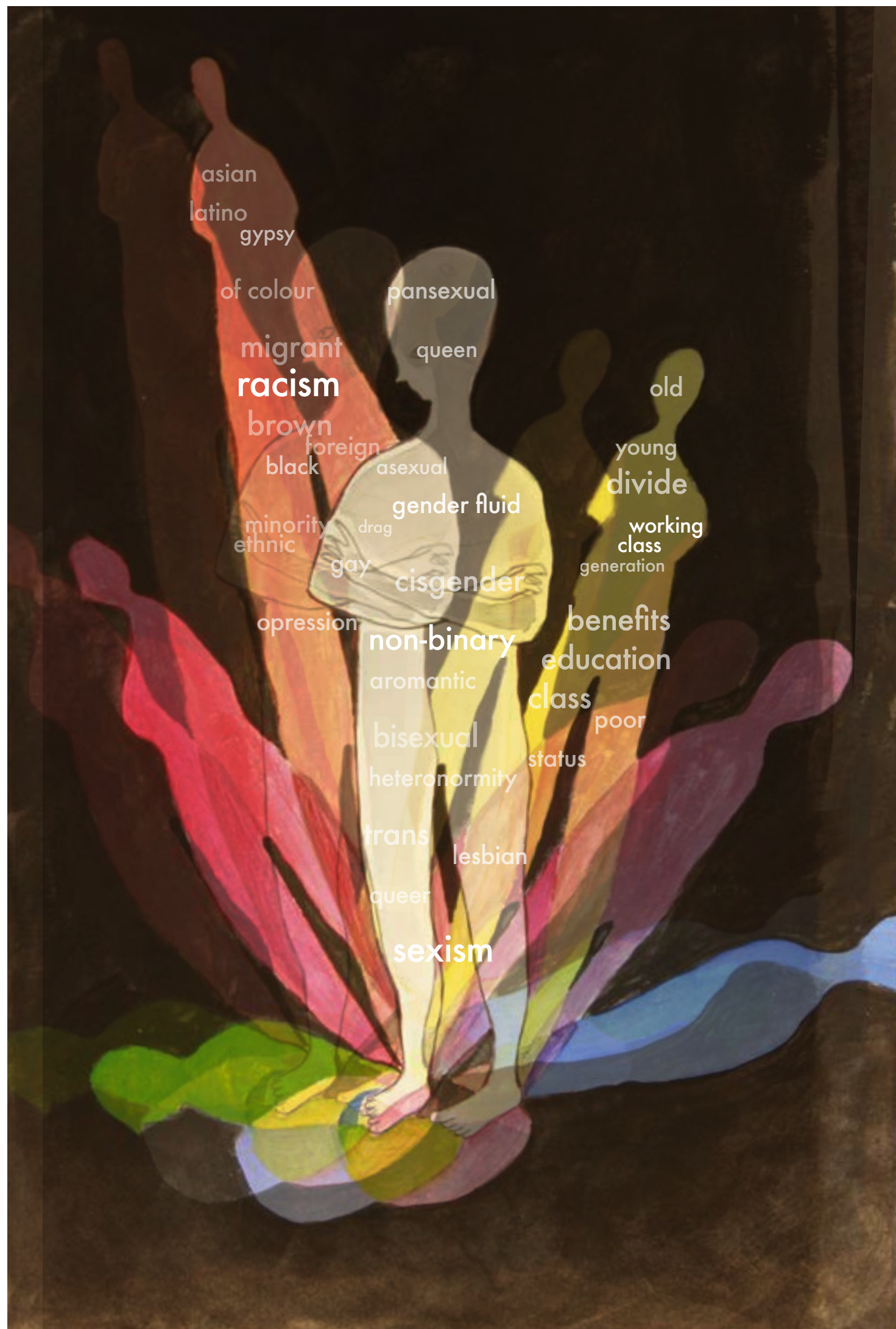
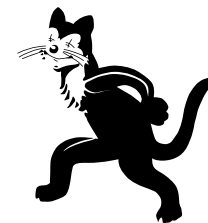


# felix ...

THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON



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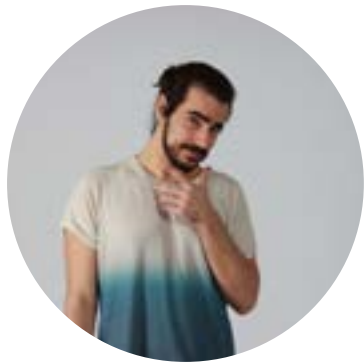
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I will not challenge the status quo  
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## My head hurts



**T**his is a very special editorial, a very special issue even. Partly because I started writing it after smacking my head on the cold, hard asphalt just past Kensington Gardens (I know it looks cool to have your flowy hair trailing behind you as you cycle, but don't do it kids. Don't cycle without a helmet like this idiot). But more importantly because it's our first proper THICK issue, a good 48 pages long. Now I will be the first one to confess that my minor concussion may be partly why I decided to push for 48 pages rather than keep it to a comfortable 40, but the fact remains that this is the longest issue I have personally been responsible for putting together. I'm also completely aware of the fact that you have absolutely no interest in this but I also have a minor concussion which is why I will pat myself on the back thank you very much.

Now, as you might have noticed, I started writing this while waiting to be seen at A&E. I honestly really wish I had finished it then because, in the words of the doctor that flashed a flashlight in my pupils and asked me to follow his finger as he waved in front of my confused face "Everything will hurt a lot more tomorrow". And you know what kid? It's almost like he could see the future. Long story short it hurts. A lot. Ouch.

Yet here we are once again, persevering for your entertainment.

This week we are running an issue on intersectionality. Because we love pushing our mental capacity to its limits, championing causes, trying to think of appropriate #content that will push the agenda without offending too many people.

Joking aside intersectionality is an important issue to address. Imperial is so very diverse. In this tiny bubble people of all religions, class, sexuality, genders, ages, and ability converge. It's easy to look at all these elements individually and try tackling oppression on a case to case basis. However it's only through the realisation that all oppression is linked, - sexism, classism, homophobia, they're the same - that we can effectively tackle it.

Having said that, next term we'll definitely be taking a break. I cannot keep this up you guys. So get ready for the potato issue, the watching paint dry issue and the CBA issue. They will be great.

Until then enjoy. If the quality of the paper makes you want to cry save it for next week's sob-fest at Queen's Lawn.

And remember, always wear a helmet. Even when you're just walking. Even in bed. Always.

T H E  
T E A M

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# 2015 bursary scheme criticised at Council

Lef Apostolakis **Union to request reimbursement of unfairly underfunded students**

**U**nion Council voted to put pressure on College to investigate the legitimacy of the 2015-2016 bursary scheme which has been criticised for not providing adequate funding to students of higher income brackets.

The decision was made based on findings presented by second year physicist Rhidian Thomas.

Currently, financial support is awarded annually to Home undergraduate students with a household income of up to £60,000. The sum awarded depends on the income bracket, and varies depending on which bursary scheme the individual is on.

Depending on the year of enrolment at Imperial, students are put on different bursary schemes. Over the last three years, bursary changes between different schemes have been negative, with no extra funds being provided to any income bracket, and higher income brackets

(from £35k to £60k) seeing a sharp drop in funding.

Rhidian looked at the total amount of funding received by students from each income bracket eligible for the IC bursary (loans and grants from SLC, as well as IC bursary) and also estimated the total annual living costs at Imperial (at £11,522).

**\\ There are roughly 200-400 students at imperial who are receiving an inadequate bursary solely as a result of their year of enrolment \\**

His investigation concluded that under the 2015 system, students from lower income brackets received more than the annual living costs, while students from higher income brackets who still qualified

for the bursary would be receiving substantially (£2-4k) less than the living costs.

The discrepancy between the funding received by lower versus higher income bracket students is limited to 2015 as the following year, Imperial College changed the bursary scheme yet again increasing the bursaries of higher income bracket students and decreasing those of lower income bracket students.

One student in the audience pointed out that while currently, due to him receiving funding under the 2015 bursary scheme, he only received a few hundred pounds worth of financial support, his bursary would have amounted to a few thousands if he had enrolled in 2016 instead of 2015.

Rhidian believes that there are roughly 200-400 students at imperial who are receiving an inadequate bursary solely as a result of their year of enrolment.

The paper was put to a vote and passed. The



Ah, the joys of Council \\ felix

union agreed to the need to support these students, as while they're on the higher end of students eligible for bursary, their households are not necessarily particularly well off. A household income of £50,000 corresponds to two workers each earning less than the average Imperial graduate starting salary. Currently these students are victims "of a system College themselves acknowledge is inadequate."

In the future we should expect a thorough investigation into the numbers of students affected

by this issue. The Union will work in conjunction with and lobby College to make sure existing students are not overlooked. A request will be made for additional funds to be made available for students in the "squeezed middle" £35,000 - £60,000 income brackets who are currently on the 2015-intake bursary scheme - both to reimburse them for the 2016-17 academic year, and to guarantee this funding for the remainder of their degrees.

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# Crying epidemic hits Imperial

Students break down as term nears to an end

Lef Apostolakis

Imperial students have finally cracked under the pressure of university life, if the South Kensington mass crying events that have been popping up on facebook are anything to go by.

As of yet, over 4,000 students have exhibited interest in attending at least one of the three mass sob sessions that are scheduled to be taking place next week in various

campus location across London.

The first event, which will be taking place on December 12<sup>th</sup> at UCL's Main Quad, might see over 2,500 students attend. The event organised by Peter Agorioge and Zahra Ahmed laments "the approaching winter holidays [being] overshadowed by January exams and/or deadlines, second term and just life in general. It's time to start procrastinating, stress-

eating and crying."

A similar event will be taking place at Queen's Lawn in solidarity with our UCL brethren on the 14<sup>th</sup> of December.

According to organisers Paul Balaji and Kelvin Idialu-Ikato, "2016 has been one of those years. We are now undergoing a red, white and blue Brexit, Apple have decided to kill the Headphone Jack, and we're gonna have an Oompa Loompa in the

Whitehouse.

To top it all off, our dear friend Harambe is also no longer with us.

The world is weeping, and we should too."

Of course if there's one thing Imperial students are renowned for not doing, that's wasting time when they could be working.

So in recognition of the complete lack of any social life during these festive yet hard times, a week long crying marathon has been

organised by Charlotte Pickering, and will be taking place in the Central Library throughout next week.

As the budding mathematician says, this is an event "for those of us who can't take time off from studying to cry, so have to multi-task."

So if you're still on Campus next week, maybe pack some Kleenex.

# Keep your hands off our mascots

Council votes against declaring all mascots inviolate

Lef Apostolakis

A controversial paper was presented at Union Council last Wednesday which suggested the creation of a Mascotry Policy that would protect the student body from violence that occasionally manifests itself during mascot stealing raids.

The paper presented by Council Ordinary Member (Undergraduate Faculty of Engineering), Andrew Olson, and seconded by Lloyd James, RCSU President, argued that many Constituent Unions are guilty of 'irresponsible mascotry', which often descends into physical violence, and puts Imperial's historically invaluable mascots in danger.

Some of the more

stealable mascots include Bolt (a 68lb wheel nut), its sibling Spanner (a 64lb brass spanner manufactured to perfectly fit the bolts on London Bridge), Davy (a three-foot high, 132lb (60kg) brass and aluminium mining lamp) and Theta (a seven-foot long steel thermometer - imagine sticking that up your butt). Yes, Imperial is a fun place.

If you weren't aware of them you're probably not alone, as the mascots are

Who doesn't love a seven-foot long rectal thermometer?

rarely wheeled out due to fear of inter-constituent union theft.

The presentation stirred a lively discussion, with many Council Members protesting the ban on the year-long tradition of mascot stealing.

Constituent Union members found responsible for allowing their mascot to be stolen would in the past be penalised by downing a yard or writing an apology article in felix (which we would like to point out is not a right but a privilege). But Olson argued that "these traditions that do not represent the current image and student body of the Constituent Unions of Imperial College."

At one point he suggested that in the future, an appropriate measure



Meet Theta. It's seen a lot \\ Imperial College London

for stealing a mascot would be calling the police, but his proposal was met with outrage by several of the attendees.

In the end, although Council agreed on the value of Mascotry to Imperial's culture and the need for appropriate conduct

during any events where mascots are revealed to the eager public (because who doesn't love a seven-foot long rectal thermometer?), declaring all mascots inviolate was not passed and Olson apologised for wasting the Council's time.

# Ongoing investigation into Acton stabbing

College offers support to any students feeling affected

Steve Bohnel

The Metropolitan police are still searching for a minicab driver they believe played a role in the fatal stabbing of 18-year-old Khalid Safi on December 1<sup>st</sup> - which occurred near Woodward Buildings, one of Imperial College's residence halls.

Sam Price, who is leading the investigation, said there were a lot of people in the area when the stabbing occurred.

"Whilst we have spoken with the senior tutors I believe that not everyone has come forward at this time," he said.

Several international students told the Evening Standard they were scared but that police were giving them limited information.

Dr. Julia Hillier, Imperial College's Director of Student Tutoring, emailed students following the attack.

"I know that many of you are living in Woodward Halls, and this incident may be a shock," she wrote. "I encourage you to contact your tutor or one of the senior tutors if you need support at this time."

According to the email, a support meeting for students took place Monday at 4pm in Study Room 1 of Woodward Halls.

Woodward Halls is the newest residence hall, standing 19 stories high and housing 690 beds. Prices range from £98-145 per week.

Several people tweeted about the incident, including @hostileholly5w: "Another aspiring rapper dies on Londons crime filled, third world streets..."

Others called on minicab licensers and politicians to solve the crisis, including @brianbarou, who tagged UKIP London Assembly member David Kurten and Caroline Pidegon, Chair of the Transport Committee at City Hall, and Mayor Sadiq Khan, among others.

Police are still searching for the driver of a silver or

light-coloured Mercedes Vito carrier or similar model, the Evening Standard reported.

Tipsters are asked to call the police incident room on 020 8721 4054.

Those who wish to report anonymously should contact Crimestoppers on 0800 555 111 or visit [crimestoppers-uk.org](http://crimestoppers-uk.org).

Finally, Imperial College students looking for support should contact the college's counseling service at +44 (0)20 7594 9637 or by email at [counselling@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:counselling@imperial.ac.uk).

# Smelves take over Union during ACC

But it took all morning to clean up

Lef Apostolakis

The union was quite literally painted blue last week after another successful ACC. The makeover was a result of blue face and body paint runoff which was part of the costumes men's rugby had selected for the occasion.

The rugby players, who attended as 'Smelves' (the hybrid of a smurf and an elf, which roughly translates into half naked blue men) left a trail of blue paint in several union spaces (and on several people) with one College source describing the mess left in the restrooms resembling "a battlefield only everyone was bleeding blue".

The mess didn't go unnoticed by Union officials. As Rachel Blythe, Deputy Finance and Services, told

felix, "we are aware that several groups of students were dressed up for the ACC event last night [sic], some of whom were wearing face and body paint. After the night ended, there was paint left in the sinks and on some of the tiling in the East Wing male toilets."

Following the night's celebrations, men's rugby offered

to help clean up according to Blythe.

"The group of students responsible volunteered the following day to clean up the space without complaint. By the afternoon the toilets were clear.

Overall, the ACC night was very successful, the Union having taken steps to reduce door and bar queuing times."

Perhaps the ACC night was a bit too successful though, as it saw a Union staff member floored after a collision with a drunk student.

"I'm not sure if it was on purpose or an accident. I protected my camera and phone but got up quite quickly while the drunk guy was still on the floor"

We approached Dan Green, Union Bar manager



The blue didn't stay on for long \\ Natasha Joana Khaleeq

for comment. "When they were leaving their shift, one member of staff noted that they were inadvertently knocked over earlier in the evening by a

guest, but there was no indication that this was malicious or intended, so no further action was needed at that point."



# fex talks NSS and Imperial's teaching strategy plans with VP for Education

Lef Apostolakis

## Simone Buitendijk talks online learning, Brexit and more

So I guess we should probably start by welcoming you to Imperial. How are you finding it so far?

It's amazing, I'm having a great time. It's the best job I've had ever I think, at least that's what it feels like right now, it's only been four months.

There's a lot that needs to be done, which of course is great. I'm not the kind of person who likes sitting still and not achieving goals. It's great.

It's a very interesting time for you to come here because we have this new strategy from 2015 and the new NSS scores that haven't exactly been a pleasant surprise, and then of course there's Brexit. So how are you finding the challenge so far?

I like a good challenge and Imperial is a wonderful place. The students are amazing and there is so much knowledge and enthusiasm from staff, there is so much material to work with and so if that's the starting point for a challenge...

That's true and Imperial students can be quite opinionated especially when it comes to their course as the NSS scores have shown. We have consistently been doing poorly in a number of areas including Assessment, Feedback and Support, with variation in Teaching Quality as well. Do you have any insight so far into why that is?

Well, especially for Feedback and Assessment, what I found really illuminating about the NSS results were the qualitative bits, where people wrote little stories, because that tells you a lot – it gives a depth to the quantitative scores. And in terms of the Feedback and Assessment I think there are quick wins that we can do and are actually doing right now to change things.

One of the things lots of students talk about is the zero tolerance policy for handing in coursework. So if they're two minutes late they get zero points but then lecturers and teachers go over deadlines and don't seem to adhere to similar standards. I think it's those kinds of things that are really difficult to accept and I totally understand that.

And one thing I think that's hard at Imperial is we have pockets of excellence – there are lots of people who've been working very hard and are doing excellent teaching and providing an excellent student experience but it's not everywhere, it's not across the board. And students talk to each other, they talk in halls, they talk to students from other universities in London, even in the rest of the country and they compare. And when you can't explain as a university why certain students have a great experience and others don't then you get this kind of disgruntlement.

You talk about refining the 2015/2020 teaching strategy. Is there a time frame for when we can start to expect changes?



\\ Imperial College

I'm going to be working on it this fall and spring so up until Christmas time we're going to be talking to lots of people. We have pop-up stands, we have town hall meetings, so we'll be gathering information and listening to students and staff and we're already getting lots of really thoughtful comments. It's really great, I'm very happy with the way it's going.

And then we'll need January, February, March and part of April to put that into a comprehensive plan, with a budget and that needs to be in time for a planning round because a lot of what we're going to be doing is not just thinking about new pedagogies, new ways of teaching, new ways of making students aware that we're at a research intensive university, trawling them into research. It's also about how to do that: how to make change happen in a place that's so decentralised.

There are lots of things happening that no one knows of and if you want to make big changes you need to make sure you make people aware of this central strategy and make sure that it gets translated to the lower levels. And it means people need time and support and hence money to actually go through with the change.

Change always costs time and Imperial staff and students are already working so hard. I can't ask them to do a little bit more without making sure that they can give up something to focus on the changes.

So you're hoping by the end of this academic year to have a budget for departments to dip in and try and elevate their teaching. When do you think we're going to start seeing the first overhauls of teaching structure at IC?

I think we're already going to be seeing little things this academic year, because I have the endowment that Alice [Gast] has graciously given part of for teaching and research innovation. So we're having a call for proposals now for innovation in teaching and people can ask for up to £15,000 which is quite a bit of money. Well it's not that much but compared to what they were given in the past it is quite a bit of money.

How much were they given in the past?

Well, pretty much nothing. There was never a call for proposals of this size. So I know there quite a few groups that are excited and are right now thinking up plans. So they can start this Spring with innovation. And then of course there is the online learning innovation which we're also going to be seed funding this academic year. So I think we'll see the first changes in the spring of 2017 and then the bigger ones next academic year.

We've maybe spotted one of your big overhauls. In the next academic year The Biomedical Science degree is going to be transformed into a Medical Bioscience degree and one of the major changes is more online learning. One of the changes that has come under scrutiny is that time allocated to lectures and seminars will only be 17% of the degree, probably one of the smallest time

\\ We're having a call for proposals now for innovation in teaching and people can ask for up to £15,000 which is quite a bit of money \\

percentages allocated to such learning. What has the reaction been to a degree that has severely cut face-to-face teaching?

I don't know enough about that so I have to be careful not to be talking for them. I just know what they want to do and I've seen an outline of a plan. It's one of those things that I'd like to support them in so we make sure that it actually influences the student experience in a good way. Online learning needs to always follow from the strategy and it's not a way of saving time – it almost never is. There's so many things you can do with online pedagogy that can help the student experience.

With online technology, you can take the lecturing out of the curriculum in the traditional way, with the professor in front of the class and you can videotape that, make students watch it at home and you use the classroom time for other things. So if you use that [classroom time] well and build on that lecture that they've watched at home then you can actually increase the learning and give the students a much more positive, engaging experience.

And doing online things doesn't necessarily mean it's not engaging, because in smaller groups students can peer review each other's work, teachers can be part of that too and we will always need the actual physical experience. But it's best if you do that in a more engaging way. It's almost like a waste of everybody's time if you use the physical, on-campus experience in this traditional lecture style. I think that's what online learning is about. How can you enhance the student experience?

You guys tend to break up the categorisation of different types of learning into seminars and lectures etc., and then in independent learning. So in this particular case, for example, 17% would be seminars and lectures and the rest of the course would be independent learning. A lot of people will look at it and ask, "Wait a minute, if I'm spending the majority of my degree learning independently, why do I need to come here, why do I need to pay £9,000 a year?"

Again I'm not commenting on this particular degree because I really don't know what they will be doing.

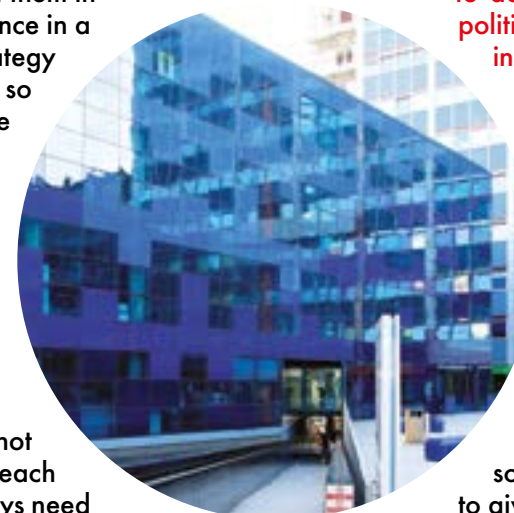
I think students are traditionally very conservative because they don't know what it's like when things change. They're critical of different ways of teaching. You need to explain to them why you're changing things and what they'll get out of a different way of teaching. But in general I think having 100% not independent learning is not the modern way of teaching. And I think 30% of independent learning is not that much. So what students need to do is they need to learn independently. They need to build the skills to find information on their own, to compile information on their own to actually start working with the facts. If you use all teaching for facts students will never go beyond that.

