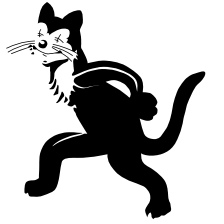


felix ...



THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON



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felix ... EDITORIAL

I will not challenge the status quo
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k bye.



Finally, the last issue (of term). I have been waiting for this moment for too long. While I'm going to miss putting together this wonderful publication for the next few weeks, I'll be honest with you, I'm super excited to lay back and relax, maybe get a massage, definitely re-balance my sleep and my diet, and just recharge, because at the moment I'm running on a near-empty gas tank you guys. I'm literally out of ideas.

It probably hasn't helped that this week saw us putting together not only your (high) standard *felix*, but also an extra week's worth of work, as we put together *Phoenix*, our annual (though sometimes termly depending on the mood and our finances) arts magazine. Next week you'll be getting some of that arty sweetness instead of your typical content. Student prose, poetry, photography, and other fine arts coupled with some fine design and illustration, packaged up by yours truly to deliver a sweet arty punch right where you didn't know you needed it.

Also we revamped our annual Sex Survey which we're launching today hint-hint (felixonline.co.uk/go/callmedaddy (I'm not even kidding)). Yes, much like many editors before me, I can't wait to add to the wealth of knowledge on who's doing what, with who, and where and why, to put it simply (if not eloquently). The more of you that do it (the survey, not the sex) the more we'll know about how Imperial students do it (the sex not the survey). So, don't be shy, log on and show us who's really the boss in your inappropriately sexual relationship with your supervisor.

This is the last issue of term, so in an unprecedented move we've even got some content that won't be relevant until next week! Our news and comment are literally so fresh they're about to jump out of the paper and back... into... the sea? Does this analogy work? Are strawberries berries? Do I care? The answer to all these questions is the same.

So yeah, I'm keeping it short and sweet. Enjoy your break. Lef out.

T H E
T E A M

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Address | felix, Beit Quad, Prince Consort Road, London, SW7 2BB || Telephone | 02075948072 || Printed by | Mortons Media Group Ltd Media Centre, Morton Way, Horncastle, Lincolnshire, LN9 6JR || Registered Newspaper | ISSN 1040-0711 || Copyright © felix 2016





Imperial divestment campaign revived

But will it succeed where the last one failed?

Rhidian Thomas

This Monday will see the relaunch of the fossil fuel divestment campaign at Imperial. The new campaign will be called Divest Imperial, and at the official Launch Party on Monday evening campaigners are hoping to convince students that the recent successes of divestment groups such as the one based in King's, can be replicated at Imperial.

Many universities, and other public bodies such as councils and funding bodies, have large investment portfolios consisting of stocks and shares in a wide range of companies. The portfolios usually serve as an additional revenue stream for the university, and are typically comprised of shares in a range of different companies and sectors. This often includes

**\\ The UK, however, is leading the movement, with 45 universities having divested already **

large amounts invested in fossil fuel companies. Divestment campaigners argue that by investing in fossil fuel companies, universities are tacitly endorsing their behaviour and business models.

Imperial's own endowment of £126.2 million is used to "deliver a material and growing source of unfettered funds for the academic mission". Of this figure, about five million is directly invested in fossil fuel companies, with further investments in externally managed funds which may also contain fossil fuel shares.

Alongside money it receives for research funding, this places Imperial third in the UK for its financial dependence on fossil fuel companies, behind Manchester and Cambridge.

Fossil fuel divestment began in the US in 2011, and 35 US universities have committed to divest up to this point in time. Most, such as Boston University and Georgetown University, have divested from fossil fuels entirely; others including Yale, Stanford, and Columbia have begun by divesting from the most heavily polluting fuels, usually coal and tar sands.

The UK, however, is leading the movement, with 45 universities - over a quarter of all universities in the country - having announced divestment proposals following student pressure. High



profile institutions such as Edinburgh, Oxford, and the LSE are among those committed to divestment, and a rising divestment tide in London looks set to engulf UCL, precipitated by the successful King's divestment campaign.

Globally, the divestment movement is growing exponentially. Having begun with a handful of college campuses six years ago, by late 2015 some \$2.6 trillion of investments had been removed from fossil fuels companies,

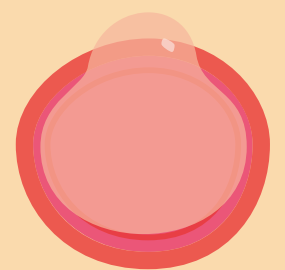
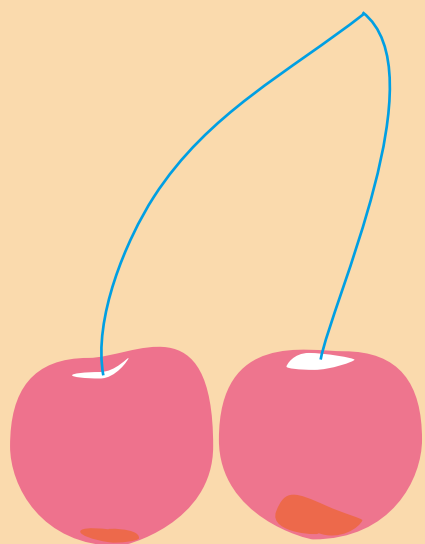
representing around 400 institutions and huge numbers of individual investors (including Leonardo DiCaprio). Just a year and a half later, another 300 institutions have announced divestment commitments, and the total funds divested have more than doubled to \$5.46 trillion. Divest Imperial campaigners hope that they can capitalise on this trend to push for divestment at Imperial.

It's open. Are you?

The *felix* SEX SURVEY

You know you want to take it.

felixonline.co.uk/go/callmedaddy



Practice room due to re-open (maybe)

The due date has already been pushed back two months

Lef Apostolakis

As the Spring term draws to an end, so should the West Basement refurbishment which has seen numerous student media facilities intermittently being cordoned off over the course of the last few years. This last leg of the works should mark the end of a cumulative £1.27 million investment.

If all goes according to plan, next term should most importantly see the reopening of the Jazz & Rock (J&R) practice room which has been closed for over a year now as a result of poor soundproofing.

This last leg of the works should mark the end of a cumulative £1.27 million investment

The J&R room was originally delivered back to students in 2014, after a major overhaul of the West Basement that cost about £1 million. The project was a result of Imperial College's accommodation expansion into Beit's East Basement, which was previously a Union space used by student groups. The East Basement hosted, among other things, the Chaplaincy (which has been temporarily moved to Princes Gardens). In exchange for the lost space, College financed a state-of-the-art media redevelopment. The Union invested an additional £100,000 in equipment.

However, almost immediately after the delivery of the West Basement back to the students, the poor quality of the works became evident. The main issue was and still

The soundproofing values requested by the students are for professional studios and it would be very difficult and costly to achieve

is soundproofing. Inadequate vertical soundproofing has lead to the raising of complaints from residents in Beit and the subsequent limitation of practice hours to 11pm at first, then 9pm, then 7pm and eventually the complete shutdown of the space. Similarly inadequate horizontal soundproofing has meant that J&R use has been disruptive to IC Radio's broadcasting as well as ICTV activities in the neighbouring shared studio. The poor construction is not limited to the J&R room, but affects other spaces as well, as became widely apparent during the 2016 Meet the Candidates Broadcast (the pundits in the supposedly isolated radio suite could be heard through to the shared studio where the candidates were being interviewed).

In the original report produced by Max Hunter,

a then student who'd been heavily involved in Imperial Student Media, the recommendation is for the J&R room to be specifically "designed by acousticians and soundproofed to high grade (particularly to avoid spill onto Beit Quad, and across the rest of the media basement."

Despite the report's recommendations (and inclusion of suggested acousticians) College decided to go ahead with Sandy Brown, who might be a large and reputable firm, but mainly specialise in educational consultancy for the construction of lecture theatres.

The Sandy Brown consultants reportedly advised that the soundproofing values requested by the students are for professional studios and it would be very difficult and costly to achieve such levels of isolation in the West Basement. In fact it would require building a room inside a room.

The counter proposal was to follow current acoustic performance standards for schools widely used to set acoustic performance standards in other educational buildings. Despite Hunter and others at the time noticing oddities and potential errors in the report, their objections were unreported and the



The new practice room will allegedly be finished in April \ANDR3W A

construction went ahead. "I didn't feel qualified/competent to argue with acousticians," says Hunter. The completion of the works only confirmed the student advisors' fears. "There were plenty of mistakes which would be apparent to an acoustician (flanking paths built, big holes through the ceiling, etc.) but nobody picked up on that," adds Hunter.

The result? Inadequate facilities, which needed a follow-up repair visit reportedly costing an additional £20,000. The follow up work didn't improve isolation. According to a Sandy Brown report, "It is considered that the sound insulation performance is unlikely to have significantly increased" and in fact it appears to have been reduced by 8dB according to a May 2015 report, making J&R practice louder to the bedrooms above than it must have been before the changes.

Up until last year, the Union, College and the contractors have been constantly locked in endless backs and forths. However, last term, Union President, Nas Andriopoulos, confirmed that works would be taking place to rectify the situation. Whether the record low NSS scores encouraged college to pour more resources in this project

remains unconfirmed, though a Union source heavily implied they did. Regardless, Andriopoulos' work in securing funds has been invaluable. As current chair of the Club told felix "Nas has done a terrific job at making things actually happen."

It should be noted that this year's works have reportedly cost an additional £50,000 and have in turn met a series of delays. Though they were originally meant to be undertaken over the winter break and completed by the start of spring term, construction workers told felix that the works have suffered delays due to unpredictable issues such as the need to reroute heating pipes, the discovery of "mystery pipes" which weren't in the original building plans and a near flood among other things.

These complications, as well as the need to limit working hours to minimise disruption, have caused the move of some students staying in the rooms directly above the space, as well the pushing back of the delivery date; first to February, then to March, and now April. When students will reclaim the J&R room remains to be seen.



Rising complaints shut down the J&R space \lggyshout

Your new sabbs are here

You can forget about elections for the rest of the year

Joanna Wormald

Following a 36.79% turnout (down a bit from last year but still the third-highest in the country according to the Union website), elections are finally over and winners have been announced.

As previously reported, out of the 21 candidates standing for sabbatical positions, only 13 were ever serious contenders. Of the five candidates running for Union President, only one submitted a manifesto and headshot. It's hardly surprising then that this position went to Alex Chippy Compton. Having spent the past year as ICSMSU President and previously held more than a dozen positions on society

committees, she certainly appears to have the practical understanding required to enact her campaign pledges.

