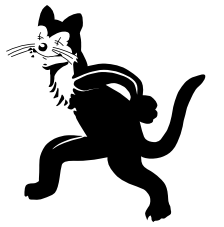


# felix ...

THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON



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\* Bonus double POTATO spread



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



## Feeeeeeeeed meeeeeeee



**T**his issue is quite clearly dedicated to food. Whether you eat it, throw it up, get high on it, or get down and dirty with it (hey, we don't judge) food is a fundamental part of the human existence. We carefully selected this week to talk about food, because Eating Disorder Awareness Week is coming up. Now if you're clued up you might say "But isn't EDAW at the end of February? Is this a miscalculation? It feels like a miscalculation. Lef, you literally have one job."

Although my instinctive reply to such vicious accusations would be something along the lines of "SHUT UP", the honest \*cough\* truth \*cough\* is that we wanted to get you thinking about food in advance of EDAW, so that when your newsfeed starts overflowing with Guardian think-pieces on society's relationship with food in a few weeks' time, you can revel in smugness. Yes. This was totally intentional. Yup.

In all fairness, given the recent political climate, what with May and Trump holding hands and all that, we

did consider (and certainly had the opportunity of) continuing along the themes of political awareness and resistance, postponing some of the food heavy content that's featured this week. However, we have to admit that the political situation will remain volatile for the foreseeable future. These are themes that will permeate most coming issues, one way or another, and this will be mirrored in the articles you read in the paper.

But enough about politics for the moment (back to the streets on Saturday). This paper is about food. Prepare for a rollercoaster of emotion. You will experience hunger, you will feel disgust, you will try and suppress sexual arousal, you will feel disgust again, and then feel hungry and then confused and by the end of this issue you will find yourself questioning everything you ever thought you thought you knew you thought (has your mind exploded with anticipation yet? And by mind I mean pants). So please, dig in. Take your seat at the table, roll your sleeves up and don't get up unless it's for seconds. Bon appetit.

T H E  
T E A M

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# Israeli ambassador's secret visit to Imperial

Matt Johnston

*felix* reports from the mystery talk

Last week the Israeli Ambassador to Britain, Mark Regev visited Imperial College, giving a talk in the Clore Lecture Theatre in Huxley Building. The talk, for which publicity was incredibly limited, was attended by around 200 students and was shrouded in secrecy right up until the very last moment.

Originally an email was circulated to students taking part in some Horizons courses, advertising a talk with "a representative" for "an evening of candid debate and discussion on Middle Eastern matters" and giving nothing further away about the speaker. On the day of the talk the attendees were given the location as well as a set of instructions: Two forms of ID would be needed, no bags inside the venue, no mobiles to be used in the venue, and no social media

**\\ The ambassador likely visited Imperial as part of Israel's wider anti-BDS (Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions) strategy \\**

use. Further to this was the threat of disciplinary action should you fail to "conduct yourself in a professional and respectful manner". Outside the event was a sizeable police presence, with a cohort of security in black overcoats pacing inside the lecture theatre too (I think one of them may have received a Fitbit for christmas he was circling that much).

Dr Matthew Wraith, a politics lecturer at Imperial, chaired the talk and introduced Ambassador Regev who started with a 15 minute introductory speech. In these opening remarks Regev outlined what he thought were the two essential pillars needed for peace agreement to happen, "Mutual recognition" and "security". On the first point the Ambassador stressed that recognition of the legitimacy of the other sides claim was key and put forward a thesis that the reason for conflict is not that Palestinians don't have a state, instead that "the reason there is a conflict is because the Jews have a state". Ambassador Regev then cited the various partition plans brought forward that were accepted by the Israelis but rejected by the Palestinians.

Regev went on to question the meaning of peace without this mutual recognition, saying that to Hamas it was a peace that would enable them to use a partial Palestinian state as a vehicle to destroy the rest of Israel.

Dr Wraith later accused this criticism of the Palestinian side as hypocritical, referencing Israel's acceptance of the 1937 Peel Partition which was based on the same principle (David Ben-Gurion, first Prime Minister of Israel, said at the time "[I am] not satisfied with part of the country, but on the basis of the assumption that after we build up a strong force following the establishment of the state, we will abolish the partition of the country and we will expand to the whole Land of Palestine.")

On the aspect of security Ambassador Regev insisted that "If you can't defend the peace then the peace won't last", especially in the unstable climate currently present in the Middle East.

**\\ It is quite worrying that the College did not think to invite an opposing view to help balance the conversation themselves. This would've lead to a much more open-minded and fruitful discussion \\**

The Ambassador then went on to say that the Israelis are willing to return to the negotiating table with no preconditions, allowing the two sides to "give and take" towards a peace treaty. The fact that the Palestinians had not returned to the negotiating table recently was because they "prefer to go to the UN, they prefer to UNESCO, they prefer to get resolutions in multilateral fora voting against Israel". This then led onto a point in which Regev felt that Israel was unfairly discriminated against by these bodies and because the Palestinians have an automatic majority, "everyone agrees at the UN it's always Israel's fault".

In the questions section the topics of settlements, Kurdish independence, Israeli nuclear weapons, a one state solution, and Donald Trump were brought up amongst other things. A video of the full event is due to be released at some point in the future.

To understand how this event came to be, we approached Dr Wraith. He explained that it was the Israeli Embassy who had first approached him for the Ambassador to visit Imperial and not the other way around. "[The ambassador] said 'I want to come and

speak to Imperial' and I said 'Do you want to speak to my class or make it a more public event?' He said 'either' and I said 'both'". The talk at Dr Wraith's class happened a few months ago and was attended by about 30 students.

The ambassador likely visited Imperial as part of Israel's wider anti-BDS (Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions) strategy, especially considering Israel's high tech economy in conjunction to Imperial's STEM expertise. Universities up and down the country have implemented boycotts of varying degrees, with three Imperial academics signing an open letter last year which pushed for an 'academic boycott' of Israeli universities.

Wraith, who had a large hand in the initial logistics of the event, also spoke about how the security precautions ramped up around the event as the police were scared of a repeat of the scenes seen at King's College and UCL last year in which protesters on both sides clashed at events with pro-Israel speakers. Dr Wraith was pleased with the success of the talk and the fact that "we've proved to the College that the sky doesn't fall in when you have a political figure come to campus and I hope they've taken that on board."

Farri Gaba, an aeronautics student, attended the talk last week and is in the process of organising a similar event with the Palestinian representative to the UK, Manuel Hassassian. "I realised that the general student body has the right to hear both sides of the conflict. It makes for fair and educated judgement of both the current situation and the future solution."

Palestinian Society is also planning on holding future events too and condemned

both the lack of an opposing viewpoint as well as the secrecy surrounding the event. "It is quite worrying that the College did not think to invite an opposing view to help balance the conversation themselves. This would've lead to a much more open-minded and fruitful discussion with different perspective being expressed...Further still, the fact that the event was not publicised properly... is, in itself, disheartening." They added, "such questionable methods raises certain moral and ethical concerns; this could very well lead to the belittling of our university's free thinking and challengeable identity, a frankly horrific and disturbing notion."

When contacted by *felix*, Imperial's Israeli Society explained how they had no part in the facilitation of the event as they were "a non religious and apolitical society... We like to make an emphasis on the fact that we are the Israeli society and not the Israel society. We represent a people, the Israelis and not the Israeli Government."

An Imperial College spokesperson said "Imperial strives to provide opportunities for its community to hear a wide range of views, and space for debate and discussion, in accordance with the College's Freedom of Speech policy. The security arrangements made by the College for a high profile speaker like this obviously took account of advice from the Metropolitan Police, and there were no security issues during the event." On the topic of holding similar events in the future they added "we shall continue to provide support for a broad spectrum of speakers to visit the College."



# UK bound to leave Euratom

Alex Adler

In a slightly surprising move, the UK government announced last Friday that Brexit meant leaving Euratom. This comes after Theresa May said Britain would: "welcome agreement to continue to collaborate with our European partners on major science, research, and technology initiatives" in her Lancaster House speech last month.

In an explicatory note attached to the Article 50 bill, currently being debated in parliament, the Minister for Brexit David Davis announced that "leaving the EU" included Euratom, which shares the institutions of the EU, but has a distinct legal existence. Euratom is a European organization aimed at fostering fundamental and applied research in the domain of nuclear energy. Its flagship projects are currently ITER, an international experimental tokamak currently under construction in Southern France, and JET. JET, the Joint European Torus, is particularly important for the UK, as it is based in Culham, Oxfordshire. It is the centrepiece of Britain's Culham Centre For Fusion

Energy (CCFE), and is currently the world's largest tokamak by inner volume. JET was recently upgraded to include the same materials that will ultimately be incorporated in ITER, to serve as a test bench. Around 350 scientists from Europe participate in experiments at JET each year. None of them or anyone in the staff at the Centre for Fusion Energy was warned in advance by the government, which suggests the decision to leave Euratom was a last-minute addendum to the Brexit bill. This impression was further reinforced when MPs from Oxfordshire also complained they had not been given advance notice.

**\\ The UK could seek associate membership of Euratom (a status currently enjoyed by Switzerland), which would alleviate some of the medium-term concerns \\**

# Zero tolerance policy gets scrapped

Matt Rego

Last Tuesday, during Union Council, Student Deputy President of Education, Luke McCrone announced a repeal to the university's zero-tolerance late submission policy.

According to McCrone's report given at the meeting,

the zero tolerance policy will be replaced and replaced by a new policy, allowing assignments to be late, but for each day of delay the grade will be reduced by ten percent until the grade is below the passing level where it will be marked as a failing grade.

"Overall we have achieved an end of the zero-tolerance



Protestors at Hinkley poing from past demo \\ Global 2000

JET is currently funded by the European Commission (which administrates Euratom as well as the EU) to the tune of 283 € million for the 2014-2018 period, or very slightly less than half of Euratom's budget for the period. This is an area of EU spending where the UK receives substantially more than it gives. The indirect impact is even greater: JET is a significant selling point for the CCFE and Oxford University, who have developed a whole array of skills related to the tokamak, developing them into worldwide leaders of fusion research. Among the features pioneered by/unique to JET are the concept of the diverter - a designated area

where the plasma escapes the magnetic confinement field- and the fact that it is the only tokamak equipped to handle tritium. These two innovations of JET have had visible influences on the whole centre: several members of staff are now specialized in diverter design and performance, and CCFE boasts the world's most efficient tritium repurposing facility. These would be in jeopardy if the UK failed to reach an understanding regarding JET's funding after 2018.

The UK could seek associate membership of Euratom (a status currently enjoyed by Switzerland), which would alleviate some of the medium-

term concerns such as UK participation in ITER. However, it is likely this will not be a priority for Brexit negotiators, as their departments are already overwhelmed and understaffed.

In a completely different direction, leaving Euratom would also slow down considerably the Hinkley Point C nuclear power plant project, as well as make the operation of all current plants more difficult. According to the Guardian "Euratom also provides safety inspections for all civilian nuclear facilities in the UK, including Hinkley Point B, Sizewell and Torness in Scotland. It is the legal owner of all nuclear material, and is the legal purchaser, certifier and guarantor of any nuclear materials and technologies that the UK purchases. This includes our nuclear trade with the United States." Taking back control apparently includes taking responsibility for nuclear waste. Surely having won the most toxic campaign in recent history and insisting that the country 'moves on' makes the Brexiters experts in the subject of toxic waste disposal.

## Scientists slightly miffed

reduction, the decision to grant a failing grade after falling below the passing quota was negotiated in a meeting between the QAEC and college members. The parties agreed that an unlimited reduction system would allow

students to "game" the system and provide less incentive to submit work on time. They also believed that students with mitigating circumstances branching from serious problems, such as poor health or family issues, would keep

their issues to themselves rather than reach out to teaching staff for support, because of the diminished sense of urgency an unlimited reduction system would create.

According to his report, McCrone played an

instrumental part in working with QAEC to get the new policy approved, "I was personally present at the meeting and made best efforts to stand by what students wanted," he said.

On McCrone's blog it read

that he believed, "College rightfully acknowledged that this was a population of the student body which we could not ignore." He concludes that "this is a momentous win for the Union and for students."

# King's lecturer sparks racism row

Lef Apostolakis

## Racist pseudoscientific tweets cause KCLSU complaint

King's College London's feminist intersectional society has condemned a lecturer at King's after he released a series of tweets which were described as "racist and incredibly insulting remarks directed at the Somali community". Dr. Adam Perkins, a lecturer in the Neurobiology of Personality took to Twitter last week to share his thoughts on immigration. In one tweet Perkins shares, "Danish data suggesting that welfare benefits taste sweeter to some cultures than others" with a screenshot of a table of an unrelated statistic from danmarksstatistik.dk. The table in fact shows a population breakdown of unemployment.

banned nations tend to be over-represented in crime and unemployment [sic] stats". His tweet includes a screenshot from what appears to be a scientific paper from Open Differential Psychology. Though the screenshot aims at giving the tweet scientific credibility, once again there is no proper referencing.

Since the tweets were published the intersectional feminist society have asked for an apology. "Academics must understand that they are utterly responsible to [sic] whatever they post on their social media channels just as they are for the words they say in a classroom, and such reckless tweeting, clearly made by this lecturer is a prime example that some may be unaware, or indeed neglect their duties of responsibility when expressing one's views

"[We] would appreciate that ALL lecturers understood that

**\\ Dr Perkins has apologised wholeheartedly \\**

whatever their comments, they will be held responsible for their remarks given their position of authority and trust.

"We demand that Dr. Adam Perkins immediately apologises sincerely to the Somali community at King's for which he has caused immense distress, and that he apologises for his offensive remarks about Somalis"

Since then, they have approached the KCLSU and have written an open letter to the Principle. However perhaps they should be asking for more than just an apology.

Searching for Open Differential Psychology the, a rudimentary open access journal, brings up a total of 31 papers published since its creation in 2014. Moreover the paper from which the graph has been lifted is published by Emil O. W. Kirkegaard, who also happens to be the journal's editor and author of almost half of the journal's papers.

Not only that, but Kirkegaard is a self-proclaimed "Polymath scientist, maybe". As he discloses in his personal website he boasts "an irrelevant degree that allowed me [sic] to live off a student grant."

Kirkegaard also has an entry dedicated to his work on RationalWiki, a resource dedicated to critically reviewing

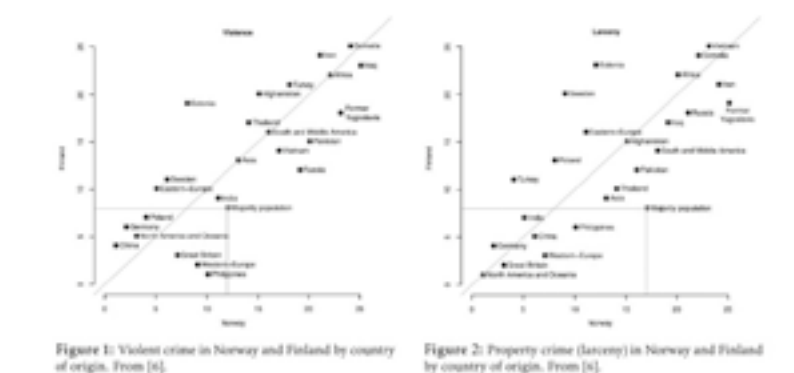


Figure 1: Value crime in Norway and Finland by country of origin. From [5]. Figure 2: Property crime (theft) in Norway and Finland by country of origin. From [5].



pseudoscience, accusing him of conducting racist and paedophilia-apologist pseudoscience.

Besides the questions these recent tweets raise about the scientific credibility of Dr. Perkins, his political agenda, and his suitability to teach young people at one of the country's leading universities, they also raise concerns on the rest of his social media activity.

His activity is sprinkled with many uncited graphs and figures. But due to their concealment in a flurry of unrelated material ranging from BBC News posts to Nirvana video clips, and posts from reputable scientific sources such as Nature and Springer, it is hard to pick out the pseudoscience that would otherwise damage his scientific authority.

Perkins has over a thousand followers on twitter, with many of his tweets being liked and

shared hundreds if not thousands of times. His tweet defending Trump's Muslim Ban has been shared 1300 times and liked almost 2000 times.

After approaching KCL for comment, a spokesperson told felix that "King's is aware of recent posts on social media by Dr Adam Perkins which have offended some members of our community. We value and uphold the principle of academic freedom, however we are equally committed to welcoming a diverse and inclusive staff and student population. The Executive Dean of Institute of Psychiatry, Psychology & Neuroscience has spoken to Dr Perkins who has apologised wholeheartedly for any offence caused."

It is unclear where Perkins' apology can be found; certainly not on twitter.

As of yet we have not received a reply from Perkins.

Tweet by Adam Perkins: Danish data suggesting that welfare benefits taste sweeter to some cultures than others: danmarksstatistik.dk/en/Statistik/e ...

	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012
Male	79.2	79.1	78.9	78.8	78.7	78.6	78.5
Female	79.1	79.0	78.8	78.7	78.6	78.5	78.4
Both sexes	79.1	79.0	78.8	78.7	78.6	78.5	78.4
Unemployed	10.1	10.2	10.3	10.4	10.5	10.6	10.7
Employed	89.1	89.2	89.3	89.4	89.5	89.6	89.7
Unemployed (male)	10.1	10.2	10.3	10.4	10.5	10.6	10.7
Unemployed (female)	10.1	10.2	10.3	10.4	10.5	10.6	10.7
Unemployed (both sexes)	10.1	10.2	10.3	10.4	10.5	10.6	10.7



# Students take to the streets to protest Trump

Lef Apostolakis joins the protesters and asks them whether recent developments have given British politics a second wind



\\ Izzat Rais

Donald Trump has consistently been on the collective consciousness for a while. Though Trump's presidency could globally affect climate change and human rights, to name only a few areas of concern, amongst some journalistic circles, there's the additional concern that the international focus on Trump is steering the public's attention away from important national news. And whereas that may be true, it has also undeniably

\\ There's concern that the international focus on Trump is steering the public's attention away from important national news \\

managed to rile up a significant proportion of the population, leading to mass action across the UK.

Last Friday the news of Trump's executive order banning individuals from seven Muslim-majority countries from entering the US took the world by storm. As the ban started having very real consequences for countless people across the globe, #MuslimBan started trending on social media platforms. The very next day, Owen Jones called for an emergency national demonstration in London, which within two days got the attention and potential attendance of over 60,000

people. At Imperial College, infamous for its politically apathetic student body the turnout was historically one of the largest

turnouts in recent memory. Gasim Gasim, an Electrical and Electronic Engineering fresher and first time protester was impressed. "Imperial students are not political and I've heard it actually, from one of our Wardens who used to be in LSE. One of our main differences she said was that IC students aren't political at all. So it's nice to see everyone coming out right now."

