no charity, has no representation, and has no-one spreading awareness. This disability is known as not caring enough about the environment. Now admittedly all I have is a degree in psychology from UCL, so it doesn't really count for much; however, this degree has given me the ability to diagnose people with illnesses that they didn't even know they had, so I think I'm basically the same as a science doctor.

From my various experiments I have deduced that this illness probably has something to do with the brain. Of course I say experiments, but what I really mean is I sat down and thought about what people sometimes do and gave a scary name to it. From this vague set of assumptions, I have also concluded that it has something to do with bacon somehow getting into the bloodstream and causing people to stop care about animals, trees, and the eternal life force that guides us all, mother Gaia. It is called Pigirrumatoris.

This disability means that there are people among us who are literally incapable of stopping themselves from putting animal products into their mouth, and so can't fully experience the sheer majesty of tofu and vegan cheese. Honestly I would rather have both my legs amputated and scoop my eyeballs out with a spoon than use one of those new five pound notes with their microscopic-traceable amounts of an animal fat byproduct WHICH IS DISGUSTING AND

HONESTLY I NEVER EXPECTED MARK CAIRNEY TO BETRAY ME LIKE THIS. Anyway, as I was saying, people who don't overreact to small things like this have obviously got something medically wrong with them. How hard is it to empathise with a cow, I mean really? If you squint hard enough they even look like us, if not a better version since the consume so many more whole wheat grains.

The treatment for this, I believe, is not accepting that everyone has different opinions about animals and their importance, and high doses of kale take on a regular basis. I have a friend who was once in the throes of Pigirrumatoris but luckily due to my intervention of taking all the fun and joy from his life, he can properly experience what it's like to be a normal human bean. I mean human being.

Like my weak-willed scrounger of the state counterpart to my left, I too believe that there is a disability that is hidden under the surface of this politically correct prison. This disability is known as being a woman. Now before your wives/girlfriends/assorted mistresses start getting menstrual and forgetting their place, let me clarify: most women are disabled. If they aren't disabled, then why do they consistently get paid less for doing the same job as a man? The reason for this is that the female brain is scientifically proven to be smaller than that of men (I know this is true because I read it in the Bible), and indeed they find it more difficult to do simple tasks because they are always worrying about their biological clock ticking away. Furthermore, it has been proven that these poor women, who have not been told they were born with a feminine disability, took almost twice the amount of time a man would taken to get the job done as they were too busy looking for potential partners and crying. Sir Tim Hunt told me so.

Another disability that women face is the fact that they are medically weaker and often find it difficult to fight muggers. It seems they are unable to use the muscles in their, um, lady parts, in order to fight other people. I mean, you must be retarded if you haven't realised you can just train it like any muscle. I saw this documentary called Teeth a few year's ago and this woman was so far advanced (not evolved, OK thought police!) that she had

trained her, um, delicate flower, to bite on the cocks of weaker men. Come on ladies! If feminism is so great, why haven't you all been doing this???

I imagine the majority of my readers will not have understood the reference I just made to what is a common mental retardation called meminism among women. In fact this condition is infective, and is on it's fourth infective wave of this epidemic. It leads to some even believing that they can be president, which of course we all know is a crazy impossibility. So please, for the price of a Daily Mail, you can help us finally alleviate the suffering that these poor women feel by allowing them to live their dreams of being somebody's wife.

* Sponsored by Sarah Palin



CRISIS

Chris

Dear Chris,

I'm having a major life crisis. Christmas is approaching and I'm feeling really unhealthy. Everyone in the office has started Christmas baking. There's cake in here every day. Some of it is good, some of it is bad but I don't fucking care. IT'S CAKE! I've been eating three to four slices a day. I went to a fortune teller at a christmas market and she saw DIABETES in my future :(I don't know how to quit. The other day a piece of cake fell into a petri dish and I automatically picked it up and shoved it in my mouth. That petri dish had a staphylococcus culture in it. Help!

Best,
M Berry [Staff]

M dearest,

I understand your struggle. I LOVE the holidays. Gingerbread, packing that fiery punch, lebküchen (which is just german gingerbread so it also pucks a fiery punch, only it's rougher and wears leather 'cause, you know, it's German), christmas pudding, perfectly aged just like nan, christmas cake, drowned in enough alcohol to kill a rugby team, just like nan. Dear GOD just writing this is giving me a sugar rush. Gimme a sec need to grab some maltesers from the cupboard.

Sooooo where were we... Oh yes. Gurl I feel ya. If I had a pound (sterling) for every slice of cake I've had these past couple of weeks... Like yesterday I was stuffing my face with the chocolatiest, richest, fattiest, yule log (the dessert kind), and the day before someone brought in

these mince pies that I couldn't stop eating. I mean they were shit. They were overcooked and the filling was at best questionable but there's just something about mince pies that makes them irresistible. And omg the candy canes. Don't even get me started on the sugary delights that candy canes are.

So... as I was saying.... I'm not sure what we were talking about to be honest and I really need to go cause I have a Christmas dinner to attend in ten minutes.

Anyway good luck with the staphylococcus! Sounds delicious!