Running a clear and concise campaign (the three key points of which handily spelled out his name), your new Deputy President (Clubs & Societies) is Thomas Bacarese-Hamilton. One of four medics elected to a sabbatical position, Thomas has promised to provide better training for volunteers and improve the transparency and management of societies.

Nicholas Burstow also favoured a three-point plan. The aims of the newly elected Deputy President (Education) can be essentially summarised as a desire to increase communication between

Out of the 21 candidates standing for sabbatical positions, only thirteen were ever serious contenders

students and staff— something he already has experience with in his role as the current ICSM Academic Affairs Officer.

Hoping to collaborate with Nick is Fintan O'Connor, the new Deputy President (Welfare). The two positions are "inextricably linked" and cover areas such as student support and better access to

personal tutors, which Fintan described in his manifesto as "a lucky dip". His remit will also include important issues such as mental health and sexual assault and consent. As CGCU Welfare Officer, Fintan has worked closely with the current DP (Welfare) so is a promising pick for next year.

Meanwhile, the position of Deputy President (Finance & Services) goes to Matthew Blackett. This is a seemingly apt choice given his studies at the Business School and various "positions of financial responsibility". Promises of pre-poured pints probably didn't do him any harm either.

Finally, next year sees Fred Fyles ascend from Culture Editor to Editor-in-Chief at

felix after being involved in the paper for the past five years. He has pledged to protect felix from Union interference, encourage more student involvement, develop our digital strategy, and enhance collaboration with other societies. A focus on investigative journalism will also help us to hold the College, Union, and new sabbs to account.

So you've done your civic duty (or at least 6704 of you did) and it's over. With that, you can stop caring (or, more accurately, pretending to care) about elections. At least for a few months.

Lef Apostolakis

'Drinking societies' face tankard ban

A paper is to be presented at next week's Council meeting asking the Union to stop handing out tankards to the so-called 'Tie Clubs'. These are invite-only 'secret' clubs, members of which can be easily identified on a night out as they adorn characteristic ties.

The paper presented by Andrew Olson, ordinary Council member, argues that Tie Clubs do not meet the standards of the Union's Equality of Opportunities Policy, namely, fostering "an environment free of unfair discrimination and harassment". Therefore, according to the policy, they should be suspended and not

granted "the use of Union resources and facilities"

The paper aims at the removal of the tankards of The 22 Club, The Chaps Club and The Links Club, at least until they "provide sufficient evidence that they comply with the Equal Opportunities Policy to the satisfaction of Union Council".

This may mean the clubs would have to provide detailed information on their current student members' demographic, including race, gender and social background. It is also likely that complying with an Equality of Opportunities Policy would translate into abandoning the "invite-only" member's policy that many of these Clubs adopt.

This is not the first time the

issue of Tie Clubs has been raised at Council according to Olson. However, he said that previous attempts to discuss the Union's affiliation to these Clubs have been almost immediately terminated as a result of Tie Club pressures.

Olson told felix that he had been tasked by Council to find out whether the Links Club accepted women in their ranks (The 22s notoriously don't), as there was no mention in their online resources. "After sending a one-line email to a member of the CGCA (CGCU alumni association) I received snarky remarks from different alumni in the subsequent alumni meetings. After this, it was extremely difficult for me to contact them and to try to organise events with them."

Trying to look into Tie Club

culture can also prove tricky when a large percentage of sabbatical officers are also members of these clubs. For example, Nas Andriopoulos, current Union President, is a member of the 22s, as is next year's Deputy President (Finance and Services), Matt Blackett. This year's Deputy President (Clubs and Societies), James Cox (The 22s notoriously don't), was reportedly a 22 and was initiated right before he was elected, during the election results last year.

In response to felix's enquiry the Union said: "The tie clubs are not affiliated to Imperial College Union and we do not fund, support, govern or administrate them in any way; their policies are their responsibility."

We also approached the

Chaps Chair George Warner.

According to Warner, the club has always "had a policy of promoting student and alumni involvement within Imperial College, especially the RSM."

"As of last year we introduced our first female member, after a vote including student and alumni members. This is not 'tokenism', but a genuine effort to change, as such the club has been inviting female members of the RSM to Chaps events for the last three years in a bid change general opinion of the club towards being all-inclusive. For the avoidance of doubt, we do not discriminate on any characteristic."

Whether the Tie Clubs will successfully refute Olson's Claims remains to be seen.



Business School appoints new Dean

***Dean-dong* There's a new guy in town**

Matt Johnston

Imperial College Business School appointed a new Dean this week, Professor Francisco Veloso. Veloso takes on the position in August after a year of temporary leadership from Professor Nelson Phillips, who held the role of Acting Dean after the previous Dean (Professor G. 'Anand' Anandalingam) stepped down last summer.

Prior to his appointment, Veloso was Dean at the Católica Lisbon School of Business and Economics, Portugal's leading business school, since 2012.

Imperial College released a statement on Monday announcing the appointment of the "leading authority in Innovation and Entrepreneurship, whose research has focussed on how firms and regions develop and leverage science and technology for economic

growth".

His work has included studies into the development of Silicon Valley and into the innovation and scientific impact of developing nations. Veloso also holds a position within Carnegie Mellon University in the US, a position that the College statement points out is an "adjunct appointment" (i.e. one which is secondary to his role at Imperial).

This place within the US university allowed a partnership between Carnegie Mellon and Católica Lisbon to flourish, one which led to dual PhD programs between Carnegie Mellon and several

**\\ In an interview in 2013 Veloso revealed that his favourite animal was a dog **

Portuguese universities. Whether this could happen at Imperial remains to be seen.

Imperial's Provost, Professor James Stirling, said: "Francisco's commitment to academic excellence, innovation and a global outlook make him the ideal person to head Imperial College Business School through its next stages of aspiration and growth.

"His extraordinary leadership at Católica Lisbon saw the school flourish into an institution that is respected across Europe."

Professor Veloso himself said: "I am truly honoured with this appointment and delighted to join such a world-class institution. Imperial College Business School has achieved so much in its short history and is uniquely positioned for the future. The growing importance of technology-driven innovation



He's already staring longingly at the College Cafe \\ Imperial College

and entrepreneurship across all business areas and fields is creating opportunities that fall squarely into the School and College strengths."

Professor Veloso has an undergrad in Physics Engineering, a PhD from MIT, and an Alfred P. Sloan Fellowship (A pretty

prestigious award with a \$45,000 grant to pursue whatever research the winner wants). All in all not a bad CV.

In an interview with the Financial Times in 2013 Veloso revealed that his favourite animal was a dog. *felix* does not approve of this.

Abigail de Bruin

Imperial to get HEFCE Funding

Imperial has been selected as one of 64 institutions to receive up to £50,000 of HEFCE Catalyst funding from the Student Safeguarding fund. This is part of the £2.45 million released by HEFCE for projects addressing sexual harassment on campus following the report from Universities UK's Harassment Taskforce on the need for universities and colleges to do more to tackle the problem.

The funding has been released to develop and implement approaches to prevent and address sexual

harassment and violence in universities and further education colleges. Projects were selected based on a range of criteria including their ability to deliver key activities and partnerships with students' unions and develop excellent transferable good practice for the benefit of students and institutions across higher education.

Other criteria for the projects included the ability to develop the 'bystander' initiative, which trains staff and students in preventing or reducing violence against women and hate crimes,

**\\ The funding is to prevent and address sexual harassment and violence in universities and colleges **

particularly among students. Another key goal of the funding is to develop systems improvements, training packages, and partnership working models to drive real change in this area.

The report from the

Universities UK Taskforce summarises the evidence considered by them to examine violence against women, harassment and hate crime affecting university students. The report goes on to make recommendations for both universities and Universities UK that cover prevention activities and how universities can respond to issues more effectively.

In the words of Emily-Jane Cramphorn, this new funding means that "Starting imminently we will be putting our plan into action, which aims to create a coherent,

effective and multi-faceted institutional response to sexual violence. In short, it will involve the development of a sexual violence liaison officer network, training of student-facing staff to handle disclosure appropriately and active bystander workshops for key student and staff groups such as Hall Seniors and bar staff."

After some unexpectedly negative responses to the DPW securing funding for consent training software earlier in the year, hopefully student support will be stronger for this new initiative.



FREEZE PEACH

C O M M E N T ... felix

So you want to run an Elections 2018 campaign?



Alexandre Adler advises you on how to win an election – warning: it involves a lot of human interaction

\\ This way you can feel the thrill of the elections without actually standing for anything, or even voting \\

Campaigning for a position in the student elections is the least Imperial-like thing imaginable: you have to talk to strangers while sober. Some coped by campaigning online, thereby retreating safely behind a Facebook page or Twitter account dedicated to their glory, but most of us ended up doing the face to face campaign. And it was an interesting experience, so I chose to write it down for your convenience. This way you can feel the thrill of the elections without actually standing for anything, or even voting. Isn't that great?

\\ You need to convey just the right amount of outrage to seem bold, but not too much or you will sound petty and short-tempered (#Corbyn) \\

The first step happens before campaigning: choosing what you stand for. Not in the "I have values" kind of way, but in the "I have ambition" kind of way. You won't get elected if you stand for everything, so think hard about the position

you aim for. Next year's #Medictatorship is a perfect example, with three out of five sabbs hailing from the department of medicine after Chippy Compton-scattered any serious candidates across all the positions. This way, instead of having to compete against each other, they cruised peacefully to victory almost unopposed, in one of the most boring elections in recent memory. So choose something just slightly above what you are currently doing, like dep rep from year rep, or CU president from CU officer. The Union sends you an email suggesting what you can stand for, but I feel their targeting is a bit off, as they suggested I stand for an undergrad position (I'm a postgrad) and DP Education (I like my course).

The next step is writing your manifesto. Here, you need to convey just the right amount of outrage to seem bold, but not too much or you will sound petty and short-tempered (#Corbyn). Be sure to highlight your current experience, while remaining silent on how grossly you underperformed in carrying out your own expectations. You still probably did more than the person before you though, so don't feel ashamed of listing your triumphs, no matter how small. Add a few promises where you extrapolate what you feel is lacking and must be fixed to the whole college, and voilà! Manifesto magnifico.