The large turnout is partially due to the efforts of Ariana Sadr-Hashemi, a second year physicist, managing to coordinate a sign making workshop and get over a hundred students to attend the protest



\\ Izzat Rais

\\ As an international student, when I heard about the march, I knew I wanted to go \\

in unison. "As an international student, when I heard about the march, I knew I wanted to go and I invited some friends; I sent it to someone I knew and they sent it to other people, and yeah, it just kind of grew". It is believed to have been the highest number of organised Imperial students demonstrating in a long time. The protest itself was estimated to have been attended by over 10,000 protesters. As a professional, I was surprised. Protesting takes time, energy, planning, and commitment. Normally I wouldn't have been able to attend due to the workload

# Are the days of political apathy over?

\\ I joined as an individual, adding my voice to the thousands shouting in unison "Refugees are welcome here" \\

and last minute nature of the event. But I did, not so much as a reporter (there was no need, the protest was well attended and documented from members of the press including felix) but as an individual, adding my voice to the thousands shouting in unison "Refugees are welcome here". I was even more surprised to



\\ Izzat Rais

large number of Imperial students had been at the demo. Monday came and went, people in London and beyond protested, statements were released and 'clarifications' were made, but regardless of whether we're being fair or not on Trump (though I personally think that his dangerous rhetoric has received not only a fair, but rather an inadequate reaction) an important side-effect of Trump's polarising governance seems to have been the re-ignition (or at least reinforcement) of the political spirit of the British public. Political apathy is an issue the UK and other European countries have struggled with for decades. The 'apathetic youth' is regularly blamed for the shortcomings of the democratic process. In the UK, there's been an evident downwards voting-turnout trend since the 1940's. And even though turnout has been increasing since the 2001 general election which saw the lowest ever participation (59.4 percent) in a general election in recent British history, the UK only now hit pre-noughties levels of voter-turnout this summer during

bump into a number of friends and acquaintance from university, including the Head of the Student Voice. Though their attendance wasn't unexpected, the fact that I kept bumping into familiar faces was as, those who have ever taken part in a mass demo know, finding anyone in a crowd is near impossible. And while the massive cat head on my shoulders certainly made me more locatable, the fact remained: an unusually



\\ Lef Apostolakis

the EU referendum, where 72.2 percent of the population voted. Are recent developments, from the UK's Brexit referendum to Donald Trump's inauguration, prodding

\\ Are recent developments, from the UK's Brexit referendum to Donald Trump's inauguration, prodding us back into a politically energetic state? \\

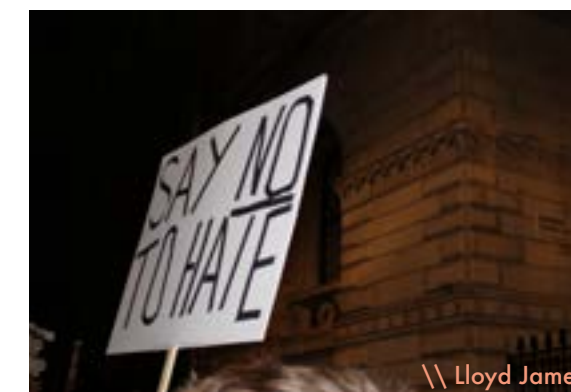
us back into a politically energetic state? Sadr-Hashemi thinks it's the polarised political climate. "When someone is so far on one side of the political spectrum you do get the uniting of everyone who is more moderate kind of going 'this is too much for me, I'm going to protest now'" Robin Saunders an Imperial alumnus agrees. "During my time at Imperial there was a feeling of political apathy. During my degree we voted in the coalition and I voted Lib Dem at the time and had plenty of years to think over my sins for that. But there was a general feeling that democracy was failing us and that it didn't make a difference - even if you wanted to support the right cause your voice wasn't going to be heard. This is a powerful sign that this doesn't have to be true and that there's still life left in the British people and in Imperial." To me, this became particularly obvious right after the 'Muslim ban' took place, during the preparation for and participation in Monday's anti-Trump protest outside 10 Downing St. The emergency demo was immediately organised

and attended by reportedly 10,000 people in a time-window of just two days. That might seem small in comparison to the Women's March turnout which took place in London the week before and which was reportedly attended by over 100,000 protesters, however this would be an unfair comparison. For starters, the women's march was organised weeks in advance giving everyone time to make plans and even travel into London to participate in the demo. We need to also recognise that protesting takes time and energy. Going to a protest is not fun, it's necessary. So to see thousands of people gather on Downing Street to protest again so soon and so spontaneously was not only extraordinary,



\\ Izzat Rais

but also a clear sign of political involvement. As Saunders says, "May might not respond to this event but if there are people out there who aren't sure that speaking up does anything we're here to gather in numbers and show them that it can."



\\ Lloyd James



\\ Lloyd James



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FREEZE PEACH

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

# Making my life great again



Jian Li Chew takes you through his day channelling his new idol

\\ Tomorrow is a new adventure. A great adventure. The best. Everyone says so \\

**A**s I watched Trump's inauguration ceremony at five-six-eight, where I work, and observed exuberant Americans celebrating with champagne, I got thinking about my life. It's been in a rut lately, just doing my tutorial sheets, coursework, revising, cooking my meals, feeling homesick over Chinese New Year, dealing with crippling insecurity etc. I needed to do something to pump some excitement into my boring life. After all, you're only young once. If you want to win in life, learn from a winner; specifically, a man who went from laughing stock to the 45<sup>th</sup> President of the United States. Inspired by the Donald and the right-wing con-



est bread, so white, no more liberal hippie sourdough rye bread) in a special toaster to imprint an image of eagles on it and huge mugs of sweet black kaw-fee. Not coffee. Kaw-fee. I ate my breakfast with a gun. Don't ask me how I did it, I just did. I then worshipped an image of Vladimir Putin.

I went to lectures feeling SO great. It was awesome, terrific, the BEST. My lecturer talked about climate change and global warming. I bellowed that climate change is a Chinese hoax. He snapped that almost all scientists agree that it was real. I said that it wasn't. My fridge was cold. Also, China. China China China China. He said I was mental. I said it was an alternative fact. Suck it. Patriot 1, liberal snowflake scientist 0.

Another lecturer told me that I hadn't submitted the coursework due last week. I said I had. He said I didn't. I said that it was an alternative fact. He said he'd fail me. I said that I would

graduate with the BEST grades, so good, so good, people will say that no one else is so good.

I went to Honest Burgers for lunch. I had a YUUUG-GEEE burger, massive pile of Freedom Fries and a vanilla milkshake. It was so great. It was the greatest lunch in the history of greatness. Everyone said so, everyone. It's amazing. It's true. I skipped my afternoon lecture to launch my campaign to make Imperial great again. It's gonna be YUUUG-GEEE! I said that I would build a wall around UCL. When they send over people they're not sending their best. They're bringing art, they're bringing humanities, they're not real engineers, and some, I assume, are good people. I would build a great, great wall and make them pay for it. I'm the best at building walls, it's gonna be beautiful. I saw a woman with a disability. I mocked her and laughed at her until she cried. People screamed at me, calling me

a horrible person. I said that I'm a winner and I can do whatever I want. I told them to join me. Together, we would win so much we'd be tired of winning. They walked away, unable to accept so much victory. For dinner I made a T-bone steak so well-done the smoke forced the entire building to be evacuated. I ate it, the taste of charcoal in my mouth as the sign of



success. I washed it down with a big bottle of California wine. You may ask me, how can I afford to eat like this? I took out a small loan of £10,000 from my parents. They're gonna be livid when they find out.

I then realised that to complete my quest to make my life great again, I needed a woman. Shockingly, I don't have a girlfriend. I went to the club and saw a bunch of 7s, some 6s, some 5s and there in the centre was a 9. She was amazing. She was gonna be my ex-wife. She looked like the daughter I would go ape over if I had

children. I went to her and told her how great I was. She was gonna share in my greatness. She told me to go away and people started defending her. I thought of grabbing her by the pussy but the bouncers threw me out. Outside, a bunch of guys beat me up. I blacked out.

I woke up in the hospital with a great, great headache. I had so many bandages on. The nurse came to me and was like "Aren't you that crazy person who yelled that he

\\ You may ask how I can afford to live like this. I took out a small loan of £10,000 from my parents. They're gonna be livid when they find out \\

was decolonising his life?" I said that I was Donald Trump. She slapped me and walked off. Day one of making my life great again was complete. Tomorrow is a new adventure. A great adventure. The best. Everyone says so. It's terrific.

\\ I ate my breakfast with a gun. Don't ask me how I did it, I just did \\

servative segment of American society, I set about making my life great again. I started the next morning with the most epic breakfast. I ate all the bacon I could carry, toast made from white bread (the whit-





# You're putting me off my food



Tessa Davey explains why 'normal' eating habits are a privilege not afforded to fat people

\\ Every interaction with food is carefully calculated to be invisible, to minimise the chances that someone might notice and pass judgement \\

I have a complicated relationship with food. I think every fat person does. That isn't to say I don't also think that every woman or man who is impacted by the pressure of beauty standards also does – I do – but for a fat person it is subtly different. Being fat is the reason that we are perceived as greedy, lazy, stupid. Fat is the reason that we are told that we are not attractive, not desirable, not good enough. And food is predominantly the thing that causes that. Food is something that we need to consume, several times a day, but it is also something that is heavily associated with shame.

with a foodstuff in public, had a totally healthy and normal relationship with food (to banish the rhetoric that all fat people are fat because they're greedy and only eat fried food with cheese), my eating would become disordered the second I stepped out the door, simply through the way that people respond to me. As a fat person, this forced disordered eating is something that you have to tackle and struggle with every day of your life.

As a fat person, there are rules that you must follow. You must never be seen to be enjoying food ("Oh, well I can see why she's fat, she loves her food, that one"). You must never eat anything unhealthy ("Are you sure you need to be eating that? No wonder you're fat!"), but also never anything healthy ("A salad, great choice! Are you trying to lose weight?"). You must never eat in transit ("You're so disgusting, can't you wait until you get home like everyone else?") or mention hunger ("I bet you're hungry. Can't you go a few hours without eating?"), but you must also eat when others do ("If I'm hungry you definitely must be! Are you trying to lose weight?"). These are rules that all fat people know implicitly, rules that would never occur to someone thin, rules which are contradictory and that you cannot obey no matter how hard you try. There

are further rules regarding the way you must dress and exercise in public, but those are a story for a different time.

These rules are self-imposed, you might say. No one is forcing you to follow these rules, but your self-hatred and deep lack of self-esteem. But this isn't true. These rules are enforced by people on the street, by friends, by family. They're enforced by vicious glances, by snide comments, by jokes and by concern. They mean that every interaction with



food is carefully calculated to be invisible, to minimise the chances that someone might notice you eating and pass judgement. To not care and eat what you want is to make a political statement that requires huge energy to care, to suffer and to over-complicate your life because you can't take a joke from your friends or brush off a comment from a drunk stranger in McDonald's at 4am on a Sunday. These interactions create a strong negative association with

food, invoking feelings of panic and discomfort much like those that society is hugely sympathetic towards in 'real' eating disorder sufferers.

There is a rise in the diagnosis of illnesses such as binge-eating disorder and food addiction which give some credence to the difficult and out-of-control nature of eating for some overweight people. But these disorders don't fit the majority of us. There is no diagnosis to tout for people who would have a 'normal' relationship with food were it not for their eating habits being called into question constantly.

I love food. That is, I love good food. I love the aesthetic and textures and flavour combinations that come with (what I think is) good food; I care less for the bland beige varieties, although that isn't to delegitimise enjoying them if you do. I love that food can provide comfort through associated memories and nostalgia, and I love that it is something that brings people together. Seeking out new cuisines, tasting new flavours, and cooking are some of my primary hobbies, but I am always on edge doing them, ready to deflect comments or defend myself. The enjoyment I can take from food is always moderated by involuntary considerations of whether I deserve to eat it or what people around me will think if I do.

This isn't to minimise the struggle that I know that so many of my thin or averagely sized friends face whenever they make a decision regarding food; I know that because of the pressure to remain thin in order to be successful, most, if not all women and men will often

\\ To be able to eat in front of someone without them making assumptions about your lifestyle is a privilege \\

grapple with the choice between that 'clean' probiotic falafel salad (shout out to the stand at the Farmer's Market – I think that the probiotic benefits of the pickles are probably cancelled out when I eat it with Diet Coke, but it's still delicious) and that 'dirty' burger. But their struggle is purely internal. To be able to eat in front of someone without them making assumptions about your lifestyle, and more subtly and insidiously, your intelligence, is a privilege, and it is one that you do not have if you are fat: what we do on a daily basis to survive is shameful. I am absolutely a foodie, but unfortunately, I am usually one behind closed doors.

\\ These are rules that all fat people know implicitly, rules that would never occur to someone thin, rules which are contradictory and that you cannot obey no matter how hard you try \\

The way that society interacts with me, a fat person moving through the world, greatly affects my relationship with food. If I, never having interacted



# Thoughts on the #MuslimBan protests

Nora Abdoun (ISoc publicity officer) condemns Theresa May but finds hope in the British people

As a Muslim, I was inevitably outraged by Trump's #MuslimBan. As a British national, I was equally outraged by our government's complicity with it. For a Prime Minister who claims to lead a country that prides itself on upholding the values of "individual liberty" and "mutual respect for and tolerance of those with different faiths and beliefs", May's silence is truly an insult to the millions of Britons who live by these values every day. Moreover, her condonation of Trump's racism and Islamophobia is a gesture of utter disregard for the three million Muslims living in the UK. For the Muslims who work hard, every single day, to make Britain what it is. Our so-called prime minister is telling them that she does not give a single damn.

May, who has imposed an "integration oath" since taking office to ensure that all immigrants, many of whom are Muslim,

\\ You've only got to be human to realise oppression is wrong. To stand up against injustice \\

adopt "British values", is not only going against these very values herself, but acting to further marginalise a community that she insists should integrate more. The situation would be laughable if it weren't so destructive. However, it would be unfair to overlook the abundance of good that has come from this situation. The past week has seen the British people come out in their thousands, at short notice, to stand up against this ban. People of all religions and beliefs, ethnicities and backgrounds stood side by side in solidarity with their Muslim brothers and sisters in humanity. This week, the British public let the Muslim community know, that we are an integral part of society. And what a beautiful moment that was.

So yes, as a Muslim I was outraged by Trump's #MuslimBan and May's lack of concern about it. However, the past few days have proven that you don't have to be Muslim to be outraged. You've only got to be human to realise that oppression is wrong. To stand up against injustice.

And whilst we can sometimes feel engulfed by the darkness brought about by those in power, we will always have hope in the light we, the people, bring to one another. For as Einstein once said, "darkness is in reality the absence of light".

Mazen El-Turk (ISoc VP student affairs) believes we must remain united to avoid repeating the horrors of the past

During Donald Trump's campaign, we were often told that his misogynistic, fascist and bigoted comments were simply empty words, that he was simply monopolising a popular vote and when in office, diplomacy would come. A week in, Trump signed a flurry of executive orders, authorising the construction of a wall, allowing federal agencies to stop Obamacare, giving border agents more freedom to detain immigrants and banning nationals from seven countries from entering – even if they held a green card.

To ignore the parallels between today and the 1930s is to trivialise the years of persecution faced by the Jewish community and other minorities. Throughout President Trump's campaign, he reiterated again and again how he would put in place a 'Muslim ban' and spoke about a Muslim registry. Apologists can call it by any name, but the sentiment behind it is clear. The Holocaust is a blot on our collective global history and it serves as a reminder that human beings are capable of such overwhelming horrors, and that some of the fault is borne by those who stand by and do nothing.

Today, we see the repercussions around the world of the dangerous alt-right



rhetoric of division and 'other'-ness. From the Quebec shooting to the Islamophobic attacks being witnessed in some of London's biggest universities, Trump's 'Muslim ban' continues to promise a marginalised community even more hate and distrust. At a time when extremist ideologies thrive on division, we need to stand together stronger in the face of hatred and division and stand up against the fascist ban. We have a duty today to let the Trump administration know in no uncertain terms that fascism under the guise of security will not be tolerated by us. Together, we stand stronger against all forms of extremism, and in the face of open hostility, we need to remain human, tolerant, and welcoming.

Zayd Alhaddad recalls the America he knows and loves and urges that we fight for what we believe in

As an American Muslim I had to go to the march because Trump's policy could have prevented my very existence: my parents immigrated to the US from the Middle East. It was humbling to see so many people at the protest – especially the number of IC students, as we're generally known for being politically apathetic. Trump's policies do not reflect the America that I grew up in. My sister and I were two of three Muslims at my school. Instead of casting us aside they embraced us

with open arms. During Ramadan fasting the school let us play Monopoly with the teachers during our breaks instead of insisting we go and run outside. They let my mum come in and decorate the school to celebrate the month, and they put up the decorations every year even after we left. They even insisted we took Eid off so we could spend the holiday with our family. After the 9/11 tragedies and the rise of Islamophobia the school invited my mother to come and speak to the students about what Islam truly means. We were never left to feel like outsiders, and it wasn't like everybody there was an immigrant; about 80% of the school was white. This is the America that I grew up to love and always will. The America that the Founding Fathers stood up for (with what they wrote on the constitution at least), the America that was created as a safe haven for all peoples to seek refuge from religious persecution, which is exactly what the new policy embodies: it is a flagrant constitutional violation as it targets a specific religious group.

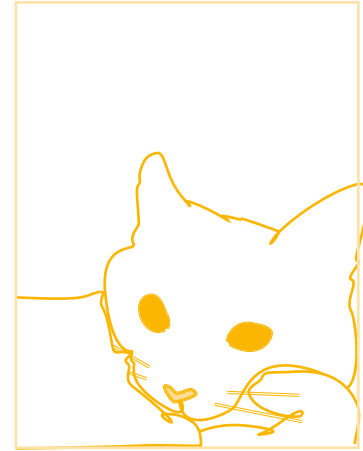
It is a shame that the POTUS is who he is, but if we keep making our voices heard then hopefully we can stop the hatred before too much damage has been done.







# Leave Trident alone



Charles Titmuss defends the UK's renewal of (necessarily) scary nuclear weapons

\\ They are an excellent example of creating peace through fear \\

Trident was announced as the UK's new deterrent back in 1980, and patrols with the missile began in 1994. The renewal of trident was debated in July 2016, to replace the current submarines with the newer Dreadnought Class by 2028. The estimated cost of the upgraded weapons system is around £31 billion.

Last week an article about Trident was published in *felix*. It was focused around the fact that the government lied to MPs and the general public ahead of a crucial vote on whether or not to renew Trident. This denial of information was undoubtedly outrageous, as it is a critical aspect of the nation's defence as well as a colossal investment, and the public has a right to know whether it is effective or not.

However, at this point, the article and I diverge, due to its suggestion that this failure would and should alter our opinions as to the utility of the Trident deterrent as well as several factual inaccuracies: there was a

single missile as opposed to many, and an error in the input data led to the failure of the targeting. These are serious technical issues that should be resolved, but the article trotted out the classic tropes of an anti-nuclear weapons argument: this failed launch shows they don't work, they're not necessary because the USSR doesn't exist anymore, smart weapons don't work and that the real threats are cyber and terrorism, etc.

\\ That is the point of nukes: they're fucking terrifying. They are so terrifying that no nation is willing to risk unleashing them on another \\

This misunderstanding of the weapon system and its purpose in the geopolitical sphere is fundamental to this argument. Its assumption is that nukes are terrifying and therefore they are terrible and everyone should get rid of them. They miss the point that that is the point of nukes: they're fucking terrifying. They are so terrifying that no nation is willing to risk unleashing them on



another. Frankly, they are an excellent example of creating peace through fear, and ultimately it is a sad indictment on humanity itself.

They are also a proven technology. The Trident system employed by the Royal Navy has undergone 161 successful tests with fewer than 10 confirmed failures. These tests have mostly been carried out by the US, which uses the same weapon system as the Royal Navy. The earliest ballistic missiles were the V2s, famously used in World War II to make life difficult for Londoners. Smart weapons really are a thing. Just look at any modern weapon system and it contains enough tech to fly a missile through a small window. If I'm honest I find that fact pretty sickening.