Big luv,
Chris xxxxx

HOROSCOPES

<p>ARIES</p>	<p>TAURUS</p>	<p>GEMINI</p>	<p>CANCER</p>	<p>LEO</p>	<p>VIRGO</p>
<p>This week you finally get into the Christmas spirit, and by Christmas spirit we mean eggnog.</p>	<p>This week you notice advent calendars are declining in popularity. Their days are numbered.</p>	<p>This week you dump your girlfriend via a text message and then fly to another country. You wonder why she wants to track you down and maybe ...kill you?</p>	<p>This week you go to a society general meeting, but nobody else came. Good thing you don't need quorum!</p>	<p>This week you bring in a giant gingerbread house to try and make friends. Friendship cannot be bought with food. Stop trying.</p>	<p>This week you realise you can't remember Wednesday night when you actually stayed up late in the library to study. No wonder you don't, because you were actually at ACC.</p>
<p>LIBRA</p>	<p>SCORPIO</p>	<p>SAGITTARIUS</p>	<p>CAPRICORN</p>	<p>AQUARIUS</p>	<p>PISCES</p>
<p>This week you stage a sit in at the Union bar to protest their drinks fee rises. You spend the whole day in there, drinking and eating curly fries. Not much different to last week to be honest.</p>	<p>This week you're a vegan and are deeply upset that banknotes contain trace amounts of cow. Guess that means you're gonna have to stop eating them now.</p>	<p>This week you miss the bus to the airport because you couldn't make up your mind if you want to take the bus or the train. Or is it the train you actually miss? Make up your mind!</p>	<p>This week your personal tutor reminds you that reading the newspaper doesn't count as "outside reading". You live in hope though, maybe the College will change this policy next year.</p>	<p>This week you realise that if you reduce the amount of coffee you drink, you'll actually get some sleep and then stop day-dreaming in lectures. No? Okay, get me a latte then.</p>	<p>This week you decide you want to generate a bigger social media following. Stop. Posting. Everything. On. Facebook. Like seriously, don't take a picture of this and post it.</p>



Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Yeah, it's a plane

On a cold Sunday morning, eight members of Imperial College Gliding Club, both new and experienced, set off on an expedition to a new airfield. Meeting on campus at 6:30am was a small price to pay for what lay ahead.

Parham is a small, quiet airfield compared to our home base Lasham, which is surrounded by flat fields in all directions. Parham offers views of rolling hills and the Southdowns ridge: a line of chalk hills extending almost 200km ending at the south coast.

We would be flying in our own two-seat training glider,

a Grob 103C and a hired Duo Discus. These were towed to Parham in their trailers by our Imperial alumni instructors, Tom Arscott and Guy Dutton.

Once we arrived at Parham and rigged the gliders, to ensure the wings and tailplane were securely attached, we got flying! On the ridge, any strong northerly wind will be deflected up the hills, providing rising air for gliders to gain altitude. Gliders can stay aloft for hours at a time by flying back and forth along the ridge.

Gliding above the ridge is exhilarating. The continued supply of energy enabled us to make spectacularly speedy low flights, following the terrain of the ridge. We

were all able to have at least one hour-long flight and two of us were even able to fly in formation together for two hours, covering 60km on the ridge.

We flew for as long as possible, being the last to land back at Parham, de-rigging our gliders just before darkness. The trip was a huge success, with both returning members of the club making progress with training and new members discovering the thrills of gliding.

ICGC has its own fleet of three modern gliders: one two-seat trainer and two glass-fibre, high-performance, single-seat gliders. The club is run by the students and organises trips to Lasham every Saturday and Sunday.

Training is done in the two-

seat glider, with fully-qualified instructors, several of which are Imperial alumni. No prior flying experience is required to join us.

Gliding is an amazing sport that allows you to fly hundreds of kilometres, perform thrilling aerobatics, or simply enjoy the views from the air. It is also among the cheapest forms of flying whilst on a student budget, with large discounts for full-time students. Loads more information about the club is available on our Facebook page, website or just send us an email. We'd love for you to come and fly with us!

Amy Whistlecroft



Yacht club's Far-Eastern adventure

From the 27th to 31st of October 2016, the 10th China Cup International Regatta was hosted in Shenzhen, attracting over 140 teams from all over the world including Russia, the USA, Australia and Germany, amongst others. Imperial College Yacht Club (ICYC) sent out Team Imperial, comprised of students and alumni from Imperial, Oxford

and Cambridge Universities. They were participating as the only British boat in the Regatta, the first time in seven years a British boat has competed in the event.

The crew consisted of nine members, brought together by Bob Xu, the president of ICYC, and skippered by Robert Page, an Imperial alumni and a member of the Royal Ocean Racing Club. After a few days practicing together as a team for the

first time, the racing kicked off with a day passage race from Hong Kong to Shenzhen, where the majority of the racing was held.

Despite being agonisingly close to the finish, the passage race was called off due to the lack of wind before any of the First 40.7 class could finish. After navigating Chinese immigration, the team managed to get to the hotel and got some much deserved rest to ready themselves for the races to come.

Over the next three days, competing with a host of experienced teams, including professionals from New Zealand and Beneteau America, the Imperial boat performed extremely well in their first international regatta and first time racing together. After the four days of racing, thanks to strong racing tactics and

excellent teamwork onboard (and despite frustration from changeable conditions), Team Imperial managed to achieve positions of 9th, 15th, 19th, 11th and 13th. This gave an impressive overall placement of 14th out of 25, beating Beneteau Asia, as well as crews from Russia, Canada, Germany and Australia amongst others.

ICYC would like to take this opportunity to thank the Italian renewable energy firm Chemtech Solar, especially its Managing Partner, Ms. Chery Zeng, for her generous funding to make this journey possible.