Where do we draw the line? In Biology for example 80% of the course is independent learning. Is it worth the hype?

We shouldn't necessarily confuse contact with one professor in front of the whole group with value for money and it's very important that both students and staff think about what students should get out of their time at Imperial and do that as well as possible. I personally think that sitting quietly in a room where you get taught stuff by someone isn't the best value for money. And if 20% is that kind of teaching and 80% is other stuff I don't think there's anything wrong with it if that's a ratio that has come out of careful thinking.

Back to the NSS scores: there is a lag factor, are you preparing for the possibility of our score continuing the tumble?

I would love for our NSS scores to improve, because it's also part of the TEF (Teaching Excellence Framework), but I don't want to do this just for the NSS. We want to change our curriculum, our pedagogy, our



\\ Rob Deutscher

student experience to make it fit for a purpose in the 21<sup>st</sup> century and I think as a fringe benefit at some point we'll see our NSS score go up. But it's not the other way round.

Having said that do you not find there's a lot of pressure at the moment to do as much as possible to improve the scores due to the current political climate? With everything going on I can imagine everyone in college is panicking. We need to improve or lose the ability to recruit international students.

I think we just need to keep our calm and be really British. What is it – 'Keep calm and carry on'? I don't think we should get into panic mode and try to do quick fixes just because we're worried about our position in the rankings. I think there's enough of a problem with the NSS that could make us do things that we don't really want to do. We know some students like easy courses and predictable exams etc. But you don't want to make your course so easy that your students will love them when you're not actually teaching them anything. So sometimes having very challenging curriculums may lead to lower scores. If that's what we feel the students need we should be able to give that to them. We need to be careful not to be following surveys that are inherently not perfect in something as important as the strategy to improve learning.

I guess that's the main concern. If the interest that college has exhibited in improving is not genuine and is fuelled by wishing to merely improve the NSS scores, the changes that will be implemented...

They're not sustainable, exactly. They may be the wrong ones and they may not be sustainable. My conviction is that if we do this seriously evidence based, thorough, with students, with the right outcomes in mind, go through all our curriculums, make sure that they're right, that will be reflected in the NSS scores at some point as well. It would be daft to do it the other way round.

If this doesn't happen, if we struggle to show that we're a top university, if we're not allowed to bring in as many international students, what will the effect be?

\\ It's almost like a waste of everybody's time if you use the physical, on-campus experience in this traditional lecture style. I think that's what online learning is about \\

That would be really bad, but there's lots of ifs in that sentence and I don't think that's going to happen. If we're really serious about this strategy, if we communicate it, if the world starts to find out that really exciting stuff is happening at Imperial I think we'll actually be ok. I'm convinced that in three to five years we could really be leading in evidence based STEM education that's modern and technology driven.

It's definitely a race against time though, what with Brexit looming over us. If our strategy is really long-term, there are real effects in the near future that might impact Imperial. What's the contingency plan?

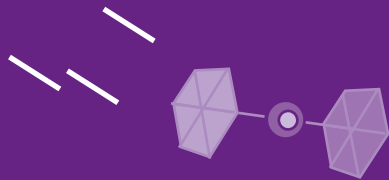
We're doing everything we can. Alice is constantly in the newspapers talking about visas and the effects of lowering the number of international students. I think we're doing a really good job in explaining why this would be a bad thing. But there's only so much you can do. Panic is never a good thing, it's never good to do short term fixes because you're afraid of what may happen. It needs to be serious, sustainable. I'm an optimist and always really positive but I'm also a realist. I'm pretty sure that if we're going to do what we're promising and if we're really going to take student experience and education seriously and modernise the experience in an evidence based way, I think that's going to help us in our branding, in the way we're being perceived by the world. And I think we're really going to be able to attract good students and we're more likely to win a battle with the Government if that comes, if we show them we're really serious about education, than if we just do quick patch up work that people will just see through. We have to continue feeling confident and calm and thinking "Hey you know, we're Imperial" [laughs].











# Erecto-shock therapy

Lara Bailey explores how brain stimulation can affect our libidos

**T**ranscranial magnetic stimulation (TMS) is a technique currently used in the treatment of migraines and depression. It involves stimulating the part of the brain that is linked to reward and pleasure. Patients undergoing treatment for depression may receive



numerous sessions of TMS, but it is unknown as to whether their sex drive is altered as a result.

A new study directly looking at libido suggests that this may be the case. The area of the brain involved in pleasure was stimulated in 20 people for 20 minutes. This involved strapping a vibrator to either the penis or clitoris of the volunteer, and monitoring the strength of alpha brain waves via electrodes attached to the individual's head. Alpha

waves are generally weaker during sexual arousal. This group was split into two: one received excitatory TMS, and the other inhibitory. In other words, the excitatory group had the pleasure region of their brain stimulated while the other did not.

The researchers then monitored the effects of sexual arousal on the level of sexual desire. Each volunteer was left alone in a room, with a vibrator that they could control themselves. They

\\ Transcranial magnetic stimulation is currently used to treat migraines and depression. This study linked an increase of libido directly to this treatment \\



had to press the button as quickly as possible when a shape appeared on a screen. Depending on their speed of response, they would be stimulated after a pause.

The strength of the alpha waves during this waiting period were the most important find. Individuals that were part of the excitatory group had weaker alpha waves than those that were not. They were more sexually aroused with the expectation of stimulation. Therefore, the brain waves can be seen as an analogue to sexual desire, and so

the sex drive of the excitatory group was increased.

However, it is not known whether there were any changes in the sex lives of the volunteers after the study. Their sexual responsiveness, however, did increase. The number of orgasms experienced rose over the next few days.

Whether this also occurs with depression patients is unknown. The researchers are keen to find out, given that this outcome may be a factor in the effectiveness of treatment.

# Spotted | The seagull of nightmares

Eva Coles tells the story of a vicious murder she witnessed whilst in search of a quiet cuppa

**F**or most, a visit to Hyde Park engenders feelings of tranquility and relaxation.

Going for a walk in this urban wilderness at the heart of London would provide anyone with the "escape" that we city dwellers crave, whether we know it or not. As a biologist, I certainly identify myself as a regular park visitor, always admiring the flora, observing wildlife and I've come to familiarize myself with the ecosystem. However, nothing could have prepared me for what I witnessed a few weeks ago.

I had just arrived at the Serpentine Bar when I stopped for a bit of bird watching. After some time, a lone

seagull stealthily approached one group of pigeons on the shore. This did not seem out of the norm until the gull suddenly sprinted at the smallest of the pack, dragged the poor creature into the water and began viciously pecking at it. At first, this seemed like a territorial attack, but as the assault persisted, it became clear the intention was to kill. It felt like a horrific scene out of Planet Earth. The encounter lasted for around ten minutes. Unexpectedly, the seagull went on to eat its victim, which, as you can imagine, did nothing to help my now greatly disturbed psyche. It felt like I'd



just witnessed murder. Nonetheless, my scientific nature was curious to know why this was happening.

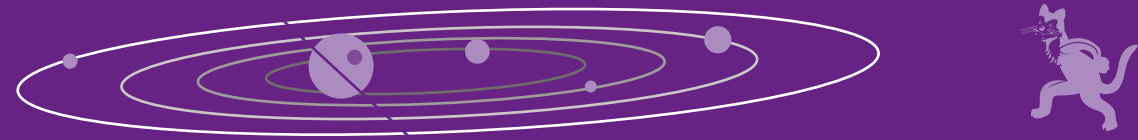
A local birdwatcher, Ralph

Hancock, had also taken notice of this notorious creature, having first spotted it over five years ago. As it turns out, seagulls are known to develop new hunting strategies if their existing methods are unsuccessful, however, in this case, there was no clear motivation for change in eating habits. Due to their webbed feet, they do not have the strength to hold, let alone kill, a pigeon on the ground, hence drowning them in water. This gull started out by diving onto prey flying below from the top of the Serpentine Bar. This technique was, however, insufficient, leading the bird to switch to running at prey on the shore and dragging them into the water.

Interestingly, some North

American gull populations have been observed eating neighboring chicks, because fish, their main food source, have followed plankton to deeper colder waters in response to rising temperatures. In our case the true reasons behind the violent cannibalistic behaviour may remain a mystery. If you would like to tackle that question yourself or simply have an interest watching in mother nature in her full, merciless force, head over to the Serpentine and keep a sharp eye. The Seagull you'll be looking for won't be too hard to spot, as it has an unnaturally muscular physique.





## Does this look burnt?

Alexandra Lim questions whether eating burnt food poses a risk to health, and how these could be avoided



The perennial question. You notice that slightly-too-blackened edge of your fried chicken thigh during a friend's thanksgiving dinner, and hesitate just a little, but eat it anyway because nothing can take that peri-peri pleasure away from you. I guess it's common knowledge that burnt foods can be carcinogenic, but did you know that different burnt foods pose different levels of danger?

Foods cooked at high temperatures for too long end



up harbouring a molecule called 'acrylamide'. Although it is known to be a toxin, the link between consuming it in food and developing cancer is less clear. Acrylamide itself is formed in a reaction between the naturally occurring amino acid asparagine, and carbohydrates. It does not matter whether or not the food is organic, but there is a definite correlation between high temperatures and acrylamide formation. That aside, a review in 2015 showed that "dietary acrylamide" is not related to the risk of the most common cancers; but a modest association with kidney, endometrial and ovarian cancers in people who had never smoked, couldn't be ruled out. Interestingly, recent studies have proven that acrylamide formation is associated more with carbohydrates rather than protein-rich foods, such as

pasta, bread or potatoes, that are fried, baked or roasted at temperatures above 120 degrees Celsius.

Hold on just a second, though. Although acrylamide is more likely to occur in these foods, it has also been shown that meat tends to harbour other more dangerous compounds. These generally fall into two classes: PAHs (polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons) and HCAs (heterocyclic amines). Studies have shown there could indeed be a link between frying or barbecuing meat and a higher risk of cancer, because these cooking techniques increase the formation of PAHs and HCAs.

The takeaway from the jumble of acronyms and acrylamide? Watch how you cook, be it carbohydrate, fat or protein. Turn your meat on the grill regularly, and try roasting or microwaving your food more often. Of course

we grill and fry because these foods just taste better, flavour deepens with the smoky kiss of the flame, but this doesn't mean you should eliminate these methods from your Saturday night repertoire altogether. Heavens no. The general rule of thumb is to stop grilling or barbecuing once food has turned golden-brown - at this point the meal is cooked enough to stop you getting food poisoning, but not cooked too long where potential cancer risk could increase. Since acrylamide does not form in fruits and vegetables, that are furthermore less likely to have these adverse reactions pop up when in contact with direct heat anyway, perhaps there's a silver lining to all this, and all you have to do is eat more of the (healthy) rainbow. That way, things are easier. It's up to you to find the right balance.

## Cosmic dust in your backyard

Of the many things you might have been sweeping off your balconies and terraces, cosmic dust particles could have found their way in your dust pan. Cosmic dust grains are minute particles measuring around 0.01 millimetres in size and are remnants from the time our solar system was born. They contain traces of minerals and analysing it can help scientists to solve the puzzle of how the entire solar system was formed.

Until now, scientists collected cosmic dust from

the frozen areas around the ice caps and deep in oceans, as these places hardly experience the kind of terrestrial disturbance and pollution cities do. However, for the first time, Dr. Matthew Genge from Imperial College London, and his associate amateur researcher Jon Larsen from Project Stardust, Norway, have demonstrated that it is possible to collect cosmic dust particles in cities. The science duo went through the mammoth task of sifting nearly 300 kilograms of debris from rooftops of buildings in Paris, Oslo and Berlin. Using the magnetic properties of minerals found in the cosmic dust made it

easier for them to separate it from dust of less extravagant origin.

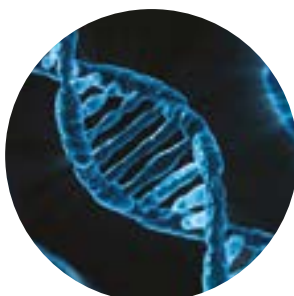
Nearly five hundred cosmic dust particles were retrieved, and not only that, but they were also found to vary in size and structure from the ones previously recovered from Antarctica. The cosmic dust collected from the cities contained fewer feather-like structured crystals than those found in samples collected from Antarctica, that accumulated a million years ago. This change, the scientists say, is due to the slight shifts in the orbits of the planets over the last one million years. Though the changes in the orbits appear to be small,

they cause disturbances in the gravitational forces exerted by the planets. This in turn changes the trajectory and the speed at which the cosmic dust particles whizz through space. As cosmic particles enter the earth's atmosphere, they get heated up and changes occur in their shape and size. This helps in calculating the speed at which the cosmic dust particles travel. Genge and Larsen believe the cosmic particles they collected from the cities travelled at a speed of 12 km/s, making them the fastest particles on Earth.

Ipsita Herlekar

## Mankind

is a virus



Fact: We contains more DNA that makes viruses than DNA that makes humans.

No, this isn't talking about Mr Smith's famous quote about how humans are more like viruses than mammals. 5-8% of all human DNA contains genes that make virus proteins, while only ~1.5% of human DNA contains genes that make human proteins.

This is because viruses like HIV (called retroviruses) shoe-horn their DNA into ours while infecting us. However, sometimes this DNA 'forgets' how to leave the genome, and so gets stuck in amongst our DNA.

Occasionally, this will happen in a sperm or an egg, and even more occasionally that sperm or egg will be fertilized and make a whole new human. That child will therefore have that virus DNA in every single cell in their body. Crucially, they will have it in their sperm or eggs, and so if they have kids they will definitely pass it on.

Ancient viruses have done this millions of times, and so many of them are still kicking around that we are at least 5 times more a virus than we are a human. Luckily, they are all stuck where they are, so the chances of you dying of some million-year-old plague or something are pretty slim.

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

@BitesOfScience

## A promising future for sustainable transport

Sara Hamilton discusses solutions that may contribute to a increasingly clean and green ways of getting around in the future

Remember having to rewind Disney films on VHS and those brick-sized mobile Nokias which generation upon generation of iPhones have now replaced? It's no news really, that technology is revolutionizing our lives everyday. Three news features this week illustrate how technology is also changing the way we think about something that has remained relatively unchanged in our lifetimes: urban transport.

On the second of December, the mayors of Paris, Madrid, Athens and Mexico City confirmed a joint plan to take diesel cars and vans off the roads of their city centres by 2025, in an attempt to tackle air pollution and reduce global warming effects.

Although the effects of air pollution are something we are all vaguely aware of, not until recently has the full magnitude of the problem become uncovered by research. In fact, as stated by Helena Molin Valdés, the head of the United Nations' climate and clean air coalition, more than nine out of ten people worldwide live in areas where the air pollution exceeds World Health Organisation safety limits, and 3 million premature

deaths are caused by dirty air yearly, as well as a number of illnesses, especially among children. Diesel vehicles have been rising in a number of countries for the last couple of years due to the fact that they are more economically viable and burn fuel more efficiently than petrol engines. However, these engines produce nitrogen dioxide, a detrimental gas, and small particles that can remain in the lungs and are responsible for the majority of air-pollution related illnesses.

As these cities pledge to remove diesel vehicles from their roads, and urge other leaders to follow suit, the question that many of us have is what these diesel free cities that we might expect to live in 10 years will look like? Electric cars? Bikes? Clean fuels?

A few major retailers, including John Lewis, Argos and Waitrose appear to have found what could already become a short-term solution. They confirmed earlier this week that some of their long-distance lorries will utilize an innovative green gas to deliver their Christmas parcels. It consists of a renewable biomethane fuel that is derived from food waste and can only be used in trucks with gas engines, less polluting than traditional petrol



\\ Perhaps the reality of clean cities are not that far into the future after all \\

and gas ones. CNG Fuel has reported that not only is it less polluting and emits 70% less carbon dioxide than the current options available on the market, but it is also 40% cheaper than diesel. It is the first biomethane approved for use under the government's Renewable Transport Fuel Obligation scheme (RTFO), which has recently been revisited to include proposals to incentivize the use of biomethane in transport sector. Waitrose and John Lewis have already invested more than £1m in CNG trucks, and have already reported a positive opinion and significant cost savings.

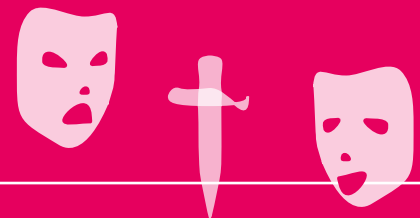
While clean fuels therefore present a promising alternative, others have chosen to tackle the problem from a different angle: incentivizing other clean forms of transport and aspiring to remove the

need for cars altogether. A few days ago, London's mayor, Sadiq Khan, promised to spend £770m on cycling initiatives over the course of his term, indicating that he wants to make the bike a "safe and obvious" form of transport for Londoners. This investment amounts to £17 per day, per person, per year, which nears that of predominantly cyclist nations such as the Netherlands and Denmark. This sum has associated with it proposals for two new cycle super highways, separated from motor traffic, one of which would go from Tower Bridge to Greenwich, and the other from Olympia to Hounslow West. This spending represents 5.5% of the transport budget for London, and would also be extended to expand the superhighways planned under Johnson. Maybe the

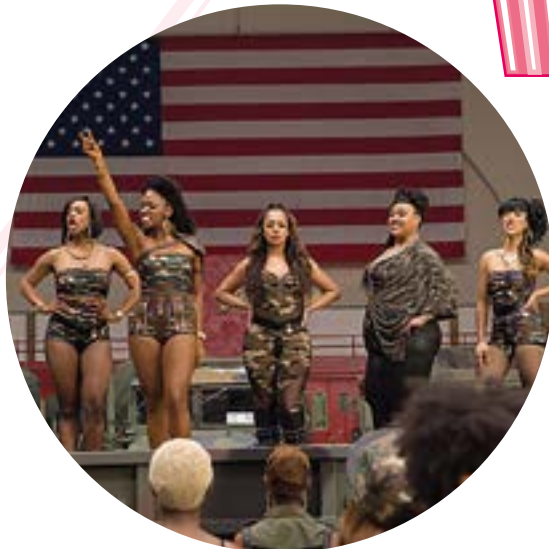
possibility of Londoners cycling their daily commute safely is not far-fetched any longer.

With the effects of air pollution becoming imminent in cities all around the world, the happy dreams of many green activists of cities' parks replacing highways and all of us roaming around in electric cars, might not be so much a wishful aspiration but a necessity. It appears that the eyes of the leaders of cities worldwide have been open enough that the realization of the importance of taking action has struck. It is now the time for renewable and clean technologies to shine and to partner with businesses to make them affordable and available to governments worldwide. It seems that perhaps the reality of clean cities is not that far into the future after all.





## The sound and the fury of Spike Lee



No peace, no pussy! \\\ Roadside Attractions



Fred Fyles

**Chi-Raq** marks a return to form for Spike Lee, and its breathless anger is urgently needed in these troubled times.

Back in November, when the trailer for *Chi-Raq* dropped, the reaction was swift and brutal. A modern-day adaptation of Aristophanes' comedy *Lysistrata*, Spike Lee's latest film uses rhyming verse and bawdy humour to debate the ongoing homicide crisis in Chicago, Illinois – a city with a murder rate that

is higher than NYC and LA combined. Chicago trauma physician Amy Ho wrote in *The Chicago Tribune* that Lee 'has managed to trivialize the suffering of the men, women, and children of Chicago's West and South sides', and many were quick to agree. Combined with the fact that 'A Spike Lee Joint' doesn't promise radical politics in quite the same way it did in

the 1980s and 90s, *Chi-Raq* is a pretty tough sell.

What a joy it is, then, to see a film that delivers both quick humour and biting satire, whilst also marking a return to form for Lee. *Chi-Raq* is an urgent film, desperately-needed in today's troubled time of mass incarceration and police brutality. Teyonah Parris, perhaps best known for her role of Dawn in *Mad Men*, plays Lysistrata, girlfriend to Demetrius 'Chi-raq' Dupree (Nick Cannon), who is leader of a local gang called the Spartans. In a Bloods/Crips-style feud, they are at war with the Trojans, whose leader 'Cyclops' is played by Wesley Snipes. Each gang has their own

\\ Rising incarceration rates, private prisons, gentrification – nothing escapes the glare of Lee's cool fury \\\

identifiable colour, and they spend much of the film hanging around the downtown streets, angling for street cred and committing drive-by shootings.

It's such a shooting which accidentally kills a little girl, that sets the spark of resistance in Lysistrata. Bringing together her female friends, she makes peace with the Trojan women, and they all agree to withhold sex from their gangster partners. "No peace," they cry, "no pussy". The movement quickly catches on: first the women of Chicago, then the United States, and then the women of the world don chastity belts and take a vow of celibacy. The action is frequently marked with set-pieces, such as the women taking control of a national armoury by seducing a Confederate-flag-loving racist general, or the absolute howler of a scene where the army try and get the women in the mood by blasting out slow jams by The Chi-Lites.

The mood, however, is

never wholly light: Lee ensures that the script goes deep into the issues that currently pervade the US, forcing viewers to confront the continuing legacy of slavery and white supremacy. Rising incarceration rates, private prisons, gentrification – nothing escapes the glare of Lee's cool fury. The script name-checks not only those who have been killed by police over the last several years, but also more recent developments, like the Black Lives Matter movement and targeted killings: "That evil young Klansman / Dylann Storm Roof? / He's the proof. / Post-racial... poof" – in four lines Lee destroys the myth of a 'post-racial' America that was supposed to have heralded in the inauguration of Obama. Lee doesn't let anyone get off lightly: while the oppressive circumstances that drove many of the young men to crime in the film are explored, the gang members are also made to take responsibility, both for their own actions and the gradual degradation of gangs' moral code over the last 30 years.

But the film is not exclusively set on the mean streets of Chicago: they are vilified and celebrated in equal measure, with each shooting offset by a view of a beautiful street mural, but Lee also focusses on the interior lives of his characters – both metaphorically and literally. A large

\\ *Chi-Raq* is an urgent film, desperately-needed in today's troubled time of mass incarceration and police brutality \\\

proportion of scenes take place within central hubs of the African-American community: gospel churches, barber shops, reading groups. They are shown to be the beating heart of the African-American community, places where individuals can meet, debate, and – perhaps most

\\ The film manages veer from rip-roaringly funny to achingly tragic in the space of a few stanzas \\\

importantly – organise.