The National Security Strategy Document, published in 2010, does rate terrorism and cybercrime as the greatest threats to the UK. However, this can be simply explained by the fact that nukes counter the threat from aggressive nation states directly whereas

cyber and terrorist attacks are a more complex issue to counter. They are, by their very nature, diverse and unpredictable, and often the measures that law enforcement say they require to combat them infringe our civil liberties to an uncomfortable degree, as revealed by Edward Snowden.

As for the argument that the USSR is gone and now everything is fine, please see North Korea, Russia or China for an example of an

\\ A few nukes per nation is more than enough to scare the shit out of anyone with designs on them, and only an orange shit in a wig could possibly misunderstand this \\

antagonistic nuclear state. Russia's actions in Crimea, North Korea's development of ever more potent nuclear weapons and China's island claims in the South China Sea demonstrate just how volatile the international situation is. Although we do not face the ideological threat of the USSR in the same way as we once did, that does not mean we no longer require

these weapons for a long term insurance policy.

Nuclear weapons are an excellent deterrent, albeit a horrifying one. They are used daily as one of the submarines patrols the oceans, preventing threats from nation state actors. Trident is not a fix-all weapons system: it could and should be made cheaper, it should be 100% reliable and it is a horrifying solution to the issue of war, but, in the main, it does work.

I do not support the current US administration's proposal to expand the nuclear arsenal. A few nukes per nation is more than enough to scare the shit out of anyone with designs on them, and only an orange shit in a wig could possibly misunderstand this. Nuclear proliferation was a terrifying issue of the Cold War, culminating in the Cuban missile crisis. Let us hope that, ultimately, nuclear weapons will never be used, and those in power remain rational in their approach to international diplomacy.



# I turned vegan four months ago - am I allowed to preach yet?



Alex Chaudhri talks (not preaches) about why he decided to ditch animal products

\\ There are uncountable reasons why it is better for the planet to be vegan \\

A year ago, after mostly avoiding meat for several months, I decided to make the commitment to being fully vegetarian. My decision for this was mostly driven by a concern for the planet. The Food and Agriculture Organisation of the UN estimates that 14.5% of global greenhouse gas emissions come from the livestock industry. The financial implications of not buying meat were also extremely satisfying (you can buy two kilos of dried beans for a couple of quids and that turns into a lot of food).

\\ I realised how much dairy eaters stink (you smell a lot worse than you think!) \\

Having said that, becoming a committed vegetarian wasn't so easy - not for the first couple of months at least. Formerly, I was someone who really enjoyed eating meat. And living with other meat eaters was not easy, the smells of cooking would make my stomach pang. Borough Market was a no go. A common experience amongst recently turned herbivores is a foreboding anxiety that you will never

feel full again; you convince yourself that there is no food that will satiate your appetite like meat could. I replaced that hole with emetic quantities of chocolate and biscuits. A Lidl trip would be a conveyor belt full of vegetables chased by a stack of twelve or fifteen 30p chocolate bars.

But those feelings go pretty quickly (as if you thought that saving the planet was going to be easy?\*). Give it a couple of months. And in all honesty, after three I found myself utterly repulsed by the smell of cooking meat, never mind the thought of eating a killed animal.

After not too long, I cut eating dairy. I didn't mean it as any kind of actual commitment - I would never have used the word vegan, it felt so loaded, so critical of everyone else. My thinking was that cutting dairy would be easy - I have a lifelong phobia of wet milk and I never trusted supermarket eggs ("free-range" doesn't mean much). And seeing as I cook just about all the food I eat, I very happily went without dairy. For a few months at least.

It all fell apart when I went home during the summer: my parents had cruelly filled the fridge with lots and lots of delicious cheese. And out of London, the only non-meat to eat at pubs is mac and cheese or vegetable lasagne (which comes with a whole lot more cheese). Eggs were

an issue, made prominent by my mum's insistence that the "lovely eggs" from her "lovely chickens" were reasonably ecologically secure - besides, they were lovely.

I finally resolved that when I came back down, I'd avoid dairy. From being vegetarian, this turned out to be quite easy and very satisfying. My skin was instantly better, I felt a lot better in my self. Also, I realised how much dairy eaters stink (you smell a lot worse than you think!). Not requiring animals in your food chain is also incredibly satisfying. There are literally uncountable reasons why it is better for the planet to be vegan, and I could just do a long list here, but to save this article from becoming too preachy I'll just mention one thing.

Whilst vegetarianism is a great way to greatly shrink your ecological footprint, you're still relying on domesticated animals. We're currently living in an age

\\ I still accept that my western lifestyle relies on a great deal of environmental destruction and human and animal oppression \\

of mass extinction, the total mass of all the humans on the Earth is around seven times that of all the other wild terrestrial animals together, and the mass of domesticated animals is twice that of humans. I strongly feel that domesticated animals are very distinct from their wild counterparts, they have been humanised - bred to be useful rather than necessarily healthy or happy (and there is overwhelming evidence for emotional intelligence, particularly amongst the large mammals which are most "useful" to us). Growing up in the countryside I was already aware of the gaunt misery of dairy cattle, and in London of the deformed dogs, inbred to make cute, perpetually juvenile pets. Humans and their animals outweigh the wildlife, with whom we share the Earth's surface, by more than twenty times. And without being too preachy (I have, haven't I?), it was ethically inescapable that I should turn from vegetarian to vegan. Of course I still accept that my western lifestyle relies on a great deal of environmental destruction and human and animal oppression.

Generally, people were supportive of my decision, though my friends outside of London took a great deal of the piss (less than I'd expect though), and my mum insisted on diagnosing my diet as orthorexic - I still haven't taken a single vitamin D or B12

though (yeah, fuck the nutritional establishment!).

My grandparents, on the other hand, were far less impressed. When I was going round to theirs for tea, I rang ahead to notify them of my "even more difficult dietary situation" and asked if "that would be OK?". My grandmother told me that "it would have to be, wouldn't it?". Naturally, I assumed by her tone that she was joking, but my mum insisted that she really wasn't. At theirs, I ate a separate plate of dhal and rice

\\ I ate a separate plate of shal and rice while my granddad laid into me, out of principle (or disappointment) I expect \\

while my granddad laid into me, out of principle (or disappointment) I expect. After that we were all ok though. At Christmas, I cooked a separate nut and lentil Wellington, but my family were all very nice about it and my sister made the best chocolate cake (Nigella).

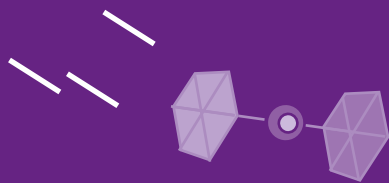
It is quite easy going vegan, and I'll say it - go vegan! (Or at least stop eating meat).

\*also, remember not to be overtly smug or too self-righteous.









S C I E N C E ...

felix

# Does Trump's presidency signal the start of a 'post-truth' era in science?

**Y**ou know something is seriously wrong in the scientific community when you hear "post-truth" and science put together. Indeed, this term, coined international word of 2016 by Oxford dictionary has recently been appearing in headlines worldwide as a new way of thinking about science in this new world we live in. A world in which – post-truth defenders claim – objective facts are less influential in shaping the public than emotional appeals. Many see the election of Trump, despite his dismissal of what we often see as clear-cut science facts (see vaccination and climate change) as an exemplification of this new world order. They see it as a time of crisis in the science community, brought about by the ongoing war between the educated liberal left and the ignorant conservative right, and an opportunity to reform it. Some even venture to claim that science is partially responsible for this change in world order. Even before the US election, Nature magazine columnist Colin Macilwain stated, "If Donald Trump were to trigger a

**\\ Theories no matter how well-backed up, have historically taken real revolutions, defiance and lives to become integrated into popular knowledge \\**

crisis in Western democracy, scientists would need to look at their part in its downfall". Has science become out of touch with society, or vice-versa? Is 21<sup>st</sup> century science really post-truth? A little analysis on the nature of scientific enquiry itself helps to answer these questions.

Firstly, to claim that science is gearing towards the post-truth implies two things: that scientific knowledge is true and that, throughout history, scientific truths have been readily accepted by society. Most philosophers, however, including one of the 20<sup>th</sup> century's leading ones, Thomas Kuhn, agree that science does not present truths but paradigms – set of conventions by which knowledge builds in an orderly fashion to complete a certain world

view established by a founding figure – say, Newton or Darwin. Inherent in definition is the fact that revolutions happen, and therefore paradigm shifts occur when new theories are substantiated with sufficient evidence, such as Einstein's theories overthrowing Newton's and redefining most of physics. The development of the theories behind atoms, the Solar system or gravity all exemplify this changing nature of scientific knowledge- there is no truth, just theories substantiated with enough evidence until the next Rutherford, Copernicus or Newton came along with better experiments to perfect upon them.

It is also a bit ridiculous to claim that this "post-truth" idea is a new thing in the world of science. Theories, no matter how well-backed up, have historically taken real revolutions, defiance and lives to become integrated into popular knowledge. Alfred Wegener died thirty years before his theory of continental drift became part of mainstream science. Aristarchus' work on the Heliocentric theory, dating as far back as ancient Greece, would stay forgotten for almost 2 millennia until Copernicus came along, who then again saw rejection from most of the scientific community during his lifetime. Darwin has a Galapagos-sized amount of evidence and yet public schools in 14 states in the US still don't mention his evolutionary theory in their curriculum. Galileo Galilei spent the latter part of his life under house arrest by

**\\ Never has science been more in touch with society \\**

the Roman Inquisition for supporting geocentrism. Talk about 21<sup>st</sup> century post-truth to them.

Those defending that science needs a reform in current times point out that science has become out of touch with society. It seems to me however, that never has it been more in touch. A rapidly increasing proportion of scientific papers are freely available online, university

**\\ Blaming science is not the answer, protesting against the "inconvenient-facts-avoiding" is \\**

websites are overflowing with information about current research and there's a magnificent infinite online encyclopedia called Google to answer everyone's questions. It takes a two minute YouTube video to understand the concept of climate change and the mountain of evidence behind it.

The real problem is not that society does not understand science, or believe that scientists should hang around in their labs all day and write about their feelings, but that science does not always suit everyone's interests. Same as evolution didn't do great things for Christianity ideologically, climate change doesn't mean great things for the industries economically. Trump is not repealing climate protection policies because scientists are failing to present evidence, but because burning coal is cheap. Blaming science is not the answer, protesting against the "inconvenient-facts-avoiding" is.

Sara Hamilton

## Two Frogs on a Bench



**F**act: You can win \$1,000,000 if you have 'supernatural abilities'. The "Million Dollar Paranormal Challenge" is offered to anyone who can demonstrate a supernatural ability under agreed-upon scientific testing criteria. In 40 years, despite over 1000 applicants, no one ever won.

The prize was offered by James Randi, a famous magician, escape artist and debunker of pseudoscience and the paranormal. It started off as a throwaway comment in an interview, and snowballed into a 1k, then 10k, then 100k and now 1 million dollar prize. Plenty of mediums, dowzers and mind readers have stepped up to the plate, although according to Mr Randi very few of them ever consider that their failure to complete the testing might be due to the fact that they lack supernatural powers, instead blaming sunspots and geomagnetic variables...

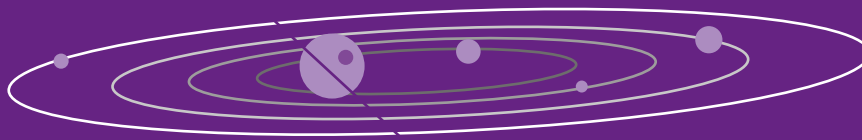
Think you have a gift? Unfortunately you've missed the chance to make your million; following his retirement, the James Randi Educational Foundation has elected to withdraw the challenge, instead putting the money aside for grants to non-profit groups that promote critical thinking. I guess that means he won the bet.

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



\\ Missy





# Making tomatoes tasty again

Ipsita Herlekar explains how taste and flavour can be brought back in tomatoes

**H**ave you ever wondered why the tomatoes in your salad taste as bland as cardboard (yes even the Taste the Difference one)? That's because they actually lack the stuff that adds taste and flavour, a recent study has discovered.

For many decades, tomatoes have been extensively and selectively cross-bred for developing new cultivars that producing larger fruit, with uniform red colour, disease resistance and a longer shelf-life. In this process, the modern commercial tomato varieties have lost the genes responsible for expression of flavour and taste.

A study by Dr. Harry Klee and his team from the University of Florida, has shown that low sugar content and lack of some volatile compounds is

**\\ Modern tomato varieties have lost the genes for expression of taste and flavour \\**

the chemical reason behind commercial tomato varieties being tasteless. In order to understand the genetic link, Klee and his team put together chemical profiles of commercial and heirloom varieties, and conducted taste tests to rate the intensity of their flavours, sweetness and sourness.

The right mix of sugars and volatile compounds is essential to bring out the flavours in a tomato. Sugars and acids present in the fruit interact with taste receptors while volatile compounds interact with olfactory senses,

and combined together they contribute to the signature tomato taste. When compared to heirloom varieties, the commercial varieties had smaller quantities of sugars and acids and lacked many volatile compounds. Thirteen flavour enhancing volatile chemicals were identified by the scientists, many of which were missing in the commercial tomato varieties.

Besides chemical profiling, using gene-mapping techniques, researchers have identified alleles responsible for giving the tomato its sweet-tangy flavour. Alleles

**\\ Commercial varieties have less sugars and lack many volatile compounds \\**



\\ Missy

are variants of genes that represent specific characters like shape, colour, size or taste of the tomato fruit. The dominant allele gets selected and is expressed. As expected, the commercial varieties were missing the right set of alleles needed to make tomatoes tasty.

Now that the scientists know

the chemical recipe required to make a tomato taste good, they believe by replacing the untasty alleles with their tasty counterparts, commercial variety of tomatoes can be made flavoursome again. Hopefully soon, we will be able to savour Bloody Marys with a new piquant flavour.

# Is meat really manly?

**I** guess I'll start with a controversial, but factual statement: Men don't live as long as women do.

Now, would you believe that this and so many other gendered beliefs affect our health habits, including the foods we choose to eat? An article in The Washington Post piqued my interest lately, focussing on today's relationship between meat-eating and gender. It all actually may seem pretty old-fashioned – not all females like to dine on dainty pretty kale salads dressed in hibiscus flowers and not all men live for burgers and the Union's curly fries (had to throw that one in as an old Beit-timer, sorry). However, research shows



\\ Cyclonebill

these assumptions truly have historical grounding. In fact, these eating patterns, socially influenced or not, could help explain why men are at higher risk of heart disease and some cancers. Perhaps our ideas about masculinity

do negatively affect our health.

Professor Luke Zhu at the University of Manitoba and Joop de Boer, a retired social psychologist, detailed that eating unhealthier food is psychologically associated

with masculinity, particularly energy-dense and strong foods. Conversely, femininity markers include eating pasta salad and fruit, or rice and vegetables with wine for dinner.

It's clear to see the health implications here: Overall, women, who are more likely to be more health-conscious anyway, are choosing foods with more fiber and antioxidants, while men tend to overdo it on saturated fat

**\\ Eating unhealthier food is psychologically associated with masculinity \\**

and empty calories. The only exception here is that women are more likely to have that glorious (but dainty!) chocolate pudding with cardamom-vanilla ice cream speckled with bits of chocolate sable. Anyway.

One particularly interesting angle in this research is that men and women who see masculinity and femininity as less separate categories aren't too different in their meat preferences, while those with traditional gender beliefs are more likely to eat more meat if they're men. Turns out it's all a psychological thing, meat having patriarchal notions of power and performance.

Alexandra Lim





# Christine | On the outside looking in



\\ Allstar/Great Point Media



Fred Fyles

... ..

**Rebecca Hall** astonishes in this biopic of Christine Chubbuck, a Florida news reporter who **killed herself live on air**, which powerfully explores the events leading to her death in an **anxiety-ridden tour de force**

**T**he television, with its ability to repeatedly display the images of those who have long since departed, can act as an electronic graveyard, conjuring up spirits from the past. It is fitting, therefore, that *Christine* – the latest film by Antonio Campos, which deals with the on-air suicide of news reporter Christine Chubbuck – opens with an image of a TV screen, on which flickers a ghostly, pale

Chubbuck, in the middle of interviewing Richard Nixon. This on-screen image is divorced from reality, giving us the unsettling feeling that we're looking back into the past. We soon find out that Chubbuck is not in fact interviewing Nixon, but rather trying to analyse how she comes across to the camera, planning on evaluating every lilt in her speech and movement of her head; it is a scene that immediately communicates

her indomitable work ethic, her capacity for self-criticism, and her dreams for a larger market-share, all of which play a part in her descent into depression. This scene is revisited later in the film, becoming an anchor to the departed reporter, as Chubbuck's one-sided dialogue becomes more pointed: 'is it paranoia,' this spectral Chubbuck asks, 'if indeed everyone is coming after you?'

Is everyone coming after Christine? Fleeing a breakdown-inducing Boston, Chubbuck is forced to live with her mother in Florida, working as a local reporter for a dead-end station. She has no boyfriend – indeed, she's still a virgin, rapidly approaching 30 – and spends her spare time performing existentialist-tinged puppet shows for sick children at the hospital (sample dialogue: "what if you know someone, but you don't really know them?"). All her energies are devoted into her work, which involves seeking out stories involving 'real Floridians, but the opportunity for a promotion to a TV station in Baltimore pushes Chubbuck into overdrive, as she seeks ever-more bizarre methods of getting viewers. We see her, hunched over film reels, jarringly lit from underneath, wincing in pain at stomach cramps that will later turn out to be an ovarian cyst; an operation to remove it would severely reduce her chances of conceiving, unless she gets pregnant in the next couple of months. To what extent Chubbuck's suicide is down to her mental health problems, and what part is played by her less-than-ideal situation, is a taut skein of a question, which threads its way through Craig Silowich's delicate script.

But while others in the story have their own problems – 'gorgeous' George, the head anchor, has had drinking problems; Chubbuck's mother Pam self-medicates with marijuana – Chubbuck makes the mistake of seeking solace in her work. Chubbuck's interest is in 'issue-orientated' and 'character-based' reporting; in other words, the stories

of 'real people'. This pits her directly against station chief Michael (Tracy Letts), whose maxim 'if it bleeds, it leads' is reminiscent of Sidney Lumet's masterful 1976 black comedy *Network*. Like in *Christine*, *Network* ends with the death of a news-reporter, but while in *Network* the responsibility lies directly at the feet of the studio, in *Christine* things are more complex: it is clear that Chubbuck is at odds with both the emerging interest in exploitative TV, and the macho culture she encounters at the office, but this is far from the only factor contributing to her demise.

Chubbuck is a tragic figure in the most classical sense of the word: we know that she kills herself, the methods of her suicide, and that this will inevitably happen before the film's two-hour runtime is over.

**\\ Hall's performance can only be described as masterful; the fact that she has not received any major awards this season is a travesty \\**

The unavoidable nature of this ending makes *Christine* a near-unbearable watch, comparable to having a panic attack in slow motion; a sinking feeling of impending doom grips the viewer from the opening sequence, and continues long after the credits have rolled. Small acts, from both Chubbuck and others, begin to take on a deep significance, as the audience interrogates their effects on the protagonist.

This hypervigilance is encouraged by Hall's performance, which can only be described as masterful; the fact that she has not received any major awards this season is a travesty. Hall imbues Chubbuck with a fierce physicality, contorting her body into spasms of anxiety. Her face registers an endless

parade of emotions, with despair, sardonic humour, and barely-repressed rage being communicated in a single scene. Chubbuck's dialogue is often minimal, usually pointed, sarcastic retorts, but Hall manages to get across a wealth of information in a simple turn of a head, or movement of the eyes. Michael C. Hall is similarly excellent as the former-jock George, whose well-meaning attempts to help Chubbuck seem to backfire.