ICYC is recognised as the only student-led yacht club in London. ICYC's next race will be April 2017 in France, attending the EDHEC Sailing Cup (Course Croisière EDHEC), also known as the biggest student sailing



regatta in Europe. This will be a historical entry as the last time Imperial participated in EDHEC was back in 1980s.

Alex Eckl and Bob Xu





David Henson MBE

Military veteran Bronze medallist PhD student

\\ Joe O'Connell-Danes

struggle to get out of bed some mornings. OK, most mornings. OK, OK, I'm still in bed watching Jeremy Kyle yell at someone for having 3 wives and 1 kid whom they all swear is theirs, but we've gone off topic. Seeing as this is 'disability week' I figured I should talk to someone who knows enough about overcoming a disability to be awarded an MBE, win an athletics bronze medal and participate in research on their own prostheses. Talk about owning your disability (which we will actually do, later on)! Meet David Henson. He has agreed to play host to my first celebrity interview and talk about how he tackles playing multiple roles at once as well as re-adjusting to life as a bi-lateral amputee. Why is my lethargic attitude to an early morning relevant? Well read on and see why asking "What's your excuse?" becomes painfully clear.

How do you balance all the research, training and fame you've acquired since becoming both an academic researcher and Paralympic athlete?

I think the balance is something that's developed over time, so certainly when I started my PhD last year, the balance was too much in the favour of my PhD and my athletics and home life suffered. Then, as I got closer to the Paralympics, my academic and home life suffered as I put too much on athletics. I've just finished the 2015/16 athletics season and I'm just trying a new way of balancing all of the different activities I've got going on. With a bit more of a bias towards the academics. Even though I'm a part-time PhD student, I'd like to push on with my work; that's where my career lies. As for athletics, while it's a career now, it's not going to last forever. It's physically impossible to last forever. So, when I finish athletics, whenever that might be, I want my career to be in a good spot to take over. I actually find all the different elements to be complimentary to one another. As an amputee pushing into the high level sport that I've done, I've found weaknesses and limitations of my body, that take place on a day-to-day basis, are all amplified at speed. I think it's easier to identify functional weaknesses in my body where I can improve and how that can translate from the track into everyday life and how it can inform my research. I think that it all works well, but definitely finding that balance and keeping supervisors happy is a difficult one, but I tend to make it work by getting up earlier. On a University day, I get up at 4:15 [am] and I'm in the office by 7:00 [am], sometimes earlier. I'll try and get a training session in either before work or during the day with the fabulous people in my department [I possibly count as one of these people due to the single time I went running with David]. A normal training session will

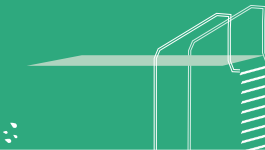


\\ Roger Keller

be two hours on the track and an hour and a half to two hours in the gym and I'll get those done back-to-back. In the morning, I'll be on the track at 8:00am and I'll have all my training sessions done by midday. Then I'll have some lunch and I'll be working from home in the afternoon. So it works out but it's taken a long time to get right.

You mention finding things out about your body. As you're an amputee, do you find there's a more personal than professional drive in your research looking at amputees?

Definitely, one of the things I perhaps worried about at the start of the research was a bias but I think it's OK. I'm coming at this from a bias point-of-view, it does provide a massive drive for me. I never really saw myself as an academic, I never thought I was clever enough to do that. Before I joined the army I was a mechanical engineer, then I joined and went through the officer route and as far as I was concerned that was my career. That's what I was going to do and that's what I was happy doing. All I ever really wanted to do was be an engineer in the army. When I lost my legs I was forced to reconsider my career route, I could have stayed in the army and flown a desk for a while which isn't quite the same. I joined to be a professional soldier, to go on operations and that side of my life was taken away from me so it became non-viable. Looking back on previous qualifications and the situation I found myself in, with the prosthetics, I felt that I could use my own experiences to make things better for the amputee population. [I have] a distinct bias towards military amputees, as they're essentially my extended family - a group I personally care about on an intimate level - so I came back to Imperial to do a Masters in engineering and more research into kinds of engineering systems that can be developed for interaction with the human body. From the masters I felt I didn't know enough still, so I wanted to carry on to a PhD so I knew enough about my own body and my own situation to try and contribute towards solving the problem, rather than waiting for someone else to solve it for me. Qualifications aside, it's been so beneficial to me from a psychological point of view. There are strong links between service men and women coming out of that service environment, and the lack of contribution you once felt as part of the army, and depression and mental health problems and I feel that switching straight into academia and contributing in a different way has kept my mental health at a stable and positive level.



With a focus on Imperial College, does access to the College or the ability to move around campus hamper you at all? How would you rate the facilities we have here?

For a central London based institution, it could be a lot worse. We are limited by real-estate, everything has to go up. So there are lifts and there are old buildings linked into new buildings, so it's a very difficult map to negotiate. I get a parking permit and there are lifts everywhere, sometimes there are issues with the access facilities being maintained properly. The lifts can be broken which causes a number of problems. [The lifts] are few and far between so there's a fair amount of walking but actually the college has gone out of their way to make sure everything they can do is done to a reasonable standard. There are a limited number of toilet facilities and sometimes the disabled facilities are either broken or occupied and that makes things difficult for someone with a disability. I don't feel like it hampers me unless things have gone wrong. There have been times when a lift has been out of order and has been for a long time, which massively affects how far I have to walk. If I have to walk further, then I'm more tired which affects the work I'm doing. The distance is only eight or nine hundred metres but as an amputee walking is difficult because you've lost your legs and any extra walking you have to do is taxing.