The script, by Lee and Kevin Willmott, is stellar, somehow managing to veer from rip-roaringly funny to achingly tragic in the space of a few stanzas, and retaining rhyming verse for the majority of the film. They may, perhaps, let things run away a little bit sometimes – there are a number of subplots that don't really need to be there, and the whole thing could probably benefit from being 20 minutes shorter – but overall the film feels both joltingly contemporary and true to the original. The classical choruses of old men and women are replaced by the Knights of Euphrates and a group of female elders, respectively, with the women led by Angela Bassett. Lee retains the stichomythia (the short punchy alternating lines) of the original, and the parabasis (the address to the audience) is given by Samuel L. Jackson, who is clearly having a ball chewing on these delicious lines.

After the early furore that surrounded its announcement, *Chi-Raq* goes far beyond what we might expect, delivering a film that manages to shed a light on the unsettling undercarriage of American racism whilst also remaining hugely entertaining – no mean feat. For all intents and purposes, it signals a return to form for Lee, combining the daring vernacular aspects of *Do the Right Thing* with the sweeping epic feel of *Malcolm X*. With one foot in the past, and the other firmly in the present, *Chi-Raq* is a tour-de-force of bleak humour and righteous fury.



## Moana



A cut above your typical princess \\\ Disney



**Moana**, the latest offering from Disney, eschews the traditional princess story, in favour of a sunny escape from the miseries of 2016

Sometimes a perfect opportunity can just present itself to a director. *Citizenfour* is a film whose mere existence is incredible. Based on the drama of Edward Snowden's whistleblowing on the mass surveillance being performed by the NSA in America, *Citizenfour* is the final film in director Laura Poitras' *America After 9/11* trilogy. What makes it so unique is the privileged access that Poitras had to Snowden (codename: Citizenfour) as he decided to pull the trigger on his leak. Poitras and journalist Glenn Greenwald are the two people Snowden personally reached out to via encrypted emails to help him get his message out, awarding us a much more personal look at Snowden as a person. Speaking as someone relatively ignorant

to the entire situation, I found his portrayal deeply humanising: Snowden comes off as a deeply humble, intelligent, and responsible man. We leave the film with an understanding of his character and his values which would be unachievable through any interview or other piece of media.

It is in this personable aspect that the film finds its biggest strengths. Poitras was not afraid to take the time out at various points to focus on little things such as Snowden hurriedly flicking through his laptop or nervously doing his hair. Time is also set apart to allow Snowden to set out his views and philosophies in a series of spontaneous interviews in his hotel room, allowing him to outline why this documentary is so important. The film is also not afraid to raise a number of its own questions, mostly through

In the world's current situation, a film that can make you laugh, cry, and leave with a warm, fuzzy feeling is desperately needed. The newest Disney princess film, *Moana*, is the answer.

The storyline follows Moana Waialiki (Auli'i Cravalho), daughter of Chief Tui (Temuera Morrison). Growing up on a South-Pacific Island, she is forbidden to ever venture further than beyond the confines of the reef. However, when her homeland begins to wilt and die, she must accept the ocean as a new comrade (yes, they really made the ocean a cutesy sidekick), set out to find demi-god Maui (Dwayne Johnson), and save the world. Along the way, they encounter dangers ranging from entirely ridiculous little coconut/pirate/demon things, through to a mildly terrifying shiny crab and the misunderstood (but no less dangerous) lava monster. Although the storyline seems a little bizarre, it is based on genuine legends from several South-Pacific Islands, providing a marvelous opportunity to revel in the stories of

sun-drenched beaches, and escape the drizzly realities of 2016.

One of the most notable alterations to the usual Disney Princess offerings is the total lack of romantic storyline – this is wonderfully refreshing. The heart of the film instead comes from the relationships between Moana and those around her. The storyline with her parents delicately walks the line between loving her family and following her own path – she does this, surprisingly, without a single utterance of "YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME". Her grandmother, played by Rachel House, gives wonderfully eccentric relief, being the don't-give-a-damn OAP that I think we all aspire to be. The relationship between Maui and Moana stays platonically teacher-student, with a sweet development and a high level of personal growth. Although the trope of 'arrogant, muscled lead learning to open up and care for others' is a bit old, the moments of vulnerability are touching, and the interaction with another cute sidekick in the form of a mini tattoo version of himself make

it less stale.

Another notable difference is the soundtrack: in a move away from traditional Disney films, the songs are not stand-alone belters, but instead there is more of a feeling of a real musical, with melodies introduced in the beginning weaving throughout – with the exception of the horribly creepy crab song. The presence of Lin-Manuel Miranda (of *Hamilton* fame) is heavily felt, and all for the better.

The stunning backdrop as they sail across the oceans, combined with the heart-warming storyline and enjoyable music, means a successful evolution for Disney princesses. The music, message, and lead princess' body proportions (she actually looks human) are very welcome changes. If you want a serious highbrow movie, then this isn't your film, but if you want a warm hug of a film with a few tears, messages of self-love, and acknowledgement it's okay to get fired up every so often, then you will love this film as much as I did.

By Jenny Shelley

## DOCUMENTARY OF THE WEEK

### *Citizenfour*



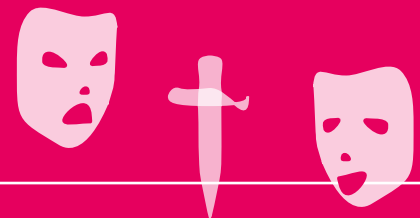
Snowden fighting against the man \\\ HBO Films

select clips from debates and lectures, from the balance of privacy vs. security to the meaning of sovereignty

From a technical standpoint *Citizenfour* is near perfect. It hits all the marks that a good documentary should: it's thought provoking, relevant, and attention holding, with a perfect balance between tension-building slower moments and a steady driving pace. Only in *Citizenfour* could a hotel's routine fire alarm test get my heart nearly pounding out of my chest. The massive depth of research is wonderfully presented in a way which gets across a lot of information without being overwhelming. *Citizenfour* definitely displays a great deal of intelligence, as well as the journalistic passion which shines through with Poitras and Greenwald.

By Ben Collier





## The disquieting strangeness of *Blue Velvet*



Fred Fyles

Dorothy Vallens, the troubled singer at the heart of *Blue Velvet* \\ Warner Bros

David Lynch's *Blue Velvet*, being reissued for the 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary this month, introduced the world to the themes that would run through the director's work for the next three decades. A stunning world of glamour and grime, *Blue Velvet* is a masterpiece.

Degraded, slapped around, humiliated and undressed in front of the camera" wrote Roger Ebert, esteemed American film reviewer, of Isabella Rossellini's performance in David Lynch's 1986 film *Blue Velvet*. "When you ask an actress to endure those experiences, you should keep your side of the bargain by putting her in an important film." Ebert's feelings on the film – which were resoundingly negative – were unchanged up until his death in 2013, but clearly many people disagree: last week saw the re-release of the 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary edition of *Blue Velvet*. Today, *Blue Velvet* stands among one of the greatest films of the 1980s, and marked a turning point in David Lynch's illustrious and beguiling career. Call it masochistic, pretentious, or even misogynistic if you want – just don't call it unimportant.

*Blue Velvet* revolves around the duality of everyday life, inviting us to take a peek underneath the surface of the Reaganesque fantasy of the American dream. In its much-loved opening sequence, we are introduced to a world of white picket fences, smiling firemen, and lush green lawns. This is dramatically

interrupted when a man watering his front garden suddenly collapses; the hose spurts serpentine arcs of water as the man lies helpless in the mud.

We find out that this man is the father of Jeffrey Beaumont, played by long-time Lynch collaborator Kyle MacLachlan, who is made to return to Lumberton, North Carolina – a town whose radio station welcomes us with a dawn chorus of "logs, logs, logs!". On the way back from the hospital he stumbles across a severed human ear, and this is the point where his troubles begin. Pretty soon he finds himself trapped between two different women: the sweet girl-next-door, Sandy (Laura Dern), daughter of the local detective; and Dorothy Vallens (Isabella Rossellini), an abused nightclub singer, whose husband and child have been taken hostage.

Jeffrey soon finds himself tripping down a rabbit hole of secrets, unearthing the dark elements of society that lurk just beneath a well-to-do façade, and running into Frank Booth (Dennis Hopper), a vicious psychopath who huffs on amyl nitrite and violently abuses Dorothy. While another director may take a straightforward approach to the plotline, Lynch eschews easy resolution, instead

subverting the film noir genre to create a finished piece where nothing quite adds up. Certain characters pop up in a single scene, and then are never seen again, while some loose ends remain untied by the time the credits roll, in an intentional attempt to challenge the viewer.

From the very beginning of *Blue Velvet*, Lynch sets out a template of themes that he has followed over the last three decades: the ugly underbelly of violence lying behind polite society that's running through 1990's *Wild at Heart*; the portrayal

\\ *Blue Velvet* marked a turning point in David Lynch's illustrious and beguiling career \\

of a small town riddled with dark secrets that forms the backbone of his TV series *Twin Peaks*; and the idea of double identity, which he has returned to again and again, most obviously in his 2001 magnum opus, *Mulholland Drive*.

Lynch's world is one that is defined by the establishment

of dichotomies. In *Blue Velvet* we have the two protagonists, Jeffrey and Sandy, who exude an all-American charm, a tremendous vitality that seems to come from a diet of red meat, milk and wholesomeness. They are contrasted dramatically with the sleazy, sad coupling of Frank and Dorothy, a relationship defined by rape and abuse. There's even a schism spatially, with Lumberton split right down the middle by Lincoln Avenue, which marks the meeting points of the calm suburban world of wine and roses, and the run-down apartment blocks and abandoned factories that mark the other side of town. But while the first half hour of the film sets up these archetypal characters, Lynch spends the remainder of the film demolishing all boundaries between the two worlds, bringing them crashing together in a disorientating maelstrom. It's the same technique he uses in *Mulholland Drive*, when the two separate plotlines begin to coincide with each other, or in *Twin Peaks*, where the lines between the natural and supernatural bleed into each other.

Where *Blue Velvet* is perhaps most important, however, is in its soundtrack: them crashing together in the first collaboration between Lynch and composer Angelo Badalamenti, with whom he would work again and again. Badalamenti composed half of the tracks on the soundtrack, which create an eerie soundscape that weaves its course throughout the film, never overplaying its hand; for the remainder of the tracks, Badalamenti chose a series of vintage pop songs, which perfectly accentuate the physical

signature element of his films. Darkness and light play key roles in the film: when we are first introduced to Sandy, she comes shining out of the dark like a beacon of hope, while the film's seemingly happy conclusion is marked by a brilliant flash of white. For Lynch, visual motifs are more than mere aesthetic elements, but instead reflect a deeper, symbolic meaning, that has made his work ripe for interpretation – from Michael Atkinson's Freudian take on *Blue Velvet* to Laura Mulvey's argument that the central trio of Frank, Dorothy, and Jeffrey represent the Oedipal family unit. Like the French director Alain Resnais, Lynch's work refuses to conform to a single explanation, making it all the richer.

Similarly, Lynch sets up a visual dichotomy, with the deep blues of club interiors playing off against the red curtains that would become a



violence that is happening on screen. Badalamenti would go on to work with Lynch in five of his films and – most notably – in his TV series *Twin Peaks*, whose soundtrack has since reached cult status, and was reissued this year on Death Waltz records.

While David Lynch's career may have properly gotten started with *Eraserhead*, his first feature film, made in 1977, it wasn't until *Blue Velvet* that he set down the off-kilter template he continues to follow to this day. Navigating between the worlds of surrealism and naturalism, Lynch's work achieves a sense of unease that no other director working today can match. *Blue Velvet* is a stunning film; beautiful, meaningful, and most definitely important.

\\ You know when you're in a David Lynch film when... \\



...the banality and horror of small-town life is unearthed! \\ Warner Bros



...somebody lip-syncs to a creepy song! \\ Warner Bros



...there's a visual dichotomy between two central characters! \\ Warner Bros

For about the first 90 minutes of *The Unknown Girl*, I sat rather unimpressed in my leather chair in one of the small theaters at Soho Screening Rooms. Then, as the last half hour unfolded, directors Jean-Pierre and Luc Dardenne tied together multiple plot lines like a beautiful bow on a Christmas present.

Without spoiling the ending, the film centres around Dr. Jenny Davin, played by actor Adèle Haenel, who hears someone knocking on her front door to her practice. Because it is late at night, Davin feels uncomfortable answering. The next day,

\\ The Dardenne brothers tie together multiple plot lines like a beautiful bow on a Christmas present \\

police show up to inform her that the person knocking was a woman – who was caught on her surveillance footage – and she has been found dead

at a nearby river.

Davin, feeling immense guilt, makes it her mission to find out who this girl was, and for the rest of the film the Dardenne brothers take us through a strange roller coaster of a story – except that coaster splits up on to multiple tracks, until the last 30 or so seconds, when the cars join to finish on one line.

The film's main strength, besides its satisfying finish, is how it is always focused through the lens of Davin's character: we are with her throughout every step of her journey to find out who this 'unknown girl' is. And boy, it's a strange, unpredictable and exciting ride.

The initial reviews of *The Unknown Girl*, however, have not been kind, with many critics citing a predictable narrative and a lack of excitement. Perhaps this is due to the fact that many English-speaking critics expect much more from foreign films, but for me – while these criticisms are certainly fair enough for the first 90 minutes – the ending is so well-orchestrated that I realised why the rest of the movie was made the way it is.

One of the main themes

throughout the film is truth. At first, multiple characters do not wish to disclose what they know, where they were, or what they were doing the night of the girl's death. Meanwhile, in a separate case, Jamie's intern Julien – played by Olivier Bonnaud – tells Jamie personal information, as an explanation for why he quit his dream to be a doctor.

It is in these closing scenes that we feel a sense of intimacy, and step deeper into these people's lives. I felt like I was right there with Davin, hearing their stories and becoming emotionally exhausted, despite the fact this is a fiction.

Again, I won't dive too much into the plot, because I don't want to ruin the delayed gratification that you may experience if you do choose to invest just under two hours to watch this movie. But I will say that if you want a movie that makes you think about the importance of telling the truth, *The Unknown Girl* articulates it in an interesting way. And, being a reporter by trade, finding the truth is a theme I can appreciate in any movie I watch.

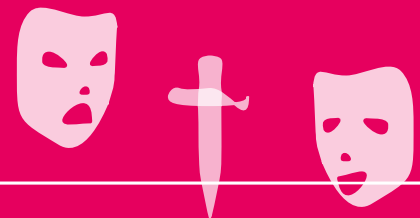
## The Unknown Girl ties everything up in the end



Dr Davin, on the case \\ Curzon







## Problematic faves | Nico

Sometimes artists we love have characters that we don't. In our new weekly feature, we examine some of the artists whose antics regularly embarrass their fans. Can we separate the music from the artist? First up is German singer, Nico.

Fred Fyles

Above: GanMed64, Below: Steven Depolo

My problematic fave is the German-born singer Nico, who found fame as a Warhol Superstar, working with The Velvet Underground on their debut album. She then went on to discover the harmonium and make a series of experimental albums that have only recently begun to be recognised for the masterpieces they are. Nico's work is Gothic in the true sense of the word: her icy, deep vocals, chillingly accented by the sound of slow progressions on the harmonium, feel like a cold wind blowing through the crypt of a cathedral, all dust and rust and power.

Nico was also, unfortunately, deeply racist. Journalist Danny Fields, who helped Nico sign to Elektra Records – with whom she would make the 1968 LP *The Marble Index* – described her as 'Nazi-esque', saying that 'She had a definite Nordic Aryan streak, [the belief] that she was physically, spiritually and creatively superior.' Her behaviour supports this opinion: at a Berlin concert she angered the crowd by singing the German national anthem 'Das Leid der Deutschen', including the verses usually omitted for its nationalist

connotations; and – according again to Fields – there was an incident in the early 1970s when Nico smashed a glass in a mixed-race woman's eye, whilst saying 'I hate black people'. Nico died in 1988, at the young age of 49, missing the internet age of 'problematic faves', but any admirer of her music must confront her racist worldview.

However, I think it is remiss not to look at how Nico's racism developed. She was born Christa Päffgen in Cologne in 1938, a mere five months after Austria was annexed. Her father sustained head injuries after being enlisted in the army, and ended his life in a psychiatric hospital. Christa and her mother fled to the suburbs of Berlin while Cologne was hit with bombing raids; its population decimated. Following the fall of Hitler, her early Nazi-informed worldview inevitably came up against the blunt reality of life in Allied-occupied Germany. At the age of 15, when working as a temp for the US Air Force, she was raped by an African-American GI, who had also raped a number of other employees; originally keeping quiet about it, the crime was eventually discovered, and Christa was made to give evidence. He was sentenced to death, and shot.

And this is why I think the term 'problematic' is a poor choice to use when describing Nico. How can it encompass the entirety of her traumatic upbringing? A war that left her father dead by his own hand; a childhood spent in bombed-out cities; an adolescence marked by being raped and then indicted in her rapist's killing. While these factors don't excuse her racist behaviour, they can explain it in a way that merely calling Nico 'problematic fave' can never do.

The word 'problematic' has, like 'liberal elite' or 'will of the people', today just become another meaningless buzzword in our online lexicon. It smooths away all the tricky complexities of the power structures inherent within society, leaving no room for nuance; by calling someone or something 'problematic', what we are really doing, deep down, is emphasising that we are not. We place the onus of responsibility for

behaviour entirely on the individual person, and refuse to critically examine the structural issues at hand.

To me, calling Nico a 'problematic fave', and leaving it at that, is a double injustice: it doesn't do justice to her tragic life story, one pockmarked by suffering and strife, and it doesn't do justice to those most affected by racism, since

\\ I think it's remiss not to look at how Nico's racism developed \\

it refuses to challenge the status quo at a level higher than the individual. It exonerates us from the responsibility of interrogating the structural problems that lead to some parts of society profiting at the expense of others.

Can we separate the artist from the art? I'm not really

sure if this is possible or not. But what I am sure about is that I will continue to enjoy Nico's work, despite her 'problematic' aspects. I will continue to feel chills down my spine at her raw interpretation of The Doors' 'The End'; I will continue to skip the tracks on 'The Velvet Underground and Nico' that don't feature her teutonic vocals (soz Lou Reed); and I will continue to feel a discomforting mixture of sadness and hope during the beautifully-simple song 'Afraid'. Nico's art stretches far beyond a couple of songs on a Warhol-produced LP, and the structural racism that is entrenched in society stretches far beyond the short pithy syllables of 'problematic'.



## A year of Shazams and this is what I found



\\ Sean Lucas

So it's Sunday; I'm tending to some life admin, such as paying rent, doing laundry, binge-watching *Gilmore Girls*, you know, the usual. All of a sudden an amazing cover of *I Drove All Night* (originally by legendary Céline Dion) comes up on the radio and I just have to know who it's by. So I whip out my phone, open Shazam and... well shazam the shit out of the song until it's registered and BOOM: \\ The Maccabees \\ 129 shazams.

Content once again, I put the phone back in my pocket, when it hits me. I NEVER ACTUALLY DO ANYTHING WITH THIS INFORMATION.

So I immediately open Shazam again and realise I'd fallen into this pattern over a year ago. There were dozens of great songs that I had successfully identified but never purchased or actively incorporated into a playlist.

Things like Swedish folk (*My Silver Lining* by First Aid

Kit and yes it's exactly what is sounds like), electrodance (*Forever And Ever* by Boogie Belgique) and English art rock (*Worst Band in the World* by 10cc). The list goes on and on and on. I discovered new (to me) artists like Bauhaus and Jenny Hval (give her a listen, she cray) and found gems that had somehow escaped me by artists I love, like Kate Bush's *Houdini* – how had I never heard this masterpiece before?! I even found some Buena Vista Social Club in there (and a Nick Jonas Song. I ain't proud).

But possibly the greatest 'discovery' was a song I love by an artist I love, *Caught A Long Wind* by Feist. Now the reason why I've used single quotes is because this song is part of the Nicolas Jaar BBC 1 essential mix from 2012 that I listen to almost on a weekly basis. The mix in itself is a masterpiece. In two hours it somehow seamlessly blends Angelo Badalamenti discussing how he'd come up with

the Twin Peaks soundtrack with Aphex Twin, Beyoncé, and smack in the middle, Feist.

I've listened to this mix dozens of times and half of them I've rewinded and broken the flow of it just to hear Feist's divine, smooth, melting voice call to my soul, encouraging it to keep itself afloat. I once even stepped out of the shower just to rewind the mix back to Feist.

And now, finally, I can just put it on repeat and I can refer to it by more than just that little bird song (But why didn't you just shazam the mix when Fe – Shhhhhhh)

So don't be an idiot like me kids. If you're gonna be the guy that walks up to a speaker, phone first, while asking an entire room of people to shut up so that you can shazam something, at least put that song in a playlist at some point.

By Lef Apostolakis

Awaken, Gambino is back! Apart from doing his regular mixtape releases it has been a while since Childish Gambino has released an album to the public. It can be said that Gambino has evolved into a completely different artist since his 2013 debut of *Because of the Internet*, which was heavily rap based, with standard R&B backbeats

\\ Gambino takes you on a musical journey throughout this album \\

to the tracks. His 2014 EP release *Kauai* already hinted at a change in sound, which is heavily reinforced in his new album *Awaken, My Love!*

This album relies less on the lyrics and more on the

rhythm and the instrumental role. The sound, although new and fresh, reminds of 70s disco due to the heavy funk influence, especially Boogiemann, where I can clearly hear sounds which remind me of Kool and the Gang's *Open Sesame*. You can clearly tell that Gambino has taken inspiration from several artists throughout the creation of this album to achieve the complexity of sounds that he has. From rock and gospel influences in *Me and your Mama* to heavy synth sounds in *Redbone*, which sounds similar to something you would hear from Daft Punk, I believe Gambino takes you on a musical journey throughout this album.

Many of the track titles seem to be directed at Gambino's son, with many referring to the boy's mother and some directly to him. The lyrics of the track *Baby Boy* speak of the relationship Gambino hopes to have with his son as he sings, "Don't take my baby boy", which may be a

fear of Gambino's. *The night me and your Mama met* is purely instrumental which seems intentional to allow the

\\ Many of the track titles seem to be directed at Gambino's son \\

listener to interpret the mood of the situation without the bias of spoken lyrics.