There are numerous moments in the film where Chubbuck seems to be on the verge of admitting others into her life, only for the door to swing swiftly shut. Chubbuck's flat affect and dark, straight hair is at odds with the sunny Florida of the 1970s, a contrast that is heightened by Joe Anderson's cinematography, which revels in jarring colours. The TV monitors cast a pale light on Chubbuck's face, emphasising her angularity, while in other scenes she is bathed in a ghostly green glow, giving her a sickly air.

Chubbuck is marked by an ever-present anxiety about whether what she's doing will get her ahead in her career; her eyes never quite seem to focus on other characters, only snapping to them when work or promotions are mentioned. Early on in *Christine*, she asks Jean whether she seems too sympathetic when she interviews people; 'how can you be too sympathetic?' she replies. Answers about human behaviour which seem obvious to others can be a mystery to Chubbuck, something that is heightened by her day-to-day role as a 'human interest' journalist. In one heart-breaking scene, she interrupts a couple having an anniversary dinner: "I couldn't help but notice you back there," she says, looking amused, "you both seem to be very much in love". At moments like this, Chubbuck is desperately trying to understand how the world seems to work; she is no longer a news reporter, but the world's loneliest anthropologist – she is trapped behind a screen, on the outside looking in.





## Denial



Weisz works through a dodgy script \\ Laurie Sparham/  
Bleecker Street



In a political climate increasingly described with the neologism 'post-factual', director Mick Jackson's latest film *Denial* is sharply relevant.

Centering around the libel case of British Holocaust-denier David Irving against American historian Deborah Lipstadt – a case that was often referred to as 'history on trial' – *Denial* make a convincing case for the importance of historical truth, and the dangers of willfully misinterpreting facts.

The film opens several years before the trial, with Irving (Timothy Spall) upsetting a Q&A held by Lipstadt (Rachel Weisz) in promotion of her book *Denying the Holocaust*. In the book, Lipstadt accused Irving of deliberately distorting historical evidence to claim that Hitler did not murder millions of Jews and, subsequently, that the Holocaust was a lie. This initial scene sets up the templates the characters will follow: Irving is irascible and attention-seeking, goading his opponents to fall prey to his rhetorical traps, and glorifying in the subsequent uproar; Lipstadt is full of

burning anger at those who try to belie the human costs of the Holocaust, but her fiery temperament means she comes off worse-for-ear in the initial confrontation.

We then skip forward a couple of years, and Irving is serving libel papers against Lipstadt for her claims. He makes the tactical decision to make the claim in the UK, where the burden of proof is on the defendant, forcing Lipstadt to travel to London and try and argue against Irving's claims. She is assisted by top-flying solicitor Anthony Julius (Andrew Scott) and represented by barrister Richard Rampton (Tom Wilkinson), who decide that the best course of action is for Lipstadt to stay quiet, depriving Irving of the oxygen of publicity.

The result, is a script from playwright David Hare that relies too heavily on a one-note culture clash between American and British cultures. Weisz's Lipstadt is the typical American: all action, she gets frustrated with her more subdued colleagues; The Brits, in contrast, are all softly-spoken, slightly slippery and oily (seemingly Andrew Scott's favoured role), with

a penchant for tradition and claret. As with his theatre work, Hare's scriptwriting has a terminal lack of nuance, which at points spills into crass emotional exploitation (Auschwitz is a site which deserves more solemnity than a saccharine Howard Shore score can offer).

That being said, *Denial* remains undeniably entertaining, and manages to successfully explore the intricacies of the British legal system – which, as Lipstadt mentions, is somewhere between Dickensian and Kafkaesque – without being bogged down in the minutiae of complex details. Weisz gives Lipstadt a fierce dignity, making her an extremely likeable heroine, while Spall absolutely excels as Irving: he falls naturally into the role of gross villain, coming across like a serpent feasting on a particularly plump rat. Despite its tendency to err on the side of simplicity, *Denial* remains a solid courtroom drama, one that surveys our labyrinthine legal structure whilst remaining highly engaging.

Fred Fyles



## Ghost in the Shell



An existential vision of the future \\ Production I.G.



If you wish to dive into the world of Japanese animation, you cannot miss Mamoru Oshii's profound 1995 cyberpunk film *Ghost in the Shell*. It stands as a science-fiction classic and has gone on to inspire other films such as *The Matrix*, *Surrogates*, and *Avatar*. But why am I talking now about a film released more than two decades ago? Well, this March we are to see a live-action remake of the film, with Scarlett Johansson as the lead character. Ahead of its release, this week saw cinemas showing the animated original, so I took the opportunity to finally see this classic on the big screen.

Oshii's *Ghost in the Shell* is based on Masamune Shirow's manga series of the same title: set in Japan in the mid-21<sup>st</sup> century, it follows the undertakings of the counter-cyberterrorist organisation 'Section 9', led by Major Motoko Kusanagi. In this world, computer technology has advanced so far that the distinction between man and machine is ultimately blurred – people in this society are increasingly cyberised, with

many possessing 'cyber-brains' that allow them to interface with the various information networks around the city. Kusanagi is, herself, a cyborg, whose only human part is her brain.

The increasing cyberisation of society has thrown up a disturbing problem: there now exist computer hackers skilled enough to hack into people's brains. This can enable a hacker to control another's actions, and even implant false memories and experiences. The film's plot revolves around the pursuit of such a hacker, dubbed 'The Puppet Master', in an investigation led by Section 9 and Major Kusanagi's team. The hunt involves an intricate sequence of political intrigue, but ultimately leads to a far-reaching exploration of self-identity and man's place in nature.

Shirow claims that the name 'Ghost in the Shell' is a homage to author Arthur Koestler's philosophical work *The Ghost in the Machine*, from which he drew inspiration. And Koestler's title is itself taken from the phrase "ghost in the machine", which was ultimately coined by the philosopher Gilbert Ryle as

a disparaging description of mind-body dualism. I realise I may have alienated a few readers by now, but my point is that *Ghost in the Shell* is, philosophically, very rich, exploring – among many other things – the mind-body (or ghost-shell) problem. Where exactly is the mind? Is it the mind that makes us human, and not machine? Can that be the case if the mind can be copied and placed into a different cybernetic body? I like thinking about this stuff, and such questions abound whilst watching *Ghost in the Shell*.

But even if you don't particularly enjoy thinking about this stuff, luckily the visuals are gorgeous, and there's still a plot to follow. Who is this mysterious hacker? Are they even a person? Will they be caught? Don't you want to find out? Well, you'd better go watch the film. From its haunting musical score, to its spellbinding visuals of the near-future, as well as the profound existential questions it raises, *Ghost in the Shell* really is a treat to watch. And hey, it's even on Netflix – what have you got to lose?

Peter Shatwell

## Resist through cinema! | felix's film section

### if... (1968)



\\ Wikimedia

Notable both as one of the UK's only Palme d'Or-winning films, and the work that catapulted Malcolm McDowell to international stardom, Lindsay Anderson's *if...* explores a violent insurrection that takes place at a British public school. As the discipline imposed by the school becomes more and more dramatic, three boys – aided by

the mysterious woman known only as 'The Girl' – happen upon a supply of automatic weapons, and commit a brutal revolt. *if...* is a devastating attack on British institutions, being released at the height of the 1968 protests that ignited the world. With a well-armed electorate, this film could show Trump what he has to worry about...

### Network (1976)



\\ United Artists

When trying to find films that predicted Trump, it is better to eschew tragedy in favour of farce, and things don't get much more farcical than in Sidney Lumet's *Network*, which eerily seems to have foreseen the rise of modern TV. Peter Finch plays Howard Beale, the long-standing anchor of the UBS Evening News. As a result of declining ratings, he

is going to be fired, but when he has a breakdown on-air, threatening suicide, his ratings soar. Soon, Beale is regularly sounding off, and as he becomes more deranged the viewers only increase. *Network* shows us that it doesn't matter if people disagree with what you say, only that they keep on watching.

## picks movies for the Trump-era

### A Separation (2011)



\\ Artificial Eye

The rise of Trump has been blamed by some on the existence of the 'echo chamber', where people only surround themselves with those they agree with. If this is true, it's not only a problem of the left: those on the right need to get in touch with those they might not see eye-to-eye with. Trump's recent 'Muslim ban' bars citizens from seven

Muslim-majority countries from entering the USA. Among these countries is Iran, so Trump could do with exploring this country's cinema, starting with Asghar Farhadi's masterful *A Separation*. Dealing with the divorce of a middle-class couple, *A Separation* shows us that – surprise! – Iranians are no different to the rest of us.

### Mad Max: Fury Road (2015)



\\ Warner Brothers

So, what film could prepare you better for the coming Trump-ocalypse than a two hour action-packed romp through a post-nuclear holocaust wasteland ruled by a malevolent dictator with questionable hair and an objectionable attitude to women? *Mad Max: Fury Road* shows us what could happen if Trump continues to get his tiny hands

all over environmental policy. Already he's resurrected the Dakota Access pipeline, gagged the National Parks Service, and removed the climate change page on the White House website. *Mad Max: Fury Road* teaches us that the way to deal with the incoming environmental crisis is to pick up a guitar and start shredding.

By Fred Fyles



# Leonardo Fine Arts Exhibition Opening

Today 6:30 Sherfield 5<sup>th</sup> floor





# Union Page



## Get ready for the Leadership Elections - nominations open Monday 6 February

**You are Imperial. Will you take the lead?**

The Leadership Elections 2017 are your chance to shape the future of student life at Imperial. Every single Imperial student, no matter their subject, degree level, or campus, can cast their vote for the students that will lead the groups that make this student community what it is. Imperial College Union brings together Clubs, Societies & Projects, Constituent Unions, Liberation Officers, Academic Representatives, and Community Volunteers into one vibrant and active organisation. Nominations open at 00:01 on Monday 6 February. Visit our Elections website for more information.

[imperialcollegeunion.org/elections](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/elections)

## Decide the theme for our Summer Ball



The Union is currently preparing for The Summer Ball 2017 and we need your help to choose a theme! We listened to what you had to say about last year's ball in our feedback survey and have picked the following five themes from your suggestions.

- ▲ Disco ▲ Black Tie ▲ Hawaii/Beach party
- ▲ Masquerade Ball ▲ 1950s

Take the poll online at [imperialcollegeunion.org](http://imperialcollegeunion.org) and cast your vote and let us know what theme you would like to see at The Summer Ball 2017. You could also win a pair of tickets to the Ball by taking part!

The poll will close at 17:00 on Monday 6 February.

## Calling all student social entrepreneurs



The A.C.T. Now Social Enterprise are calling all Student Social Entrepreneurs at Imperial to take advantage of this exciting opportunity to showcase your social projects, initiatives and enterprises. On Monday 20 March, we'll be hosting the first ever A.C.T. Now! Social Enterprise showcase. We will be looking for students to submit an application to either pitch or present a poster at the showcase and no matter what stage your enterprise is at you can apply to present a poster or pitch for up to £1,500 funding.

Applications for pitching and poster presentations are open now until Tuesday 14 February. To get involved and submit an application visit:

[imperialcollegeunion.org/social-action](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/social-action)





**T**rafalgar Square's Fourth Plinth is a temporary pedestal upon which the best, edgiest, and most relevant

contemporary sculptures are displayed, and the latest spot is now up for grabs. Well, to one of the five shortlisted entries, that is. These are currently up for display (in miniature-sized versions) in the National Gallery, and it makes for an exhibition well-worth perusing, before heading upstairs to drool over the Monets and Van Goghs.

Having housed a diverse and generally eye-catching statuary in the past – including a skeletal horse, a torso-bust, a rocking horse, and even a big blue cock – the plinth currently supports David Shrigley's giant 'thumbs-up' sign, something I suppose most London folks

\\ Heather Phillipson's work reflects the social uncertainty and political instability of not only the British Isles, but the world entirely \\

have come across at some point of time. It is a sardonic, sarcastic gesture, meant to mock – among other things – Brexit, and stands tall at a lofty 23 feet.

The new entries are each unique in their own way. First among these as you enter the gallery is a piece from the Raqs Media Collective entitled *The Emperor's Old Clothes*, a massive empty robe that is meant to invoke the ghost of the British Empire. It is described as a 'warning for the future', and raises all sorts of questions about power and those who have wielded it. The robe is delicate and billowy, forming a beautiful work of art as well as a cautionary symbol, and

the message is short, simple, and hard-hitting. Among the various gallery-wanderers that I chanced to speak to, it was the most popular, and I can see why – it is elegant, aesthetic, and harkens back to the values of an art form that died out with the birth of contemporary sculpture. Perhaps it is too old-fashioned, and in this way risks subverting its own message, appearing more like nostalgic yearning than subversion and progress.

The next in line (as per my arbitrary ordering) is Michael Rakowitz's *The Invisible Enemy Should Not Exist*, a depiction of the Assyrian winged-bull deity that stood at the entrance to Nineveh, and was destroyed by ISIS at Mosul museum. This version will be made out of Iraqi date-syrup cans, representing an industry that withered away due to the Iraq wars. It is a colourful, exotic piece, and I see the appeal. Meant to 'carry on...Nineveh's past', the sculpture hopes to eventually move to Iraq for a permanent home. So why London? Why Trafalgar Square? To me, it seems a little out-of-place, and I rack my brains to see how it represents London's vibrant, modern, and metropolitan vibe. It is a little too PC, a little too contrived (made out of date-syrup cans for added symbolism?), and a little too tame for my tastes.

Speaking of tame, the edge returns with Heather Phillipson's *The End*, a giant glob of cream with a cherry on top and a fully-functioning drone on top of said cherry. Yes, a drone. On a cherry. On a glob of cream. Oh, and a stray fly, perched atop this monstrosity. There is definitely something sharp and satirical about this piece, and feels more in line with the spirit of contemporary London; it reflects the social uncertainty and political instability of not only the British Isles but the world entirely, and the general unease over government and surveillance that has become almost one of the defining characteristics of our generation. I can definitely

see this one winning – and the general underground susurrations (and betting odds) suggest that it will. Don't hold me to it though. It may prove to be too edgy, lacking the gentler aesthetic sensibilities of some of the other works.

The last two are Damián Ortega's *High Way* and Huma Bhabha's *Untitled*, the former of which is a truck stacked with oil cans, scaffolds, and ladders. It looks precarious, and is meant to suggest imbalance and instability – again, probably another general political comment of some sort. *Untitled* – the go-to stereotype

\\ Don't hold me to it though. It may prove to be too edgy, lacking the gentler aesthetic sensibilities of some of the other works \\

for hipster/'modern' art – is a brown, nearly-shapeless block of cork and polystyrene. Apparently it harks back to sci-fi and comic book symbolism. Apparently it 'connects' to African art, Picasso, and Rodin, among others. Alas, I am not sure of the aesthetic value of this work, nor the message it hopes to convey. Thanks to this, *High Way* is only the second-most unconvincing piece among the five.

I won't mention who I voted for (yes, the public can 'vote' on their favourite and their comments are even 'taken into consideration!') because I don't want to influence my esteemed readership any more than I have already. But I will recommend a visit to this small but thought-provoking exhibition (I've been twice already) to make up your mind for yourself.

## The fourth plinth shortlist proves a mixed bag



Previous tenants of the plinth have included Yinka Shonibare's *Nelson's Ship in a Bottle* \\ Flickr: pipnash



Abhinav Varma

The Fourth Plinth shortlist is on at the National Gallery until 26th March

Free Entry





## Wish List | A harrowing portrait of zero-hours contracts



Joseph Quinn as Dean Carmody and Erin Doherty as Tamsin Carmody \\ Jonathan Keenan



If someone were to wander into the snug stage-room on the top floor of the Royal Court Theatre on Friday evening, if they were lucky enough to enter at the right moment, they might chance upon what appears to be an impromptu, karaoke rendition of Meat Loaf's *I Would Do Anything For Love*. A bemusing sight, but just a fleeting fantasy in the harsh reality of a girl called Tamsin, who tried to support both herself and her younger brother through her taxing, zero-hours contract. Struggling to make ends meet, she has taken on a job at a packing warehouse, whose almost-Orwellian motto 'Work. Enjoy. Improve.' reeks of irony, leading to it being mockingly dubbed the 'fulfilment centre' by Luke – Tamsin's co-worker.

This is the world of Katherine Soper's *Wish List*: a play, beautifully directed by Matthew Xia, which draws you into a world where life is difficult, and bureaucratic red tape seems to cordon off the escapes in every direction.

Tamsin's 16-year-old younger brother Dean depends on her due to his obsessive-compulsive

behaviour, which has rendered him incapable of going to college or even leaving the house alone in the daytime. But this is not how the government seems to view it, and Dean's benefits are cut after he is deemed fit to seek work.

Everything about this play is lonely: the cast consists of just four different characters, and the play is set in a quiet room with a capacity perhaps more commonly associated with classrooms than theatres. There is no question about how accurately this reflects Tamsin's reality, which seems to be isolated in every way – she is cut off by her brother, by her dire situation, and by the governmental bureaucracy, which fails to see the name behind the numbers.

And yet, in a strange way, *Wish List* seems to shine. The distance we feel makes us appreciate the fleeting flashes of hope and happiness we witness throughout, making them all the more flavourful, such as the moment when Tamsin receives a tea-light from Luke, which stands out all the more. The play somehow manages to capture the grim irony of Tamsin's situation in a very cute way, with a surprising number of laugh out loud moments,

many stemming from the light-hearted and likeable character of Luke, performed perfectly by Shaquille Ali-Yebuah; it's a kind of humour that is hilarious in the terrible yet beautiful way it captures Tamsin's awful situation.

In such an intimate setting – where the audience are as much a part of the stage as the actors – the challenge facing the cast is much greater than acting in front of a larger audience. As Tamsin, Erin Doherty puts forward a very strong and emotional performance, making Tamsin's struggles evident through devastatingly nuanced words and expressions. Dean's character is illustrated in a terrifyingly real way: his fragile mental state, despite at first seeming very in-your-face, swiftly and seamlessly becomes an intrinsic part of the character, and I credit this to Joseph Quinn's unflinching portrayal. Aleksandar Mikic also shines in his role as the Lead – Tamsin's ostensibly stiff supervisor whose true character gradually comes into the light, revealing him as a family man who has simply fallen prey to pressures from those above him.

Waleed El-Geresy

Shappi Khorsandi has lived in England for 40 years, and in *Oh My Country!*: from *Morris Dancing* to *Morrissey* she explains her Billy Bragg-inspired brand of patriotism: "it's about places, not races", she says, delivering anecdotes about skinheads in the 80s and racial abuse nowadays with a sense of nostalgia. Khorsandi is adamant about her identity being defined on her own terms, and refuses to be put in a box. She explains her aversion to her book, *Nina is Not Okay*, being nominated for an award dedicated to "Writers of Colour" – "I'm not a crayon!" she says, showing the audience an open letter she received in response to asking herself to be removed from the long list. Having been accused of "obscuring

her identity", she points at her face, and her book cover, on which her name is printed. She's never had to justify her Iranian heritage, she says. Her young children perfectly exemplify her dual culture: she paints a picture of her sarcastic son watching *Countryfile*, snacking on potted beef, while her dramatic three-year-old daughter calls it "dog food" and goes back to eating her sheep's head. She brings out her passport onstage, telling the audience about a conversation with a twelve-year-old refugee in Calais who was so impressed she had a red one. She reads the front, and describes it as a "sick note from the Queen". She rolls her eyes at Trump, and reflects on the absurdity of the idea of her satirist father, forced to flee death threats in Iran 40 years ago, not being

allowed to travel to the US. Having delivered a speech at the rally the night before, she complains about having to come up with new material on such short notice.