\\ My brain is still functioning, the rest of my body is still functioning and it's all about thinking your way through obstacles that you are confronted with \\

And has being an amputee hampered your ability to do research?

No, absolutely not. I've benefited by coming through the military system, whose focus is on rehabilitation and occupational health so getting someone ready to return to work is massive. I was in a very good position, mentally and physically, to come back to work. I never felt any hesitation or dubiousness about coming back to Imperial. I knew I could do it and I don't think [being an amputee] has hampered me. I'm in the biomechanics lab, which means we use [reflective] marker systems and I need to place things on ankles, therefore I'm down on the floor, so may have to get someone else to do that for me. But, my brain is still functioning, the rest of my body is still functioning and it's all about thinking your way through obstacles that you are confronted with.

If you have other disabilities, such as being blind, deaf or having lost your arms, do you think research isn't as accessible?

There's definitely no excuse not to do it if it's something you want to do as there's always a solution. In this science and technology institution, there are people that can help develop a solution if one doesn't already exist. My Grandad is blind, 90 years old, and completed his bachelor's degree five years ago. He did a degree in Law so he required someone to help him read papers and get the background information he needed but it worked out fine. If he can do it, then a 30-year old man who's lost his legs can do it.

Here at felix, we'd like to get an idea of how individuals are 'owning their disability'. Do you get many people asking for you to participate in their research? And because you want to own your disability, do you approach it as "I'm going to help as many

people as possible"?

It's a difficult one. You do get asked to do an awful lot which is why, certainly from a research point of view, I'd always advocate paying people with a disability to come and do your study as chances are they've been asked to do a few before. You essentially become someone with a specialist qualification, so being reimbursed can save them getting frustrated by what they're doing. The individual can then build it into an income which goes a long way. It's a weird one as you want to help the cohort you're a part of and you want to contribute to the collective knowledge on that particular disability. You just have to balance it; you do need to own your disability which generally means getting back to work. It means you don't have all that time available but you do feel a certain obligation to go and take part. You have to make sure your delegation and allocation of time is well managed. Otherwise, you can get swamped and you start working into the evenings which affects your home life. If you start taking too many hours out of the day, you've got to make those hours up at some point so it's understanding where you can make them up and being more flexible. It is all about owning your disability, whether that's contributing to society through being a taxpayer, or contributing to the knowledge of your condition by taking part in or conducting research.

Do you feel you're treated differently in research because you're disabled?

I don't know, I hope not. I don't feel like I have been treated differently as a result of my disability. There are other things which I don't think give me special favours, but other projects I have going on outside of Imperial give links to the college so I feel like a have a slightly different role to that of a normal PhD student just because of where I've come from. I don't think it's through disability; the only special dispensation I get are to do with access and if I ask for a different chair or lower desk then those provisions are put in place. But my deadlines are still the same, still have to do the same presentations, still have to submit papers and everything is still the same. They just try and make me feel a bit more comfortable.



\\ Joe O'Connell-Danes

David has in no way let his 'disability' ruin his life. During the interview I could tell he had spoken enough about the traumatic loss of his legs that continuing to talk about it only drives him more to improve the experience for those who will unfortunately follow him. I am humbled to have been given an insight into the everyday life of a man who would usually be out on the track or sitting on numerous committees in an advisory role. Here is someone who has picked themselves up and tackled the problem head on. His attitude of using his own experiences to help others is a mantle I hope more take up, not just for the benefit of others, but allowing them as an individual to truly own their disability. Maybe I should start setting my alarm.



\\ Kentaro Iemoto

Paralympians achieve legendary status but who was there to witness history in the making?

The partying and fireworks on a wet, rainy night in and around the Maracanã Stadium marked the grand finale of the biggest sporting showpiece of the year and brought a happy ending to two weeks full of sweat, grit, determination, tension, sportsmanship, joy, tears, more sportsmanship and the very best that sport has to offer. The joyous end to the Rio 2016 Olympic Games was just as well, considering the numerous issues and controversies in the build-up, and even during the Games, ranging from a green diving pool and empty seats to the Zika virus outbreak and the filthy state of Guanabara Bay, its waters containing "superbugs" and even dead bodies, among a plethora of other nasty things.

On the bright side, this Olympics turned out to be a highly successful one for Team GB. With 67 medals won in total (27 gold, 23 silver and 17 bronze), this was their highest tally since 1908, surpassing the tally of 65, set right here in London four years ago. They came in 2nd place in the gold medal standings by country, a place and a single gold medal

above China, who were on 26 (which is a pretty remarkable achievement, considering one does not simply win more medals than China in the Olympics unless one is the US). There was joy for Imperial in this as well, with Imperial alumnus Melanie Wilson competing in the Games as well. Better yet, she was part of the women's eight that won a silver medal in rowing, coming from last place at the halfway point to beat Romania to the 1st runner up spot right at the death. Yay for Imperial!

I do (not) apologise for seizing this opportunity to gloat about an excellent Olympic campaign it's been for my home country, Malaysia, as well. Our Olympians managed to secure five medals, our best ever tally at a Summer Games. We even managed to win medals in a sport that isn't badminton for only the 2nd time. Yes, five medals hardly matches up to Team GB's 67, but for a country still waiting for its 1st Olympic gold medal (which has come tantalisingly close on a few occasions now but still proves rather elusive), this'll do nicely.