But a manifesto is only the second most important part

\\ A manifesto is only the second most important part of your election profile. The picture is where you need your A-game \\

of your election profile. The picture is where you need your A-game. Use one that is slightly better looking than you are, but not so much that you wouldn't recognise yourself. Avoid adding extra stuff in Photoshop unless you are Fred Fyles, in which case go full Soviet imagery on us, since *felix* is a Lef-tist bastion. Outdoor backgrounds are good, since they tell people viewing the picture that you have interests beyond the food at Fusion. You can also add a PDF with more campaign promises or posters, but nobody is going to actually read it, so the image is really the only visual stimulation voters will get.

All this needs to happen before you can start campaigning. You then have two weeks ahead of you to rack in more votes than your opponents, or congratulate yourself if nobody ran against you. I had the luck of having two serious opponents, so

you get to read a few more paragraphs of my delicate prose.

Your campaign starts with buying Blu-tack. Otherwise you end up with a pile of posters and no way to actually put them up on the Sheffield walkway before it gets covered in reams of campaign material. A good campaigning poster has your face, your name, the position you're running for, a nice sentence or two on what you stand for (the values part this time), and the official "Leadership Elections" logo on it. This year's cringiest poster slogan was "Just another supporting character in the inspiring story of your life", so you have a low bar to clear.

This should be done by the Wednesday before voting opens. Afterwards, you campaign physically. I am sure you have interacted with a campaigner during this election season, as they often come and address lecture theatres or hand out flyers. So instead of telling you what I did, I will tell you how it felt. This was the most terrifying public speech I had made, and I had peddled pseudo-science to 600 people before that (tickets for this year's Bahfest are selling out! Grab them while you can!) because this time, it's about you, about convincing other people you are worthy of their trust as a person. As a postgrad, I also went to the labs to interact with PhD students, and it is the same gut-wrenching, palm-sweating, shoulder-shaking

experience when doing it one-on-one. And you do it day after day, each time as nervous as the time before, until voting finally closes on Friday. Often, you will come out as less eloquent than you wished, or fail to convince someone to vote (particularly postgrads who feel that the Union does nothing for them). But it doesn't matter: you are roleplaying another person, one that is smarter and more social than you, and it's fun.

\\ This year's cringiest slogan was "Just another supporting character in the inspiring story of your life", so you have a low bar to clear \\

That's right: the terror of speaking to strangers blurs into the joy of expressing yourself somewhere during the conversation. When the results came in, I was happy to have won, but that joy was nothing compared to how I felt each time I convinced someone to vote.

So if you are here next time around, run or campaign: it is probably the most interesting experience you will have at Imperial.



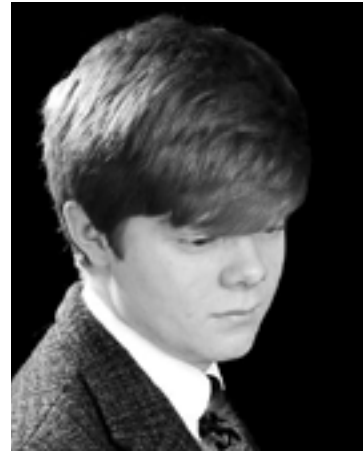
Taste Imperial is a complete scam

Don Ma despairs at Taste Imperial's blatant disregard for appropriate raisin-yoghurt ratios



Raisins are a complete scam

Monathan Jasters hates raisins for reasons logical, physical and romantic



Before anyone comes at me with their perceived positives of TasteImperial, I'll have you know that you have been utterly deceived. Commonfolk may be misguided by their SCR breakfasts or the library café 'food'. But I will dispel these myths with one simple example: The Granola Yoghurt. In simpler times, AKA a few months ago, there was a product known as the Strawberry Compote and Muesli Greek Yoghurt. I chanced upon it as I was searching for a healthier alternative to my daily snacking routine of indulging in chocolate-based items from the vending machines. The slightly tangy Greek yoghurt was accentuated by the mellow sweetness of the strawberry compote and was elevated by the heartiness of the muesli. It seemed natural. Whole. Complete. It was the pinnacle of breakfast foods. A champion of late afternoon snacks. A perfect dairy delicacy.

you experienced in that day was the horrid fake cherry flavoured cough syrup which made you gag and feel even worse than before. Sure, the change in texture was welcomed, and I grew accustomed to the "black cherry" flavour after a while. But one subtle, yet horrendously apparent detail ruined my entire experience: the raisins. The raisins were the only sources of natural flavours within the item. They could have gone on out of two ways with the raisin count: Either use large amounts of raisins to enhance the flavour profile of the bland yoghurt, or use no raisins at all to embrace the sad chemical flavour. However, they chose the worst possibility of all - they added an average of about two raisins per container. Each raisin teased your taste buds with a faint pure sweetness, yet was never enough to satisfy your cravings. Thus, you are left with pure sadness and dissatisfaction after the consumption of this trash.

Do not trust Taste Imperial. First they came for the Strawberry Compote and Muesli Greek Yoghurt, but you did not speak out - because you don't like yoghurt...



\\ One subtle, yet horrendously apparent detail ruined my entire experience: the raisins \\

But now I look around and I see their numbers dwindling. Like baby tigers, the hubris of humanity has inadvertently begun the process of eradicating this gift from nature. Instead, we are offered a joke of a replacement. The granola yogurt. At first I was shocked. I love cherries. But I hate anything cherry flavoured, as it would always have the sickly chemical taste that reminds you of terrible, bed-ridden sick days of childhood. The days where you couldn't go to school, but you were too sick to do anything fun at home. Instead you stared at the ceiling for hours and ate tasteless porridge, and the only flavour

Raisins - also known as dried grapes - represent everything wrong with our civilisation and they seek to disrupt the foundations upon which this very nation stands, and this ingrate, Mr Ma, has the audacity to suggest that we need more raisins in Imperial in order to make his breakfast better. It makes me sick. I will be honest with you, dear readers, that I voted to remain in the EU referendum, but if Brexit means breakfast, and hence means less of this raisin loving coming to this country to dilute British culture (I bet half the raisins you eat aren't even grown in the UK), then hand me a copy of the Daily Mail.

\\ Removing the raisin component allows the customer to loosen their gag reflex and down the contents \\

The word 'raisin' comes from the latin 'racemus' meaning a bunch of grapes, further corrupted by old French to mean grape. Let me tell you, I will be damned if I put anything remotely French in my mouth. Why can't we use English words for English fruit? If you ask me this is a Hong Kong conspiracy to manipulate the FTSE 100 by flooding it with raisin stocks,

thus making the pound even weaker. Trust me Don I have seen this all before - do you think that I don't remember the Polish grapefruit conspiracy of 1998? From a purely food-based viewpoint, why you would want to put dry wrinkled balls of fruit into your mouth is beyond me. Imperial have spotted the fact that having to chew these raisins whilst ingesting the yogurt is an extremely inefficient way of consuming calories. By removing this component, it allows the customer to loosen their gag reflex and down the contents, thus enabling you to start working yourself to death so that Imperial can receive more grants and president Gast can line the coffers of the trustees.



Finally I would like to share with you a personal story. Although your view may be pro-raisin, I have a deep and personal vendetta against these wrinkly foes. It was 1942. I was in a Siberian gulag, persecuted for crimes I did not commit. I made friends with a raisin there named Vanya. We became very close; some might say even loved each other. Together we plotted to escape; however, at the final moment Vanya alerted the guards of my intentions, distracting them from his escape, and forcing me to spend four more years alone in that wretched hole. Never trust a raisin. Never.



There's no place at Imperial for elitist 'secret' clubs



Andrew Olson thinks it's time the exclusive drinking societies were held to the same standard as everyone else

\\ You might be asking yourself: what exactly is a tie club? \\

Everyone studying at Imperial is aware that this place is not perfect. Yes, there are problems with student engagement, mental health, even sexism. But despite these issues, I feel it is the place which has mainly contributed at making me who I am today; the fantastic wardening team in my halls in first year, the challenging environment and, more importantly, the Imperial community of incredibly interesting people from all over the world which I could always learn something from. Because of this mental image that I had of Imperial and the Union, I was rather surprised when I learnt about the Tie Clubs. It all started last year, when I was asked as CGCU President to obtain some information about our Tie Club, The Links. I emailed a few alumni regarding this, and got very vague responses. This led to snarky remarks in subsequent alumni meetings, as well as a sense that I was not welcome any more. It was very obvious I had asked the wrong questions. But you

\\ 40% of the sabbatical team in the Union this year are members of Tie Clubs \\

might be asking yourself: what exactly is a Tie Club? I'll summarise it for you: there are three Tie Clubs: The 22s, The Chaps and The Links, dominated by rugby players from the different Constituent Unions. Invite-only, The 22s don't admit women, and The Links have been accused of tokenism as even though they do admit women they only have one female member that I know of. They meet in the Union bar to drink, and are known as probably the best example of 'lad culture' (They literally started as boys-only clubs) at Imperial. Another club, The 15s, was founded last year as a female version of the 22s, but there is not much information about their activities as they don't seem to be as active as the older Tie Clubs. How can we reconcile the image of Imperial College as an open, international university where you are judged not on the colour or your skin or your gender, but on your performance and ability, with secret invite-only societies where (mostly) privately educated white men meet to drink? We can't forget

that these societies act as very effective alumni groups, giving easier access to jobs to their members, already benefiting a privileged class. If you disagree then you don't understand the concept of networking. I am not against freedom of association. I believe that if a group of men want to meet and help each other out in their own time, they can do that even if I don't agree with it. What is worrying, though, is when these organisations have deep connections with powerful entities including Imperial College Union, which could allow them to bend rules. In this context it is important to



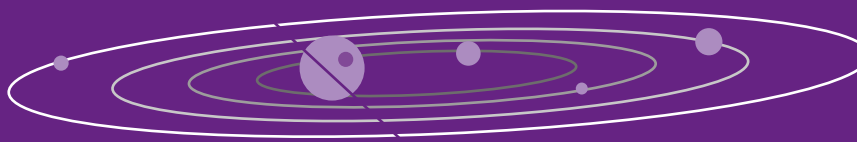
\\ The wider student body doesn't know about them, the bar staff hate working when they are around, and the people who do know about them think they are outdated \\

\\ If any other club were known for being rude to bar staff, being loud, and receiving constant allegations of sexism, they would be investigated by the Union \\

remember that 40% of the sabbatical team in the Union this year are members of Tie Clubs, and the next DPFS, Matthew Blackett, can be seen in the picture from the Results Party sporting his 22s tie. This representation in the hierarchy of the Union has traditionally allowed them to dominate the conversation and deflect criticism, as can be seen by the utter lack of response after this issue was raised last year at Union Council. The current status quo legitimises these organisations and in turn this means the Union is condoning their activities. If any other club were known for being rude to bar staff, being loud, and receiving constant allegations of sexism, they would be investigated by the Union. Even worse, if an external organisation had the same reputation and history of discrimination they would not be allowed to use Union resources. The exception

always seems to be the Tie Clubs. With all this information, it is important to ask ourselves, why are they even there? Why does the Union make mention of them in their policies as an exception? Why are they not held to the same standards as any club, society, project or external organisation? The wider student body don't know about them, the bar staff hate working when they are around, and the people who do know about them think they are outdated. Tie Clubs might have been an accurate representation of Imperial College in the 70s (remember, women weren't allowed in the Union bar until 1975), but they are definitely not a representation of the Imperial that I know. Yes, if you don't know about them they probably don't affect you. But in this day and age of fake news, increasing nationalism, an uptick in xenophobia and the general apathy of our generation, it's important to stand for what is right. This is a matter of principle: ensuring that the body that is meant to represent all of us, the Union, actually does so, instead of representing the interests of a few.