All her material is delivered with charm and authenticity. It's impossible to not be endeared when she notices some change by her feet and moves it off the stage. "It's bad luck!" she explains, and asks the audience not to tell the British Humanist society, of which she is president. Khorsandi's natural charisma, combined with her original, politically-tinged material, add up to a show that is optimistic, and at times bittersweet.

*Shappi Khorsandi's Oh My Country!* is on at the Soho Theatre until 4<sup>th</sup> February. Tickets from £13.

Simran Kukran

## Shappi Khorsandi | Oh my country!



Shappi, queen of Ealing \\ Alison Peters PR



An exhibition of harlotry upon the public stage!" denounced *The Times* when

*La Traviata* was first staged in London in 1856. Although it is now the most frequently staged opera worldwide, *La Traviata's* beginnings were plagued by stern censorship and moral outrage. That a common prostitute should be portrayed in anything other than a negative light – worse, for her to be the star of the show – was a shocking statement to make in the Victorian era.

This was all the more so because prostitution was very much rampant in 19<sup>th</sup> century Paris. In 1847, just a few years before, the renowned courtesan Marie Duplessis had died of consumption. Despite her profession, her delicate and refined nature was praised by her many lovers, among whom were Franz Lizst and the writer Alexandre Dumas fils. After Duplessis' death, Dumas wrote a semi-autobiographical play based on her life, *La Dame aux camélias* (Duplessis wore red and white camellias to signify her sexual availability). It was this play that inspired Verdi to write *La Traviata*.

The presence of courtesans was winked at by Parisian society, but only as long as they knew their place – these 'fallen women' could never be elevated above the status of their sin. Personally, Verdi also ran afoul of these inflexible societal rules: society strongly disapproved of his decade-long cohabitation with the singer Giuseppe Strepponi.

With his tragic heroine Violetta, Verdi brought society's hypocrisy uncomfortably into the public eye. Small wonder that the opera-house La Fenice insisted that *La Traviata* be disguised safely in the costume of the previous century. For thirty years, *La Traviata* was set anachronistically in the 1700s. But the audience could probably tell that it was a "subject for [their] times" – modernity, in

the form of the fashionable waltz and polka rhythms, pervades the score of the opera.

Waltz rhythms are heard throughout Act I, as Violetta throws a grand party for a crowd of friends and admirers. The young Alfredo Germont declares his love; Violetta refuses him initially, but gives him a camellia and tells him to return when it is faded. In Act II, their happy life together is dashed by the appearance of Alfredo's father. The older Germont regrettably asks Violetta to leave Alfredo because her reputation is hindering the respectable marriage of Alfredo's sister. Though torn, Violetta sacrifices her happiness and writes in a letter to Alfredo that she is abandoning him. The two later meet at a party where Alfredo publicly denounces and humiliates Violetta, who faints from the shock. In the third act, Violetta's consumption has caught up to her and she is dying. Alfredo, having been told of Violetta's fidelity and sacrifice, rushes to make amends, but it is too late, and she dies in his arms.

Richard Eyre's production of *La Traviata* is located in the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century, exactly as Verdi envisioned. As is appropriate for a great classic, the interpretation is literal rather than avant-garde. This is the production's 14<sup>th</sup> revival at the ROH since its premiere two decades ago in 1994 – a testament to its enduring popularity – and yet it is far from old-fashioned or boring. This is one of the most beautiful sets I have seen in any production, conjuring realistic atmospheres of grandeur or bleakness without tipping over into excess (I'm looking at you, *Manon Lescaut*).

For an opera, the story of *La Traviata* feels surprisingly authentic, perhaps because it is inspired by real life rather than legend. No gypsies being burnt at stakes here, no revenge carried over from generations before, no supernatural curses dogging the protagonist as in *Il Trovatore* or *The Flying Dutchman*. Verdi's sensitive rendering of his characters has

created a Violetta who is both startlingly human and heart-breakingly vulnerable, and therefore I think the success of a run of *La Traviata* hinges on the soprano playing her. Not only must she navigate the challenging arias and their fiendish coloratura demands, she must also successfully embody the youthful beauty wasting away from consumption. Violetta II, marked by death, and she knows it; this knowledge fuels her "living for pleasure" in Act I and heightens the tragedy of her parting from Alfredo in Act II, which is to be final.

The first ever Violetta, the plump and middle-aged Salvini-Donatelli, was so unconvincing that the audience burst into laughter at her imminent death in Act III. Verdi himself recognised the unique need for a believable actress, writing that the singer should have "an elegant figure, be young and sing passionately... Even a mediocrity could possess the right qualities to shine in that opera and be dreadful in everything else."

Fortunately, Joyce El-Khoury was marvellously believable. She held my attention from Act I; her rich and mature voice was well controlled, her trills and flourishes perfectly in tune with the orchestra. Her true strength, though, was in bringing across Violetta's depth of character. In the famous "Sempre Libera" (Free and aimless), El-Khoury sang with the wild gaiety of Violetta's commitment to pleasure, but also conveyed the confusion of her slowly falling for Alfredo. I was completely sucked into her heroic self-sacrifice in Act II's "Dite alla giovine..." (Tell your daughter...) against the unyielding demands of Germont the elder (sung by Artur Ruciński's splendid hoary baritone). Sergey Romanovsky was occasionally a bit rigid as Alfredo but his mellow tenor complemented El-Khoury excellently in the duets.

Although I am not one who sheds tears easily, even I had a lump in my throat during El-Khoury's "Addio, del passato" – Violetta bidding

## La Traviata | An opera that speaks to the heart



Joyce El-Khoury as Violetta Valéry in *La Traviata* \\ Tristram Kenton



Claire Chan

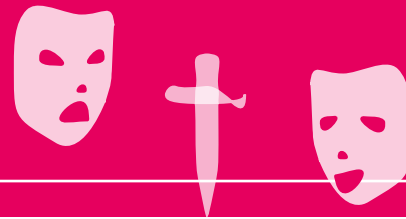
farewell to the dreams of the past as she lies dying in an empty room, forsaken by all who loved her. No wonder *La Traviata* is one of the greatest operatic tragedies of all time.

"Poetry of the brothel," was the dismissive remark of another irate 19<sup>th</sup> century reviewer. But there is indeed

poetry in *La Traviata* and its tale of anguish, of self-sacrifice. The ROH's classic production and outstanding cast brings it out to the highest degree. Verdi would have approved.

*La Traviata* will return to the Royal Opera House in June 2017. Tickets from £11.





# Musicians against Trump

Trump's already **controversial** presidency has been **vehemently** opposed by many from its inception. Most recently the **Muslim ban** has stirred a backlash from musicians across the globe.

Theo Farah

**A**s the world reacts to Trump's Muslim ban, amidst huge protests held across the globe, condemnation from the music industry has been rife.

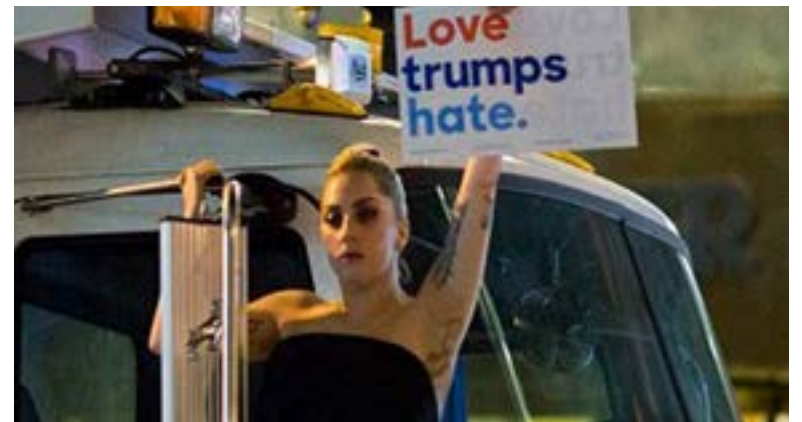
Nicki Minaj, Bette Midler, and DJ Khaled are three of the many musicians to take to twitter to oppose Trump's most controversial executive order so far, while Four Tet has added songs from the affected countries to his playlist (found on Spotify) in solidarity with the people suffering as a result of the order. Carried out in the interests of National Security, the order prevents citizens of seven countries of Muslim majority (Syria, Iran, Sudan, Libya, Somalia, Yemen, and

Iraq) from entering the USA for 90 days. In addition, it has halted refugee processing for 120 days (permanently from Syria) and has more than halved the cap from 110,000 to 50,000 total refugees that will be accepted in 2017. Intended to reduce terrorist activity in the US, it has widely been hailed as cruel and illogical.

The new president is no stranger to opposition from the music industry. Both his campaign and neonatal presidency have been dogged with criticisms from media personalities and famous musicians. This began with a host of artists requesting that Donald Trump desisted from using their music at his rallies. Known for using classic rock at his campaign events, artists such as The Rolling Stones,

Twisted Sister, Steven Tyler, and R.E.M drafted letters to his campaign office requesting that he no longer play their music. Aerosmith's lawyers were keen to negate "the false impression that [Steven Tyler] is connected with or endorses Mr. Trump's presidential bid". True to form, Trump's campaign continued to use mostly unauthorised music at their events whilst ignoring repeated requests to stop from copyright holders and artists alike.

This trend continued through to his inauguration, with singers from Céline Dion to Elton John refusing to sing. Perhaps this was partly out of fear of the backlash from fans, as Andrea Bocelli reported receiving after initially accepting the gig. Jennifer Holliday, a Broadway singer, felt com-



LGBTQ community for her performance at a pre-inauguration concert for Trump. She later retweeted a piece from *The Boston Globe*, describing the nominees for his cabinet as a "who's who of homophobia".

Trump still has some friends

in music, however. Cultural icons such as Kanye West, Kid Rock, and Ted Nugent all came out in his support during the campaign. With Kanye famously saying "If I would have voted, I would have voted for Trump".

## Percolate | Mind Fundraiser

**A**ny excuse to visit one of my favourite venues in London is welcomed by me, so much more the better when that excuse is me donating to an amazing charity and getting a great, music-heavy evening in return.

The Oval Space is small and intimate, overlooking an industrial side of the city which adds to the very unique vibe that the venue offers. Alongside this is a great sound system and an outside area perfect for tearing away from the sweaty crowds for short dance-free breaks. The crowd there is always an incredible one to be part of,

**\\ The whole night was run for free as all proceedings went to charity, with the DJs coming in as special guests – most only revealed on the night \\**

even more so this night when it felt as if a big community came together over their love for music, all in the good of donating to a great cause. The whole night was run for free as all proceedings went to charity, with the DJs coming in as special guests – most of them only revealed on

the night.

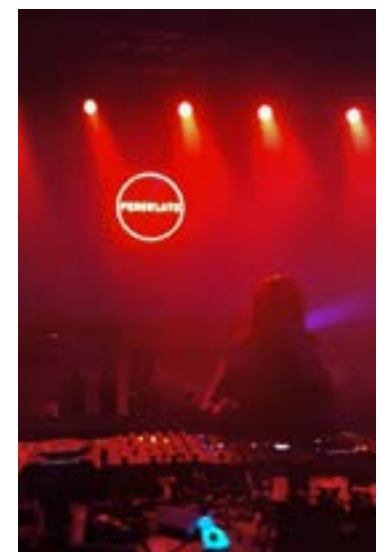
This night was hosted as a fundraiser for Mind, a charity aimed at providing support to those suffering from mental health problems. This involves raising awareness, campaigning to improve the services available, and helping promote a better understanding of this serious set of illnesses that affect around 25% of young adults every year.

The greatness of their fundraiser doesn't stop there though, as the music blasting through the venue when you enter the heavy double doors is eager to prove. A huge line-up with the likes of Maribou State, George Fitzgerald, and Midland led to a day-long music event with amazing beats, drops,

light-shows, and overpriced cans of cider (the beer sold-out within a couple hours).

Each set flowed on from the other flawlessly, sometimes without me ever even noticing the change-over. This could be due very much to the intensity of the music and how easily you were absorbed into it, dancing along with the crowd to each track before realising that hours had passed and you were in desperate need of some fresh air.

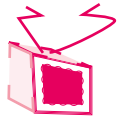
This was a perfect example of a charity knowing its crowd and appealing to them in a way that not only offers them an amazing day of music, fun and dancing, but raises awareness of the illness to the age group most affected, and



letting them help out in a way that they love.

Philipp Antonas





## Bake sale

**A**mong other smaller, less internationally important incidents, it seems to me that 2016 will be remembered primarily as the year that



\\ Mosaic Marketing

the BBC lost the *Great British Bake Off* to Channel 4.

In what is ostensibly just a show about people making cakes, you find a lot of what British culture is all about, and how the BBC fits into our society as a whole.

GBBO really was a reality show not quite like any other; while the *Big Brothers* and *X Factors* of the world set up storylines around contestants being built up as villains and make the stakes seem impossibly high, GBBO settled itself into just being a lovely show about having fun baking and making friends while you're at it.

Indeed, this could be seen



\\ Mikel Ortega

just by how the public talked about the show. Instead of complaining that certain contestants shouldn't have been

\\ GBBO really ] was a reality show not quite like any other \\

put out when they did, people tended to agree that while it was a shame, they didn't have their best week so it was only fair. *Big Brother* had Jade Goody's racist incident, *Bake Off* had BinGate.

The news that the show would be moving to Channel 4 from BBC 1 displayed quite nicely the difference in the public perception of each channel. Upon hearing that the show had been moved to the channel that gave us *Naked Attraction*, images were conjured up in the public's minds of Cake vs. Bread showdowns, contestants twatting each other with saucepans, and sex scandals.

The revelation that Mel, Sue and Mary would not go with the show led to further lamenting about its

future before the reveal that Richard Ayoade would step in to host and was met with a collective 'Hmm.'

While it certainly will be a different show with Ayoade, I think it could show a different side of the British attitude; from the quaint loveliness of a village fete to the repressed, awkwardness of the rush hour tube.

Harry Wilkinson



\\ PunkToad

**S**ince there are a number of DC Comics adaptations on the horizon, it seems only fitting that an animated series be released to capitalise on its popularity. While *Justice League Action*

\\ JLA is able to deliver on all the things it was touted on \\

is definitely entertaining, how much you personally enjoy it depends on what you're expecting.

*Justice League Action* is basically what it says on the tin, action oriented adventures involving various heroes teaming up and taking on an even larger roster of villains. There is little of the deep, complex storytelling and compelling character developments known from previous DC animated properties like

*Young Justice* or the affectionately named 'Timmverse' of the 90s and early 2000s. If those are the kind of things you're looking for, you're going to be disappointed.

On the other hand, *JLA* is able to deliver on all the things it was touted on. The animation is crisp and fluid and all the action sequences are impressive. Though the art style may seem simplistic at first glance, in motion, all the characters appear fine.

That said, a lot of other adaptations have brilliant action scenes, but luckily, this show is able to provide something more in the form of humour and character dynamics. Though Superman, Wonder Woman and Batman take centre stage, they guest star with sorts of heroes from DC Comics, from the headstrong Firestorm to the foul mouthed Constantine (whose cleverly written to be kid-friendly and still as you'd expect him to be). The clash of personalities, as the heroes are thrust into all sorts of zany situations, is fun. The

cast contains a mix of veteran and new voice actors, all of whom give solid performances. It is well worth hearing Kevin Conroy as Batman again after adaptations like the Arkham video games. One episode is a fun tribute to the original 90s Batman series with Conroy,

\\ This isn't a story driven show, nor is it a fitting replacement for the previous series \\

featuring the same atmosphere and music. In general, all the characters come alive and feel like they have genuine distinct personalities.

This isn't a story driven show, nor is it a fitting replacement for the previous series. At the same time, it never pretends to be anything other than what it is, a fun show for all-ages where colourful action and character banter are the name of the game.

Saad Ahmed

## Justice League Action



New, kid-friendly brand justice \\ Warner Bros. Television







# A beginner's guide to tabletop RPGs

Henry Wild gives you the know-how on how role-playing games work, as well as his recommendations on how to begin your first adventure



\\ Benjamin Esham

**S**o you want to learn how I've slaughtered dragons, conquered galaxies, and made my legend? Well, you're in the right place.

RPGs are games where you assume a character within a world and basically have an adventure. So far so video

game; however where tabletop RPGs differ is that instead of being rendered at 60fps on your screen, they take place in the minds of your friends and yours. This lets you do a more epic story about saving the universe than any videogame, as well as craft the sort of tight-knit stories that only exist in the best of fiction.

Before you get on with making your own stories, you'll first need to gather around 2-4 friends. I know, I know, but it's definitely doable. While most people will be playing their characters, one person will be in charge of portraying the world itself. They will be the aptly named 'Gamemaster'.

Once you've got your group together and you've decided who'll be the Gamemaster, you'll want to sit down and

have a chat about what genre and type of game you want to play. Since many games have a setting baked into them, your choice of genre will have an impact on what game you end up playing, and the same with whether you want a mechanically

\\ They take place in the minds of your friends and yours \\

heavy or light game. Because this can be a daunting decision, and for the sake of brevity, I'm going to suggest two of my favourites.

My first suggestion is Dungeons and Dragons 5<sup>th</sup> Edition, the big daddy of tabletop RPGs and arguably

the first one. D&D is a fantasy game where each player is a fantasy trope such as a Dwarf Cleric, or an Elf Ranger. Though it can be quite a complex game at times, it does a decent job at easing you into it, only reaching stupid levels when you've already played a bit and have a grasp of the basics. D&D's big draw, however, is its name. It is much more present in media than any other RPG, and that means that it probably has a higher chance of convincing your potentially hesitant friends to jump in and have a go.

My other suggestion is Fate Accelerated Edition, a streamlined and rules-light system that focuses much more on the narrative you construct and who your characters are rather than whether you

have a +1 or a +3 in athletics. With its easy-to-teach and easy-to-learn rules system, FAE is perfect for people new to RPGs. It is entirely genre independent, so it can be used to play a Guardians of the Galaxy style romp as well as for defeating dark wizards at the hands of teenagers.

No matter what you want to play, there's going to be an RPG for it. You can forget your looming deadlines by slipping into the messy lives of teenage monsters or by being female pilots during WW2. In fact, RPGs are my favourite way to shirk off my responsibilities, slipping into the worlds where I have achieved so much. And given the current state of the world, who doesn't need that from time to time?



## 8-bit snacking

**T**here are a million reasons as to why food appears in video games which is to say there is only really one reason: everybody eats. It might seem obvious but it's the truth and when you think about it, food plays a much larger role in video games than what you think.

Take Pac-man for instance, where the sole purpose of the game is to get Pac-man to eat yellow fluorescent blobs. There are of course other more descript food items, like cherries and strawberries, which when eaten, allow you to in turn eat the ghosts who are trying to eat you. A simple enough dynamic but one which ultimately revolves around food.

It's not just Pac-man or all these culinary games which are about becoming the best chef; most games in general have some link or relation to food. Just look at Super Mario where mushrooms power you up, or an RPG like Dragon Age: Origins, where numerous subplots are based around getting food, like helping some thirsty soldiers or stockpiling cabbages.

\\ Food plays a much larger role in video games than what you think \\

Food is something everyone wants and needs and it's

consumption is probably one of the most widespread ways of representing progression or health regeneration. Food is usually a source of comfort, but in games, it's a resource, essential to keep going.