From acting roles to screen-writing to musical creator, Childish Gambino excels throughout, and this album is no different. *Awaken, My Love!* takes us through a whirlwind of funk exploration, which I gladly embarked upon.

By Valentina Funaro

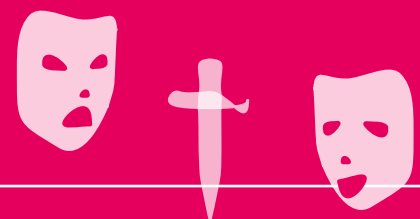
## Awaken, My Love!



\\ Glassnote Records







## Helen Marten wins the Turner Prize



Brood and Bitter Pass (detail) \\ Helen Marten

How to describe Turner Prize 2016 winner Helen Marten's work? "Baffling" claim some critics, "Poetic", others – Michael Gove, former Education Secretary went so far as to tweet "#Turnerprize2016 - congratulations to Helen Martin but #honestly is this = to Turner, Ruskin, even Holman Hunt – of course not #modishcrap". Never mind the misspelling of Marten's name from the self appointed spelling and grammar 'saviour' – Marten's work is far from 'modish crap' (whatever that means) and in fact, her work may be closer to J.M.W. Turner's than it first appears.

Turner's brushwork was loose, evocative rather than representative, similarly, Marten's sculptures are free-form – transforming everyday objects into object salads that look like daydreams forced into three dimensions. Speaking to Charlotte Higgins of the *Guardian*, Marten has said she reads and researches without "any specific end goal in mind", her reading matter is diverse, from philosophy to poetry by way of the news. It's stream-of-consciousness poetry that most comes to mind when encountering Marten's work; steel is tacked onto timber, cloth is draped like discarded clothing, spoons are bent out of shape

and hammered onto a corner, elsewhere matchsticks are threaded through the work. It's as if Marten has emptied out her half-formed thoughts into the physical world. We are left to follow the trail of associations, the flights of fancy, the abrupt changes of mood – sometimes they lead nowhere, sometimes they strike a chord with our own thoughts.

The Turner Prize judges nominees not for the work they create for the Prize exhibition, but work displayed the preceding year. For Marten, one of these was her show at

\\ Stream-of-consciousness poetry comes to mind when encountering Marten's work \\

Greene Naftali: *Eucalyptus, Let Us In*. The mediums list for one piece in the show, *Brood and Bitter Pass*, should give some indication of the breadth of materials Marten draws inspiration from: steel, aluminium, model board, ash, cherry, chipboard, sprayed MDF, blown glass, glazed ceramic, screen printed Latex, bucket, cast resin, cast jesmonite, stones; so the list continues, including everything from magnets, concrete, cotton, and lace, to

twigs, oyster shell, and sugar. The list of materials alone could be a sort of free-form minimalist poetry.

What is perhaps the most noteworthy of Marten's work is that despite her use of everyday objects, almost nothing is a ready-made – this is not simply hordes of found things tacked together. Instead, objects appear as if from a half-remembered dream – that there could almost be fire hydrant, almost but not quite, in another sculpture, the end could be scraps from a rocket, or a giant bullet blown apart and stuck back together. In another work, *Packed for Perdition*, in the right corner, a curve hangs like a sickle moon against a night sky. Underneath, a tiny keyboard is drawn on a grid, and beside it it's raining on a cardboard cut-out of a house, only the rain seems to be acid rain, and falls like the patterns of Braille. Despite the seemingly absurd nature of her work, Marten carefully considers the placement of each detail, finding acute clarity in her work. Certainly, the shapes she creates look considered, they flow – one object melting seamlessly into another, look closer and there are eye-catching details – a sudden drop of rope, a spike jutting out at precisely the right angle. These are works that, once seen, are not easily forgotten.

For 31-year-old Marten,

2016 has been a year of unmitigated success – last month she won the Hepworth Prize for Sculpture, another hugely prestigious award. and now it is the Turner, she is also holding a solo show at the Serpentine Gallery. The artists nominated alongside her were Anthea Hamilton, Josephine Pryce, and Michael Dean. For some, Michael Dean was the dark horse in the race, who could've bagged the top prize. Dean's exhibition was an installation representing the poverty line – a pile of over 2 million pennies, just one penny less than the £20,436 that the

\\ Marten uses everything from rubber and concrete to sand and oyster shell in her freeform sculptures \\

government believes is the minimum two adults and two children could survive on in a year.

Last year, the Turner Prize, which celebrates the best artists under 50 of that year, went to the architectural group, Assemble, who won for their transformation of the housing estate *Granby Four Streets*. It was a departure from the norm to award the prize to a project that was ostensibly not 'art'. No

stranger to controversy, the Prize will no doubt raise eyebrows, (at least the eyebrows of the public – the critics by and large were fans) again this year for their celebration of Marten.

That Marten's work defies explanation was a strength for this year's judges. The chair of judges, Tate Britain director Alex Farquharson, praised Marten for her poetic sculpting technique, saying: "The judges were impressed by the complexity of the work...how it often suggests meaning, but those meanings are all in flux somehow. One image, one form becomes another." Marten's work is unlike that of any of her contemporaries, that it sparks conversation about art, and the forms it can take can only be a good thing.

Marten has said she finds the whole idea of winning prizes "embarrassing", she has gone so far as to say that she will share her winnings of £25,000 amongst her fellow nominees. There is a true spirit of originality in Marten work, the Turner has elevated many of its winners, Chris Ofili, Tracey Emin, Damien Hirst to name a few to lasting influence in the modern art world – Marten will hope that this new accolade will encourage more people to engage and attempt to understand her vision.

Indira Mallik



The story of *Peter Pan*, popularised by Disney in 1953, hardly needs any introduction. However, not everyone knows of its darker history. J.M. Barrie first invented the character in 1902 in *The Little White Bird*, a semi-autobiographical story about a small boy who is befriended by a lonely London bachelor. In actual fact, *Peter Pan* was based on the five boys of the Llewellyn Davies family who Barrie came to know. There have been some questions raised about the exact nature of Barrie's interest in these boys; at any rate, he went on to become their guardian after the successive deaths of their parents. The final *Peter Pan* was a "demon boy", a devilish character who Barrie originally specified as the villain of the story.

Like the boy himself, *Peter Pan* has been adapted into a multitude of shapes and forms. But from the moment Nana steps onto stage – a burly man dressed in a frilly nursemaid's outfit – one gets the idea that Sally Cookson's production will be a touch unconventional. Casting the middle-aged Paul Hilton as Peter is a masterful stroke that brings out the paradox of Peter's stubborn refusal to grow up. The disconnect between Peter's physical and mental maturity is jarring; despite his receding hairline, he has no idea what a kiss is, and curls up in his old perambulator with a teddy bear.

There is an underlying theme of maternal affection that few productions of *Peter Pan* manage to pick up. Barrie's troubled childhood was overshadowed by his mother's love for his elder brother David. When David died at a tragically young age in a skating accident, Barrie strived to

replace him, dressing up in his dead brother's clothes so that "even [his] mother should not know the difference". Perhaps it is not such a surprise that Barrie's *Peter Pan* returned home only to find the window barred and another little boy sleeping in his bed. The first title for *Peter Pan* was *Peter Pan, or The Boy Who Hated Mothers*. Startlingly, Captain Hook and Mrs. Darling were originally meant to be played by the same actress, throwing Peter and the mother figure into direct conflict.

Sally Cookson, the director, returns to this original casting: Anna Francolini tucks her children lovingly into bed as Mrs. Darling, but makes a frightful Captain Hook who

\\ Cookson's production retains a frolicsome energy despite the melancholy at its heart \\



The lost boys \\ Steve Tanner

unhesitatingly disembowels a sailor for wanting his teddy. As with the other characters in the play, Captain Hook is more than just a one-dimensional bad guy. For all her piratical swagger and bluster, she is really a balding, desolate woman pursued by Tick Tock the crocodile, a thinly veiled metaphor for the closing jaws of Time. Her obsession with *Peter Pan* is a twisted version of maternal love. And while Peter triumphs over Captain Hook, he ultimately fails to take Wendy from Mrs. Darling at the end of the play.

For the many children in the audience, such ideas of growing up and abandonment probably went right over their heads. But there was no shortage of things to keep them entertained. Flashing lights, floating planets, thrilling fight scenes and the suitably buccaneering Captain Hook made for a riveting two hours that lived up to the wild imagination of its author. Best of all, if you're going to have characters that can fly, you might as well make good use of them. As Peter and Wendy soared out across the audience on their "fairy strings", the cheering audience certainly agreed.

Sally Cookson's take on *Peter Pan* is refreshing, if only because bowdlerised versions so rarely attempt to capture the essence of J.M. Barrie's "terrible masterpiece". As with the original incarnation, Cookson's production retains a frolicsome energy despite the melancholy at its heart. This bittersweet production is definitely for grown-ups too – even if, like Wendy at the end of the play, we have already "forgotten how to fly".

## Hooked on Peter Pan



Wendy and Peter flying \\ Steve Tanner



Claire Chan

Peter Pan is on at the National Theatre until 4th February 2017

Tickets from £15





## The Pirelli #nofilter 2017 calendar



Uma Thurman \\ Peter Lindbergh/Pirelli Calendar

Last year, I wrote about Pirelli turning over a new leaf; its 2016 edition had come on the heels of Playboy announcing that it would no longer feature nudity. What a winter of discontent, I said, for the meninists, won't someone please think of all those poor men fighting for a world where old white dudes can hold more power economically, socially, and politically? It seems the universe is not a fan of gentle sarcasm; the meninists have had the last laugh.

They might've taken America, but by Jove, they won't have Pirelli. Last year, the tyre company's annual calendar, which has become a fashion photography touchstone, theretofore known as a bastion of soft-porn, shifted its focus from the perfect body to perfect accomplishments. The 2016 edition featured Serena Williams (a great mix of perfect accomplishment and perfect body), Ava DuVernay, Patti Smith, Fran Leibovitz amongst others. "How would they top this?" I wondered, then – surely the

only way would be to feature Ruth Bader Ginsburg as Miss July? Peter Lindbergh, this year's photographer, may not have taken all my advice to heart, but has stuck with the general theme of not objectifying women set last year. He

**\\ Classically beautiful, slim, cis, able-bodied, and overwhelming white \\**

features a roster of actresses including Julianne Moore, Helen Mirren, Robin Wright. All are fully clothed, shot in tasteful black and white; according to Lindbergh not a single wrinkle or blemish has been magicked away with a blender brush-happy touch-up artist.

Lindbergh claims that he has replaced nudity with emotional nakedness, saying, "it's another kind of naked, more important than body parts. What is more than being naked is to show yourself the

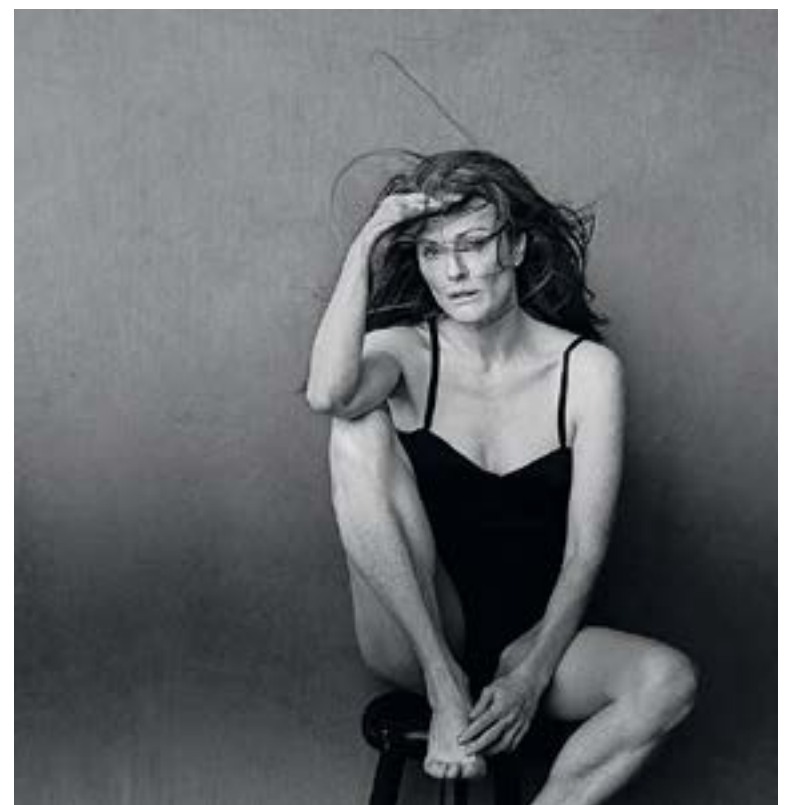
way you are." The sentiment is laudable, and certainly the fashion world could do with less Photoshop, but the softly lit images of extremely beautiful actresses (and Anastasia Ignatova, a lecturer at the Moscow State Institute of International Relations) aren't nearly as revolutionary as Pirelli imagines them to be; Lindbergh may think his photographs are "a cry for beauty today against the terror of perfection and youth", and to be fair to him, a wide diversity of age ranges are represented, but there are not what many consider 'imperfections' to be found here. All the women featured are classically beautiful, slim, cis, able-bodied, and the overwhelming majority are white. Zhang Zhi, and Lupita N'yongo, who to the cynical seems sometimes to be the only black woman the fashion world will acknowledge (okay, Naomi Campbell too) are the only ones to represent women of colour.

Lindbergh's pictures are blandly pretty, they are also smugly self-satisfied. The calendar seems to say "I dared to print a picture of

71-year-old Helen Mirren – where's my prize?" The fashion industry shouldn't be getting pats on the back for being shining beacons of progressivism for such lukewarm actions. Pirelli has done well

to not revert back to their hyper-sexualised, objectifying images of yesteryear, but if we were waiting for Pirelli's feminist revolution, this isn't it.

Indira Mallik



Julianne Moore \\ Peter Lindbergh/Pirelli Calendar



## Imperial RAG's Jailbreak celebrates best year yet

RAG is the charity fundraising society of Imperial College Union. 83 Imperial students set off around the world - they had 36 hours to get as far away as possible from Imperial. Not allowed to spend their own money on travel, the teams had to collect donations for any travel costs.

The Big Jailbreak 2016 supports Noah's Ark Hospice, The British Heart Foundation, Cancer Research UK, and Actionaid. Teams raise money either by collecting it beforehand, or getting by-the-mile sponsors. This year was marked by the most ever money raised, over £10,000 with a further £5,000 still to come.

It has been a record breaking event, seeing more money raised for charity than we've ever seen before, and seeing more teams travel further distances. Well done from all of us at Imperial College Union; we're proud of you, and you should be too!

The team who took home the prize for furthest distance travelled are *The Brownian Motion* - they got to Bali!

To check out the stories and tips shared by the top three teams, visit:

[imperialcollegeunion.org/rag-jailbreak](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/rag-jailbreak)



## Late Work Submission policy - tell the Union the policy you want...

Imperial College Union are hoping to hear your voice in what is a very important conversation. College have been urged by the Union to review the current zero-tolerance late submission policy due to the dissatisfaction it has caused certain students.

Following an initial spot-poll released by the Union, we are now looking to hear your opinions and comments on the best proposal via a second consultation survey. The results of this consultation will crucially inform the stance which the Union eventually put forward to College.

Ensure you have your say at [imperialcollegeunion.org/latesubmission](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/latesubmission)

## Student Academic Choice Awards 2017 - Autumn term nominations now open



Who has been a great lecturer, or an amazing administrator, or a top-notch demonstrator?

Has someone in College helped you through tough times, or gone the extra mile to explain a concept or support your research? If there's anyone who stands out to you, then let them know - by nominating them for a Student Academic Choice Award (SACA).

Every nominee will receive a famous SACAs mug - and the shortlistees will be invited to the glitzy SACAs Ceremony in May 2017.

**You can nominate as many people as you like, in as many categories as you like** - and if your nominee is shortlisted, you might win a free ticket to the Ceremony!

The eight Student Academic Choice Awards available are Best Supervision, Best Tutoring, Best Graduate Teaching Assistant, Best Teaching for Undergraduates, Best Support Staff, Best Innovation, Best Tutoring, Best Feedback and Best Teaching for Postgraduates.

To find out more about previous SACAs winners, and to nominate go to [imperialcollegeunion.org/sacas](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/sacas)



# BEOBWULF

7-10 December  
Union Concert Hall



a dramsoc production





**I** trovatore is a classic opera by Verdi, one of the most regularly performed in the operatic repertoire today. It is the sort of opera that has fuelled the caricatures of the art form – it is confusing, extravagant, and filled with impassioned singing, known as much for its convoluted plotline as for its musical beauty.

Based on the 1836 play *El trovador*, *Il trovatore* is a story of high melodrama and conflict that spans two generations. Originally set in Aragon in the 15<sup>th</sup> century, the Count di Luna is madly in love with the lady Leonora. Years ago, the previous Count had a 'gypsy' woman unjustly burnt at the stake for allegedly bewitching di Luna's infant brother Garzia. With her dying breath, the gypsy woman commanded her daughter – Azucena – to avenge her by throwing the infant Garzia into the flames. In the heat of the moment, however, Azucena mistakenly casts her own child upon the pyre and raises Garzia as her surrogate son. Now known as Manrico, he is a knight outlawed for pledging allegiance to a rival prince. Bringing the story full circle, Manrico and Leonora are lovers; meanwhile, di Luna searches for Azucena to avenge his brother's death.

The opera revolves around these four characters, each with their own intense passions. Inspired by the boldness of his characters, the parts Verdi wrote for them are difficult and require great technical skill. As Enrico Caruso, the great Italian operatic tenor, famously said, "All you need for Verdi's *Il Trovatore* are the four greatest singers in the world." I would stop short of such high praise of the Royal Opera

cast, although they make an admirable attempt to rise to the challenge. Maria Agresta as Leonora faltered on the high notes of her arias such as *Tacea la notte placida* (The peaceful night lay silent), though she did improve as the night went on. As Manrico, Najmiddin Mavlyanov played the chivalrous knight to perfection with his melodic voice but did not quite bring out the fervour needed in the scenes of conflict. I enjoyed Quinn Kelsey's rich baritone; his solo *Il balen de suo sorriso* (The light of her smile), in which di Luna expresses his undying love for Leonora, was deeply moving.

The indubitable star of the show, however, was Anita Rachvelishvili as Azucena. Azucena is the character on whom the tension of the plot hinges; though she has the power to reconcile the two di Luna brothers at any point,

\\ A classic opera, with an excellent cast and ambitious direction \\



Anita Rachvelishvili as Azucena \\ Catherine Ashmore

her desire for vengeance hinders her from doing so, and the story ends in tragedy. Verdi saw her as the principal character, going so far as to claim, "If I were a prima donna (a fine thing that would be!), I would always rather sing the part of the Gypsy in *Il trovatore*." With such big shoes to fill, Rachvelishvili embodies the part of Azucena impressively. Her smouldering voice made for a breathtakingly intense *Stride la vampa!* (The flames are rising!), while her duet with Mavlyanov in *Non son tuo figlio* (I am not your son) was one of the best pieces of the evening.

Director David Bösch's production premiered in July earlier this year to largely lukewarm reviews. Personally, I found it quite aesthetically pleasing; the bleak, snow-filled landscape contrasts with the flames of the pyre that are an ever-present threat. The anachronistic elements – di Luna's military tank, the gypsy band transformed into a travelling circus – detracted from rather than improving the production, but were easy enough to ignore. Maybe I've been desensitised after too many avant-garde operatic productions, but this really wasn't so bad.

Conductor Richard Farnes led the ROH orchestra in Verdi's dramatic and captivating score. This is the first opera by Verdi I've seen, and the music made it immediately apparent why he has such a legacy as an operatic legend. A classic opera, with an excellent cast and ambitious direction – definitely recommended.

## Il trovatore | Melodrama and musical beauty



Najmiddin Mavlyanov as Manrico, Maria Agresta as Leonora \\ Catherine Ashmore



Claire Chan

*Il trovatore* is on at the Royal Opera House until the 4<sup>th</sup> of February 2017

Tickets from £9



## The Little Matchgirl and Other Happier Tales



Edie Edmundson (puppeteer) as The Little Matchgirl \\ Steve Tanner



Ezra Kitson

*The Little Matchgirl* is on at the Sam Wanamaker Playhouse until the 22<sup>nd</sup> of January 2017

Tickets from £10

**E**mma Rice has encapsulated the spirit of the season in the Sam Wanamaker Playhouse's Christmas production of *The Little Matchgirl and Other Happier Tales*, and it's not as jubilant as you might expect. The artistic director has baked together several of Hans Christian Anderson's tales to create a composite piece, which in her own words is a "theatrical Christmas pudding of many flavours". The stories take us on a turbulent emotional journey; the play opens with Thumbelina, a heart-warming tale of triumph in the face of adversity. The miniature heroine is delicately puppeteered by Bettrys Jones, and the adventure is flecked with comedy by the double act of Kyle Lima and Jack Shalloo who we encounter as garrulous toads and later as pompous beetles. There are moments of genuine fright, none more so than when Thumbelina is taken hostage by a depraved mole; the caprices of the plot are unexpected and leave you at the edge of your seat.

Next is *The Emperor's New Clothes*. This is a light hearted take on the parable; keenly aware of its audience in cosmopolitan London and full

of references to Shoreditch designers and EDM. We all await the final twist, as the mesmerised child in front of me whispered, "he's not going to go out naked is he?!" but it's still magnificent when it comes. Luckily for Paul Hunter who plays the emperor (and the rest of us no doubt) there is no full frontal nudity here,

\\ By turns whimsical, frightening, and kitschy – Emma Rice has encapsulated the spirit of the season in her adaptation \\

instead, the Emperor wears a luridly detailed onesie, it's a reveal so unexpected, so filled with kitschy whimsy that the room explodes into laughter and applause.