Can dessert be good for you?

Alexandra Lim talks about the hidden benefits of fruit based puddings.

Today's port of call is a French poires au chocolat clafoutis. In other words, what I made last Sunday. As a food and science writer I find tremendous reconciliation in the overlap between food, psychology, and science. I thought it would, or could, be relevant to extend my habitual weekend kitchen shenanigans to this small space, elaborating more on the nutritional or psychological benefits of specific components. Of course this all seems completely contrary to the philosophy of food— why break the beautiful mess, the necessary indulgence of food, into numbers and statistics? That's like tossing great big assegais into the hearts and souls of the whole Masterchef panel. Anyway, nutritional components interact with each other in entirely different ways than they do when you isolate them in a lab to analyse. Dessert is dessert, and that is that. Well, that's what most think. No one

\\ Naturally occurring phenolic compounds found in fruits provide a variety of health benefits \\



would blink at the chance to analyse something like the picture below. You see, you appreciate, you eat. And so be it, let there be bliss with such oblivion. As stated in my previous article, there's nothing wrong with letting go and just meditating on the smells and complexity of food. It's true that curiosity killed the cat, but we're at Imperial, and we want to know things, right?

Cooking bends the world to our will. I'm not a good cook, but I do love to bake, and call me what you will, but there does exist some fine overlap between the two. Each weekend I never set out to attain the acme of nutritional perfection with my experiments, all I know is that I tend to vacillate between wanting the simple and complex. Why talk about just flavour when you can understand the nutritional complexity behind each daring ingredient combination, and why some always work?

It's not wrong to try and

justify whatever pre or misconception you have about any fruit-based dessert. Heck, it's not so wrong to appreciate the little bit of health stuffed into a dessert without any fruit, anyway. Pears are actually also incredibly high in quercetin, known to boost overall brain health and memory, with a recent study in *Sciencedaily* showing it could be part of the ideal diet to treat and reverse diabetes, as well as diabetes-induced hypertension. Naturally occurring phenolic compounds found in fruits may provide a variety of health benefits, though don't you dare throw away that peel, for its varied and higher phenolic content is found in the skin of the pear rather than in the flesh or pulp. Anyway, the study showed that Starkrimson (a pear species) peel had the highest total phenolic content, and that peel extracts had significantly higher total phenolic content than pulp. What else could possibly have quercetin?

Chocolate. Of course chocolate, dark and nothing more pretentious than that, bears all the goods. In my recipe for this clafoutis, pockets of chocolate are packed in moist flesh. Once out of the oven, the oozing and seeping is magnificent, luscious dark rivers seeping into surrounding holes and crevices. Chocolate has plenty, chocolate is lush. No, eating this dessert won't immediately improve your brain function



\\ Pears are naturally high in quercetin, known to boost overall brain health and memory \\

by reducing oxidative stress and inflammation. Eating a pear alone, not baked and overly sweetened alongside all the hoo-ha, will obviously be better. Chocolate and pear is a classic mash-up, and the additional banana here adds a moist, sweet dimension without being too easily detected. The banana thing was unintentional by the way; I just have a tendency to substitute banana for egg when I run out of the latter. Not that the sweet and familiar flavour doesn't pair well, but the mildest hint enhances and doesn't shadow the two stars. The clafoutis itself retained a lovely almost pudding-like consistency in the middle, flying the flan flag high and bright. Served with the simple integrity of vanilla ice cream, this is the perfect breakfast, dessert, or in-betweenener.

All that said, just knowing about what's in your food makes you feel like you're eating something special, honing your experience and appreciation of the plate. Try pairing your next pear with some chocolate for a more rounded snack satiation and double the dose of flavonoids like quercetin. Sadly, I can't say much about the ice cream.



High off life



Take your dealer off of speed dial. It turns out that human saliva contains a compound – called opiorphin – which is six times more powerful than morphine.

This compound is not itself an opiod, so it doesn't act in exactly the same way as morphine. However, it chemically inhibits a number of enzymes in the body which are responsible for the breakdown of enkephalins. Enkephalins are compounds very similar to morphine which are released as part of the body's natural response to pain and block the transmission of pain signals to the brain. Thus, a build up these compounds, driven by the action of opiorphin, has a similar effect to that of morphine.

General consensus is that opiorphin is unlikely to be important in blocking pain in normal life, since pain is an essential danger signal for the body. But that doesn't stop us using it at higher concentrations as a new pain management therapy, or as an excuse to pull five times in one night.

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



The Salesman | Exploring the impact of vio- lent acts



Shahab Hosseini and Taraneh Alidoosti play the couple at the heart of Asghar Farhadi's latest film \\ Cannes film festival



Lawrence Good

Asghar Farhadi's Academy Award-winning film examines how single incidents spiral out, affecting all aspects of our lives, as a couple deal with the fallout from an assault committed in their own home.

Think of the worst thing you've seen a cowboy builder do. Is it bodging a driveway? Building the wrong wall?

How about undermining the foundations of an entire apartment block, causing a mass exodus of tenants and starting a chain of events that drives sharp rifts between families and friends? So begins *The Salesman*, Oscar-winner Asghar Farhadi's latest film. Here, the Iranian filmmaker brings a tightly spun drama to the table, exploring the potentially devastating effects of trauma, shame, and revenge in

\\ Asghar Farhadi has a keen eye for how fear and frustration overspill into different aspects of our lives, provoking outbursts incomprehensible to those ignorant of the full story \\

contemporary Tehran.

The Salesman follows Emad (Shahab Hosseini), a literature teacher, and his wife Rana (Taraneh Alidoosti) as they are forced from their home by construction damage. Involved in an am-dram production of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, the couple's friend and fellow actor Babak (Babak Karimi) offers a new flat for them to rent temporarily. Rana is soon assaulted in this new home, and we watch as the

trauma and its consequences spiral out, affecting all the characters to some degree – whether directly or not. Farhadi has a keen eye for how fear and frustration overspill into different aspects of our lives, provoking outbursts incomprehensible to those ignorant of the full story – we see Emad's pupils' shocked as their once calm and composed teacher turns tense and aggressive.

Art-house films tend to have a predilection for a certain kind of distraught face; the sort where the character looks irretrievably buffeted by the unfairness and cruelty of fate. As Emad, Hosseini uses it to deliver a tour de force performance. His frown lines deepen and his eyes look lost as he struggles to resolve the rifts and wounds plaguing his personal life. Yet Hosseini is convincing, keeping you fearful for his well-being, as he oscillates between barely coping and spoiling for a fight. Taraneh Alidoosti is similarly effective as Rana, affecting a vulnerability after the attack; she's a character trapped by her own mind, unable to break out from her new-found world of fear. Watching Rana build her

resolve, push her boundaries, and then falter is similarly heart rending, like watching a friend try and fail to break free from their problems. This is only strengthened when juxtaposed with the challenges presented to supporting characters: a single mother directing the play, elderly women fearful of strange men, and old Babak showing that even when a landlord is a friend they can still be arseholes.

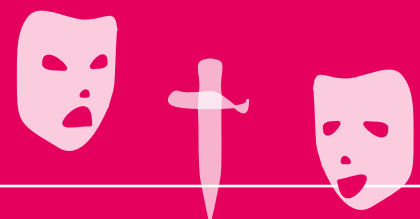
Whilst we see the traumatic effects upon a wide range of characters involved with the assault, *The Salesman* is equally keen on exposing our

\\ Watching Rana build her resolve, push her boundaries, and then falter is similarly heart rending, like watching a friend try and fail to break free from their problems \\

fear of public humiliation. This is done most notably through Rana, but mirrored throughout the film as various characters find themselves helpless, unwilling or unable to seek help or protection from the more powerful for fear of ridicule and the loss of love and respect. It is the range of manifestations of this powerlessness, and the variety of responses to them, that drives *The Salesman*, creating a riveting tension as you fearfully watch the fateful decisions being made.



In *The Salesman*, a single act of violence affects the lives of everyone involved \\ Artificial Eye



The American Dream | Prints exposing US consumerism



Andy Warhol, Jackie II (Jacqueline Kennedy II), from 11 Pop Artists, vol. II, 1965, published 1966, colour screenprint \\ 2016 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York and DACS, London



Elizaveta Tchebaniouk

The American Dream: pop to the present is on at the British Museum until 18th June

Tickets £16.50 adults; £13 students

The UK's first major exhibition of modern and contemporary American printmaking, that has recently opened at the British Museum, spans twelve rooms and six decades. *The American Dream: pop to the present* is as ambitious as it is controversial, with critics questioning not only pop art's artistic value, but moreover whether it belongs in the British Museum at all. The exhibition, however, aims to prove that printmaking was a key technique through which artists tackled the changing social and political dynamics occurring during their lifetimes. By presenting different artists

\\ Many works are of giant scale, reflecting the notion propagated by consumerism that 'bigger is better' \\

and works in chronological order – with reference to each decade's prominent art movements such as abstract expressionism, minimalism, and photorealism – the exhibition shows that printmaking reflected, and was integral to, each of these movements.

"Everybody has their own America, and then they have the pieces of a fantasy America that they think is out there...". Andy Warhol's quote opens the show, alongside a giant American flag made of neon lights, and these set the mood for the exhibition: the idea that printmaking exposed this 'fantasy America', which had been accepted and endorsed by society, resonates throughout the show.

In the first room, one instantly recognizes iconic works by pop artists such as Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein. It's remarkable how cleverly and clearly their works make statements about American consumerism and mass media, revealing the

coveted 'American dream' as an illusion. By using screenprinting techniques, for example, these artists blur the lines between commercial and fine art.