Even though the nature of food in video games is a bit monotonous, a lot of cultural influences can be recognised in games of recent years. For example, in the game GTA San Andreas, whenever you eat more fast food, your avatar starts to put on the calories and you need to work out at the gym to get your weight in check. In another example, The Legend of Zelda: Wind Waker features 'grandma's Elixir soup' which is the strongest health potion in the game, not unlike the real-life chicken soup

counterpart.

Because food is such a big part of our lives, some games are going out of their way to use food, in order to make gaming a much more immersive experience. Food feels good; it's comforting and it helps add a layer of realism and tangibility to virtual space. Some survival games are based around scavenging for the right types of food to make it through the day. In fact, some players feel such an emotional connection to their food in games that they replicate a lot of in-game food items and recipes. Just run a quick search on google to see how to make things like Pokémon Poképufts and Portal cake.

Just like in real life, food in games is about much more

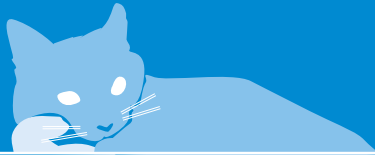
than just pure sustenance as each item can be enveloped in many layers of cultural and emotional baggage. Though many of the items we come across may be little more than health potions at times, they're undeniably a crucial element of the games we love.

Saad Ahmed



Power-Up! \\ Andrew Ell





# Want some fish in that taco?



Breddos is certainly the place to get your taco filled - baja fish, fried chicken or even fried egg are all on the menu at this trendy Barbican joint. Join us for a sensual feast of the finest Mexican cuisine.

Christy Lam



**T**here's this one question I always get asked: how do I have the time to fit in lectures in the morning, project-work in the afternoon, while managing an Instagram story saturated with #bloggermail, press events and bearded baristas in tiny independent cafés in god-knows-where?

The answer is - I don't know. All I know is that my daily life runs in the time slots dictated by my little black Moleskine diary, the grey-bordered rectangles filled with the worst of squiggles: reservation for brunch, a PR's contact number, deadlines for reviews... and so on. I'm someone who likes to make full use of her 24 hours - answering emails while steering away from the Mormons on my way to lectures, editing photos when the professor decides to chat about Huel instead of hydrogen fuel, visualizing photoshoot ideas while dodging pigeons on my way home.

But why do I keep living this busy, structured lifestyle? It may be my pure passion for food, or the typical Hong-Kong-ese efficiency running through my veins, or the anxiety I inherited from my mother (which sometimes makes me miss my Xanax). Or perhaps, and paradoxically, the excitement that comes from spontaneity. Spontaneity, that is when one of those

planned time slots suddenly gets freed up when a lecturer decides to not come to work, as happened last Thursday.

That god-sent slot of freedom got my cortisol rushing up to my head. It was an imperative for me to find something to fill up those two hours. What should I do? Do I have work to catch up on? Any more emails to answer? Books to read? Exes to stalk? That was the moment when the food-lover side of the brain came to rescue - Breddos Tacos.

This wasn't the first time I'd done such a thing. Yet every single time these unplanned adventures get me feeling fuzzy. I ran past the queue outside Fusion, slid past a pair of Mormons down Exhibition Road, exchanged my lecture notes for my camera and hopped on the 30-minute tube journey to Barbican.

When I reached the door of Breddos Tacos on 82 Goswell Road, I was quite out of breath. And speechless at how the once makeshift taco shack in a car park in Hackney had transformed into this hip, stylish, standalone site. The space was filled by wooden bar tables, quirky wall art and a lightbox shouting "COCTELES & MEZCAL".

I was seated swiftly by the window looking out to the quiet cross road between Old Street and Clerkenwell Road, next to two business men sawing through their charred

cuts of beef from the grill over wine and margaritas.

The menu and two of their daily salsas arrived with a friendly waitress, who recommended some of their most popular tacos: masa fried chicken, baja fish and fried egg, plus a refreshing seasonal hibiscus and rosehip agua fresca. I went

\\ My growling stomach urged me to grab the fish taco. The tortilla was the size of my palm \\

for exactly those and waited patiently for the food to come.

Despite it being the peak of the lunch hour, it didn't take long for my table to be filled with a fiesta of earthenware, bright colours and of course, tacos. The baja fish and fried chicken tacos came as a pair on a black, glossy plate, excitingly Instagrammable with shreds of red cabbage,

cilantro and lime. The fried egg taco came on its own white plate, the egg in a perfect circle on the soft corn tortilla with a bright orange yolk balancing on top.

After an obligatory round of photos, my growling stomach urged me to grab the fish taco. The tortilla itself was the size of my palm, disproportionate with the size of the fried fish. I folded the tortilla in half, trying to keep all the cabbage and lime mayonnaise goodness inside. At that point, I knew that all table manners or any "lady-ness" had no control over this meal. I took a gigantic bite. The party of flavours burst in my mouth: juices from the fish, sweetness from the cabbage, tang from the lime and the heat from the pico de gallo salsa. I took a sip of agua fresca to calm the heat and continued. The whole taco was demolished in 30 seconds.

Same happened for the fried chicken taco. Except the unexpected fire from the habanero salsa with the spicy, crunchy skin on the chicken.

The fried egg taco was like the slow dance at the end of a ball, giving a wonderful applause to the excitement and fiery heat from before. The yolk burst into an orange river, surrounding the bits of queso fresco, macadamia nut mole and herbs.

I was tempted by dessert (come on, leche frita!) but

\\ A party of flavours burst into my mouth: juices from the fish, sweetness from the cabbage, tang from the lime and heat from the salsa \\

it was time for the next slot of commitments. Breddos Tacos definitely fulfilled the requirements of my definition of spontaneity for a weekday afternoon - an explosion of colours, exotic flavours and delicious food.





# All hail the sublime starch, the chieftan of cuisine, the triumphant tuber | the potato

As it's the food edition, we thought we'd focus on the fanciest, most elegant ingredient that most of us will ever have grace our plates: **the potato**. We present to you **five excellent ways** to prepare this **sublime ingredient**, as well as a comprehensive breakdown of why it is **notably superior to all other tubers**.

**T**he humble spud. Where to start? How many foodstuffs can compare to the tuber that brought a whole nation to its knees – and I'm not talking about the Irish potato famine, but rather the introduction of potatoes to haute cuisine. People had been searching for a starch that was affordable yet amazing, could be roasted as easily as boiled, and in all preparations had the same delicious taste – the potato had it all.

Indeed, being first cultivated in Peru, it was this that the Spanish conquistadors searched for – not El Dorado, but El Potato (city of potato). Jealously hoarded by their Incan growers, a fierce battle would rage culminating in the genocide of an entire race just for the acquisition of a tuber, an event never duplicated until the great Jerusalem artichoke battles of the mid 1700's #alfacts.

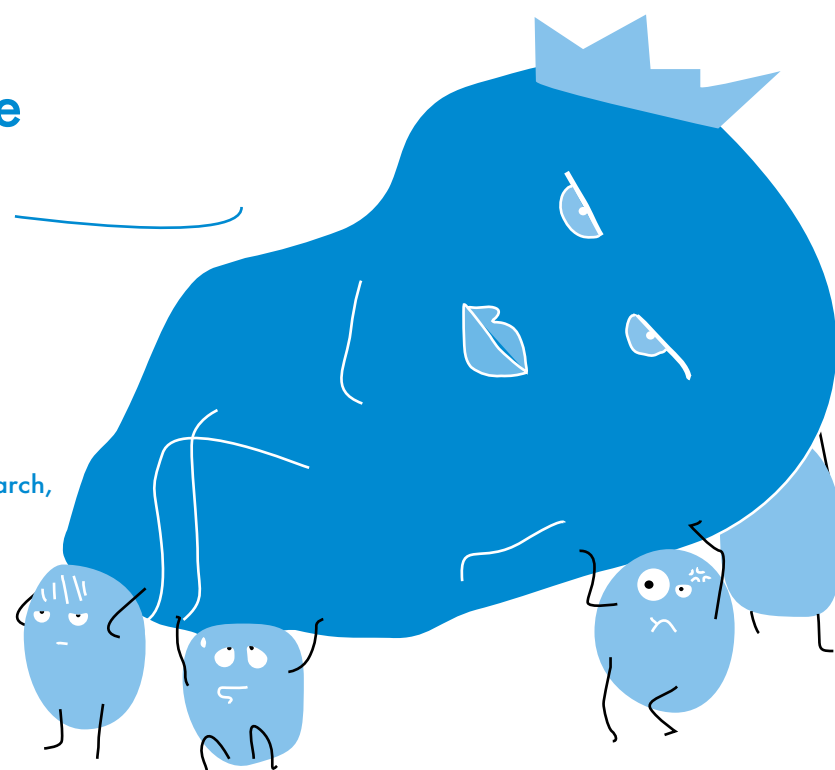
Such is the way of the world – we were fortunate that the Spanish throne spread the potato far and wide, landing on British shores in the 1500's and it has thrived here ever since. But why is it so popular?

Compared to their orange cousins the sweet potato, it is less saccharine – but this is truly an advantage, for it enables it to pair excellently with meat, and shun marshmallows entirely. Yams, the hairy, wrinkled uncles to our divine tuber are simply too repulsive when poorly cooked, and though their nutty flavour is admirable, they can be easily set aside when compared to a fluffy, golden roastie.

## Worship me

...  
you filth

All hail the vegetable monarch,  
Queen Potato



## Rosemary potatoes

**Ingredients:**  
8-10 medium potatoes  
1-2 tsp Olive oil  
Butter  
Rosemary  
Salt

This is probably the easiest way to cook potatoes. First, preheat the oven at 175.

Peel and chop the potatoes into smallish pieces. After arranging them on a tray, pour some olive oil – not too much. Sprinkle with chopped rosemary and a bit of salt.

In my opinion, those are the only things you need to add, but you can experiment with pepper and chilli or God knows what other condiments you fancy.

Let the potatoes cook inside the oven for 15-25 minutes – you should check them from time to time after 15 minutes to make sure they don't burn!

## Stuffed potatoes

**Ingredients:**  
4 baking potatoes  
Bacon  
Shredded cheese  
2 eggs  
1 bell pepper  
Black pepper  
Salt  
1 tsp olive oil

Let the potatoes boil for 20-25 minutes in salty water. Before taking them out, check if they are cooked through. Insert a fork – it should easily go the whole way through. There is a fine equilibrium: if they are too HARD, you won't be able to use them, but if they are too soft, they are useless.

After they are boiled, cut them into halves. I prefer to cut them in two cups, but I think it's easier, at least at the beginning, to cut them lengthways. Use a spoon to

Andrada Balmez and  
Sanjay Bhattacharya

chopped bacon, pepper, onion (and some extra veggie, because now you have plenty of space inside; I recommend: slices of tomatoes and diced carrot) Pour some olive oil on the top. Put in the oven for ten minutes. Add the beaten eggs mixed with shredded cheese before letting them cook for extra 10 minutes.

Method 3: use your imagination! When I like to feel a bit more sophisticated, I fill them with unexpected things. Melon and crispy bacon are a nice combination, or spinach and cheese. Cook the spinach before and mix with a soft cheese like Feta cheese and then stuff the potatoes with it; sprinkle some extra mozzarella on top of it before baking. Or pears soaked in rum and a good old cheese. Really, the possibilities are infinite! The only limit is your imagination.

P.S. if you don't want to throw away the inside of the potatoes but really don't have space for them anymore, you can just mix them with butter and make them into small balls that can be cooked in the oven for 15 minutes. If you really like cheese – I mean, who doesn't? – you can stuff cheese in the middle of them.

\\ Spanish conquistadors searched not for El Dorado, but El Potato ("city of potato") \\

## Potato stew

**Ingredients**  
3 medium potatoes  
2-3 big carrots  
1 parsnip  
250g green peas  
1 pear  
1 beef stock cube  
Pepper  
Salt  
Cumin

Well, honestly, this one is a bit of cheating when it comes to potatoes, but it's still a great way of serving Eastern Europe's favourite food – and I can say that without being racist or xenophobic as I come from there.

The only thing you need for this one is a) a pot that can be used in the oven b) a bit more time – so, don't try this if you are starving c) either luck to not start a fire when leaving the oven unattended (which I obviously don't recommend, but hey, we are all humans and hence, we make mistakes – or some power to study in

the kitchen and tend to the oven.

First, peel what must be peeled, wash what must be washed and then chop everything in equal sizes – now, you'll be thinking: am I supposed to cut everything in the same size and shape as the peas? Ha. Ha. You are my guest, if you want, but I think that you know what I meant and I am not even bothering to further explain. You are a smart Imperial student, riiight?

Put everything in the pot, add one or two cups of water, so everything is covered a bit. Spice it up. Let cook in the oven for one hour (more or less, depending on how big you cut everything and how fresh the veggies are), while you are studying those integrals and don't leave the oven unattended. I mean, you can, but if you do that and the fire alarm starts, karma will strike back in the exams.

Obviously, when ready, serve with meat!



\\ Yams, the hairy, wrinkled uncles to our divine tuber are simply too repulsive when poorly cooked, though their nutty flavour is admirable \\



## Potato salad

**Ingredients:**  
6-7 medium sized potatoes  
2-3 Spring onions  
3 eggs  
bacon bits  
parsley leaves  
4-5 medium basil leaves  
salt  
pepper

Hard-boil the eggs and the potatoes. Peel the eggs, and dice into medium cubes along with the potatoes. Chop the spring onions, the parsley and basil leaves. Mix everything in a reasonably sized bowl. Add the bacon bits and salt and pepper to taste.

Congratulations! Now you have a nice lunch you can either take to school or enjoy in the silence of your room. If you are an animal (which you probably are, unless you are a plant or an enormous bacterium), you might want to add some mayonnaise – I don't, as I'm not a savage.

\\ A starch that is affordable yet amazing, could be roasted as easily as boiled, and in all preparations had the same delicious taste – the potato has it all \\

## Mashed potato

**Ingredients:**  
400g small potatoes  
1 medium squash  
200g evaporated milk  
200g butter  
Salt  
Fresh parsley leaves

Well, I know I said that this is going to be a recipe about mashed potatoes, but mashed potatoes are b-o-r-i-n-g without some great gravy and no one has time to make great gravy whenever they cook mashed potatoes. I always choose to mix the potatoes with some squash for extra tastiness but if you don't like it, you can just get rid of it and still follow the steps.

Boil the (peeled) potatoes until they are soft. Peel and chop the squash. In a separate pot, boil the squash cubes. When they are soft, take the potatoes and the squash and mash them. Now, I know that you are a student and you might not have the right instrument, but you can easily use a fork. And a bit of brute force.

Add the butter and the milk to the mixture until it softens. You know, the more the merrier, so you should add as much as you can – just be careful not to make a soup instead of mashed potatoes.

To finish, use your already well developed skills at salting food. For extra deliciousness, sprinkle some finely chopped parsley leaves on top.



I just want to roll around in them and enjoy their earthy goodness





# Ten of the best

*felix* takes a peek at ten of the hottest spots around London that really stand out from the rabble. Enjoy!

1 | **Bleecker Burger**

The Bleecker Black is probably the best burger in London, with two juicy patties with a layer of black pudding in the middle.

2 | **Where the Pancakes Are**

A cute little pancake house serving delicious, homemade pancakes at the back of a bustling food market.

3 | **Waffle On**

The king of fried chicken waffles hides in the busy Maltby Street Market, open during the weekends.

4 | **Oli Baba's**

Prepare for a heart attack as you munch on these crispy fried halloumi chips from Oli Baba at the new KERB Camden!

5 | **Said London**

All hot drinks at this Italian Chocolate café in SoHo are served in a cup dipped in MOLTEN CHOCOLATE..

6 | **Ozone Coffee Roasters**

Aside from their amazing coffee roasted in the basement, Ozone serves the best eggs benedict in London – the kind with a deep fried bubble 'n' squeak.

7 | **Bob's Lobster**

A toasted, buttered brioche studded full with chunks of fresh lobster meat? Hunt Bob's Lobster down at Street Feast Dalston Yard.

8 | **Oysters at Borough Market**

Nothing beats looking down at a plate of freshly shucked oysters for less than a meal at the QTR.

9 | **Da Mario**

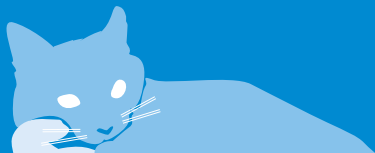
The annual tutorial group lunch at Da Mario is worth looking forward to, especially when your tutor pays.

10 | **Brown and Rosie**

The moment of excitement when you cut open a poached egg to find a bright orange river of #yolkporn.

Christy Lam





MILLENNIALS...

felix

# Starving anxiety into submission

## | Anorexia

As Eating Disorder Awareness Week edges closer, one reader shares with us their struggle with anorexia. Through the haziness they try to recall the ups, the downs and the lessons learned.

I thought the only way I could dull my anxiety was starving it. If I was dizzy and needed to concentrate hard on staying upright, there was no space left to worry. Before long I'd reach a comfortable haze, unable to carry a thought for more than a few seconds. The emptiness inside my stomach made the tightness in my chest less noticeable. Neglecting my ever growing to-do list didn't seem so bad if I got a kick every time I managed to avoid a meal. Avoiding any sort of consumption became my crutch. Not only had I convinced myself that restricting my intake of food would put my physical symptoms at bay, but I started believing that I was a much better version of myself when I hadn't eaten. I'm still not sure of what was happening at the time, whether I was actually having fewer panic attacks on an empty stomach or if I was so desperate for something to take them away that I convinced myself it was working. I became

obsessed with constructing a façade where it seemed everything was okay. I'd smile and agree to meet for lunch, while playing my favourite game of making it seem like I'd nearly finished my meal, having hidden most of it or rearranged it in the plate. I spent more and more hours without food, thriving off of the sense of control and independence. Soon this behaviour became second nature.

When I did eat, it tended to be fast food. I wasn't avoiding any particular classes of food, or counting calories like I'd done in my first encounter with anorexia eight years prior. I knew my habits weren't normal, but I convinced myself it was okay, definitely not an illness or something I couldn't manage. Sure, I didn't eat as regularly as the average person, but I was still eating sometimes, and don't all adults get too busy to eat occasionally? Rapidly, I started to feel like I wasn't in control anymore – the feeling of accomplishment I got from ignoring meals became more

SO..... yeah...

You'll starve to death if you continue along the same trajectory.

Soz.



responsibilities – was I ready for that? It was only then that I started to understand my relationship with food was very much about self worth. I doubted whether I was worthy of eating, worthy of consuming things and occupying space. Managing to control something measurable was an easy way to feel like I'd achieved something and was therefore deserving of my existence.

Now I recognise how unkind it was to put this much pressure on myself. I felt like I

and more difficult to attain. I was conflicted, unable to decide whether I wanted to change and get help or if losing the sense of achievement that came with avoiding meals was too much to bear. I began to lash out at everyone around me. At the time I felt too ashamed to put my actions into words. Nobody had seemed to notice what I was doing so it felt impossible to tell anyone what was happening. Saying there was a problem out loud also meant acknowledging there was one for sure. I had to abandon the rhetoric of a 'spectrum of normal' I'd managed to fool myself into thinking.