A mere 17 days after the conclusion of the Olympics, Rio de Janeiro would once again play host to one of the sporting world's biggest events – the Paralympic Games, where I will make a point of congratulating once again the success of Team GB. Their 147 medals, 67 of which were gold, put them firmly in 2nd place in the medals

\\ Never before in the 56-year history of the Paralympic Games have we faced circumstances like this \\

table, 30 medals ahead of 3rd placed Ukraine and an additional two ahead of the US in fourth. We at Imperial were once again represented, this time by Bioengineering PhD student David Henson MBE. The former army captain, who had previously completed a Masters degree in Biomedical Engineering here at Imperial, won a bronze medal in the T42

200m event in athletics. Once again, I unapologetically use this chance to gloat about Malaysia's achievements at the Paralympics. It was, like the Olympics before it, also Malaysia's best ever showing at the Paralympics – this was the first time we managed to win a Paralympic gold medal, and we won three of them (and a bronze medal as well). Needless to say, our Paralympians (and Olympians, of course) received a hero's welcome upon their return from Brazil.

Given the hype of London 2012 and the majesty of one of this year's most important sporting events in the world, you would expect the Paralympics to be met with just as much excitement and enthusiasm as the Olympics before it. Given it was held in the same place as the able-bodied Olympics and that ticket sales were high, you'd think that was the case. With over two million tickets sold, you'd be forgiven for suggesting that the Rio Paralympics would surpass Beijing 2008 as the 2nd most attended Paralympics Games in history.

But what went wrong?

Managing to sell so many tickets is indicative of success, yet a dismal 12% of ticket sales not too long before the Games, supposedly due to a lack of interest from the locals and sponsors, left a lot to be desired and resulted in significant budget shortfalls. The organisers were also unable to pay travel grants of up to \$8 million to participating nations. Sir Philip Craven MBE, president of the International Paralympic Committee, certainly had grim words to say about it: "Never before in the 56-year history of the Paralympic Games have we faced circumstances like this."

Only after cuts had been announced, and drastic measures taken, that ticket sales began to take a turn for the better. Launched by former London 2012 marketing director Greg Nugent, backed by rock band Coldplay and even receiving a personal donation from Prince Harry, the #FillTheSeats campaign took off. A crowdfunding initiative to buy tickets for Brazilian children to watch the Paralympics, it was of no small help in doing exactly what its name suggests.



Ticket sales soared and eventually, the final figures were able to paper over the cracks that were initially present. Again, it seems another case of 'all's well that ends well'. But this must never happen again.

London 2012, the most successful Paralympic Games ever in terms of ticket sales, with 2.7 million sold, set the benchmark for disabled sport and showcased Britain's diverse nature. It left a legacy for disabled sport and took it to a new high. Paralympic wheelchair racer Anne Wafula Strike gave an interview to The Guardian, saying:

"We should be proud of what we achieved in London in 2012, when people started to look at us as fully fledged athletes. The world has a lot to learn from 2012, they should ask for the notes. Sport is the only language everyone can speak. Whether you are tall and a superstar like Usain Bolt, or whether you are racing in a wheelchair, everyone understands."

It's a shame that the immediate successor to the very Games that raised the benchmark and set the "gold-standard" of disabled sport came so dangerously close to throwing away the legacy its predecessor stood for. They've had seven years to plan and budget for this,

but perhaps the strain of hosting a succession of big events: the United Nations Conference on Sustainable Development in 2012, a Papal visit in 2013, the FIFA World Cup two years ago and now these Games, coupled with the country's economic condition. Needless to say, it has all taken its toll.

More obscure but no less significant, the Paralympic Games are as much a celebration of sport as the Olympics are. It's a statement of empowerment to all the disabled persons out there that even with a disability, you can still participate in sport. You can still dream of and achieve something big. And most of all, you can inspire, motivate and empower others like you to do the same. Just because you can't see, are unable to move around without a wheelchair or suffer from an intellectual disability, doesn't mean you're anything less than an extraordinary human being. This certainly applies to sport as well, and practicing it is something everyone has a right to. In fact, that's one of the fundamental principles of Olympism:

"The practice of sport is a human right. Every individual must have the possibility of practising sport, without discrimination of any kind and in the Olympic spirit, which requires mutual understanding with a spirit of friendship,



\\ Jonas de Carvalho

solidarity and fair play."

The legalisation of same-sex marriage in the US last year represents a major victory for the LGBT community. They are human beings and have as much of a right to do just about everything a heterosexual person can. If we as a society can acknowledge and accept the LGBT community as equals and for who they are, then we can do the same for the disabled. Having a disability is always going to create challenges, and just because able-bodied people aren't in the same boat doesn't mean

we should see them as inferior. Again, a disability is nothing to be ashamed of, and having one of any sort does not make one any less 'human' in any way.

And it is due to these reasons that the Paralympics must never be seen as less important or worse still, cast aside in favour of its able-bodied counterpart. That would be a mass act of discrimination against all the Paralympians and disabled athletes out there, robbing them of the chance to realise their dreams and essentially sending a message to the world that disabled people

matter less. It would not only represent a huge step back for disabled people, but one for the entire human race as well.

The Paralympics in Rio, supposedly a step forward from the success of London, very nearly turned into a step back. Thankfully that didn't happen and hopefully it'll be a more positive story four years from now in Tokyo.

Beng Tan



\\ Kentaro Iemoto



IC deserve Leo's Oscar after beating Bears

Following a strong win and a defensive shut out against the UEA Pirates, the Immortals were looking to build upon their momentum and announce themselves as serious playoff contenders. Standing in their way were the Immortals' fierce rivals, Royal Holloway.