Many works are of giant scale, reflecting the notion propagated by consumerism that 'bigger is better'. Similarly, a recurring theme between different artists is the display of common everyday objects. By displaying these objects as icons, the artists ridicule the idealisation of, and obsession with, the stereotypical American way of life, which dominated mass advertising and bordered on a social cult.

The exhibition also allows us to learn about the printmaking process itself, spotlighting innovative techniques that were experimented with by pioneer artists of the 1960s and 70s. Some surprising methods include Ed Ruscha's use of gunpowder to achieve grey notes, and dropping lithographic ink onto stone to give the illusion of liquid letters, as well as Donald Sultan's aquatint, which replicates charcoal drawings. Common also are techniques of exhaustive reproduction – collaging, layering, producing, and reproducing, over and over again. These processes appear to mirror those associated with mass production, exposing how such a means of production rids objects of their value.

The British Museum is home to many artefacts of lost civilizations, and one can argue that some of the works in this show belong to that collection, as relics of America's lost glory days – the tattered American flags of Jasper Johns' *Flags I*, for example, or Robert Rauschenberg's pieces that reference the

\\ The works make statements about American consumerism and mass media \\

space race.

The contrast between New York and Los Angeles artists, as highlighted in one of the rooms, is quite unexpected. Works of LA artists make statements pertinent to the 'LA lifestyle' and the world of leisure with recurring motifs of palm trees, sunlit boulevards, Hollywood, desert landscapes, and light blue pools. The objects associated with leisure in these artworks seem to radiate the still hot LA air, and, paradoxically, a feeling of dead, uninhabited emptiness.

Worth noting as well is the importance of words and phrases in contemporary American printmaking – a subject which is unique to this art form. Works in this

\\ The show proves that printmaking is not only a prominent art form, but is also a versatile technique full of endless possibilities \\

show by artists such as Mel Bochner, Ed Ruscha, and Bruce Nauman display either single words or every-day clichés, giving them an ironic tone that is enduringly thought-provoking.

Overall, the British Museum's show proves that printmaking is not only a prominent art form, but is also a versatile technique full of endless possibilities; a medium that one can make one's own. This inclusive art form is open to all as a powerful means of expressing one's voice and beliefs. These aspects not only justify printmaking's artistic merit and historical relevance, but moreover – with the aura of general discontent with current political and social issues that seems to permeate through today's world – printmaking seems as relevant in our age as ever.



Classical dance is about confirmation, while contemporary dance is about exploration." Classical ballets are drawn from well-known tales; the characters fall into easily recognisable roles – the princess, the knight-errant, the evil queen. By the end of the first act, if not before, we all know how the story ends. Good triumphs over evil, the star-crossed lovers are tragically separated by fate, and so on. Even the language of ballet displays itself in conventional figures such as grand jetés and pirouettes. On the other hand, contemporary dance is characterised by freedom and creativity of movement, with a focus on expressiveness – unlike classical dance, there is often no narrative story and the abstract meaning of a piece is left up to the viewer to decide.

Personally, I find the nebulousness of contemporary dance a bit confusing. It was thus, with some trepidation, that I attended *Returning/To Be Me*, a double bill which is Liverpoolian Julie Cunningham's choreography debut at the Barbican. After a successful career as a dancer, including a decade with Merce Cunningham – one of the forerunners of American modern dance – she is trying her hand at choreography with her own dance company, consisting of just three other dancers and herself.

Gender fluidity and identity is the theme of the evening. The first piece, *Returning*, is set to an eclectic soundtrack

of Anohni, Björk, and Ravel. Dressed in deliberately androgynous costumes, the four dancers group and ungroup in fluid movements. The Barbican Centre's Pit, a tiny 200-seat theatre, is so small that we hear every

\\ Cunningham's classical training is evident in her meticulous choreography \\

squeak of their bare feet on the floor; it feels curiously intimate. The dancers' motions are informed not only by the rhythm of the music but also by spoken words that overlie the soundtrack; we hear a monologue that muses on the pull of the moon, menstruation, and the gendered nature of monotheistic gods.

To Be Me is set to the turbulent voice of Kate Tempest



Julie Cunningham & Company, *Double Bill*, Alexander Williams, Hannah Burfield, Harry Alexander and Julie Cunningham in *To Be Me* \\ Stephen Wrigh

reciting five poems from her collection *Hold Your Own*. The poems are based loosely on Tiresias, the gender-changing prophet of Greek legend. *Tempest* is known for her spoken-word poetry that draws from rap and hip-hop influences, and her wild voice provides a perfect backdrop for the starker, more forceful choreography of *To Be Me*. Compared to the shifting fluidity of *Returning*, this second piece is moodier, darker, with themes of internal conflict and external struggle.

Cunningham's classical training is evident in her meticulous choreography. While it retains the formalism and structure of classical ballet, it uses it in a highly explorative, experimental way. The four dancers fill the performance space and the choreography is never boring or monotonous to watch.

Purely from a dance perspective, I don't think I liked it that much – Cunningham's choreography is certainly solid but it is not very accessible. One enigmatic configuration of figures morphs to another with impassioned staring and quasi-symbolic gestures, but a coherence within each piece is somewhat lacking and the inherent meaning (is there meant to be one?) remains elusive. In 1903,

Isadora Duncan proposed that for the dancer of the future, "the natural language of the soul will have become the movement of the body". Perhaps it is just me, but I don't think contemporary dance is quite there yet. Combined with the poetry and music, however, Cunningham's choreography does make an interesting piece of performance art. Thought-provoking, even if the theme of gender starts to feel a little overdone by the end.

Julie Cunningham | Dance as Performance Art



Julie Cunningham & Company, *Double Bill*, Harry Alexander, Julie Cunningham, Alexander Williams and Hannah Burfield in *Returning* \\ Stephen Wrigh



Claire Chan

Julie Cunningham & Company's *Double Bill* was on at the Barbican Centre from 8th – 11th March

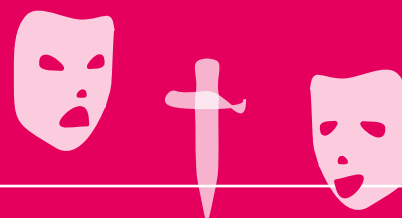
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Could 2017 be the year of indie?



\\ Liliane Callegari



\\ Ralph Arvesen



\\ Focka

With some **major** albums about to drop, could we **soon** be seeing an **indie** resurgence?

Last year, was almost unquestionably the year of hip-hop; the genre saw a huge influx of new artists and the drop of some absolutely massive albums from established names (From Chance the Rapper's *Colouring Book* and A Tribe Called Quest's *We Got It From Here... Thank You 4 Your Service* to Kendrick Lamar's *Untitled Unmastered*). This explosion in hip-hop isn't going anywhere any time soon but, 2017 might just see a resurgence of indie.

This year is set to see the release of a number of new albums from indie giants, such as Father John Misty, Arcade Fire and LCD Soundsystem (yes, I know they were supposed to have broken up but I'm not complaining and neither should you). And if you're about to say 'Big Whoop', bear in mind that it has been well over half a decade since either LCD Soundsystem and Arcade Fire released *This is Happening* and *Reflektor* respectively.

Arcade Fire were the shining example of the late

90s/early 2000s diversification in indie music. Whilst journalists at the time were throwing around terms like 'landfill indie' in response to the slew of un-inventive bands which were inundating record shops, Arcade Fire managed to catch the eye of Merge Records and subsequently produced one of the most critically acclaimed albums of the decade, *Funeral*. Its daring 'baroque pop' sound was a

**\\ This year is set to see the release of a number of new albums from indie giants **

sign of things to come as the band dragged indie music into a new, more electronic, era.

LCD Soundsystem took this move towards the electronic and put it on steroids. The band's frontman James Murphy came from a prolific DJ'ing career in New York and his background is seen heavily in LCD's discography.

Sound of Silver, the band's first album, is one of the most critically acclaimed albums of the 21st century with some of the catchiest and most creative electronic/dance music ever made. The band's unique sonic coupled with Murphy's comedically cynical lyrics have cemented their place in my most listened band on my rather bloated six-year-old iPod Classic. The band split after only two albums but returned last year for a festival tour. I was lucky enough to witness their 2am, two hour set in Denmark which was easily the best set I have ever seen live.

Finally, there's Father John Misty. Though he's probably better known for his work as part of the indie folk band Fleet Foxes, his 2015 solo album *I Love you, Honeybear* was incredibly well critically received, getting praise for the same imaginative orchestral-pop melodies which shot Arcade Fire to fame a decade earlier. In contrast to LCD Soundsystem's wobbling synths and complex drum machines, Misty's albums ooze the same beautiful harmonies which characterised

**\\ The biggest hurdle that these albums need to overcome in order for them to bring back indie, is to engaging with the counter-cultural roots of the genre **

his work in Fleet Foxes. Importantly, the indie folk scene hasn't been untouched by this shift towards the experimental and electronic. The modern flagship names of the sub-genre like Bon Iver and Sufjan Stevens have all released new music with a contemporary flair whilst still preserving the roots of the sonic. From what we have heard of the first few singles from Pure Comedy is that Tillman is certainly intent on making good his reasons for leaving Fleet Foxes with a considerably darker and more political tone to the new music. The singles move ominously between keys to create a pretty eclectic dissonance building and reinforcing the

subject matter of the lyrics.

So, are these three albums enough to herald the return of indie music? Who knows! The biggest hurdle that these albums need to overcome in order for them to bring back indie is to engage with the counter-cultural roots of the genre. Only then will they make the impact the names attached to the records deserve.

The genre must climb down from its romanticised past and address the important social and political climate into which these records are about to be released, if they are to connect with their audience in the same manner the post-punk records of the mid-1980s did. Furthermore, these music legends must not be afraid to develop their sound and take influence from innovations in the electronic music scene. Get all of that right and we could be in store for some absolutely cracking albums later this year.



Jack's back | Samurai Jack



Time doesn't heal all wounds \\ Cartoon Network\Adult Swim



Anurag Deshpande



After an 11 year hiatus, cult-classic *Samurai Jack* makes a long awaited return to our screens. Wandering samurai Jack is still locked in an uphill battle against the demon Aku, and still stuck in a hellish future spawned from him. Genndy Tartakovsky's aesthetic delight begins in media res, as had become a

**\\ The Jack we find ourselves following now is a shell of his former self, haunted by his continuing failure **

staple of the show's original run. An opening monologue helpfully informs us that 50 years have passed since Jack was thrown into an unfamiliar future, and in that time he has not aged. Not physically, at least.