Finally, I managed the courage to get help. Even in the initial stages of

assessment and therapy, I wasn't entirely sure there was anything wrong with me. I'd had a more 'textbook' eating disorder in the past, where thoughts of calories and dress size dominated everything I did. It was only when a dietician told me (rather dramatically) that I would eventually starve to death if I continued along the same trajectory that it became impossible to be blasé about the situation. Eating more regularly was difficult to start with, but after a couple of months I started to get my strength back. It was hard to face that a lot of my struggles had been linked to my weight and appearance – topics I hadn't allowed myself to consciously think about in nearly a decade. When I became aware of gaining weight steadily, of physically getting bigger, of the fact that there was more of me in the world, I nearly lost all the progress I made and reverted to my habits. Gaining weight became a proxy for committing to my surroundings and

\\ It was only when a dietician told me (rather dramatically) that I would eventually starve to death if I continued along the same trajectory that it became impossible to be blasé about the situation \\

was letting people down; not achieving enough academically or not being a good enough friend. If you are struggling or feeling inadequate, remind yourself that you owe nothing to nobody. Your priority should be yourself and everything else is secondary. Like everything else in life, it's easier said than done.

Omg... I'm so full

I can't believe I almost cleared that massive plate of meatball pasta



\\ The emptiness inside my stomach made the tightness in my chest less noticeable \\

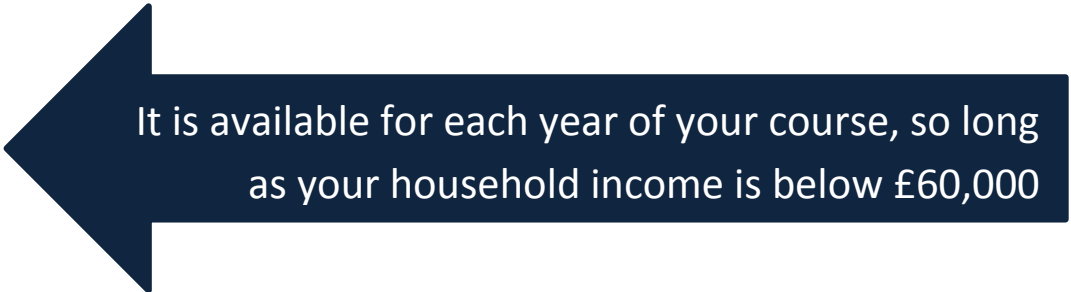


# Imperial Bursary

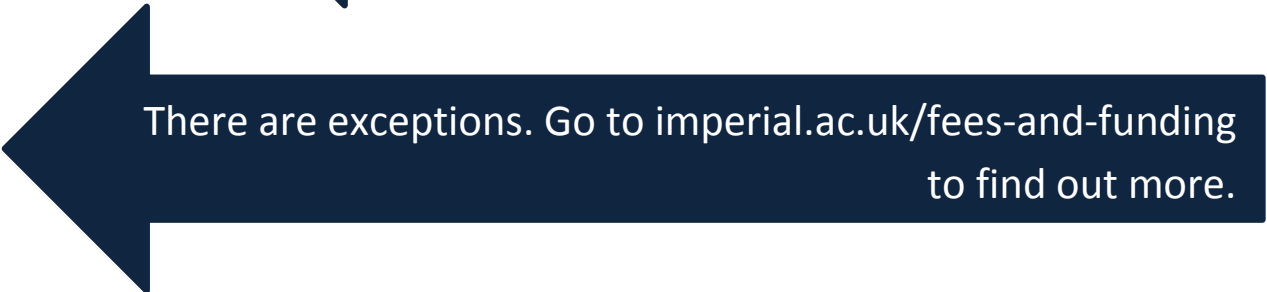
If your family's **household income** has changed you can be reassessed during the academic year by the **Student Finance England** (or equivalent awarding body).

You need to ask for a **current year income assessment** which will assess your household's current financial situation. You may be entitled to a larger loan for living costs from the Student Loans Company and larger **Imperial Bursary**.

Once you have been assessed you must get in touch with the **Student Financial Support Team** before 1 May 2017 to be reassessed for your Imperial Bursary.



It is available for each year of your course, so long as your household income is below £60,000



There are exceptions. Go to [imperial.ac.uk/fees-and-funding](http://imperial.ac.uk/fees-and-funding) to find out more.

**STUDENT FINANCIAL SUPPORT** can give advice on the **cost of living** in London, **emergency funding, funding for placements** and advice on your **SLC loans** and the **Imperial Bursary**.

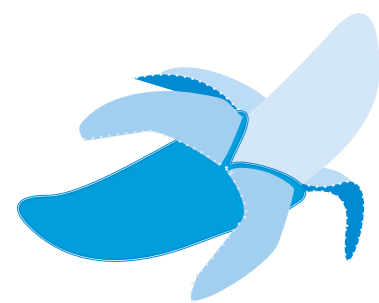
**CONTACT THE STUDENT FINANCIAL SUPPORT TEAM TO FIND OUT MORE:**

+44(0)20 7594 9014

Student Hub, Level 3,  
Sherfield Building

[www.Imperial.ac.uk/fees-and-funding](http://www.Imperial.ac.uk/fees-and-funding)





# SEX

## I heard you like... food?

We get down and dirty to get you the messy details in 'Wet and Messy'

B.C. Maile

**H**ave you ever found yourself aroused by the thought of having a cream pie pushed into your face or cracking eggs over someone's chest? Of course you have. Well, you're not alone. This fringe phenomenon is called 'Wet and Messy Fetishism', often abbreviated to WAM or simply called splashing. Fans of WAM enjoy the sensation of wet or messy substances being rubbed or poured on their bodies. These can include cream, custard, eggs, milk, beer and non-food substances such as paint, gunge, oil, mud or lotion. People involved in WAM often like to stress that bodily fluids are not included in the list. I caught up with a guy who's been into WAM for some time to ask him some questions. (He has asked not to be named so we'll give him the pseudonym Hamish.)

When did you first realise you were into this stuff?

I think I first realised it was a turn-on in my mid-teens, I stumbled upon some Japanese game-show porn involving cream pies and then just followed a series of links. It became my go-to wank-fuel for quite a while.

What was your first real life experience of WAM?

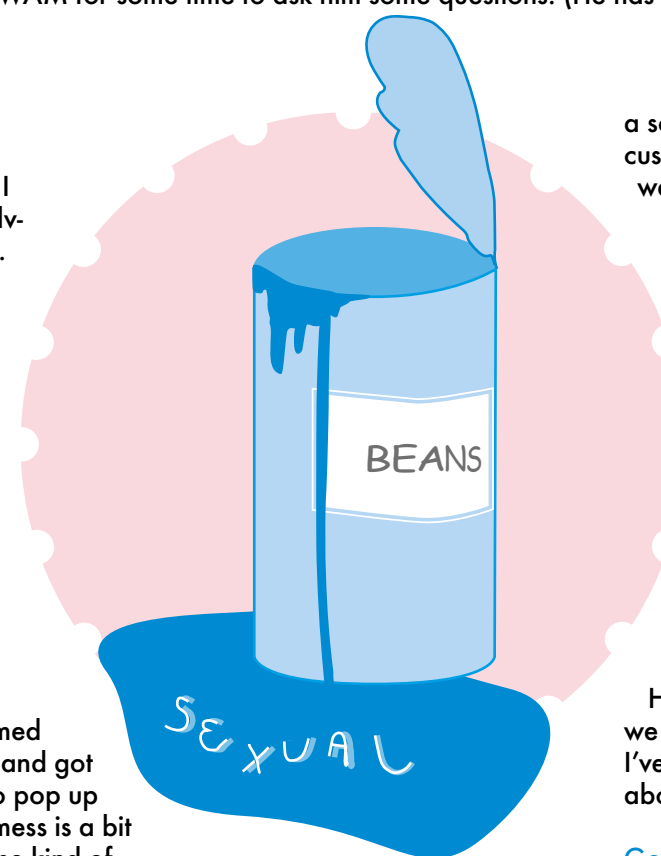
Well I tried some solo stuff shortly after I got into the porn. I had a bit of a shaving foam adventure. I emptied several cans over myself and masturbated in the shower. My first experience, with someone else involved, came a few years later. I met someone online and we poured jelly and baked beans all over each other in the bath.

Where do you think it stems from psychologically?

From quite an early age I tended to enjoy gunge themed or messy game-shows a fair bit more than my friends and got a bit of an odd feeling watching them, so it seemed to pop up fairly early on in my development. I guess making a mess is a bit of a taboo and a lot of fetishes are based around some kind of rule-breaking. It's certainly an unconventional kind of experience which, for me, makes it quite exciting. It can also be involved in sub/dom or humiliation dynamics which definitely draws me to it.

Have you ever had a bad experience with it?

Oh god yes. About two years ago, I was between apartments and so was staying with a friend in his London flat for a while. I was super horny while he was still at work so, knowing that he was into it too and wouldn't mind, I decided I was going to have



\\ I met someone online and we poured jelly and baked beans all over each other in the bath \\

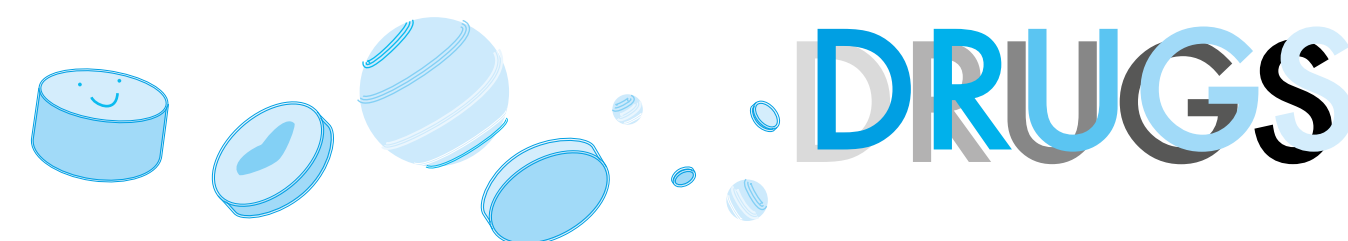
a solo session in the bath. I went out to buy some milk, eggs, custard and corn-flour. I mixed a big bowl of corn-flour and water, made up the custard and sat in the tub with everything I'd acquired placed by the side. I had a great time, but by the time I finished, the bath had a three inch layer of mess in it. I had planned to clean up before my host arrived back from work, so I pulled the plug, stood up, and went for the shower tap. No water came out.

A bit puzzled, I climbed out of the bath and started to wonder how I was going to get cleaned up. I grabbed an old looking towel and started to wipe the sludge off my body. That's when I noticed something coming out from beneath the bath side-panel. Unfortunately my host hadn't told me that the bath wasn't yet plumbed in. I took off the side panel to see that the mess had spread all over the untiled floor beneath. He got home about two hours later as I was making a feeble attempt to clean it up. He didn't actually seem that pissed off and after a few hours we managed to get the bulk of it cleaned up, but I don't think I've ever been so ashamed in my life. I avoided talking to him for about a year after that.

God, that sounds pretty awful. So, do you have any advice or suggested messy substances for people who might want to try WAM?

Allow for a lot of clean up time. It always takes longer than you think. Doing it in a paddling pool or a plumbed in bath is usually a good idea. As for substances, Corn-flour and water is great fun. It's a personal preference thing though. If you like gunge and slime, you can try Natrosol or Slube which are made for gunge play. Just make sure you check for allergies before you get in a tub of it!

That concluded my interview with Hamish. I was left wondering how many minds shows like 'Get your Own Back' and 'Dick and Dom' had affected early on in sexual development, or whether these urges were more nature than nurture. Either way, rolling around in a paddling pool filled with gunge does sound like a laugh. Maybe I'll give it a go.



# DRUGS

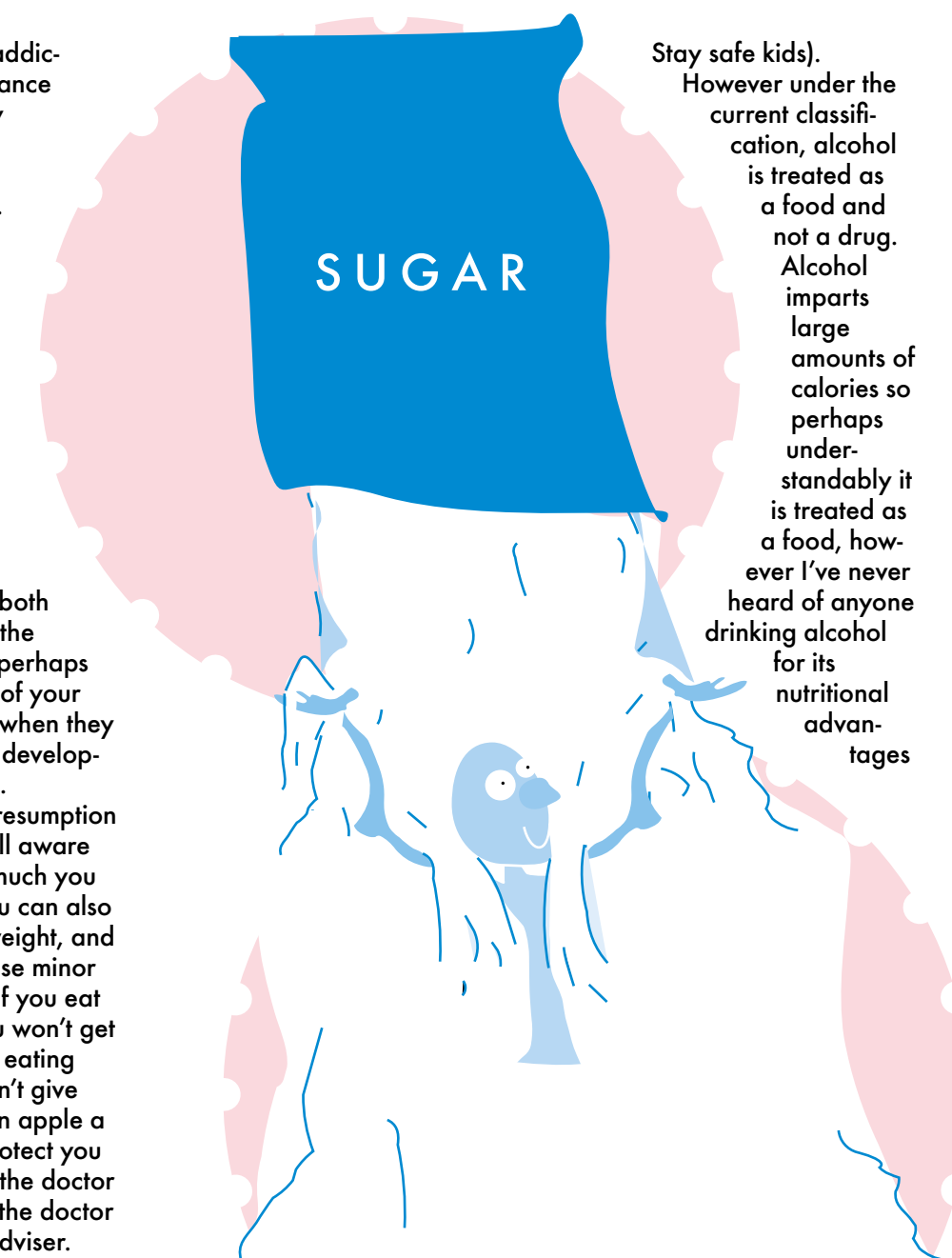
## That moment you're rushing on sugar

**T**he dictionary definition of a drug is either "A medicine or other substance which has a physiological effect when ingested or otherwise introduced to the body" or "A substance taken for its narcotic or stimulant effects". Each of these definitions are perfectly valid, and classify drugs as having either a medicinal or recreational purpose. This is all well and good, but what happens when the lines are blurred? Ingesting caffeine results in stimulation, leading many to take coffee frequently as their opium, yet society views only one of these addictions to be harmful (bet you can't guess which one).

Our brains are hardwired to perform certain essential bodily functions such as eating, drinking and taking cocaine. When we perform one of these vital actions, a hormone called dopamine is released into the brain. Dopamine is interpreted as pleasure, therefore almost programming our brains to repeat the action in order get another hit. Cocaine does this by releasing enormous amounts of dopamine,

thus explaining its addictive nature. A substance which releases very large quantities of dopamine is known as a 'superstimulus'. But what if other legal substances produced the same effect? For example, excessive amounts of sugar and highly-processed junk foods can have the exact same result, also functioning as superstimuli. If cocaine and sugar both create addiction in the same manner then perhaps be more accepting of your cokehead flatmate when they tell you about your developing sugar addiction.

Foods have the presumption of safety. We are all aware that if you eat too much you get fat, and die. You can also eat too little, lose weight, and die. But beyond these minor tropes, in general, if you eat an apple a day you won't get AIDS (that is to say eating an apple a day won't give you AIDS. Eating an apple a day will also not protect you from AIDS or keep the doctor away. Especially if the doctor is a sexual health adviser.



Stay safe kids). However under the current classification, alcohol is treated as a food and not a drug. Alcohol imparts large amounts of calories so perhaps understandably it is treated as a food, however I've never heard of anyone drinking alcohol for its nutritional advantages

when not rolling around in their own faeces at a summer festival. With such a dangerous substance being classified as a food, it is eminently available and therefore thoroughly abusable.

In general there is a wisdom to separating drugs from food. Food is supposed to act as fuel to attend all those lectures you don't go to. Drugs are meant to have medicinal and therapeutic effects that you're too busy experiencing so you don't bother going to lectures. Substances that act as both food and drugs blur that line, leading to a steadily more convoluted classification system. With this in mind take note of what you're ingesting. Just because it's a food doesn't make it inherently safe and just because it's a drug doesn't make it inherently fun. If sugar produces similar effects on the brain to cocaine and you're not a fan of steady addiction then you'd better stop ordering that organic chocolate brownie iced vanilla double-shot caramel cream extra hot Frappuccino from Starbucks every morning eh?

Do you LOVE drugs?

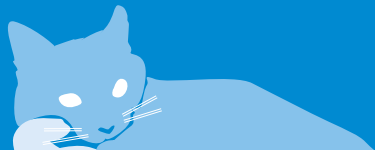
Either way, we want to know.

millennials.felix@ic.ac.uk

Do you HATE drugs?

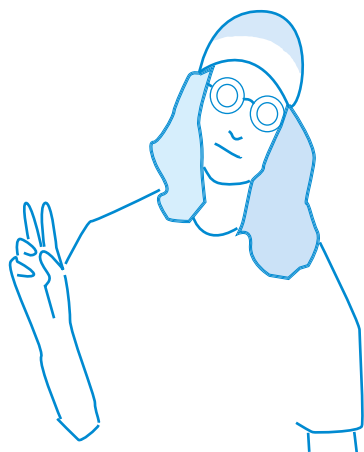
Get in touch.





MILLENNIALS...

felix

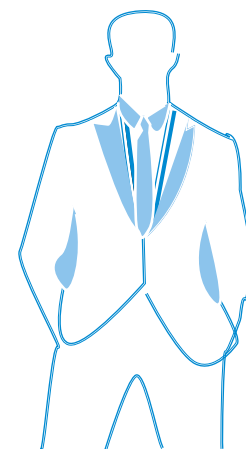


## Fuck this shit, I'm reclaiming the wall

Jonathan Masters is running away from civilisation and taking a goat with them.

## Happy days are here again and it looks like they're here to stay

Monathan Jasters has died and gone to heaven. Christian heaven.



VOS

This week in light of recent events, I have had a change of heart and have decided that the protocol of building walls is actually a constructive one, and one that I have decided to take to heart. Of course what I mean by this is that I am going to construct an elaborate wall around myself so that I don't have to deal with any of the world's bullshit anymore. I have contacted artisanal brickmakers in the far east (also known as shoreditch) and construction begins within the next few days. I have chosen the colour of the bricks to be that of the gender-neutral shade of yellow, flaxen. This way, not only will it not trigger me by conforming to stereotypical gender colours, but it will also make me long for the sweet nourishment of flax seed. It will remind me of a time before a penchant for sexual assault was a presidential characteristic, and racism was an American pastime.