The Immortals received the ball to start, with Markus 'Donald Plump' Mohr catching the deep ball and returning it 20 yards. Likely the first ever kick return from an O-Linemen in BUCS history. A strong offensive drive ensued, but came to an abrupt halt when Quarterback Jason 'Poundcut' Kuilan threw an

interception under intense pressure due to some questionable blocks from the Immortals O-Line. Fortunately, the defence came out firing on all cylinders and after a series of big plays, got the first score of the day with Jonas 'More-muscles-than-brains' Schwenck sacking the Bears' QB in the endzone. Not wanting to be outdone the Immortals Offense upped their game, scoring on the following two drives with powerful and evasive runs from Jason and running back Guillaume 'Cheerleader' Fontan capping off long, composed drives. Half time score: 14-0.

The Immortals came out in the second half all guns blazing, scoring two touchdowns in quick

succession. The first coming from a Marshawn Lynch-esque run from Offensive MVP Guillaume and the second due to a strip sack from Overall MVP Hennes 'Exclusively Canine' Turner leading to Defensive MVP Harry 'O Picks, O Aves' Lawrence picking the ball up and scurrying to the endzone to extend the Immortals' lead to four scores. On the next drive, a quick wide receiver screen and a momentary lapse in concentration led to the Bears' sole score of the day. Shout out to Will 'Loosey' Coidan for a diabolical tackle attempt, taking out his own pursuing defender and crushing any dreams of consecutive shutouts. The defence made amends with several big plays

to close out the game with interceptions from Henry 'Old Man' Alston, Panujum Taleongpony and the ever-present Jason. Special mention to big man Panujum for being stopped on the two-yard line following a stampeding run down the field. The Immortals closed out the game confidently with the final score being 42-6. Following this win, the Immortals now lie in the playoff positions for the first time since the 2014 season, when they reached the national semi-finals. They will be looking to take another step towards replicating their previous playoff success in two weeks against a UEA team, keen for retribution.

Imraj Singh



Octopush show diving isn't always bad in sport

Underwater hockey (or Octopush as it is often called) is a competitive sport combining hockey and snorkelling, played on the bottom of a swimming pool. The rules are similar to hockey, but with shorter sticks (about a foot long), meaning players must dive to the bottom of the pool to flick the weighted puck along the pool floor and into the goal. With IC member numbers tripling compared to last year, it could be said Octopush is one of Imperial's fastest growing sports. With the captain falling out of the car having arrived over an hour early, we made a keen first impression. This was the first tournament for all of our novices, where they put their skills to the test against

Warwick and host Oxford's counterparts, winning every match and bringing home the Novice Star. As Imperial's first all-novice team in several

\\ We were in for a turbulent ride but gave each team a run for their money \\

years this was quite a victory, and demonstrates massive potential for the year ahead. With the novices making up the numbers and joining the two seniors in their tournament category, we were in for a turbulent ride but gave each team a run for their money. Competing against players who had represented

Great Britain internationally was never going to be easy, but helped improve skills and tactics to fight back stronger next time. Accused of removing the puck from the goal, we fought our case that it was not completely across the line (where's underwater goal-line technology when you need it?). Debating the intricacies of the rulebook in gameplay, we picked a fight with the wrong player, who proceeded to announce he was a qualified referee. It turned out he was not close enough to see how it was balanced just on the edge; not quite in. Enjoying a Thai banquet with the hosts afterwards, we settled our differences about the rule book and were pleased to leave our trophy in the Scuba stores for our fellow society members to discover the following day.



At this point you must be telling yourself "by Jove, this is the sport for me!". Well, fear not, aspiring water-baby, as newcomers are always welcome to try it for free. If you are interested in giving it

a shot, come down to Ethos Thursdays 20:00-22:00, or check out the Imperial Octopush Facebook page for more info.

Esme Hoston Moore and Sam Maser

Cross country pretend to play Tennis?

Thinking of Wimbledon, visions of grassy courts, world-ranking tennis pros, and Sue Barker should come to mind. So when we told our runners that the next

race would be in Wimbledon, there was a predictable wave of excitement. Those who were savvy enough to deduce we weren't tennis players, or that it wasn't July, may have known there may not be green grass involved,

but rather hills, cross country trails, and grass of a browner shade. Mud - I'm talking about mud.

This is precisely what Imperial College Cross Country and Athletics (ICXCAC) faced last Wednesday when they rocked up to Wimbledon Common. This course is the third and final London College League (LCL) of term and usually brings about a Marmite argument. Some hate it for being long, undulating and bramble-ridden, while others love it for being long, undulating and bramble-ridden. Whatever side we took, Imperials' 30-plus runners took off into the dwindling sunlight with steely determination.

The course loop was 4.7 km

where women ran one loop, and men ran two. Notable features included a bottleneck corner 30 metres in (causing problems for those at the back), a giant log to hurdle over (great for athletics training), and an uphill slalom rich with brambles (as fun as it sounds).

Imperial women completed their race first, with Katie Olding, Ellie Johnstone and Charlotte Vanlancker leading us in. Imperial men, meanwhile, had Harry Scriven, Will Jones and Greg Jones taking the top three spots. Notable congratulations go to Katie and Greg for currently ranking 5th and 9th in the individual women's/men's results table for LCLs. Keep it up guys! With team

standings, Imperial's first team currently place 4th out of the 17 colleges, nail-bitingly close behind UCL.