The Jack we find ourselves following now is a shell of his former self, haunted by his continuing failure and the spectres of his past, all while still half-heartedly continuing the struggle against Aku. Tartakovsky's signature blend of beauty and terror works to great effect once more here, with the seamless transitions of environment into Jack's hallucinations excellently portraying his fragile mental state.

Advances in technology mean that the art in general feels crisper, and the colour pallet is more vibrant. This allows the series' minimalist, yet potent, feel to shine like never before. Jack's revamped design is imposing and refreshing. Immediately, the new armour, bike, and guns generate intrigue and hook new and old viewers alike. Thematically, the armour shows us that this is not quite the Jack we used to know. The increased reliance on technology acts as a crutch, revealing that even though physically he remains

unchanged, psychologically he has grown weary.

Narratively, *Samurai Jack* seems to have evolved to keep pace with its audience. The traditional, self-contained episode structure is cast off to instead opt for a season-wide arc. Parallel to Jack's adventures, we also follow seven young girls being trained by a cult to hunt down and kill Jack. This sets up what is likely to be one of the major plot lines of the season, and gives us an additional POV character in the form of the assassin, Ashi.

Her journey and introduction in this episode are a dark mirror to Jack's own. We are given glimpses of what she could be without her conditioning, and it seems as if her perspective will allow for an interesting exploration of how world views and perceptions can shape us. The episode also sets up a bundle of narrative threads that will hopefully come to fruition throughout. The audience is enticed by the mystery of Jack's missing sword, as well as wondering how the world has changed in 50 years.

Additionally, the series also seems unafraid to tackle more mature themes this time around. It takes unflinching looks at Jack's guilt and the nature of his hope and despair. After 50 years, the cracks are beginning to show. Series creator Tartakovsky has

implied that this season will be an exploration of the hero's journey. More specifically, the creators hope to explore what happens to the hero as their journey begins to stall.

The comedy and creativity of the series are as lively as ever, with the introduction of a musical robot assassin based on Sammy Davis Jr. Voiced by veteran voice actor Tom Kenny, the robot

**\\ It takes unflinching looks at Jack's guilt and the nature of his hope and despair. After 50 years, the cracks are beginning to show **

provides a fascinating temporary distraction. He serves as a perfect counter-balance to the episode's darker aspects. The brief moments of comedy shine because of their absurdity.

One notable omission from the episode is Aku's presence (save for a small cameo). Again, this adds to the sense of mystique and, in addition, creates an anticipation that is likely to keep people coming back. Granted, this may have more to do with original voice actor Mako's unfortunate passing. All in all, the latest episode is a worthy continuation of the series and deftly builds expectations for the rest of the season.



The future holds no comfort \\ Cartoon Network\Adult Swim



The National Wedding Show is decadent and depraved

Has voracious commercialism taken over a traditional expression of property rights? Theo Farah ventures into the heart of matrimonial hype to learn more about creating the perfect day.

As I walked along Hammersmith Road to the convention centre, Kensington Olympia, a faltering bundle of nerves, I scanned my brain for excuses not to enter the palatial structure. Fortified by a cocktail of stimulants, I still felt lacking in brass for my foray behind enemy lines. Twenty-one and male, I had been doubly inoculated from the mysterious world of weddings. My only experiences were the odd episode of *Bridezilla* or *Cake Boss*, highlight reels of caricatures resplendent in

\\ Twenty-one and male, I had been doubly inoculated from the mysterious world of weddings \\

white, crazed by the slightest deviation from plan on their special day.

I nodded to the security guard at the industry entrance, hoping my hastily ironed shirt and spectacles would appear journalistic enough to forgo investigation. "Alright, fella?" he nodded back. I stammered that I was here as press - "Where's your pass, then?". I informed him that I didn't have one. Sneering, he huffed "Haven't got one, eh?".

Fallen at the first hurdle, a day without a wedding convention, however would I manage?! Imagining the disappointed look on my



editor's face, and pulled by the allure of the promised free champagne, I adopted a regal expression - "They're expecting me inside, would you like me to call the press office?"

"Just go on in, mate," he said, already disinterested and turning away.

Ecstatic with my success, I grinned to myself as I listed all the events I could bluff my way into with a laminated pass and a firm handshake. A whole world of free events and alcohol lay ahead. Then I recalled I was about to walk into the National Wedding Show and my mood came crashing back down.

I navigated my way to the press office and secured my official laminated press pass. I began pinning it to my shirt. "You don't need to actually wear it, love," smiled the coquettish girl on the desk. I blushed as I fumbled with the pin and it fell to the floor, any illusion of professionalism irreparably shattered. Her smile widened as she bent to pick it up and kindly fixed it in place for me. I mumbled some thanks, before fleeing the scene to begin my first circuit of the stalls.

I snaked my way around the centre: an orgy of ivory,

powder pink, starry eyed brides to be, and infinitely resigned mothers. As I wended my way through, I looked for a kindly, yet bored salesperson to give me some dirt on the debacle. I tried to rehearse how the interview would go in my head, hoping

\\ I snaked my way around the centre: an orgy of ivory, powder pink, starry eyed brides to be, and infinitely resigned mothers \\

to move from bland questions about the convention itself to the worst excesses of weddings. I settled on a stall occupied by a friendly looking blonde woman surrounded by images of the big day occupying all sizes of frames. "I suppose these must be your doing?" I jeered, attempting to regain some composure after my earlier humiliation. She told me about how it was her first time at the convention, but was

here both as a vendor and with fiancé in tow. She said she'd been to over 180 weddings, yet couldn't possibly plan her own. I glanced at the adjacent stall, a luxury Harrods spa day for the bridal party, and wondered if they squeezed that in between the ceremony and the reception. "What makes the perfect wedding?", I asked.

"The best was one of the first I went to," she began, "it was officiated at a registry office, then they went to the pub, the dress was from New Look," she smiled fondly.

"And your own?"

Her face changed, a wild look creeping in from the corner of her eyes - "Oh I don't know, there's just so much to choose from!"

I backed away slowly, making sure to maintain eye contact, thanked her for her time, and wished her the best of life's fortunes.

Continuing my circuit, I passed a rentable ice cream truck, a rather jolly singer belting out covers of Adele, and a gentleman wandering the centre in a tux minus the trousers and shoes. Momentarily, my eye was caught by a classic Mercedes convertible in black. I was accosted by the vendor

\\ Disappointed in myself for succumbing to such heteronormative marketing, I started towards the shoes \\

- "You missed all of the beautiful models come in at twelve," he leered and began his spiel. Bored, I cast my eye over the area, the "Grooms Room", complete with bottles of gin, a pool table, and handmade leather shoes from Hungary. Disappointed in myself for succumbing to such heteronormative marketing, I started towards the shoes. Made vulnerable by the glorious footwear, I was assaulted by the salesman's pitch there too and handed what felt like my fiftieth business card of the day. I disengaged and pointedly emptied my pockets of business cards in the bin a metre away. Satisfied with my display of passive aggression, I decided I'd seen enough of weddings. That is until I'm eventually roped into attending one.



Your Union events

Friday 17 March



iPOP
St. Patrick's Day
Friday
17 March
20:00-02:00
Metric &
FiveSixEight
Free before 20:00
£2.50 After
£1.50
imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on



h
PGI FRIDAY
EVERY FRIDAY IN
THE H-BAR
16:00 - 23:00
FREE ENTRY
TAKE A WELL-DESERVED BREAK FROM THE LAB-WORK AND
RESEARCH TO SPEND THE NIGHT RELAXING WITH YOUR MATES AT
THE H-BAR. START THE WEEKEND WITH TWO LUSCIOUS
COCKTAILS FROM OUR RESPOSE COCKTAIL BAR AND SIT BACK
ENJOY THE LAID BACK VIBE!
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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 St Patrick's Day Special

Tonight
20:00-02:00

Spring Carnival

Next Friday
20:00-03:00



Pub Quiz

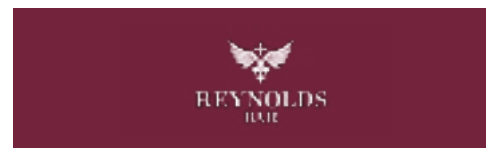
Every Thursday
19:30-23:00

PGI Friday

Every Friday
19:00-00:00

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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

Battle of the Bands | Heat 3

Thursday 23 March
19:30 onwards



Quiz Night

Every Thursday
19:30-22:00

Sunday Roasts

Every Sunday
All day

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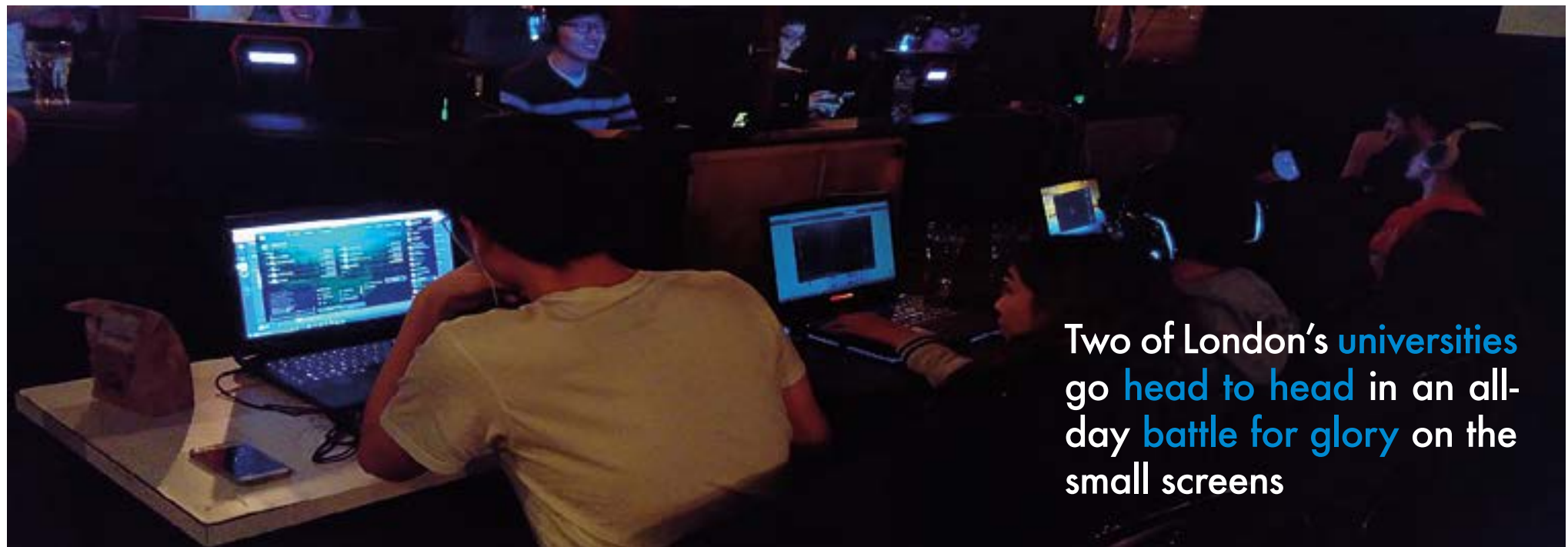
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eSports | Imperial vs UCL



Two of London's universities go head to head in an all-day battle for glory on the small screens

Gotta get that APM (actions per minute you noob!) just right \\ Saad Ahmed

For most people, the 12th of March was just another Sunday. For a group of certain individuals, however, it was a chance for lasting and eternal glory. Well, more like temporary happiness for a few days, but hey, we all have to take what

at Meltdown, a well known eSports bar in London, which conveniently has all the setup and equipment needed for a big tournament. Despite the small scale nature of the event, at least 80 people showed up, either to compete or cheer their friends on.