The third story is *The Princess and the Pea*, and in this interpretation, the plot has been changed slightly. Instead of the happy ending that I was told as a child, here the insecure prince loses the princess due to his lack of faith. This reworking of the narrative, brought the atmosphere to a sombre level

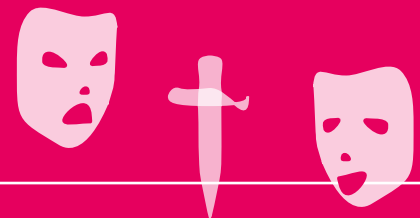
appropriate for the show's tragic end. Throughout the performance, the overarching tale of *The Little Matchgirl* provides the crucial link in the narrative as we pass from story to story. She is always with us on stage, alone and shivering in the cold London streets, dreaming up vibrant tales to pass the night. There's a warmth in story telling that she has shared with us, but it will only help so much; as she strikes her final match and the flame begins to fade she is discovered prostrate and lifeless by a passing policeman. The finale is deeply moving, the shift from Victorian to modern day London conveyed through costuming and in dialogue by the actors remind us that poverty is not just consigned to storybooks; as Emma Rice concludes in her introduction: "if only this were just a story".

It's a message of hope, not despair that Rice wants to send. At the performance's end, the audience is reminded of the ongoing work of organisations such as Crisis and The Salvation Army. We leave the theatre with a festive appreciation of the privileges that we often take for granted, and a powerful warning of the dangers in being blind to the indigence of those who aren't so lucky.



Edie Edmundson (puppeteer) as The Little Matchgirl \\ Steve Tanner





## Arts Interviews | Edie Edmundson



Akiya Henry as the Princess and Edie Edmundson (puppeteer) as The Little Matchgirl || Steve Tanner

**T**he *Little Matchgirl* is a show populated by people and puppets, of which the eponymous character, masterfully operated by Edie Edmundson, is one. Our writer, Ezra Kitson, was fortunate enough to speak with her after the performance.

Edmundson was drawn to puppetry by a National Theatre production of Phillip Pullman's *His Dark Materials* where she realised the power of puppetry in storytelling. "Puppets require the audience to use their empathy" and "do away with the ego" of conventional performance. After pursuing a drama degree where she cemented her love for the theatre, Edmundson, a graduate of Queen Mary's, undertook a ten week course at the Curious School of Puppetry, an institution she believes "will have an enormous part to play in the growth of puppetry in the UK". Since her time at the Curious School, she has taken shows to Edinburgh Fringe and honed her craft on the Movingstage Marionette Theatre on the Puppet Theatre Barge, a barge moored in Little Venice.

Her previous work has tackled complex issues that you may not associate with puppetry. Earlier this year

she staged *The Old Woman Made of Stardust* at the N16 Theatre, a story about a young girl struggling to navigate her grief after the death of her grandmother, based partially on a letter Edmundson's grandmother wrote to her before she passed away. Along with other puppeteers, she has been involved in *Wondering Hands*, a puppet company that staged a show of the same name at the Brainchild Festival in July this

|| Puppets require people to use their empathy and do away with their ego ||

year. *Wondering Hands*, the show, is a piece that aims to fill the void left by lack of relevant, useful sex education provided by schools. It explores "consent, gender and sexuality", using puppets as an "accessible edge" into a subject that is often either veiled in analogy or misrepresented in explicit, exploitative pornography.

*The Little Matchgirl* at the Sam Wanamaker Playhouse is perhaps the most mainstream attention she's

received since entering the world of professional puppetry in 2015. Given the finesse of her performance, it's hard to believe she is in such an early stage of her career. I ask her if it was daunting to be part of a show where her puppet is required to be on stage the whole time, especially given the intimate atmosphere of the Sam Wanamaker. "It's physically tiring," she admits; "your attention has to be fixed on the puppet's movements, but at the same time you have to constantly watch with peripheral vision to dodge the flailing limbs all around you." The candle lit stage also adds an incendiary risk – especially when holding a wooden puppet with long dry hair – but despite this, Edie finds the whole thing very exciting: "a great feature of the Sam Wanamaker is that the lighting is the same for both the performers and the actors, and this creates a shared experience: it's lovely to be able to see the audience and together enjoy these vibrant stories."

Of the stories that are told in the show, *The Princess and the Pea* is her favourite. On the surface it's "funny, ridiculous and sad" but there is also a rich moral aspect, "dealing with trust in relationships. Does she think

the themes in the play are too dark for a Christmas performance? "Not at all, these stories have a very important message, particularly to hear at Christmas. The tragic end [of *The Little Matchgirl*] is still relevant to our modern world, with issues of homelessness, child poverty and refugees. There's a lot to be learnt from these tales, and the takeaway message shouldn't be one of gloom and hope."

Given the extraordinary

|| Puppetry is having a bit of a renaissance at the moment thanks to shows like *War Horse* ||

range of her achievements since becoming a full-time puppeteer, we might expect her star to rise further: "the dream is to be able to see the audience and together enjoy these vibrant stories." Of the stories that are told in the show, *The Princess and the Pea* is her favourite. On the surface it's "funny, ridiculous and sad" but there is also a rich moral aspect, "dealing with trust in relationships. Does she think

that she is interested the role puppetry can play in distilling complex issues, especially in therapy situations. Edmundson's puppetry is innovative, and she is on a mission to make sure the "artform gains respect and recognition" and the puppeteers are acknowledged for the skills and training they must acquire. "I've been incredibly lucky to get this part" she says of her *Little Matchgirl* performance, not all her colleagues are so lucky. "Many skilled, trained puppeteers lose out on jobs to actors with little or no puppetry experience." That may not be the case for long though: "puppetry is having a bit of a renaissance at the moment thanks to shows like *War Horse*", she says. Edmundson aims to be part of that renaissance, working with *Wondering Hands* to bring the Victoriana artform to the 21<sup>st</sup> century – you read it here first, the puppet revolution starts now.

Ezra Kitson and Indira Mallik



## The Duke | Innovative political theatre



The Duke is structured around the loss of the "Royal Worcester limited edition porcelain figure of the Duke of Wellington on horseback"

|| rubylane.com



Indira Mallik

The Duke is on at the Jerwood Theatre (Royal Court Theatre) until the 14<sup>th</sup> of February 2017

Tickets are free (all donations go to Save the Children)

**S**hôn Dale-Jones' *The Duke* is about what we are willing to pay for the things we treasure. What is the value of a collectible piece of porcelain, of a script you've been working on for ten years, of a seat on a boat that is as likely to plunge you into the sea as to deliver you to safety? In the one-hour, one man show, Dale-Jones explores these issues, both personal and global, with humour, empathy, and considerable power.

Dale-Jones greets each audience member as they arrive at the relatively small venue of Jerwood Theatre Upstairs with a handshake and a word of thanks, when everyone has taken their seat, he takes his own place at a desk set up on stage. In The Royal Court, the desk is at the front of a timber box, not his own set, Dale-Jones tells the audience, but that of the show that will be following him; it is this spirit of frugality of staging, this camp-fire story vibe that characterises the rest of the performance. Dale-Jones voices all his characters of which there are few; himself, his mother, his script writing instructor, as well some others who appear fleetingly in the retelling. From a laptop, he also adds a soundtrack; a fun mix of pop music that sets the scene, as well as a dramatic score for a the more tense moments of the story.

'The Duke' Dale-Jones tells us, refers to a 'Royal Worcester limited edition porcelain figure of the Duke of Wellington on horseback', one of a set of four, a figurine that was bought by his late father as an investment at a sum of £750 (over £8000 in today's money), when Dale-Jones was young. The Duke remained bound in sponge under the bed, the focus of father-son bonding throughout Dale-Jones' childhood. This is the background, the audience are told. The story proper follows that of Dale-Jones deciding whether to make crucial changes to a script that he has been

working on for a decade – changes that would offer a chance to get it turned into a film. The changes demanded are outlandish; Anglesey must become Manhattan, the principal character must change all of their distinguishing features, and the script

|| Dale-Jones is a consummate storyteller, able to conjure up scenes and characters out of thin air before the audience's eyes, in telling his story he is creating real change in a world in desperate need of it ||

should heavily feature Audi TT coupes. In the midst of this, a phone-call arrives from his ageing mother in which she admits to accidentally breaking The Duke. Thus begins a tale recounting the recovery of The Duke of Wellington, Dale-Jones' realisation of how treasured his time with his mother has become now he sees that it is limited.

"I am no longer able to see the world I once did," admits Dale-Jones at the beginning of the performance. The audience is sombre, none of us can. Throughout the retelling of *The Duke*, new reports of Syrian refugees haunt Dale-Jones as he waits for an work email, he hears of several families drowning off the Greek coast, and thinks of how much they must've paid for a chance to get on the boat in the first place: their entire life savings perhaps, at one point he encounters a young refugee mother, and is lost as to how to reply when she tells him she does not know whether her husband is alive or dead. In one of the most emotional scenes, at the end, he watches his elderly

mother who has joined a rowing club, get into a boat – a moment of empowerment for her – and thinks of all the mothers for whom the action is not a matter of staving off loneliness, but of life and death.

The story, simple at its core, has fantastical flourishes. Dale-Jones explains these with a Louis Buñuel quote at the start of the performance: "Fantasy and reality are equally personal, and equally felt, so their confusion is only a matter of relative importance." In this spirit, imagination and truth are blended in the retelling of Dale-Jones' accounts; some details are far fetched, but each new twist is told with such clarity, such earnestness, that it doesn't matter, it is indistinguishable from what may actually have happened.

*The Duke* is a tour de force performance, revealing Dale-Jones as a consummate storyteller, able to conjure up scenes and characters out of thin air before the audience's eyes. He is persuasive too; the need to urgently do something about the crises the world finds itself in is made clear; but Dale-Jones isn't lecturing from the top of his "liberal elite" ivory tower; tickets to *The Duke* are free, after the performance, collection buckets for Save the Children are handed around. *The Duke* is about the worth of things; objects, experiences, it shows us the worth of art – the power it has to spin something out of nothing and create real change in the world. Real charity, Dale-Jones tells the audience is "when it hurts just a bit." Dale-Jones could've charged market price for the tickets and donated his earnings, instead he uses *The Duke* to ask each audience member personally: what are you willing to pay for chance to make the a world a little bit better?





# The Grand Tour



New team, same as the old team \\ Amazon Studios



**T**op Gear is dead. Long Live Top Gear? Following Jeremy Clarkson's, lets face it, rightful dismissal from the BBC and the subsequent decline of Top Gear's quality, fans have been hanging their hopes on *The Grand Tour*. Thankfully, the new series does not disappoint. Well, mostly.

The series begins with an extended, tongue-in-cheek segment that sets the tone for the show: bigger, more expensive, and just a little bloated. No attempts are made to disguise the fact that it's meant to be a Top Gear killer. Even the logo itself is a 'GT', a reversal of Top Gear.

The new shtick is essentially an attempt to emulate the successes of the Top Gear specials, with each episode taking place in a different country, and having a different theme.

That's part of the problem. A large part of the charm of those specials was organic, coming from the hosts interactions. Here, too much scripting is used in a hollow attempt to replicate those highs. As a result, jokes often overstay their

welcome and clearly staged interactions become obvious and unfunny.

The team are starting to show their age a bit as well,

**\\ Despite its flaws, The Grand Tour is an amicable successor to the Top Gear of old \\**

as the show still seems very much geared to a traditional primetime TV format.

Also, I hate the new track driver. Clearly brought on board in some sort of vain attempt to draw in the American audiences, this ex-NASCAR driver's grating feigns at comedy are frequently frustrating and always atrocious.

However, *The Grand Tour* is not without its charms and, in general, it delivers on its promise of being a grander

version of Top Gear. The hosts retain their signature irreverence, although they do seem a bit more haggard than usual. Thankfully though, despite going international, Clarkson, May, and Hammond retain their Britishness and British sense of humour. At first, it seems as if they're struggling to adapt to the new format, but they quickly fall into the old grooves that made them so successful in the first place.

Despite its flaws, *The Grand Tour* is an amicable successor to the Top Gear of old. It certainly blows Chris Evans' monstrosity out of the water.



Anurag Deshpande

**H**aving four shows set in a shared universe and on the same channel meant a crossover was inevitable. It was certainly ambitious, especially on a TV network budget, but I'm glad to say they were able to pull it off.

With a diverse range of characters from DC comics, the crossover is essentially a Justice League movie. They even have their own Hall of Justice! The plot was fairly simple; aliens come to Earth and to combat them, the Flash brings all his allies together. It's always nice to see a vibrant and energetic adventure, especially considering that Snyder's upcoming Justice League movie is expected to have his usual dark and gritty style.

As in any superhero team up, the real fun is seeing the different characters interact and watching their personalities clash. Whether it was Cisco and Felicity geeking out over a time ship, Supergirl

and Heatwave's brief but hilarious interactions, or Flash and Arrow drinking together and bonding over their experiences, there was never a dull moment. One critique was taking the focus off Supergirl in the later act of story. I hope that, later down in the road, the producers make a smaller scale crossover, just to see more banter between the heroes.

A problem with crossovers is that they usually put the heroes' individual stories aside to focus on the larger picture. While the invasion was the major feature here, the episodes were still written to allow some individuality in each of them. Arrow's episode in particular barely featured the crossover, instead telling the usual story of the hero being placed in a perfect life scenario. The episode worked better for it, with some tear jerking scenes and a great look at seeing how far the characters of Arrow had come.

The overarching invasion storyline starts off a little slow

but kicks into gear in the final act. The aliens are actually given motivations and aren't just portrayed as stereotypical bad guys, as is usually the

**\\ The real fun is in seeing the different characters interact \\**

case. The action sequences were on point and impressive during the climactic scenes, with dozens of heroes and aliens fighting while Flash and Supergirl raced across the Earth. Just seeing a massive line-up of DC icons standing together was thrilling, in and of itself.

Though there might have been a few hiccups along the way, the crossover ultimately made great use of the premise and exceeded all expectations. The only thing you'll be wondering once you've watched it is when the next one will be.

Saad Ahmed

# Invasion!



Cheap spandex has never looked so iconic \\ The CW







# The release of two giants

Qasim Mahmood gives the dirt on the development of two widely anticipated games and why they're only being released now



While waiting for your favourite game, you can roleplay as your favourite game // Pauli Marttinen

Ten years is a very long time. Ten years ago in 2006, the Xbox 360 had been out for a year and both the Wii and PS3 were released. Call of Duty 4: Modern Warfare released the following year, thus starting the boom of first person shooters. The original iPhone didn't even release until 2007; instead, the newest portable Apple device was the iPod 5G. NASA also launched their New Horizons space probe to perform a flyby of Pluto, which it just completed in October 2016.

Ten years is not only enough time for the gaming landscape and

// Disaster struck as the game unexpectedly met with severe delays during development //

smartphones to change completely, (as well as for NASA to launch a space probe to Pluto), it is also how long it took to finish the development of two

very special games: Final Fantasy XV and The Last Guardian.

Final Fantasy 15 began development back in 2006 as part of the Fabula Nova Crystallis Final Fantasy - a trilogy of games based upon the mythos of crystals being linked to deities. The three games were Final Fantasy XIII, Final Fantasy Versus XIII and Final Fantasy Agito XIII, though over the next few years this changed significantly. Of the three games, the one most important to this discussion is Final Fantasy Versus XIII, as it was initially named.

As Final Fantasy Versus XIII, it began as a spin-off title that was darker in tone and allowed the development team to take a different approach. The development was led by Tetsuya Nomura, famous as lead director for the much-lauded Kingdom Hearts series. Then disaster struck as the game unexpectedly met with severe difficulties during development, and over the following six years it sadly only appeared in small fragments. The decision

was then made to shift the game from the PS3 to the PS4 and Xbox One, so they switched from their original game engine to their newly-designed engine, Luminous Studio.

Then, at E3 2013, came the monumental moment where the game was publicly announced as Final Fantasy 15, rebranded as a mainline entry in the



franchise. The development team was changed and reshuffled, with Hajime Tabata taking over as director, and development started from scratch. Amazingly, after multiple delays, the game was finally released last Monday and from reviews and my own impressions, it is fantastic!

The Last Guardian is

another extremely interesting game. It started development in 2007, just after the release of the PS3, by Team Ico, the minds behind Ico and the critically-acclaimed Shadow of the Colossus, considered to be one of the best games released on the PS2. The Last Guardian was planned to release early in the PS3's life and was shown off in both 2009 and 2011, though after this, word on the game ceased completely.

Over the next few years, many assumed the game to be dead, buried because of its incredibly troubled development. The game was considered to be progressing extremely slowly by Shuhei Yoshida, president of Sony, and other studios were brought in to improve the code and game performance. The decision was then made to switch to the PS4 and even more teams were called to help adapt the code to suit the PS4.

Another major factor was the decision of Team Ico, specifically the director Famitsu Ueda, to leave Sony in 2011, due to "a sense of crisis" on hearing about the game's delay. Many left to join other companies and work on other games. Despite leaving and

forming a new studio, genDESIGN, Ueda still remained as the main developer of the game and worked alongside

// Over the next few years, many assumed the game to be dead //

Sony to finish development.

Four years later at E3 2015, the gaming landscape was shaken when the game was officially announced to be coming to the PS4 in 2016. The rumours that it was dead were silenced and after the announcement the excitement was palpable. The game will release this Friday and much like Final Fantasy 15, early reviews are very positive.

E3 2015 was dubbed "The E3 of Dreams" by the former team of GameTrailers, currently Easy Allies, and I must say I agree. Final Fantasy 15 and The Last Guardian were both stuck in development hell for almost 10 years, and looking back it is a miracle they are being released at all, proving that dreams really can come true.





# Chocolate, Christmas and Cheese



felix visits **Rococo Chocolates** for a night of **chocolate making** paired with **cheese and whiskey**

Christy Lam

Rolling in cash and taking baths in champagne in a mansion in Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat is your lifetime goal, may I suggest a better alternative: earning an OBE for "services to chocolate".

Why did I suddenly draw light to this matter? All after an inspiring evening of chocolate with Chantal Coady OBE, the creative director and founder of Rococo Chocolates, a proudly British, London based chocolate company.

**\\ The story began with a vivid excerpt of her childhood dreams: running around valleys of chocolate, collecting chocolates and sweets in her skirt, then hiding. She would then wake up and be disappointed by the absence \\**

It started off with a perfectly unexciting Wednesday in college, struggling to keep my eyes open in front of a handful of lecture recordings. After an additional few hours of messy doodling (which was supposed to be an engineering drawing of a pressure vessel), I wrapped up,

marched past the glittering Harrods, a few shiny cars and an array of luxury brands on Sloane Street, and around the corner to the quiet Motcombe Street where the doors of Rococo Chocolates stood.

By then it was already six o'clock. The skies had darkened and the navy blue doors blended in with the cold December blackness. Yet the display window shone like a warm, bright star: boxes of chocolates laid across the window sill in their signature white-and-blue patterned coat, tied around by bright orange ribbons. A small Christmas tree stood dressed in red and gold baubles amongst a string of glittering fairy lights.

I pushed open the door gently and entered the shop. It felt like stepping back in time – from the street of modern, soaring house prices into an old fashioned, country cottage of a chocolate shop, reminiscent of those I've read in those wonderful stories by Roald Dahl. Wooden cupboards lined up against the pastel blue coloured walls, balancing bars upon bars of chocolate wrapped in colourful paper. Glass shelves were stocked full of chocolate buttons, jelly babies, dainty pieces of ganache which you can purchase by the piece.

A few wooden tables stood by the window, with glasses of champagne, plates of chocolate and platters of mellow, earthy chocolate tapenade (yes, CHOCOLATE tapenade) spread on crackers, ready to kick off the night.



It took 2 rounds of champagne for everyone to arrive. Fashionably late, as bloggers call it. We were introduced to the team of young, friendly team behind the daily operations of the brand, and of course, the mastermind: Chantal. She stood at the end of the table, smiling in her clean apron with Rococo's signature pattern (taken from an antique French chocolate mould catalogue), her blonde hair cut short, ready to share her story of Rococo Chocolates.

The story began with a vivid excerpt of her childhood dreams: running around valleys of chocolate (think Willy

Wonka's Chocolate Factory), collecting chocolates and sweets in her skirt, then hiding them under her pillow. She would then wake up, reach under her pillow and be disappointed by the absence.

The story quickly jumped to her days as a squatting Fine Arts student in the late 70's, when she was offered a Saturday job selling Mars bars at Harrods (and yes, Mars bars were a luxury back in the day). She later graduated to the luxury chocolates section, wrapping up boxes of creamy Leonidas to the wealthy, and on one occasion, Sir Michael Caine.

After being let go from

Harrods for coming to work with emerald-coloured hair and spending a few months of boredom at an office job, she set her mind to create her own magical paradise of chocolate. Armed with her strong passion, business skills from Margaret Thatcher's Youth Training Scheme, and a hefty bank loan (with the family house as the collateral), she opened the doors of her first shop on King's Road in 1983. Her shop, complete with a sugar chandelier, fitted into the then rebellious vibe of Kings Road, fulfilling the imagination of chocolate lovers who had come on pilgrimages to escape the stale,

suffocating, stuffy, department stores.

The first ten years wasn't easy. They had their ups and downs, picked themselves up and continued on their journey. Their first products were

**\\ By bringing the chocolate to the right working temperature, the cocoa butter forms a stable crystalline structure in the chocolate, resulting in hardness and gloss in the final product \\**

chocolates produced by small Belgian and French companies, until when she came across Valrhona (a French specialist chocolate manufacturer) which influenced her to start producing her own chocolates in 1990. She got more and more involved in the chocolate industry, pushing to remove hydrogenated vegetable fats, artificial

vanilla and excess sugar, and also founded the Chocolate Society in 1991, determined to inject real chocolate into the market.

A major event in her 25 years in industry was the bond between Rococo and Grenada Chocolate Company. Recognising how special their chocolate were, Rococo began importing small quantities to sell in their shops in London. When two hurricanes hit the island of Grenada in 2004 and 2005, destroying the majority of cocoa and nutmeg, Rococo reached out to GCC, providing support, funding new solar driers and building new bridges. In 2007, they finally purchasing a small, nine-acre cocoa farm, naming it Grococo, where it harvested fine flavoured, organic cocoa beans.

Our minds were snapped back to the present with the end of the story. But that was just the start of something exciting – a chocolate masterclass!

We were led downstairs to the small workshop, filling in the space around the shiny, marble tabletop. Aprons (in that gorgeous print of course) and gloves were distributed, and the truffle-making half of



the session began. Chantal quickly rolled out the squares of chocolate ganache into spheres, dolloped a spoonful of warm molten chocolate in the palm of her hand, covering the ganache with the chocolate and placed the ball into a tray of cocoa powder. The molten chocolate cooled to formed a crisp layer around the cold ganache. We were urged to follow, rolling our individual trays of truffles.