Alas, after a truck-load of cake and biscuits were consumed, the team headed home and settled into a well-earned rest/pre-drink for Sports Night/resumed impending coursework (certainly not in that order). Look out for the next LCL report which takes ICXCAC to Alexandra Palace; royal mansion or muddy trail? Find out in January.

Duncan Ingram



The ultimate fan girl's account of women's eastern regionals

May Kyaw

On the 19th and 20th of November, I participated in the Women's Eastern Regionals for Ultimate Frisbee. While I could just list the outcomes of matches, I think it's time the sports section of felix discussed what goes behind the scenes of an ultimate tournament - particularly from the lens of an inexperienced player.

As a part of Imperial's second team, dD2, I didn't really have the pressure of winning on my shoulders. dD2's main goal was to improve and learn how to play as a team. Although we did not place so well (19th of 21 teams), we were proud

of our improvement and growth over the tournament weekend. While we lost all our games on the first day, dD2 managed to tie and win games on the second day.

Since Imperial's first team (dD1) and dD2 didn't play at the same time, dD2 spent much of our breaks admiring dD1. I think it came to a point where dD2 kept saying, "did you see that throw," or "they're so good". And to be honest, dD1 is good. I don't think the outcome of Women's Regionals reflects the skills of our women's first team. They throw the disc with some pretty impressive physics, leaving me to admire to ability to throw discs with such grace.

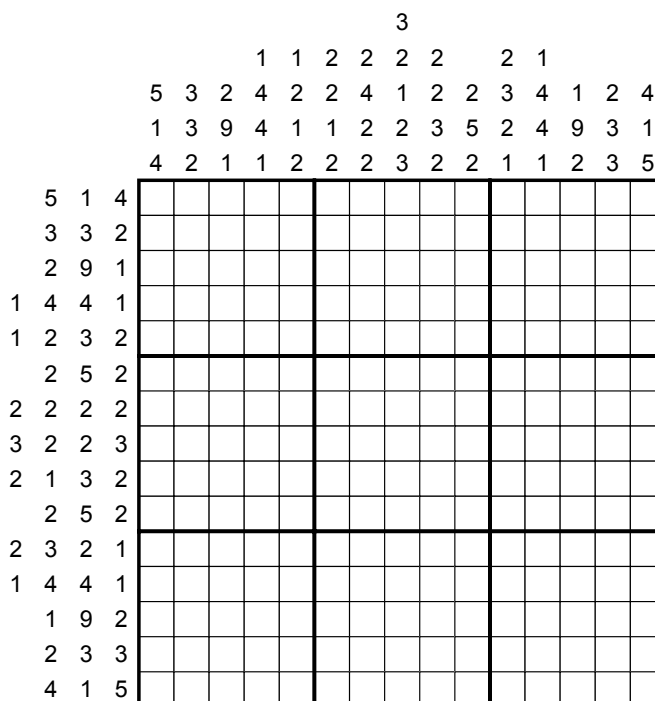
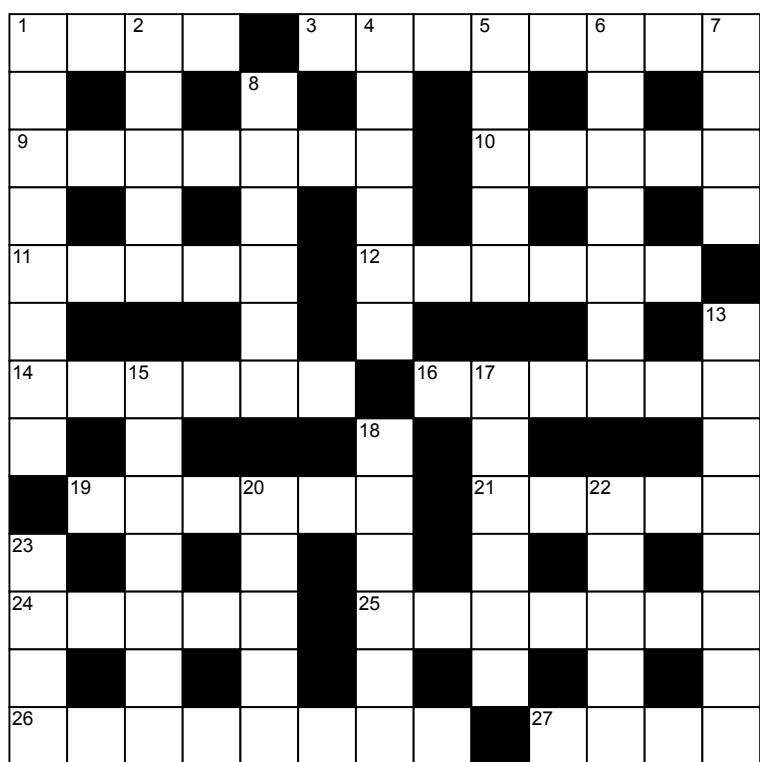
dD1 finished 6th overall,

barely missing the top four qualifying spots for Nationals after losing to UEA and Sussex in their games-to-go. Watching dD1's last games pulled on my heartstrings; while dD1 played clinically, they had a major height disadvantage. This resulted in Sussex and UEA chucking discs into the scoring zone and ultimately winning the tie-break points.