Before the games could begin however, there were a multitude of server and other technical issues that needed addressing. If you try and organise any games tournament, that's just a given thing you need to deal with. It took a while but they were finally sorted out and the games could begin, albeit slightly delayed.

The games played were *Starcraft*, *Hearthstone*, *Defence of the Ancients*, *Counter-Strike* and *League of Legends*. The overall gist was that the University that won the most games would be crowned the victor. Simple enough, and Imperial College was able to win the *Starcraft* match with relative ease (dat library broadband). It seemed as though the *DOTA* match would follow suit as Imperial were able to achieve an impressive win for the first match. However, their streak didn't last for *DOTA* and UCL were able to inch ahead and

win the *DOTA* game.

Hearthstone was next, a freemium and highly addictive online card game that anyone can play. This time the match was very, very close and it went all the way down to the last game where, unfortunately for us, UCL were able to steal the victory.

As the day gave way to the night, things started looking grim for Imperial; UCL had



more victories and it was rumoured that in the upcoming match of *Counter-Strike*, the UCL team were going to dominate. It was a long wait for the computers to get running properly for *CS:GO* but once they were up and running, the games began. The Imperial team were actually able to hold their ground and were consistently

ahead of UCL; in fact they won the first set of matches. In the second set, UCL started to gain the upper hand but Imperial refused to go down and were able to get in some wins. Eventually, even though UCL won the second match, Imperial managed to snatch enough victories overall that, to everyone's surprise they were declared the victors of the *Counter-Strike* varsity.

Almost poetically, it came down to a classic game, *League of Legends*, to determine the ultimate winner of the tournament. Things had to be set up quickly as it was late in the night by then and Meltdown was to close in a few hours. The *League* matches began with intense action right from the start and overhead commentary added to the mood and atmosphere. It was brutal and tense but eventually, the Imperial team were able to plough ahead and win the match, and the tournament. So we are literally better than UCL. Fuck you QS rankings.

But are we though? According to reports, the UCL team had technical issues with their headsets so they couldn't properly communicate and work together. In light of this, a rematch of *League* of

Legends will be held for fun on the 8th of April, which you can live stream from Imperial Esports' twitch stream account. So look out for that for that final confrontation.

Overall, the tournament was a massive success and a great way of bringing people together for games, drinks and banter. Another one is planned for next year so hopefully this will become a regular thing and get bigger and better with each repeat.

\\ Almost poetically, it came down to a classic game of *League of Legends* to determine the ultimate winner \\

A final round of congratulations should go to both the eSports societies and the players for their efforts and victories.

Saad Ahmed

\\ The University that won the most games would be crowned the victor \\

we can get.

This Sunday, an eSports tournament was held between talented players from Imperial College and UCL. Five games, two universities but only one trophy to be claimed by the ultimate winner. The trophy was big enough that I could hold it in the palm of my hand; a clear indication of the fact that the organisers went all out on this tournament.

Speaking of organisers, this tournament wasn't organised by any large groups like Varsity Games, but rather by the eSports societies of both universities. It was also held

Gangsta riot | Yakuza 0



Talk to the racecar, the face ain't listening \\ Sega



Qasim Mahmood

Yakuza 0 is out on the Playstation 4

The *Yakuza* games have always been immensely popular in Japan, so much so that their central protagonist, Kiryu Kazuma, is considered a mascot of PlayStation. However, they unfortunately have never found their footing here in the West and are largely unheard of. If, like me, you have never played a *Yakuza* game before, please right that wrong by playing this game. *Yakuza 0* is a tale centred around two protagonists and acts as a prequel to the other games. Kazuma

Kiryu, the protagonist of the entire franchise, is a brash and naïve young man who recently joined the yakuza. In a simple money collection mission gone wrong, he is framed for murder and ends up embroiled in a massive turf war between parties that seek to take over Tokyo. Meanwhile, Goro Majima, another mainstay in the franchise, is a one-eyed ex-Yakuza living in Osaka as the manager of a cabaret, as punishment for a crime he committed. To gain favour with his boss, he agrees to assassinate a person named Makoto Makimura, though his life takes

a sharp turn when he finds himself unable and unwilling to do so.

These stories are gripping and extremely well told, despite some melodrama. However, this is easily overlooked as the performances

\\ Everything in the game revolves around a single currency: Yen \\

are phenomenal; the voice acting, completely in Japanese, is incredibly good and is able to sell the weaker parts of the story. There are instances of surprising emotional depth; for instance, my sister came in to watch a section of the game for the first time just as an important cutscene was playing. Fifteen minutes later, she was in tears and completely hooked. The game benefits greatly from focusing exclusively on the plights of Kiryu and Majima, with the paths of both protagonists ultimately converging.

The gameplay is simple, and the beat-'em-up combat is brutal yet fun. Each protagonist has three distinct fighting styles, which can be switched on the fly and can be upgraded individually. Kiryu has his standard Brawler style, a quick and nimble Rush style as well as a

slow but powerful Beast style. Majima on the other hand, has his typical Thug style, a break dancing Breaker style as well as a bat-wielding Slugger style. Each style for each character shines in specific circumstances; for instance, Kiryu's Rush style is great for taking on certain large enemies by darting in, dealing a few hits, then darting out; while Majima's Breaker style is incredibly good for taking on and demolishing large crowds of people. There are no experience points, as everything in the game revolves around a single currency: Yen. The same money that you use for buying items and everything else is also used for upgrading your skills and abilities, which leads to interesting decisions about which abilities to upgrade early in the game. However, soon the money begins flowing in, making most decisions trivial.

However, playing through the story is just scratching the surface of *Yakuza 0*. The side missions are among the best parts of the game, though they will initially throw players for a loop. This is because there exists a massive tonal change between the main story and substories; you can go from an incredibly emotional scene involving a surprising reveal to a wacky substory within minutes. One of my favourites involves a person you meet in a dark

alley selling mushrooms. You assume he is selling magic mushrooms but he is in fact just selling normal mushrooms. Whenever you visit him, he is constantly being accosted by yakuza who want magic mushrooms, much to his bewilderment. Another of my favourites tasks you with helping an American popstar called 'Miracle Johnson' shoot a music video involving zombies, while in yet another you stand in as a producer for a TV advert. These substories are incredibly entertaining and once you accept the wildness, you are in for a massive treat as they provide the most amusing parts of the entire game.

Yakuza 0 is truly amazing, and with the release of

\\ Playing through the story is just scratching the surface of Yakuza 0 \\

Yakuza Kiwami, the remake of the first game, soon, there has been no better time to jump into this franchise. This is a great entry point and it proves that even with an inconsistent tone, a game can deliver a fantastic experience. You owe it to yourself to give *Yakuza 0* a try, as it is one of the best games this year.



Just stand tall and look badass \\ Sega



My first week with Switch



The **Switch** made the news for its **innovation** but is it any good? **Cale Tilford** dishes on its performance

Technology: helping to put people either with each other or against each other \\ Nintendo

The first thing I did after unboxing my Nintendo Switch was to lick the game cartridge. Videos of games and tech journalists doing the same went viral during the week of the Switch's launch after Jeff Gertsmann of Giant Bomb discovered their bitter aftertaste. However, the taste serves a purpose beyond internet virality: Nintendo coats them with a "bitting agent" to stop young children from accidentally swallowing the micro sized games.

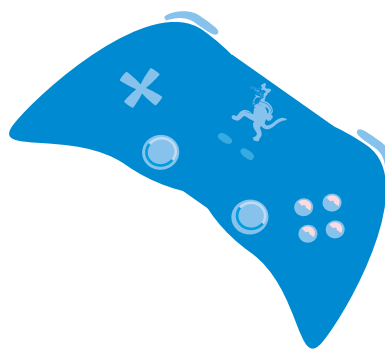
\\ The console looks and feels like a device built for adults \\

The Switch certainly isn't a console for kids. It's not foldable, small, and easily carryable like the 3DS and it doesn't follow playful design of the GameCube, Wii, or

even Wii U. The console looks and feels like a device built for adults (unless you buy the garish neon colour option).

Nintendo advertise it as something that works at home or on the go, fitting into your busy lifestyle but offering something more substantial than their previous handheld offerings. However, its large size means it's a bit awkward to play on public transport. When you're somewhere a bit more stable, standing the device up and removing the left and right controllers reveals the console's most promising feature: two-player multiplayer out-of-the-box. Best demoed with the cooperative puzzler *Snipperclips*, handing half of a controller to a friend is incredibly satisfying and quintessentially Nintendo. Putting the controllers back into place makes a loud physical, digital, click noise, giving the player the sense that they are constructing and reconstructing the console. Like Lego, but for adults. The Wii brought the family

together in a way games had never done before, and now the Switch does the same for you and a friend. It feels like the realisation of a vision that has informed the design of all of Nintendo's previous consoles; the device is an amalgamation of past design decisions, sculpted into a



multi-functioning whole.

While the Switch works well in what I like to call 'tear-and-share' mode, the most exciting showcase of the device's abilities so far is a singleplayer game. *The Legend of Zelda: Breath of the Wild* is a masterpiece on many levels. Its vast, gorgeous open

world runs almost effortlessly on the Switch whether in portable or docked mode. Like the Wii before it, the Switch supports motion controls. *Zelda* uses these, for the most part, to great effect, allowing you finer control over aiming and puzzle segments. After more than 20 hours with the game, it is already one of the greatest games I have ever played, and the Switch makes it better. I can play it anywhere: on my TV, on the sofa, on the tube, or in bed and the experience is always the same.