I shall of course need to bring company with me for warmth and consummation; however, after putting an advertisement on my local wholefoods bulletin board and receiving no interested parties I have had to turn my attention elsewhere. I have managed to acquire a vegan goat and it shall be able to provide for me in many capacities. First of all, as long as I keep them (gender neutral pronouns FTW) sustained on tofu, I think it shall be acceptable for me to suck at their teats for food as I will be more like a family member. With that said, however, if things are to happen between the two of

us, then who knows - inside my walls we can forge new rules and a new philosophy. I mean as long as my mum doesn't find out.

There are a few things that I imagine I am going to miss like the sunrise, gluten-free vegan pizza, and the self satisfaction when you argue with a stranger on the internet when they have used the wrong pronouns on one of their blog posts. But the sad reality is that if a large amount of people disagree with your political or personal views, then the only thing you can really do is isolate yourself. If you feel as though the general world is no longer making sense, then don't do anything constructive - post articles on facebook, and go to protests with other left wing people so that you can maintain that bubble you are in. I'll see you all in four years, and hopefully I will not have fucked my goat too much by then.

I have honestly been so elated that I have yet to touch the ground this week. Honestly. After eight year's of Barack HUSSEIN OBAMA's liberal-shariah law agenda being forced down the throats of hard working Wall Street bankers, we finally have the politician we have all been waiting for. A politician who does what's best for the country as a whole, who is unafraid to make the difficult decisions, and who is actually honest. If we had been given Shilliarly as our next female president (well technically she's a space lizard), then we would have had to endure lie after lie, with all her promises being altered by big business, leaving nothing for the common man like you and me. Look at Barack HUSSEIN Obama - he promised he would close Guantanamo Bay within his first term so that we would no longer be able to extract information (torture) out of brown people, but he never did. The Fuhrer Trump promised he would build a wall and keep all muslims out and he followed through! I wouldn't be surprised if he locks Hillary up sooner or later - maybe a nice little public execution would heal our damaged nation?

Now I hear your arguments about the fact that most terrorists have been home grown, but why can't you understand that through blocking the Hijabs, we will stop them from importing their radicalisation chemicals that they hide in their Halal meat. Admittedly he hasn't blocked immigration from countries like Saudi

Arabia that have actually been proven to fund terrorism, but what you need to understand is that they have a lot of oil... and something something intelligence services to keep us safe. At the end of the day, however, a muslim is a muslim, and if they're kept imprisoned at airports, then the worst they can do is blow up those shops that only sell neck pillows and overpriced portable chargers. The next step is to deport all the libtards and homosexuals; however we just need a way to identify known homosexuals - I think they generally wear rainbows, so if we could fashion a star of david out of rainbow material i'm sure the gays would buy it and that would make life a whole lot easier. Whilst we're at it, I think we could ban vegans as well. There is something perverted about someone who would rather fuck a piece of fermented mushroom than eat the delicious flesh of a chicken. Of course no great detection strategy is required as all of them will identify themselves as soon as they enter the room.

\* Sponsored by  
Gatwick  
Airport





# CRISIS

Chris

Dear Chris,

I'm writing to you because I'm in desperate need of love advice.

There's this girl in the States that I really like. We met on tumblr. I made this Ryan Gosling cereal GIF, she reposted it -long story short it was a digital love explosion.

We've been talking for several months now, mostly on tumblr, mainly via Ryan Gosling exchanges and, as expected, we've developed quite a connection.

We were talking about travelling together to Iran, where we could crash at my family home (I have dual citizenship, British-Iranian), but since the Muslim Ban she's scared to leave the States in case Trump goes mental and starts banning everyone who's ever been outside the country.

What should I do?

Yours,  
VelociraptorJesus999

Dear... uhm... Jesus?

I feel for ya. Nothing says love quite like a passionate exchange of gifs of hunks being forced wheat.

I know that in the light of this most recent adversity you might feel inclined to give up. **BUT DON'T.**

I honestly think you have a great opportunity in your hands. You just need the guts to follow my instructions.

First, you need to declare your unconditional love for your American friend. You know which Ryan Gosling GIF to use. If she's the girl I think she is, she'll reciprocate your crazy stupid love and she'll be willing to do anything you ask of her.

Once you have her in this position, suggest the Iran trip again, which she'll obviously agree to. Fastforward a couple months and you're in Iran. Ask her to marry you. I expect she'll say yes.

Now all you have to do, is stage a mugging, during which her passport gets stolen. By that point there probably won't even be an American embassy in Iran so you've basically won the girl and trapped her in a foreign country with you as her sole companionship.

Fullproof.

You're welcome.

Big luv,  
Chris xxxx

# HOROSCOPES



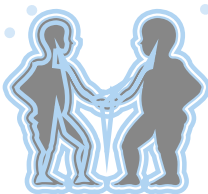
ARIES

This week it's Groundhog Day and you're the Imperial Groundhog. You see your shadow. Six more weeks of coursework it is.



TAURUS

This week you've had so much sugar you black out during a 5pm lecture and taken to hospital. You wake up missing a leg. You really should have cut down on dem redbulls. Diabetes is not fun.



GEMINI

This week your future sight has abandoned you. Your third eye has gone blind and you're forced to make shit up. Wait.



CANCER

This week's felix's double spread on potatoes convinces you to give the library caf's jacket potato a shot. **THEY LIED TO YOU! IRISH PROPAGANDA!**



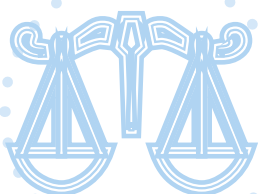
LEO

This week you were at the heart of an international internet conspiracy. Do you even exist? #introspect



VIRGO

This week you are Donald Trump - as you are on your visit to the UK, you are tricked into getting Iranian citizenship and are not allowed back into the US.



LIBRA

This week you decide to venture out and meet some new people. You quickly realise you've already met everyone already and they all suck. Fuck you world.



SCORPIO

This week you tweet some dodgy stats with a conservative bias, and have your career ruined.



SAGITTARIUS

This week your schedule's free and you decide to catch up on all your work . . . Just as soon as you've binge watched all the latest Netflix series.



CAPRICORN

This week you go to a protest and really enjoy yourself. You decide to give up on your degree and become a civil rights activist.



AQUARIUS

This week you decide to try something other than curly fries from 568. It tastes like shit and you have indigestion the next day. At least you know why everyone sticks to curly fries.



PISCES

This week you take felix a bit too literally and decide to actually try get high on food. You put a burger through a grinder and try snorting it. **THE PAIN! THE UNIMAGINABLE PAIN!**



# Your Union events

Friday 3 February



**SUPER BOWL PARTY**  
**SUNDAY 5 FEBRUARY**  
**23:00 TO 04:00**  
**FIVESIXEIGHT & METRIC**

**DRINK & FOOD OFFERS**  
**ON THE NIGHT**

**£3.00 ONLINE OR £4.50**  
**ON THE DOOR**

**VISIT [FACEBOOK.COM/BEITBARS](https://www.facebook.com/beitbars)**  
**FOR MORE INFO**

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



**h Wine tasting**

**15 February**  
**17:30 - 19:30**

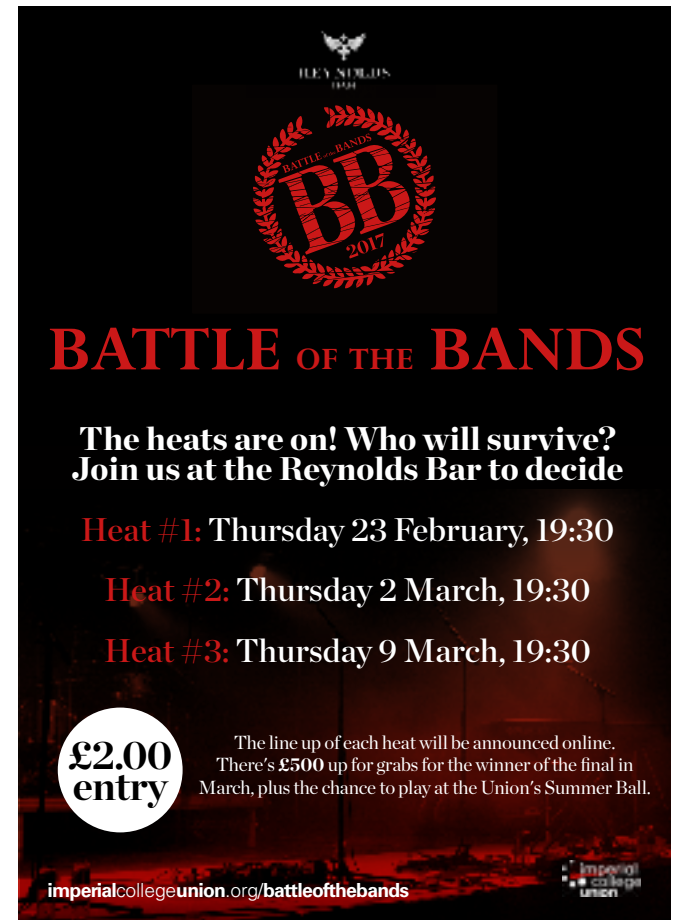
Think pink: Rose wines from around the world.

If you wish you knew more about wine, or knew how to make a better selection, our expert taster will take you on a truly delicious tour of our carefully selected wines.

You'll get to try eight wines from a selected global region. You also get £5 off every small glass of house red or white wine bought in the bar after the session.

**£6.50**  
Deal: Get four for only £20!

[imperialcollegeunion.org/food-drink](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/food-drink)



**BATTLE OF THE BANDS**

**The heats are on! Who will survive?**  
**Join us at the Reynolds Bar to decide**

**Heat #1: Thursday 23 February, 19:30**

**Heat #2: Thursday 2 March, 19:30**

**Heat #3: Thursday 9 March, 19:30**

**£2.00 entry**

The line up of each heat will be announced online. There's £500 up for grabs for the winner of the final in March, plus the chance to play at the Union's Summer Ball.

[imperialcollegeunion.org/battleofthebands](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/battleofthebands)

## Coming up in our bars



### Super Quiz

Every Tuesday  
20:00-22:00

### Cocktail Night

Every Tuesday  
18:00-23:00

### CSP Wednesday

Every Wednesday  
19:00-01:00

### iPop

Tonight  
20:00-02:00

### Super Bowl Party

Sunday  
23:00-04:00



### Pub Quiz

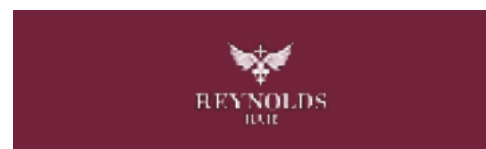
Every 2nd & 4th Thursday  
19:00-21:00

### PGI Friday

Every Friday  
19:00-00:00

### Wine Tasting

15 February  
17:30-19:30



### Quiz Night

Every Monday  
18:00-23:00

### Board Games & Film Night

Every Tuesday  
18:00-23:00

### Sports Night

Every Wednesday  
18:00 onwards

### Pizza Night

Every Thursday  
18:00-2:00

### Sign up for Battle of the Bands!

Closes Sunday 5 February  
19:00 onwards



### Quiz Night

Every Thursday  
19:30-22:00

### Sunday Roasts

Every Sunday  
All day

### Find us on Facebook!

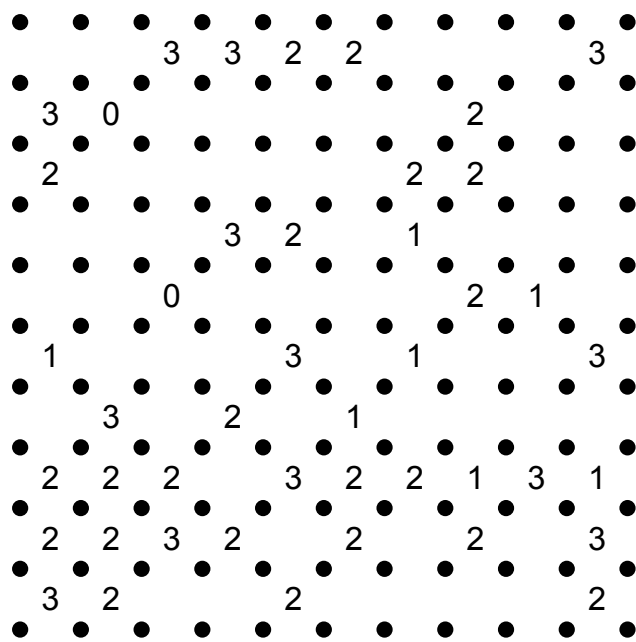
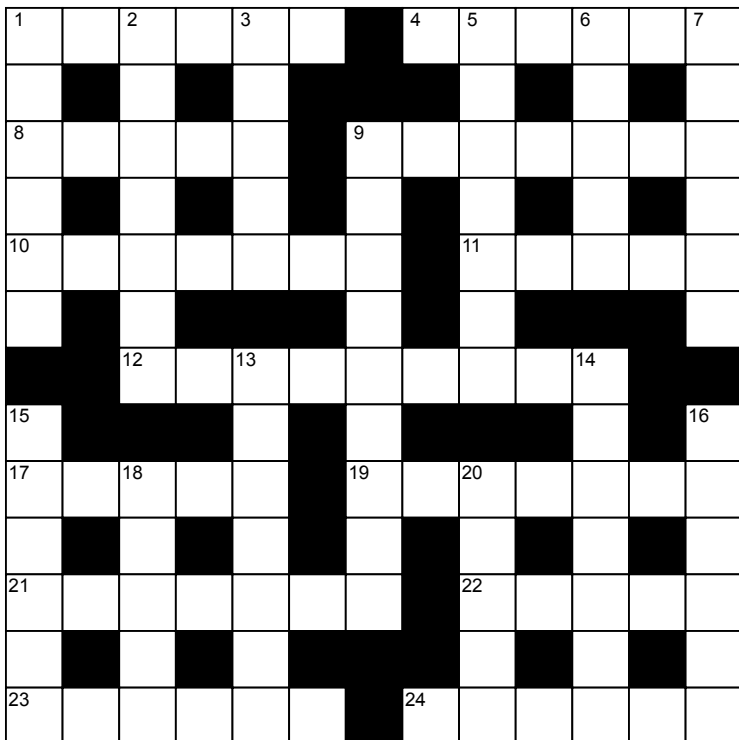
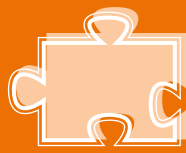
[fb.com/thefoundryw3](https://www.facebook.com/thefoundryw3)

Get exclusive offers, discounts and more on our bars' Facebook Pages.

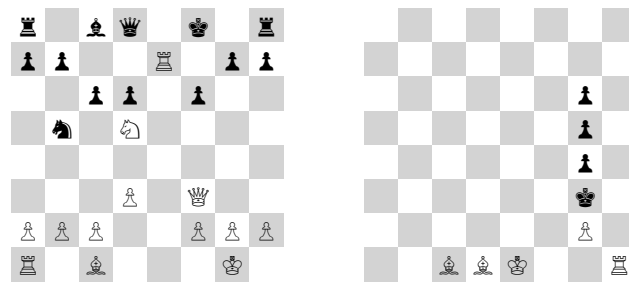
[imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on)



# felix ... PUZZLES



**Slitherlink.** Draw a single, continuous loop through adjacent points such that the number in each cell has that many borders filled. Each point should be connected to two or no other points.



Forced checkmate in 3 moves (left) and 5 moves (right). White to move first in both problems.

## FUCWIT

### Leaderboard

The Czechmates	248
Anonymous	247
NSNO	241
Willie Rush	241
Schrödingers Cat Strikes Back	228
Sneezing Pandas	179
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CEP MSC	105
TIA	104
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THE Crystallographer	50
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Les Baguettes	18
Salmon ft. Kanye	18
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Computer Magic	12
Pseudo-coup	12
Shusie-Q	12
G. Hackman	10
Tessa and Simran	9
Pollux	7
Dairylea Dunkers	6
Too gay 2 f(x)	6
Crosswordy McCrosswordface	5
Singed Potato	4
TP-LINK_M5_B057AD	4
Fanny Schmeller	2

### Points Available

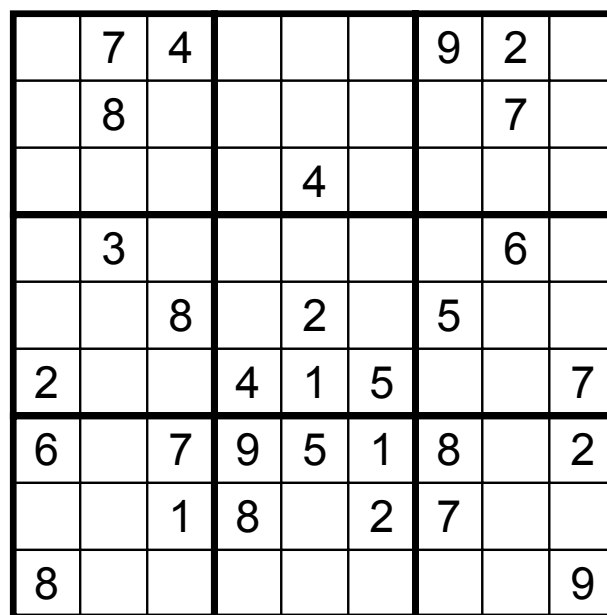
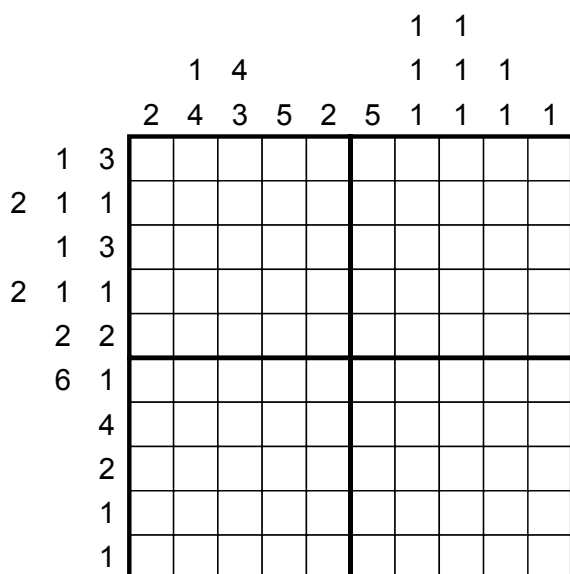
Crossword	6
Slitherlink	3
Chess	6
Nonogram	3
Sudoku	3

### Across

- 1. Thinly scattered (6)
- 4. Each one (6)
- 8. Precise (5)
- 9. Side by side (7)
- 10. News (7)
- 11. Sheep noise (5)
- 12. Remiss (9)
- 17. Reside (5)
- 19. Circus performer (7)
- 21. Draw back (7)
- 22. Hit (5)
- 23. Scarcity (6)
- 24. Card game for four players (6)

### Down

- 1. Afternoon rest (6)
- 2. Forsake (7)
- 3. Lucifer (5)
- 5. Short moral story (7)
- 6. Wipe out (5)
- 7. Extensive landed property (6)
- 9. Attacker (9)
- 13. Chivalrous, dashing (7)
- 14. Size of popular newspaper (7)
- 15. Revered (6)
- 16. A sculptor's work (6)
- 18. Minor actor in crowd scenes (5)
- 20. Happen again (5)



**Nonogram.** The numbers show, in order, the length of blocks to be filled along that row/column. Each block must be separated by at least one empty cell.

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!

## Solutions