The second part was a more advanced technique – tempering. By bringing the

chocolate to the right working temperature, the cocoa butter forms a stable crystalline structure in the chocolate, resulting in hardness and gloss in the final product. Chantal took a large ladleful of glossy, molten chocolate, pouring it on the cold marble table. The chocolate formed a smooth, flowing ribbon from the ladle to the marble, spreading to form a giant, perfectly circular chocolate button. She took her shiny steel scrapers, scraping the liquid gold from the edge to the center, working around the circle with skill and speed. The temperature had to be precise, meaning the mixture had to be warmed up by adding more molten chocolate or cooled down by adding solids. With the tempered chocolate, we made our own chocolate buttons and lattice work, using some silver transfer she had made before.

With our fingers sticky with chocolate, we were led back up to the dining table for another unique experience – cheese and chocolate pairing.

Cheese? Why not? Platters of chocolate slabs with their paired cheeses were passed around: Lancashire with cardamom white chocolate, Berkswell with a sea salt, almond and rosemary milk chocolate, and Stichelton with their single origin Dominican

Republic dark chocolate, plus a sneaky sip of a ten-year Hazelburn Speyside whiskey. We nibbled on the combinations, concentrating on the thrilling palette of flavours on our tongues. It was a surprising match, especially the Lancashire with the sweet, milky white chocolate and the exotic hints of cardamom.

We also tried other flavoured chocolates they had, with the most memorable one being George's Marvelous Medicine. Sound familiar? Yes, the name of one of Roald Dahl's most loved books. They had collaborated with Roald Dahl in his centenary year and came up with a range of chocolates inspired by his books. The creatives had studied the stories back to front and front to back, picking up sections, sentences, pictures and words for inspiration. And for this particular bar, they exchanged the Golden Gloss Hair Shampoo, toothpaste and Superfoam shaving cream with an enticing mix of aniseed, liquorice and fennel, creating a marvelously medicinal taste.

With our minds full of newfound chocolate knowledge, and stomachs full of cheese, quality chocolate and tons of creativity, we left the shop (with more chocolate) feeling much more inspired than the previous Wednesdays.

Time for me to start reconsidering my goals in life.







# Lunch box edition

Follow **Andrada** as she makes egg-stuffed mushroom, pan fried chicken breast and a simple salad for lunch

Andrada Balmez

**L**unch at somewhere outside of university is 'the thing' nowadays, but who has time for that with all the lab reports and homework and tutorial sheets and so on? Besides the money it saves, eating in school seems to be a pretty good idea, especially if you have to stay in pretty late: socialising (some) and working (less) at the same time as you eat. Win on both (actually three) sides, right?

And with the choice to lunch in at university, you probably have two options: one of the college's restaurants/cafeterias (you actually can go around the world's cuisine in just one or so week, with no stress and on a moderate budget) or the never expiring sandwich (which can also come in a lot of varieties).

But have you thought of being 'the difference' and bring lunch that is not a sandwich? The 'be the difference you want to see in the world' and eat healthier and better? Changing people's eating habits? Kind of the same thing I try to do here, but in your friendship group.

So, yes, you've probably guessed right when you assumed that I am going to guide you step by step (hold your hand, if necessary, or wipe out your tears when your Asian friends tell you that the rice is not cooked properly) through lunch box making - the best edition you can have without waking up hours earlier. It takes me 30 minutes, but I can easily prepare some bits the evening before so I can sleep in ten extra minutes.

The night before (just if you are as lazy as I am and you prefer to sleep in)

Cut the carrot and the plum into small cubes and slice the onion and put in the fridge in separate containers. Cook some rice (1/2 of a cup is more than enough, but you can cook more for multiple

### Ingredients:

1 chicken breast  
1 large flat mushroom  
Rice  
1 egg  
Cheese  
1 small carrot  
1 small onion(or, even better, spring onion)  
1 plum  
Butter  
Corn (canned)  
Peas  
Salad leaves  
Tomato  
Cucumber  
Olive oil  
Vinegar  
Salt, pepper (and any other spices you might like)  
1/2 Lemon  
(Some yoghurt maybe)

meals). This is the step where you can just cheat a bit and buy some instant rice (I definitely do that, but according to the experts, it is not properly cooked).

Don't forget to take the chicken breast out of the freezer and put it in the fridge (so you won't have to defrost it in the morning - that

requires extra time you don't actually have).

### In the morning

Preheat a pan with a knob of butter.

Preheat the oven to 230C  
Take the chicken breast and cut it into strips (or really, any other form you want; if you want it heart-shaped, go on - have some fun!). Salt and pepper it. Maybe you want to add some extra chilli or another spices that you fancy.

Fry the onion with the carrots in the butter until they become soft. Be careful not to overcook the onion. Remove the inside of the mushroom(the gills and stem - for all the biologists out there), chop them and add to the pan along with the onions and carrots.. Mix all of the veggies and the diced plum with the rice and fill the mushroom cap. Try to make a small well in the middle of the rice, to hold your egg.

Put the mushroom in the oven and cook it for five minutes. Give the pan a quick wipe and return to the hob, with some more oil. When hot, add the chicken and fry on a high heat.

Take out the mushroom and put the egg in the well that you left in the centre. Be careful not to spill it (too much). Add some grated cheese on top of it (the more the better)

and cook it in the oven for six more minutes. By now, your chicken should definitely be done, so don't forget to check it. Remove it from the pan, and reserve,

Meanwhile, you should prepare the healthy part of the meal: the salad. Chop the tomato and slice the cucumber. Mix them with the salad leaves and the peas. Dress it with olive oil, vinegar and lemon juice.

Put everything in a pretty lunchbox: the stuffed mushroom, chicken strips and salad. I prefer putting the corn in a corner, not mixing in with the salad, but you can do if you prefer. Add the yoghurt in a small container and try not to forget it.

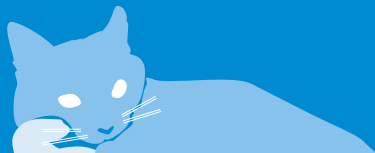
Now, you are all set up for lunch - and what a better way to impress that girl/boy than by showing them that you can actually cook? Basic needs, people!

P.S. Don't forget to brag about it. It's essential.



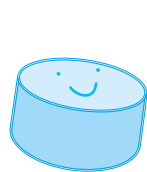
\\ Stefan Magdalinski





MILLENNIALS...

felix



DRUGS

# What makes you more likely to take drugs?

**A**ll people are the same. Or are they? When it comes to drug use it appears they are not, especially according to the catchily-named Home Office document Drug Misuse: Findings from the 2014/15 Crime Survey for England and Wales. Second edition.

**\\ With the discrepancies between the sexes you would think the infamous male-female Imperial ratio would ensure we'd all be awash with illegal substances \\**

Some of the key findings of the report are particularly surprising. Surprising, that is, if you've lived in the Siberian wilderness your whole life. The report proudly claims to have uncovered that "Younger people are more likely to take drugs than older people". Yes, this is an actual finding. It makes you wonder how much taxpayers' money was spent on this valuable piece of information. Fifty grand? One hundred grand? I'm sure I'd have been able to churn out the same information for a fiver.

Further exciting discoveries include that "Men are

more likely to take drugs than women". Apparently around one in eight (11.9%) men aged between 16 and 59 had taken an illegal drug in the past year, compared to around one in eighteen women (5.4%). Furthermore, there have been no notable changes regarding gender between the 2014/15 (this document is produced every year?!) and the 2015/16 surveys. With the discrepancies between sexes you would think the infamous male-female Imperial ratio would ensure we'd all be awash with illegal substances.

Another of the findings is dependent on lifestyle factor. This fascinating document proclaims that "illicit drug use varies by lifestyle factors such as frequency of nightclub visits and alcohol consumption". Seemingly, the use of Class A drugs by persons in the twelve months prior to

the research was around ten times higher in those who had visited a nightclub more than three times in the past month.

**\\ If you're one of those stereotypical Imperial students who's allergic to Ministry of Sound then you're less likely to enjoy some good coke on a Tuesday evening \\**

The drug of choice for these individuals is mainly cocaine and ecstasy, which makes perfect sense to me. I mean, who wants to take ketamine in a club? Similarly, if you visit a pub or bar more than eight times, statistically you

are 26 times more likely to use cocaine than those who had not visited a bar or pub at all in the last month. To me these findings appear to make sense. Basically, this means that if you're one of those stereotypical Imperial students who's allergic to Ministry of Sound then you're less likely to enjoy some good coke on a Tuesday evening. Seems legit.

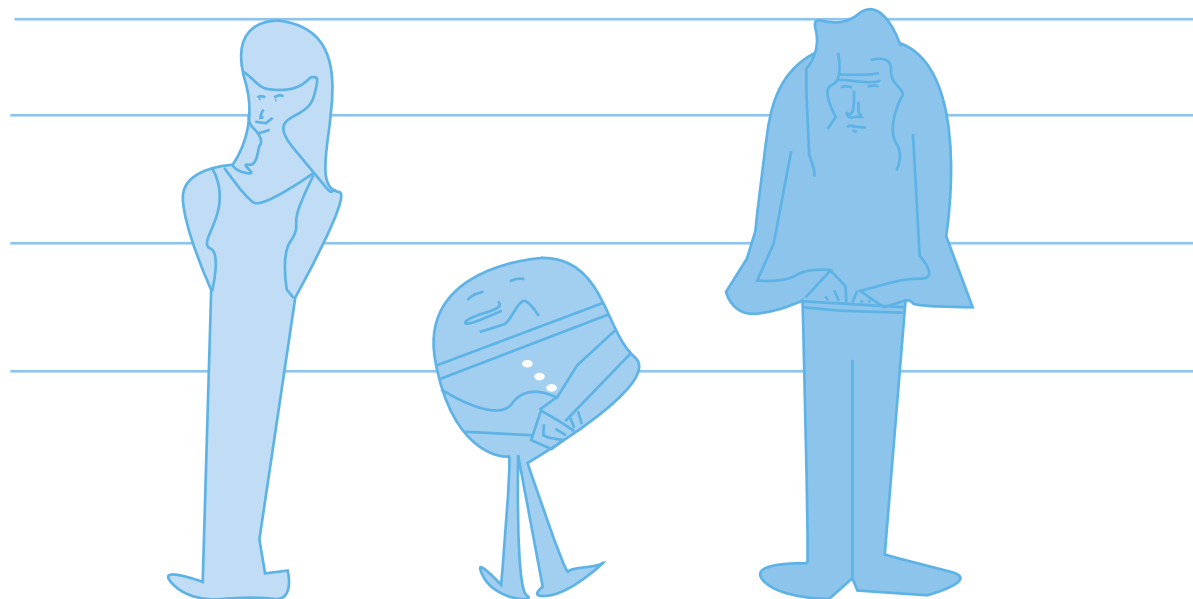
The area in which you live also has an effect. The "use of any drug was higher among those living in urban areas compared with those living in rural areas", with 9.1% of people in urban areas having used a drug in the past year, compared to 6.5% of those in rural areas. So we London-living students should have no problem finding someone to supply those illegal study drugs. In conjunction, information is also provided on those living

in "deprived areas". The use of any drug is more widespread in areas considered to be the most deprived by the government. With 10.2% of these people experiencing drug use, as opposed to 6.9% in "non-deprived" areas. It should seem simple then for the powers-that-be to implement drug rehabilitation centres effectively (if they were competent). But judging by the current stance of political elites worldwide, drug addicts are unlikely to get little more than a polite wave and maybe a jail cell from their friendly neighbourhood politician.

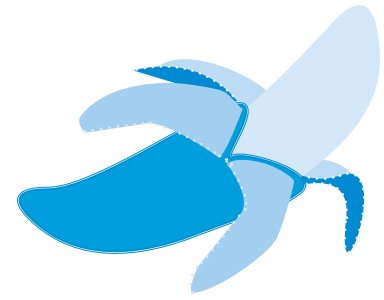
**\\ Basically, if you're a young male living in London who visits a pub nine times a month then you're more of less guaranteed to be a crack addict \\**

It seems that people of differing gender, age and geographical location have varied habits when it comes to drug use. Basically, if you're a young male living in London who visits a pub nine times a month then you're more or less guaranteed to be a crack addict.

If you're struggling with drug use, visit [talktofrank.com](http://talktofrank.com)







# SEX JUST THE TIP

## How to have a one night stand (in Metric)

I know this says that this is about **Metric**, but really it could apply to **any place**, at **any time**, with **any person**.

### Preparation

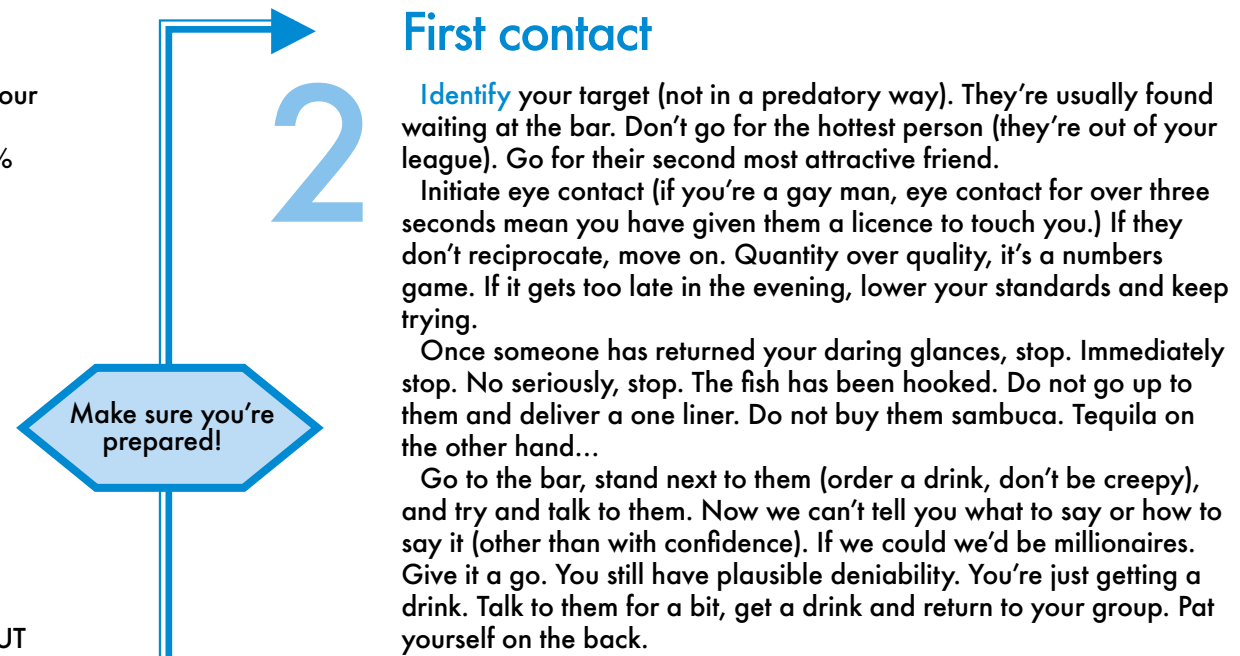
If you're planning on pulling, you need to prepare yourself and your environment. This means making sure that your personal grooming is on point and your fridge is stocked. Sex is 90% preparation, 10% copulation.

1

#### Good things to have

- A clean bathroom
- Spare towels (clean spare towels if you're feeling fancy)
- A tidy room
- Oral hygiene
- An underwear strategy (are you going for comfort? Sexiness? Are you gonna go commando?)

Be warned: Don't take anything you're particularly attached to BUT **DO TAKE CONDOMS** (and maybe lube. And maybe a portable douche. No, don't take a douche. You're prepared, you've already douched. Unless you've been eating Mexican food. In that case pack your portable douche and some faith.)



2

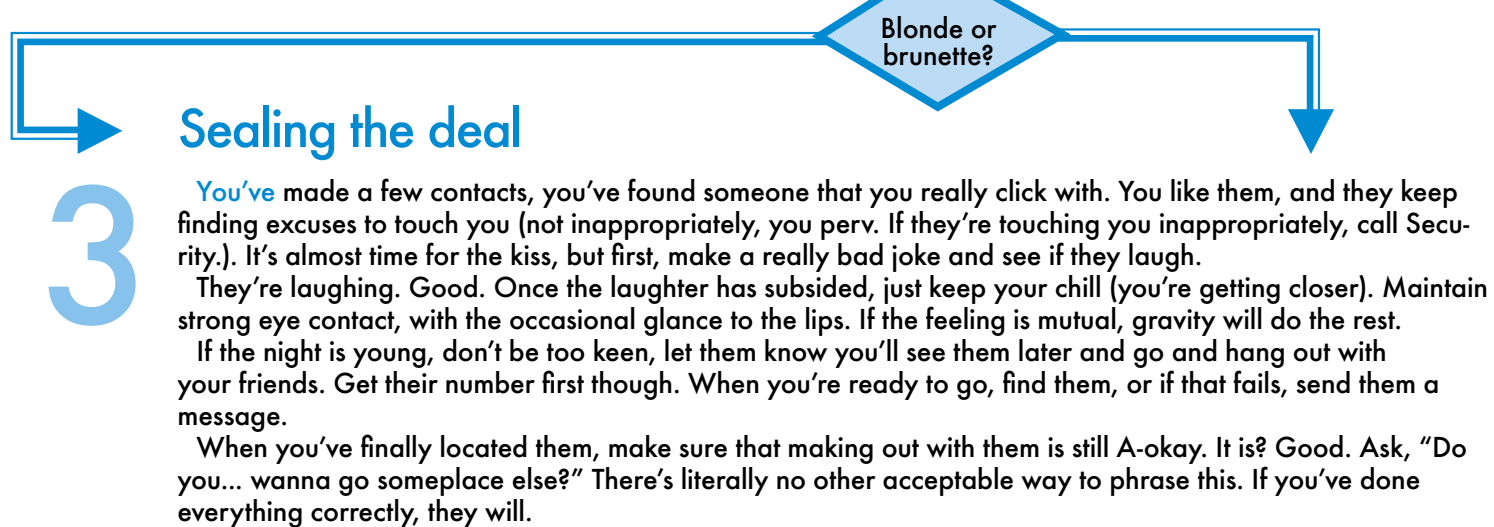
### First contact

Identify your target (not in a predatory way). They're usually found waiting at the bar. Don't go for the hottest person (they're out of your league). Go for their second most attractive friend.

Initiate eye contact (if you're a gay man, eye contact for over three seconds mean you have given them a licence to touch you.) If they don't reciprocate, move on. Quantity over quality, it's a numbers game. If it gets too late in the evening, lower your standards and keep trying.

Once someone has returned your daring glances, stop. Immediately stop. No seriously, stop. The fish has been hooked. Do not go up to them and deliver a one liner. Do not buy them sambuca. Tequila on the other hand...

Go to the bar, stand next to them (order a drink, don't be creepy), and try and talk to them. Now we can't tell you what to say or how to say it (other than with confidence). If we could we'd be millionaires. Give it a go. You still have plausible deniability. You're just getting a drink. Talk to them for a bit, get a drink and return to your group. Pat yourself on the back.



3

### Sealing the deal

You've made a few contacts, you've found someone that you really click with. You like them, and they keep finding excuses to touch you (not inappropriately, you perv. If they're touching you inappropriately, call Security.). It's almost time for the kiss, but first, make a really bad joke and see if they laugh.

They're laughing. Good. Once the laughter has subsided, just keep your chill (you're getting closer). Maintain strong eye contact, with the occasional glance to the lips. If the feeling is mutual, gravity will do the rest.

If the night is young, don't be too keen, let them know you'll see them later and go and hang out with your friends. Get their number first though. When you're ready to go, find them, or if that fails, send them a message.

When you've finally located them, make sure that making out with them is still A-okay. It is? Good. Ask, "Do you... wanna go someplace else?" There's literally no other acceptable way to phrase this. If you've done everything correctly, they will.



4

### Foreplay

Remember, it's not okay to get with someone in an Uber. The drivers don't get paid enough for that. Finally, you get to their place. Sadly, you tied up for nothing. They'll offer you a drink. Accept, stay hydrated. If you're drunk, maybe call an Uber and tell them to take you home. If they're drunk, definitely do that.

But you're not drunk, you're a responsible adult and you're going to get laid tonight. Now you're in their room, all over each other. You're about to get laid, but aren't you forgetting something? #foreplay

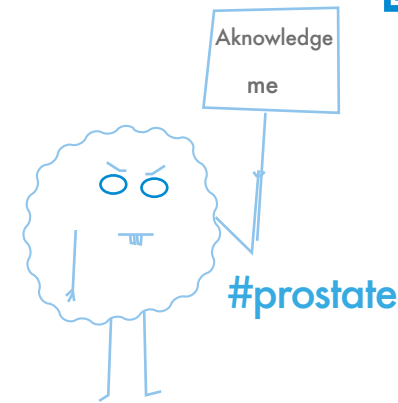
Take it slow, oral comes as standard. Feel free to explore your partner's body. Make sure they're cool with everything as you go. Find that spot that makes them moan. If they moan someone else's name, well, that's your name from now on. If you have a penis, it should not be the first thing to go anywhere. If you have a vagina, you are the conductor. You control the trains!



5

### The sex

1. Use a condom/alternative barrier protection
2. Bumping uglies
  - In
  - Out
  - Repeat until satisfied
3. Don't ignore the clit. Acknowledge the prostate.