Although there was some disappointment with the final results, we played some fun ultimate and had a great tournament. Also, dD1 beat their long-term rival team, Cambridge so what more could we ask for?



felix ... PUZZLES



FUCWIT

Leaderboard

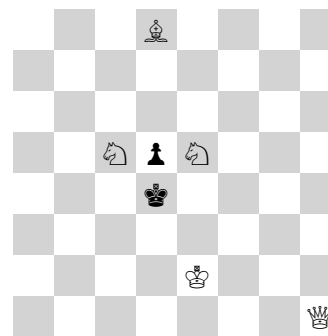
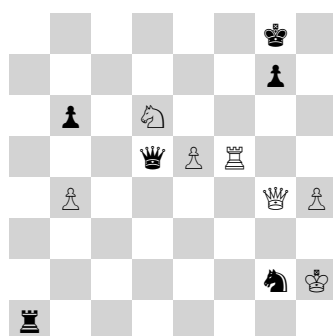
Anonymous	131
The Czechmates	123
NSNO	144
Willie Rush	144
Schrödingers Cat Strikes Back	104
Sneezing Pandas	97
Guinea Pigs	70
Puzzled	62
The Gravitons	61
CEP MSC	48
Chemical Brethren	43
Les Nuls	40
The Ultimate Fucwit	38
Grilled Cheese Inc.	36
TIA	28
Grand Day in Cullercoats	25
Lube Lords	23
Bananana	20
The Mystical Spankyman	20
RollEEEE	19
Kenny Wangler, Cunnyfangler	18
Yellow Fever	17
Poulet	15
Big Mahmoud	14
Hillary Killed Harambe	14
G. Hackman	10
Crosswordy McCrosswordface	5
Fanny Schmeller	5
The Couple on the Train	5
Singed Potato	4
THE Crystallographer	4

Across

- 1. Loosen (4)
- 3. Friendly (8)
- 9. Haven (7)
- 10. More competent (5)
- 11. Something of value (5)
- 12. Gas essential for life (6)
- 14. Fisherman (6)
- 16. Out of sorts (6)
- 19. US island state (6)
- 21. Bait, rag (5)
- 24. Longest river in France (5)
- 25. Exact (7)
- 26. Pacts (8)
- 27. Nuisance (4)

Down

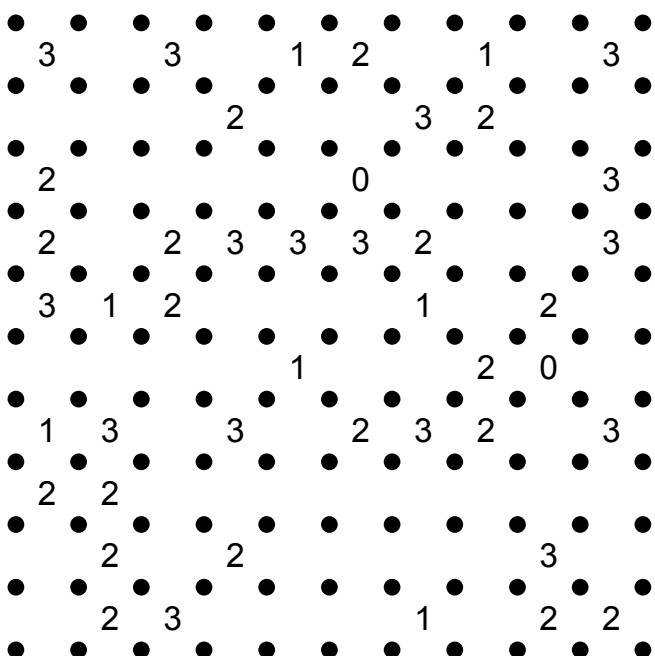
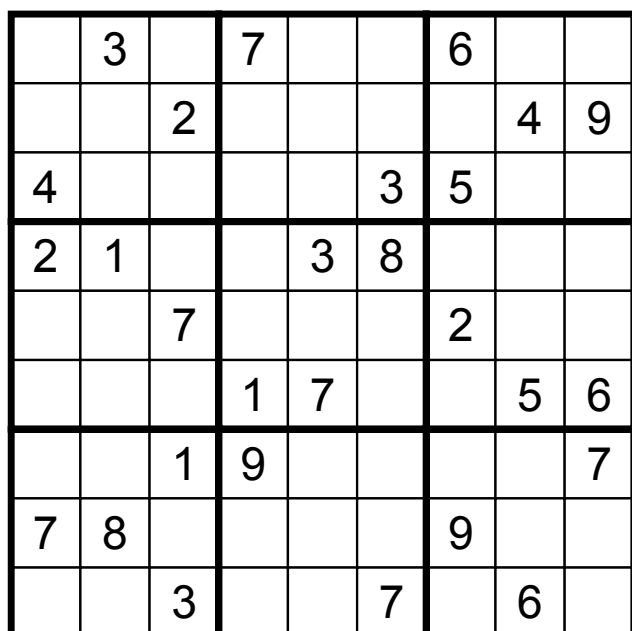
- 1. Great disturbance (8)
- 2. Pub game (5)
- 4. Looking-glass (6)
- 5. Mad (5)
- 6. Credit (7)
- 7. Multi-national currency (4)
- 8. Container for liquid (6)
- 13. Use badly (3-5)
- 15. Hard stone (7)
- 17. Aromatic spice (6)
- 18. Small wave (6)
- 20. Turn aside (5)
- 22. Join together (5)
- 23. Conspiracy (4)



Forced checkmate in three moves (left) and two moves (right). White to move first in both problems.

Points Available

Crossword	22
Nonogram	5
Chess	3
Sudoku	6
Slitherlink	4



Solutions



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!