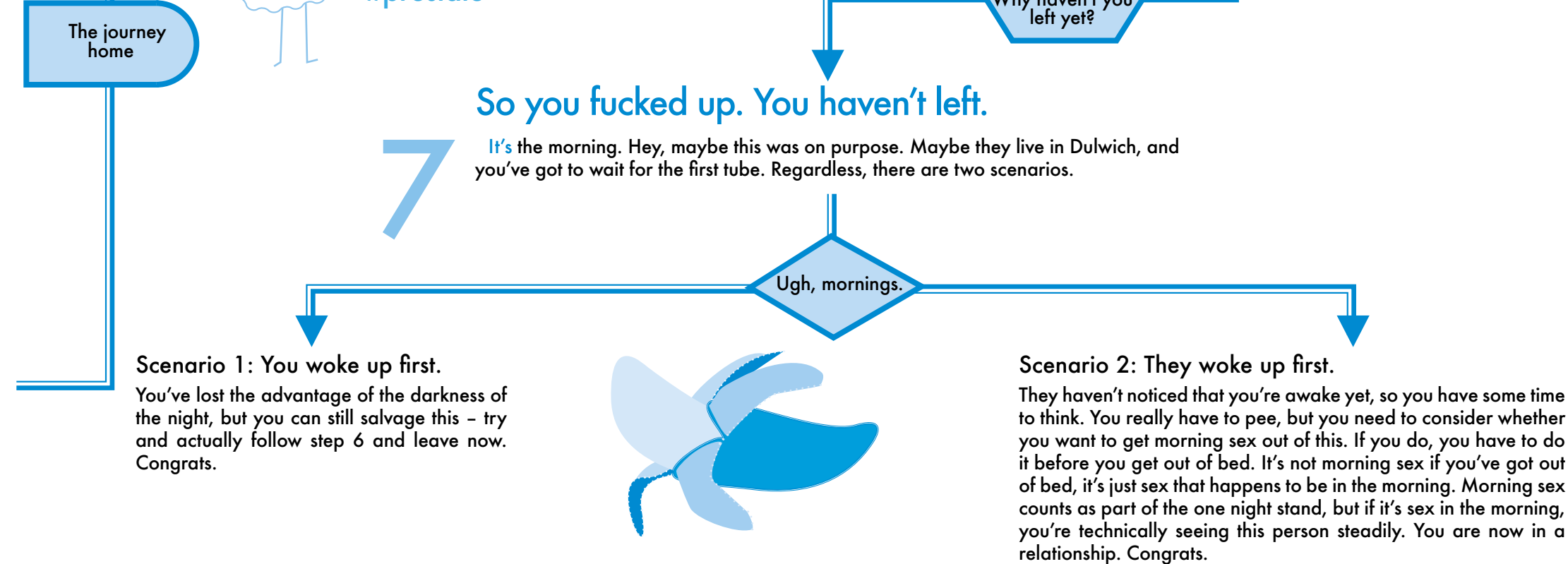


6

### Leave

You have a ten minute window after sex in which to get up, get dressed, and get the fuck out of there, no questions asked. If that window passes, you have to stay there and pretend that you're enjoying cuddling until they fall asleep. We don't make up these rules, society does, and you'd better obey them.

Once they're asleep, and you've liberated all your limbs, raise your head and scout around the room for your belongings like a meerkat. Anything you can't immediately see is gone forever. See, we told you not to bring anything valuable. Pick your shit up and exit the bedroom - you can get dressed in the hallway. Now get out before anyone notices. If you're so inclined, take a memento (nothing valuable, you're not a fucking thief. Take a protein bar or a juice box!).



The journey home

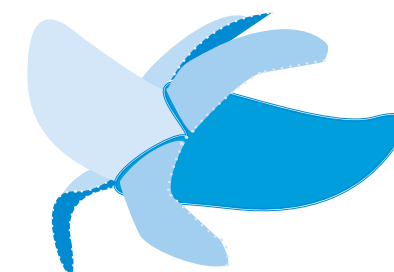
7

### So you fucked up. You haven't left.

It's the morning. Hey, maybe this was on purpose. Maybe they live in Dulwich, and you've got to wait for the first tube. Regardless, there are two scenarios.

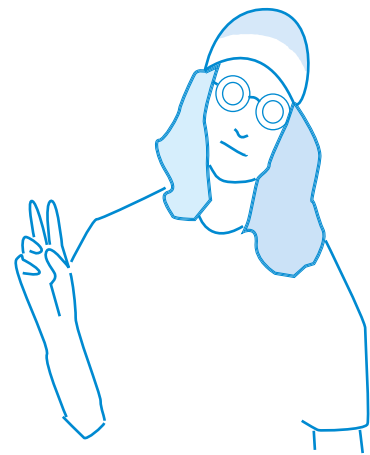
Ugh, mornings.

**Scenario 1: You woke up first.**  
You've lost the advantage of the darkness of the night, but you can still salvage this - try and actually follow step 6 and leave now. Congrats.



**Scenario 2: They woke up first.**  
They haven't noticed that you're awake yet, so you have some time to think. You really have to pee, but you need to consider whether you want to get morning sex out of this. If you do, you have to do it before you get out of bed. It's not morning sex if you've got out of bed, it's just sex that happens to be in the morning. Morning sex counts as part of the one night stand, but if it's sex in the morning, you're technically seeing this person steadily. You are now in a relationship. Congrats.





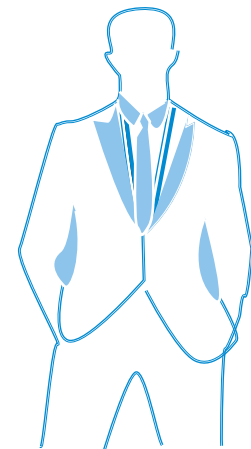
We need diversity, but I shouldn't have to change

Jonathan Masters wants more acceptance of those he deems acceptable



Multiculturalism doesn't work, they should just be like us

Monathan Jasters explains why we need to go back to the golden age of the Bible



Intersectionality. Sundry. Cajole. All three of these words are ones that I did not know until I quickly googled them, and despite only skim reading the definition on *dictionary.com*, I now believe I have a sound enough understanding of them in order to write a portentous think piece. Intersectionality comes from the roots 'Inter-' and '-sectionality' and means if you put two things together they should fit together, even if you need to force one of the tabs into the other slots to get them to coexist. I hear from my less eco-aware friends that this is how Ikea furniture works; however, I refuse to have any furniture in my flat that isn't made completely out of reconstituted Brazilian elephant faeces. I just feel closer to the animals that way.

In times of struggle I often look to our Lord and saviour Owen Jones, and indeed dear readers, as I was standing in the hummus section of Whole Foods, did I need to look upon his boyish face which I keep in my wallet. It was at Whole Foods that I came across a travesty upon our society. It turns out that rich people are actually allowed in Whole Foods now and I can't believe that we would allow this mix of diversity. This is the wrong type of diversity. The diversity we should have should be of all the nationalities of the world, as long as they speak English of course, as I simply don't have the time to interact with another culture on their own terms.

I was on High Street Kensington, and for some reason a woman wearing a large fur coat thought

that she could mix with me, a person who has rejected the consumerism of the modern world (apart from smoothies because I fucking love them) as it didn't suit my artisanal vegan cheese and poetry lifestyle. You see I can't tolerate rich people because, well, they're just not like me. They have often grown up in an environment and a culture that they had no part in choosing; however, this is different as to what I grew up with and so naturally I must resent them for this.

If anything, the one branch of intersectionality that I think we are not exploring deep enough is that of the relationship between man and sheep. Why is this a joke to people? Historically the Welsh have always had this sort of intersectionality that I wish was deemed acceptable within English society. Only can we be truly free and accepting as a society when we accept that a relationship between a man and a sheep, maybe even a lamb, is as natural as freshly made baba ganoush. Wait a second. Apparently intersectionality isn't spelt inter-sex-tionality? I hope the copy-editors pick up on that.

Obviously I'm not well versed in queer-speak, so I had to send a telegram to the nearest trading post in order to get one of those Indians to research on a computer for me. It seems that, sadly, many of today's children are deluded and are making up words like 'intersectionality', 'tweet', or 'transsexual', and it is just sad to see their grip upon reality slowly disappear. Frankly, if the word isn't in the Bible then it isn't actually a word and shouldn't be featured in a newspaper, but since this newspaper is edited by a known homosexual, I believe that all traces of credibility have truly been lost.

Let's face it people, multiculturalism just doesn't work. I will dumb this idea down into an idea that you stupid millennials will understand: If I have a WKD and I piss in it, you can still taste the WKD, and in fact it may initially taste better, but after a while you will realise that the original WKD you had is now just a warm bottle of piss and unless you are stranded in the jungle liked I was in Vietnam, you will not want to drink it. Still can't believe it was over 50 years ago. I can still remember looking for the Viet Cong. Darkness. The smell of blood. FLASHING. PAIN. KILL ALL VIETNAMESE. GLOBAL WARMING IS A CHINESE CONSPIRACY.

Sorry. Furthermore, intersectionality can't work mostly for the fact that all of the browns seem to eat strange food. How can we decide where to invade if their food is completely unpalatable to a

normal palate. Also what is it with their lot and covering their women? I mean, don't get me wrong, I haven't suffered a brain injury and awoken a feminist. I only wonder as to why they want to cover women when what they want is to be looked at by men. You see, women thrive on attention and when you deprive them of it they become inconsolable and start to cry. Why can't these Islamists dress normally like Christians? I mean apart from nuns, we don't force women to cover up at any point.

If you speak another language, please keep it private. I can't bear the thought of our children being exposed to other cultures and languages, slowly becoming indoctrinated into the fundamentalist culture of the Islamic Caliphate of Birmingham. In fact the other day I heard a white child say the phrase "salaam alaikum", and I was seconds away from shooting it in the face before someone told me it was sand-speak for hello. If we are to have a culture where we can trust everyone, then all the non-white people need to start speaking in English so I can understand what they're saying. Otherwise you can't get annoyed at us for stopping you at customs.

\* Sponsored by Donald Trump



CRISIS  
Chris

Dear Chris,

I'm writing to you as a last resort. I know you're not particularly helpful. I know you find it hard to focus sometimes, but I'm really angry and no one is taking me seriously, so I hope at least you can find it in your heart to lend this stranger a helping hand. Long story short, Someone keeps stealing my bike accessories. It's nothing major. It all started with my bell. Such an inexpensive thing to steal, I thought maybe it just fell off. But then my mud-guard went missing, then my front light followed suit and yesterday they took my fucking bike seat! I mean come on! They even peeled a sticker off the frame! Pls advise.

Best,  
Psych Lis T.

Dear Psych,

Firstly, wow. Just wow. The nerve of some people. Reaching out to you to ask for help ONLY to put you down and criticise your work in a very, VERY non-constructive way. I mean do you see me coming into your (I'm going to take a wild guess and assume you're a computer scientist) computer lab and talk shit about your... your... GIFS or floppy discs or whatever it is you computer nerds do?

I mean you don't even know me! Of course I find it hard to focus! I have multiple snacking disorder. I literally need to get up every twenty minutes to procure a snack or I die (inside).

Thankfully you're wrong and I'm a Professional so I'll proceed by leaving your attitude behind me and answering your question.

Now I'm not a bike specialist but it sounds to me like you probably have a really shit bike

with really expensive non-essential parts. I mean if I was a bike thief I'd just take your whole bike. Unless it's obviously worthless. Is your bike obviously worthless? If yes, then just invest in a better bike you pleb.

If not then clearly someone doesn't like you. I can't blame them. If the first thing you do when you introduce yourself to a stranger is shit all over their work, then you're really just asking for your bike seat to be stolen. So maybe you just need to look within. Ask yourself "Who hurt me?" and as soon as you have your answer, track them down and hurt them back because I don't want to be the receiver of all these bad vibes. Nope. Deal with your shit. Stop being so angry.

Big luv,  
Chris xxxxxx

HOROSCOPES

<p>ARIES</p>  <p>This week you finally discover that Queen's Tower is in fact a giant mood ring. Turns out the blue lights at night means its students are tired and stressed. No wonder it's not changed all year.</p>	<p>TAURUS</p>  <p>This week you're stressing over all the deadlines that are coming up and all the work you haven't done. T. Oh well, maybe UCL will take you with open arms when you fail.</p>	<p>GEMINI</p>  <p>This week you become highly politicized and encourage your fellow students to join in with union council. 2hrs of union council later you are returned to your nonpolitical equilibrium.</p>	<p>CANCER</p>  <p>This week you tried to look cool while cycling. You will never look as cool as you did right before you smacked your head on the cold wet asphalt.</p>	<p>LEO</p>  <p>This week you finally make sense of all this university crap. It's not about this sort of degree or that sort of degree, It's about a red white and blue degree. Duh.</p>	<p>VIRGO</p>  <p>This week you're flying home for Xmas only you realise you're going to miss some important lectures and tutorials and a secret Santa you signed up to. Who needs marks and a social life anyway?</p>
<p>LIBRA</p>  <p>This week you're still trying to look cool while cycling. Your stupidly long scarf gets caught in the back wheel and almost strangles you. Beauty is pain.</p>	<p>SCORPIO</p>  <p>This week you decide to stage a protest because the library cafe keeps running out of your fave energy drink and I mean it's almost exam season and you're you need your source of sugar or you'll have a mental breakdown.</p>	<p>SAGITTARIUS</p>  <p>This week you buy a bomb vest and plan to detonate it at the crying at the queens lawn event. It's a jagerbomb vest because it's almost Christmas and you just don't care anymore. PARTAY</p>	<p>CAPRICORN</p>  <p>This week you get seriously smushed while playing rugby. You're temporarily paralysed, but you're most upset about your broken finger. It's your favourite finger. It's your fingering finger.</p>	<p>AQUARIUS</p>  <p>This week you ignore the advice of medical professionals and continue in your editorial position despite severe head trauma. You slander yourself, sue the paper and win! At least now you can pay for the lasting brain damage</p>	<p>PISCES</p>  <p>This week you're the editors questionably minor concussion and you want to make it clear that this shit ain't your doing. The paper has always been a clusterfuck, with brain damage or without.</p>



# FRIDAY 9 DECEMBER



## 12 DAYS OF CHRISTMAS DEALS

<b>from 1st</b> Two Brothers for £5.50	<b>from 2nd</b> Two Meantime London Pale Ales for £4.50	<b>from 5th</b> Two Brambles for £6.00	<b>from 6th</b> Two Ginger Joes for £5.50
<b>from 7th</b> Two Old Speckled Hens for £5.50	<b>from 8th</b> Two Espresso Martinis for £6.00	<b>from 9th</b> Two Blue Moons for £5.50	<b>from 12th</b> A bottle of house wine for £9.00
<b>from 13th</b> Two of All You Need is Love for £5.50	<b>from 14th</b> Absolute Raspberry and mixer for £2.50	<b>from 15th</b> A Christmas cosmopolitan for £1.00	<b>from 16th</b> A bottle of Prosecco for £9.00

[imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on)



**iPOP**  
Friday 9 December  
20:00-02:00  
Metric & FiveSixEight  
Free before 20:00  
£2.50 After

[imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on)



Venue	Regular Events	Time	Day
Metric & FiveSixEight	iPOP	20:00 - 02:00	Friday 9 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	Winter Carnival	20:00 - 03:00	Friday 16 December
h-bar	Pub Quiz	19:00 - 21:00	2nd & 4th Thursday
h-bar	PGI Friday	19:00 - 00:00	Every Friday
Reynolds	Whisky Master Class	19:00 - 21:00	Friday 9 December
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	12 Days of Christmas Deals	All day	1-16 December
The Foundry	Quiz Night	19:30 - 22:00	Every Thursday

[imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on)





CLUBS  
& SOCS...

felix

# The Imperial Cinema Winter All-Nighter

The time-honoured tradition of the Imperial Cinema All-Nighter returns on Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup> December for an almighty end-of-term cinema binge-fest.

Sophie Sagawe

It's that time of the year again... days draw shorter, nights colder, students huddle in the Library, longing for the Christmas holidays and some freedom from revision and the misery of Autumn term. Could there be a more perfect time for going to the cinema? Could there, in fact, be a more perfect time to spend an entire night at the cinema? That is clearly what our Imperial student ancestors thought when they established our most dearly-held tradition of Imperial College Union Cinema, the All-Nighter. Imagine, if you will, the Union, on what may seem like an average Tuesday. Grizzled third-years sipping overpriced pints in FiveSixEight, freshers pale with exam worries hurrying across Beit Quad, all is calm, all is... wait! A buzz from upstairs heralds unusual ongoings. One is met with a most outrageous sight: Reams of students and non-students alike, carrying pillows and dressing gowns, filling the staircase to the Union Concert Hall almost down to the ground floor! Boisterous, optimistic chatter abounds. Determinedly they march into the Hall, choosing their seats wisely for the optimum viewing angle and napping position, settling in for no less than thirteen and a half hours of motion picture delights. Eyelids may droop, coffee cups may spill, but the All-Nighter veteran knows to battle

on with iron will, wrapped tightly in a blanket like a cinephile burrito. Speaking of burritos, in between the films, participants are fortified by a vast array of foods and drinks on offer. Forget about popcorn and Mars bars (although those are available, too). Here, tea, coffee, soup, hotdogs and freshly-made toasties provide the sustenance required to survive all night. As dawn breaks, those who have endured enjoy watching the last film with the clarity of mind that only severe sleep deprivation can bring. They assume their rightful place in the noble circle of All-Nighter survivors. Many years later, here we are, continuing this ancient tradition with unrelenting spirit. Six fine films are on offer this Winter All-Nighter, which we hope to share with you on the 13th.

The 2016 Winter All-Nighter takes place on Tuesday 13th December. Tickets are £10 online (until 4pm on the day) and £12 on the door. If you don't fancy staying all night, tickets for individual films can be purchased at £3 each on the door.

An additional £5 buys you all-night, all-you-can-eat hot food and drinks including tea, coffee, toasties, hot dogs, soup, and pot noodles. The usual variety of snacks, including popcorn, crisps, chocolates, and fizzy drinks will also be on sale on the night.

Tickets can be purchased from [tickets.imperialcinema.co.uk](http://tickets.imperialcinema.co.uk)

Full Line-Up:

18:00 Arrival

20:30 Doctor Strange

23:00 Nocturnal  
Animals

01:15 The Girl on the  
Train

03:30 The Girl with All  
the Gifts

05:40 Hunt for the  
Wilderpeople



\\Entertainment Pictures/EYEVINE

## 18:00 Arrival

Amy Adams kicks off the night in the Oscar-tipped Arrival, playing a linguist enlisted to help the military communicate with the aliens which have landed on Earth. Is it sci-fi? Is it drama? Is it, in fact, not about the aliens at all? One thing is sure, it's absolutely fantastic, with the most haunting soundtrack you will hear this year. We highly recommend you keep yourself as spoiler-free as possible for this one!

## 20:30 Doctor Strange

What would be All-Nighter be without a superhero film? The latest addition to the team is Stephen Strange, once unsurpassed neurosurgeon (and doesn't he just know it) turned Sorcerer Supreme after going on what must be the weirdest gap year to Nepal ever. The mind-bending action and Marvel-standard humour come thick and fast, just remember to keep an eye out for the inevitable Easter Eggs and make sure you stay for the traditional post-credits scene!



\\Walt Disney Studios Motion Pictures





\\Fade to Black Productions, Focus Features, Universal Pictures

## 01:15 The Girl on Train

The bestselling book finally makes it onto the big screen, with Emily Blunt in the title role. A woman attempts to drown her boredom in alcoholism and observing her fellow commuters while on the train, but soon, her life becomes ominously intertwined with that of a couple over which she has been obsessing. Like most thrillers, this one is best enjoyed spoiler-free, that is, if you have managed it until now!



\\Poison Chef

## 05:40 Hunt for the Wilderpeople

If you enjoyed the wacky Kiwi vampire roommate comedy *What We Do in the Shadows* (and if you haven't seen it, you really should), its director Taika Waititi has more for you in this sincere and funny coming-of-age story. "Bad egg" teenager Ricky is sent off to yet another foster home, but strikes up an unlikely friendship with his grizzled foster father Hec when they embark upon an involuntary trip deep into the New Zealand forest.

## 23:00 Nocturnal Animals

Wait, haven't we seen this lady already? It's Amy Adams again! In this Tom Ford-directed feature (Yes, the designer Tom Ford), she plays an impossibly stylish art dealer who is confronted with her past when her ex-husband gives her a novel he has written. You're quickly sucked into the disturbing parallel story of the novel which contrasts sharply with the clinically immaculate present time setting, and it's guaranteed to stay with you for days.



\\Universal Pictures

## 03:30 The Girl with All the Gifts

Another awards darling stars Gemma Arterton as a post-apocalyptic teacher desperate to protect the titular Girl with All the Gifts (Sennia Nanua) while also trying to... not get eaten by her protégée. Director Colm McCarthy's credits include episodes of *Doctor Who* and *Sherlock*, and the subversive humour and whip-smart style shine through, although this is far darker in tone. This isn't just another dumb zombie movie, it's original, provocative, and really gets under your skin.



\\The Orchard





# IC top of national university baseball league

**A**fter two rounds of university baseball in the inaugural National League, the Imperial Immigrants are top of the South with three wins and one loss. Splitting the double-header against Essex in the

first round, the Immigrants wanted to establish control of the league against newcomers Swansea. However, technical difficulties involving Harlington meant that the games had to be played elsewhere. Croydon.

Nine Imperial players managed to show up to south London compared to

Swansea who brought more than double that number. The first game of the double header had some fearful moments, with Swansea getting a base-clearing triple in the top of the first; three on the scoreboard. But in the bottom of the first, the Immigrants would not be outdone, scoring six to put them ahead.

The second inning showed the true spirit of IC. After letting two players on base from an error and a walk, third baseman Zayd caught two out to take the pressure off and let IC get the easy out to end the inning. Stepping up to the plate was Swansea's star player who hit a ball hard into center field and with the base runners going hard, rookie centre-fielder Joe turned on the hustle to make

an incredible inning-ending catch, saving two runs in the process and giving pitcher Justin a no-hitter inning. The Immigrants picked it back up in the third to score another five runs, assisted by rookie Stevie's impressive RBI hits and solid base-running by newcomer Abdul and veteran Matt. The game ended 8-11 to Imperial.

The follow-up showed the improvements the team has gone through since the start of the year. In the first inning, the Immigrants got five runs on the board, a lead cut down by the end of the inning. Not to be left in the dust, the Immigrants turned on the jets to score another four to take a 9-5 lead. Team captain Eduardo came on with a Zach Britton-esque

performance to shutout Swansea and end the game with three easy outs, with first-baseman Lucas converting the out at the last moment to wrap it up as daylight was fading.

With Imperial in the lead heading into the new year the morale is high in the clubhouse and on the training field. The team performance is improving with every game and much to Zayd's delight, the team is showing a lot of hustle, a major element in the sport of baseball. 2016 may have had its struggles for Imperial baseball but at the rate things are going 2017 will be our year.

Zayd Alhaddad



# Solid wins round off the season for IC netball

**I**n a recent fixture, the 5s netball team smashed the Roehampton 6<sup>th</sup> team beating them 50-7. It was an interesting away game as the umpires seemed particularly clueless and uninterested in the game. Unfortunately, the captain Sheethal Jethwa couldn't play in the match but made a great cheerleader by the side, keeping the team vocal and motivated. The highlight of the match was watching Puja Dodhia pick

\\ Voting for netball to headline Varsity closes this Friday \\

up the ball (which everyone knew had gone out but the umpires seemed blissfully unaware), as it slowly rolled across the court, to shoot and score while everyone else stood around not really understanding what was going on. The game ended with the highest score and biggest goal difference of the season for the team, a notable achievement. The player of the match was awarded to Shen Yin Ga. The decisive victory for the team is an indication of how strong this year's group of freshers are, with the support of returning players, as well as the progress being made in training. The netball 5s have racked up another impressive win against the LSE and Roehampton's 5s as well.

The Imperial netball 1s also triumphed with an impressive

performance against the Imperial Medic 2s at a packed match in Ethos. Used as a varsity showcase match, both teams came determined to win in front of a loud crowd. The match was intense from the offset with both sets of shooters ensuring the match stayed close. Despite the Medics initially taking the lead, the first quarter ended with the Imperial 1s leading by seven goals, but with it all still to play for. The Medics showed a lot of fight in their play, contesting every ball in the second and third quarters. However, Imperial 1s stayed calm and, using mid-court and defensive players Fi and Beth, as second options, allowed the team to convert the vast majority of turnovers and centres into goals. Feeding into the shooting circle and movement inside it have

\\ It was an interesting away game as the umpires seemed particularly clueless and uninterested in the game \\

also improved, with Emily and Amelia's passing into Charlotte being fast and accurate. Some very much needed fresh legs in both the defensive and centre court enabled Imperial to keep the pressure on and widen the goal difference further. Special mention has to go to both Jasmine, the coach, and the Haribo Filippa brought for keeping the team motivated and focused into

the last quarter. The end of the match saw impressive play, especially from the GD and GK who kept up the pressure despite tiredness. The final score was 59-31 to the Imperial 1s, with player of the match going to Emily Calamita. The netball club would like to thank everyone who turned up to support them.

Imperial College has six netball teams who play on Mondays and Wednesday day at Heston and Ethos. Needless to say, recent form makes a compelling case for a varsity headlined by Netball. People are welcome to come and support our players at any match. Voting for netball to headline Varsity closes this Friday.

Madeleine Webb





# IC Football 2s lose remaining pride

The IC Football 3s finally settled who the best of the bunch is in ICUAFC with a deserving 3-2 win in a club friendly over the 2s.

Even though this game was of little importance to anyone outside of the club, the pressure was on for both teams as pride was at stake for the 2s captain, Fraser Read, should his side have failed to get the win. The current league positions are shown below.

The opening exchanges were dominated by the 2s, trying to establish an early hold on the game. Although the 3s knew they had quality on their side (well maybe not Loic Alix-Brown), they perhaps did not have the belief

Who knew that this would spark an outpour of goals in the game

to transfer this skill to the game. There were few clear cut chances and most of the early efforts on the 3s goal were speculative from range.

As the half continued, the 3s grew into the game and kept more possession of the ball, looking stronger going forward.

As is the way with many a big game (looking at you United) the first half had promised much, but delivered little, ending 0-0.

With the half time break

and Andrew Miller's usual inspirational speech over, the second half began.

Disaster struck almost instantly for the 3s, with right back and all round good guy Douglas Paterson falling fowl to a dodgy hamstring and being forced to come off.

Who knew that this would spark an outpour of goals in the game: the 2s struck first with a smart finish to take the lead. The 3s showed strong resilience and bounced back with 2 goals in quick succession, the second of which was heavily disputed by the opposition due to what they felt was a foul on the keeper. It would appear that some cosmic force was in play, because shortly after, the 2s levelled the game with a



similarly dubious goal where the keeper appeared to be fouled.

With the game poised at 2-2 there was no room for error. A couple of chances came and went for both sides and the game was as open as it had been since the start. With just minutes remaining,

the ball fell to Loic's feet, who masterfully beat his man and sent a beautiful delivery into the middle. Waiting to knock it home was star striker Stanley Ho to make it 3-2. Euphoria for the 3s.

Doug Paterson

# Medics beaten by multiple screamers

IC games versus the Medics are always fierce contests and this was no different. The game started off pretty cagey with little quality, a bit of a West Bromwich Albion and Hull City game, both sides didn't want to give anything away. The game needed a bit of spark and that was provided when Jack Nicholls slid a ball through

to Ryan Jude who sent the defender for a bag of hot chips and a sausage roll and then buried the finish. The 6s then turned from West Brom into Barcelona and turned on the charm. We won the ball back from kick off and Ryan had his man on toast again, got to the by-line and forced an own goal. Charlie Powell then pinged a corner in and Jack punted one from

the edge of the box low and hard and beat the keeper, 3-0 and in complete control. Then in the aftermath of a set piece, Neil Leisner wrapped his Mr Tickle leg round a loose ball and hit a half volley into the top corner that was arguably better than Marco van Basten's volley against Russia in 1988 - absolute belter. Medics then pulled one back but the goal difference was restored soon after. A ball was headed out from a corner and the last man back, left-back Elliott Boyes unleashed an absolute netbuster from 30 yards that ripped into the top right bin. Different gravy. We walked into half time feeling like millionaires and the game felt killed off at 5-1. To be fair to



them, the Medics did turn up in the second half to pull two back; it was a bit of a backs against the wall performance but Paolo held it together and we saw out the game at 5-3. The introduction of Omar Inuwa with 20 minutes to play added a bit of pace and strength to the attack but his

lack of game time in recent weeks showed. From his first touch you would think he had lego bricks for feet. In all it was a good win in a derby game, with the 6s now easily ahead of the Medics in the league.

Elliott Boyes

	P	W	D	L	GD	PTS
LSE 7th	5	4	0	7	1	12
Imperial Medics 4th	5	3	2	8	0	11
Royal School of Mines	3	3	0	9	0	9
SSEES 3rd	4	2	0	7	2	6
Imperial 6th	5	1	2	0	2	5
St Barts's & Royal 3rd	4	1	1	-3	2	4
Royal Veterinary 2nd	4	1	1	-3	2	4
Imperial Medics 3rd	4	1	0	8	3	3



# Indian food and west country sailing

On a frosty December morning, two teams of Imperial sailors set out for a weekend of racing in Bristol. With time to spare for the journey down we enjoyed a leisurely first leg, including a pleasant stop at one of the M4's finest service stations. Unfortunately, the stop quickly descended into ICSM rugby-style carnage, as Joe wrenched the sliding doors off their rollers. With yet more brute force the problem was solved and we continued on our way.

Some time later and the first day of sailing got underway. This consisted of a 'round robin' with the two

Imperial teams sailing against randomly selected teams from other universities, before being placed into bronze, silver and gold leagues for the next stage of the competition. The well-practiced Imperial Blue team had a great morning, getting multiple wins under their belts,

with the afternoon following a similar pattern. For the less experienced Imperial Whites, highlights included our solitary win of the day against Bristol White, and lunch, during which Calvin and I shared a deliciously filled pie. The first day also saw a grudge match between the



Imperial Blues and Whites, with the Blues coming out on top by only one place. Heading back to our overnight accommodation both teams bore witness to some of Bristol's grimmest student houses, before leaving again for a night of Indian food and cheap booze. The next day saw the Blues put in some very strong performances. Due to the stiff competition they faced in the gold league, the Blues ended the day unable to add to their tally of wins - though they more than deserved to. For the Whites, it seemed our luck had changed. Placed in the bronze league, we finally got to sail against teams of a similar standard (half our team had never sailed

in a competition before). We narrowly missed out on beating our training partners, the University of London 1s, and after switching up crews, secured two wins - we destroyed UWE by crossing the line in first, second and third. A narrow victory over Solent Red by one place meant we placed 3rd in our group.

A fantastic weekend was had by all, with some top-quality sailing. If we've inspired you to give sailing a go, get in contact with us on Facebook or email us at [sailing@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:sailing@imperial.ac.uk). We've got something for everyone, regardless of ability!

Fraser Goldsworth

# Wreck everybody and be proud of it

From Friday the 25th November to Sunday the 27th, the streets of Sheffield were invaded by ninjas. More than 650 jitsukas (the name given to those that practice JiuJitsu) from all over the UK gathered during the weekend for the Atemi National Competition.

First of all, what is JiuJitsu? It's a super-awesome Japanese martial art which is all about taking your opponent's balance and controlling it. You start as a novice (white belt), then level up through the colours of the rainbow to brown. If you've made it that far you can become a scary black belt! You learn numerous ways to throw somebody on the floor and completely



dominate them with locks on arms, legs, ankles, wrists - anything really.

The weekend was split between training on Saturday and Sunday morning (for those who can jitsu their way through a hangover) and competition in the afternoon,

with a video game themed party on Saturday evening and a massive 650 person Mannequin challenge to top it all off. All the participants were divided into their respective belt colours, and each participant had to demonstrate their technique in a

'Gauntlet' and a 'V': The Gauntlet: walk between two lines of people, who are going to attack you (with punches, blunt knives, wooden sticks and swords) one after the other. Fun. This is where you show off how beautifully and safely you can apply a technique.

The V: two lines of people standing in a V, an instructor at its end is going to send people to attack you at the pace they seem appropriate: fast and furious (no relation). This is where you demonstrate how you deal with pressure, and how fast you can subdue an opponent, it's kind of scary but you get used to it.

Saturday morning, survivors (everybody except the President and VP of the club)

Five year olds throwing people twice their size

trained and competitors who made it through the two rounds on Friday got to go through the final round in the afternoon, where one of our green belts beasted her way through to Gold. The highlight of the weekend was watching a junior grading. Nothing like seeing five year olds throwing people twice their size.

Cloe Fradin





## A feast of goals from the IC ladies

**B**oth the IC women's first and second teams have got off to good starts in their respective BUCS and LUSL leagues.

The first team's opening game was away to London Metropolitan. A comfortable game saw Imperial come away with an outstanding 9-0 victory, with goals from Jess, Rhian, Charlotte K and Hayley. A mixture of old and new faces coming together to produce a dominant display.

The next fixture was away to Kingston in the cup, who sit two leagues above Imperial. So when it was all square at 0-0, IC were quietly optimistic. It was a hard fought second half with great

performances across the pitch and looked to be going to extra time until a Kingston striker scored a soul crushing goal, finishing 1-0.

The first team went back to their winning ways in the next two games with a 2-0 victory against UCL 3s (two from golden girl Lorraine) and a 17-1 thrashing of King's College. The highlight of this match saw Anna breaking through from centre half to score two very good individual goals.

The second team have had a very similar start. The first match was a solid 6-1 victory over SOAS. Goals from Jess, Sorenza, Camille and Megan. Their second game was a thrilling away fixture against the veterinary

college. A couple of last minute drop-outs meant that Imperial were down to ten players and it was going to be a tough game. But by taking the few chances they were given IC went into the break 3-0 up. Pressure from the eleven players of royal veterinary college eventually paid off and they drew level part way through the second half. Goals were exchanged between the two sides until it was 5-4 to Imperial with ten minutes remaining. Imperial almost had it wrapped up but gave away a penalty in the last few seconds of the game. Fortunately the veterinary player hit it over the bar and Imperial were well deserved winners after a tremendous effort from all. The match ball



when to hat-trick hero Jess, with the remaining goals supplied by Rachel and Camille.

The 2s team did slightly better in the cup than the 1s, winning their first round game 18-0 but unfortunately going

out in the second round with a loss to UCL 1s (we only had ten players!).

Megan Kenny

## They jurassiCAN'T handle rugby costumes

**Y**ou wouldn't have expected a two hour coach journey to Southampton to be fun. But

when you're surrounded by your friends, the revision you haven't started yet fades into memory. Fuelled by Oreos and cranberry juice, the valiant team arrived at the glorious hotel. Dinosaur onesies? Check. Full body blue paint? Check. Dishclothes? ... Damn.

Whilst searching for food and beverages, the team were distraught to discover Sainsburys closed. Solution? Kebab shops and 'offies'. With sustenance secured, it was time to allocate 'tasks': some secret, most Jurassic

Park themed. Some were gloriously executed with many Velociraptor poses taken, kinder-eggs eaten, and one start-up ... started. Others failed miserably, with masking-tape eggs hidden at the bottom of sleeping bags and the phrase "Skene's gland" uttered once too many.

Tasks allocated, we arrived at Oceana and danced the night away on the famous rainbow-lit dancefloor whilst almost gaining access to 'special rooms' before leaving in search of pizza. The next day the team were energised for the match against Southampton, with the fitness officer shouting constant encouragement. It was a game of breakout runs from all, forward Laura plowing

through the defence like a plastic tub melting through a grill and Joe making some spectacular runs to secure a hatfull of tries. 12-19 at halftime, however after a great combination of scrums and runs, Southampton's last minute try before the end of the game was superfluous to secure victory. However they did join us in a spectacular Velociraptor moment.

While the rugby game was lost, the costume game was won, as rugby prepared for a Jurassic Park themed night at Jesters. With an increase in Southampton buddies to party with, it was a magical night of green and red drinks, fire code violations and double-toilet cubicles. Returning home once again



to the joy that is pizza, it was a wonderful end to the 20 hour long day. Exhausted but proud of all we'd accomplished, rugby indulged in the customary IKEA Sunday breakfast, with a few players venturing into the children's sections to buy a stuffed tiger

and turtle puppet as souvenirs of the weekends awesomeness. Bring on next year Southampton!

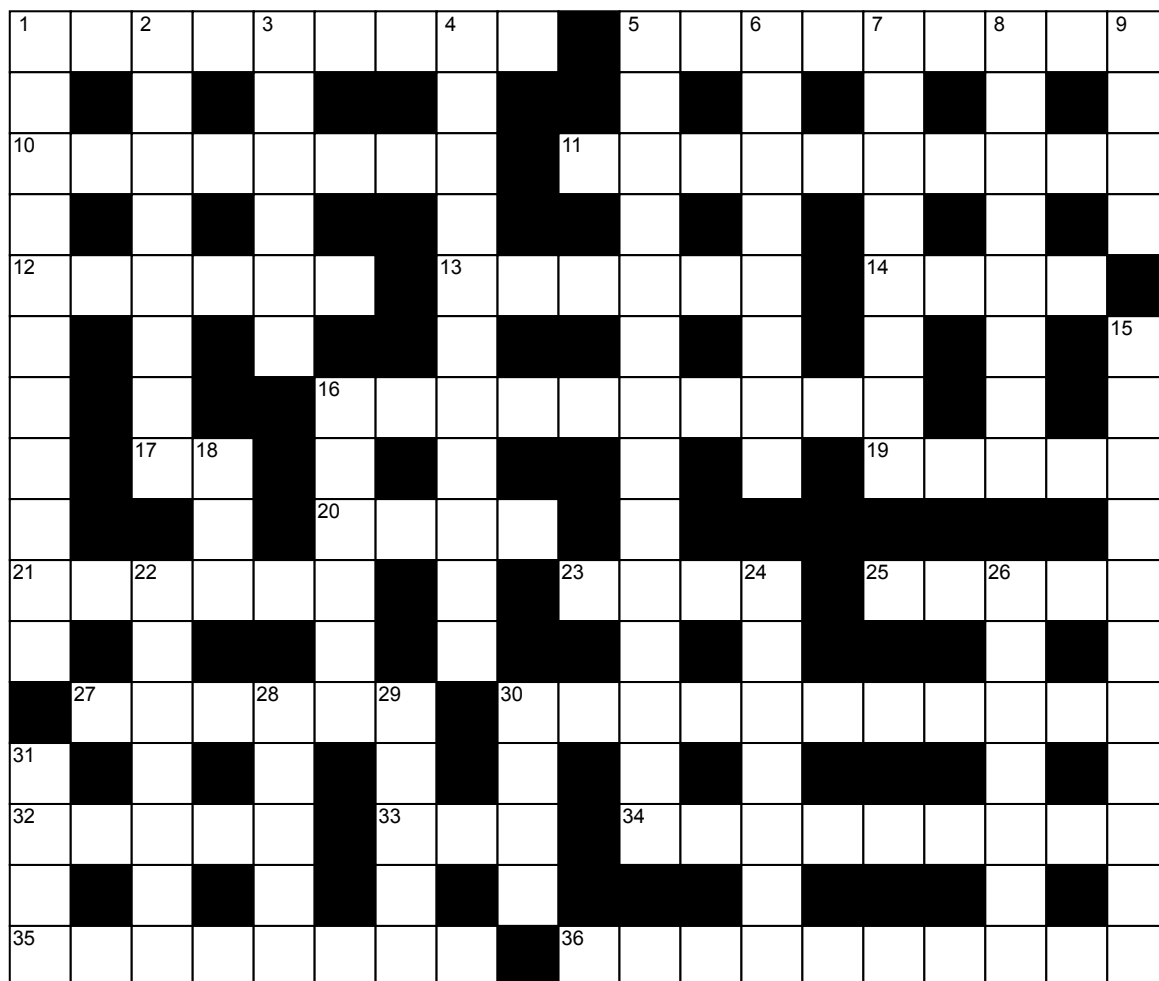
Rebecca Simpson







# felix ... PUZZLES



**Across**

- 1. Ewes milk cheese (9)
- 5. Danish territory (9)
- 10. Copes well with change (8)
- 11. Extinct cat (10)
- 12. Running out of gear (6)
- 13. Lunge (6)
- 14. French soft-ripened (4)
- 16. Sternum (10)
- 17. Chinese game (2)
- 19. Mouse-like mammal (5)

20. Related (4)

- 21. Turn toward (6)
- 23. Brandy classification (4)
- 25. Malaysian state (5)
- 27. Never not (6)
- 30. Stealing problem (11)
- 32. Furious (5)
- 33. Water (3)
- 34. Caffeine (9)
- 35. Stretch (8)
- 36. Recruited (10)

**Down**

- 1. Epiphany (11)
- 2. Appetizer (5, 3)
- 3. Reach out (6)
- 4. Heavy element (11)
- 5. Uncalled for (of something) (14)
- 6. Effort (8)
- 7. Famous people (8)
- 8. Perfume spray (8)
- 9. Lentil dish (4)
- 15. Depressed (11)

16. Spoilt (6)

- 18. Directed poem (3)
- 22. Evil character (7)
- 24. More childish (7)
- 26. Under (7)
- 28. Active component (5)
- 30. Ukranian capital (4)
- 31. Cashier desk (4)

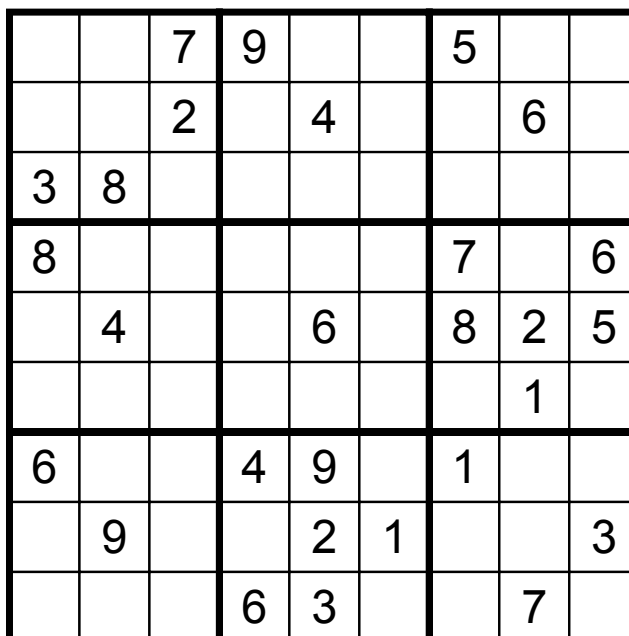
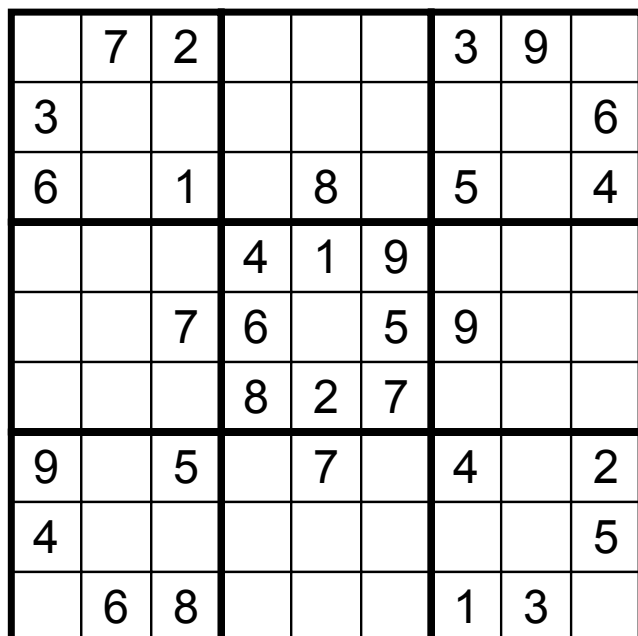
## FUCWIT

**Leaderboard**

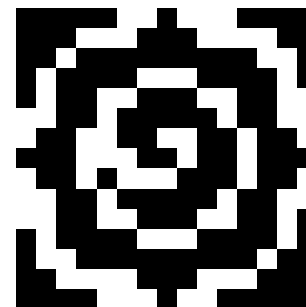
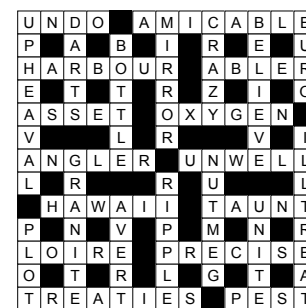
Anonymous	153
The Czechmates	145
Willie Rush	136
NSNO	133
Schrödingers Cat Strikes Back	126
Sneezing Pandas	113
Guinea Pigs	86
The Gravitons	73
Puzzled	62
CEP MSC	57
Les Nuls	57
Chemical Brethren	46
TIA	44
Grilled Cheese Inc.	41
The Ultimate Fucwit	38
Big Mahmoud	36
Kenny Wangler, Cunnyfangler	29
Grand Day in Cullercoats	25
Lube Lords	23
Bananana	20
The Mystical Spankyman	20
RollEEr	19
Yellow Fever	17
Poulet	15
Hillary Killed Harambe	14
THE Crystallographer	11
G. Hackman	10
Salmon ft. Kanye	9
Pollux	7
Crosswordy McCrosswordface	5
Fanny Schmeller	5
The Couple on the Train	5
Singed Potato	4
TP-LINK_M5_B057AD	4
Palo and Hippo!	3
RIP Fray Bentos	3

**Points Available**

Chess	6
Nonogram	6
Crossword	6
Sudoku	6



## Solutions



Send in your solutions to [fsudoku@imperial.ac.uk](mailto: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!