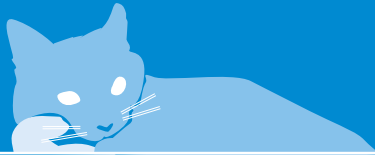
Other than *Zelda*, I've played a number of indie games on the device. Games that would once have been only available on PC or PS4 now work just as well, without any extra development, in portable mode. The Switch seems like the perfect console for indie games so it's not surprising that Nintendo are making an effort to collaborate with independent developers to help them port their games to the device. The launch line-up might look

small but soon enough dozens of indie games will be making their

\\ I can play it anywhere: on my TV, on the sofa, on the tube or in bed, and the experience is always the same \\

way to the eShop.

As a Nintendo fan, I was always going to like the Switch. However, it does have problems. The controllers occasionally disconnect, the screen is made of an easily scratchable plastic (a screen protector is absolutely necessary), and it still uses friend codes to connect players online. Despite this, it's undoubtedly the greatest console Nintendo have ever released – it just needs more games.



Spiced rack of lamb with char-grilled, smoked aubergine dip

Lamb season will be starting in a couple weeks and this means only one thing – you are allowed to enjoy a fancy meat you normally ignore for the easier to cook beef or pork. Get ready to salivate with this easy to make lamb delicacy.

Back home, lamb is usually cooked just as a traditional Easter dinner. Otherwise, I don't believe we have lamb at any other point in the year.

Probably, because of that I am quite reticent about cooking it – that and the fact that I hate my mom's lamb. Mom, I love you, but you have no idea how to prepare lamb. But, a couple of weeks ago, it was my best friend's birthday and we decided to organise a little dinner for him and, long story short, we decided that lamb is something you cannot go wrong with, especially because it's his favourite food. And our little experiment turned out quite a success, in the end.

While getting ready to prepare this delicious meal, keep in mind that it's enough for quite a lot of people – depending on how hungry they are, four or even six. So you shouldn't make it too spicy or too anything in fact because, you know, not everyone has the same preference as you do.

Or, maybe, everyone likes it a bit spicier than you do and you don't want to ruin everybody's meal because you are a weakling. This dish is very good exactly because it is spicy enough and somewhat sweet. Just like you after you've had mexican.

Ingredients

For the marinade

1 ½ tsp cumin seeds (yes, I know that some while ago I said I hate them, but in some dishes they are just right and yes, you can totally judge me)

½ tsp fennel seeds

¼ tsp caraway seeds

3 tbsp olive oil

3 garlic cloves, peeled

1 ½ tsp fresh root ginger

1-2 mild chillies

1 ½ tsp ground coriander

1/8 tsp smoked paprika

1 tsp salt

1 tsp tomato paste

1 ½ tbsp lemon juice (preferably freshly squeezed)

2 tsp granulated sugar

Cayenne pepper

For the lamb

800g rack of lamb

1 tsp olive oil

Optional, if you want to serve it in order to impress people: get some salad leaves for plating

For the aubergine dip

2 aubergines

1 tsp lemon juice (again, use your just acquired skill for making it)

For the marinade preheat a frying pan and toast the cumin, fennel and caraway



Don't you just love how cute baby lambs are? And tasty. Don't forget how tasty \\ Noel Reynolds

seeds for a few minutes. My editor-in-chief went into a tangent about how easy it is to over-roast seeds and burn them and how that can really ruin a good curry, and how he learned this from his Shrilankan bestie but I will not do the same thing to you and bore you for a good ten minutes. Besides this isn't a curry. This part is followed by something trickier: you then are supposed to crush the toasted seeds into a relatively fine powder. If you have a food processor, then it's easy-peasy! If not, you will have to get a bit creative – not dangerously creative, like dropping a bowling ball on them from a 'safe' height.

Mix the powder with the other marinade ingredients until the mixture becomes a fairly smooth paste. Though I could mention the quantity of cayenne pepper you add, it's really entirely up to you. You know how much spice you can handle. If not, take a guess and may the force be with you!

Place three quarters of the marinade and the lamb racks in a Ziplock bag and refrigerate for at least five hours. I recommend letting

\\ Mom, I love you, but you have no idea how to prepare lamb \\

them sit overnight – I know, no student is able to plan their meals in advance, but if you're going to cook then at least cook them properly. You are on the path of becoming a chef – just in case you fail your exams and subsequently your chance in academia and a better life – so better act like one!

For the aubergine dip (side note: you'd be doing this the following day), wash the aubergines and let them dry. Over an open flame – and totally ignoring the no fire rule of the college – or over a Bunsen burner when no one is looking, roast the skins of the aubergines until they blacken. Leave to cool.

Take the lamb out of the fridge and let it rest until it reaches room temperature. Preheat the oven at 200° C. Sear the lamb in the olive oil. Make sure all sides are equally done. Try not to over-cook it however. Wrap the

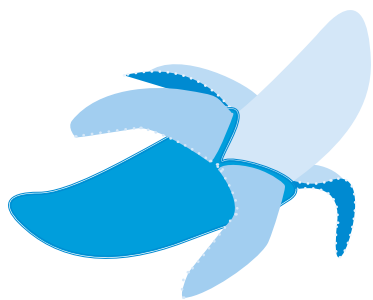
racks in aluminium foil and place in the oven for 10-15 minutes.

Let the meat rest before carving it. You should let it rest for at least half the time you cooked it, while making sure it doesn't get cold.

Take the aubergines and remove the blackened skin. Mash the flesh with a fork and add the remaining marinade and the lemon juice. Mix until smooth. Transfer into a serving bowl – or you know what, you can just serve it in the same bowl you've prepared it and enjoy the feeling of having less dishes to wash up. I know you will.

I hope you will find time to cook this mouthwatering dish between all the last-minute assignments you've been postponing since forever.

Enjoy your holiday and your mom's home-cooked food while you can (unless she can't cook and you only takeaway when you go home). And, in case you don't hear from me in time for your exams next term, good luck with them. Don't fuck them up. You're not a chef quite yet.



SEX

A beginner's guide to public sex

B.C. Maile

So, since this is the last issue before the Spring break, and as people customarily tend to travel during breaks, this article is going to be about taking advantage of opportunities to have sex in unusual locations. Of course, I'm not referring to France (their love of cheese is not unusual – just deal with it) or other travel destinations, but I'm trying to make a tenuous link with fucking in weird places. So, take a break from revision and prepare to be entertained.

Let's start with the basics: Agoraphilia. The term refers to a wide range of practices or fantasies which involve sex outdoors, sex in wide-open spaces and sex in public places. The motivations for this can be as simple as wanting to try something novel, but sometimes involve much

\\ The motivations for this can be as simple as wanting to try something novel, but sometimes involve much more complex desires \\

more complex desires. One of the main spheres of motivation for agoraphilia seems to be based around the openness of the space. Being able to see sky or distances larger than a standard bedroom

can certainly give a sense of liberation and excitement. But breaking the standard rules of where you can and can't have sex also feeds into that standard sexual mentality of losing inhibitions. If you grew up in the countryside, you've probably had an outdoor encounter at a drunken camp-out. But if you're more of a town mouse, why not have a trip out of London, find a quiet forest and give it a go?

Alternatively, you could take it one step further and have a go at dogging. Most of you are probably familiar with the lingo, but 'dogging' is a

sex, although there is some crossover. The exhibitionists sometimes enjoy sex as an act of performance, or enjoy the feeling of letting go and going primal, without having to worry about observers. For others, there's a humiliation aspect to the fetish, in being publicly dominated. Unfortunately for doggers, dogging is illegal, and sex in public can carry a hefty fine.

If you don't fancy taking that risk but still want to have sex in public, some beaches are sex-friendly. It's worth noting though, that most nudist beaches have a fairly

straight, public sex might be a bit more difficult to get, but there are still options. There are a fair few straight swingers clubs around London – a few of them quite kinky. A quick online search (try Fetlife or just plain ol' Google) should yield some good testimonials. If you're a girl, you'll

\\ If you've ever heard these stories and asked yourself why people would want to fuck in a Blakett basement shower with the stink of a half-clogged drain filling their nostrils – well, let me explain \\

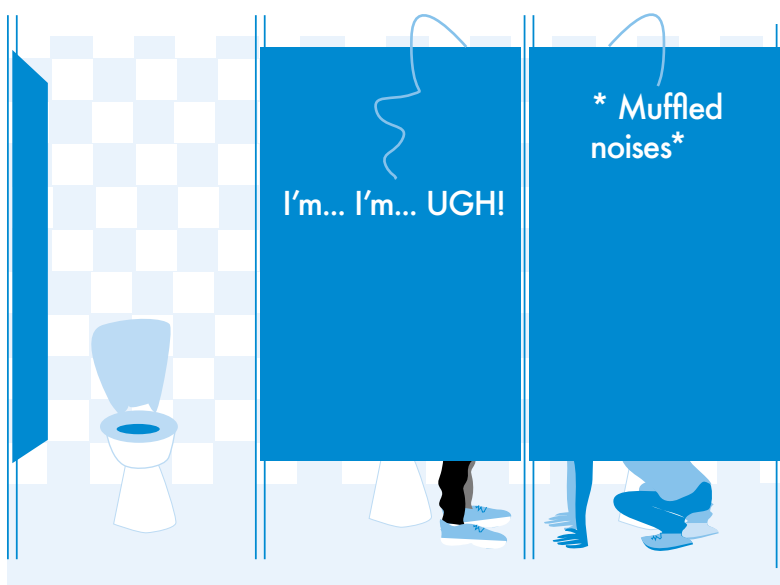
get into most of them for a discount, if not for free. If you're a guy, you'll be paying a fair bit more. #patriarchy

Though, such spaces can take away part of the appeal. For many, it's really about the thrill of nearly getting caught. I'm sure most of you have heard stories of people having sex on campus (and there are, indeed, several decent spots). If you've ever heard these stories and asked yourself why people would want to fuck in a Blakett basement shower with the stink of a half-clogged drain filling their nostrils – well, let me explain.

We've established that

potentially getting found out and the accompanying feeling of naughtiness are major drivers. That's why some of you will go for slightly cleaner spaces, such as various lecture theatres, Queen's Tower or the library (you know who you are). But still, grime can be part of the thrill, which is why, time and time again, some of you'll go for the grossness which accompanies public showers, toilets and Metric. That very literal feeling of dirtiness adds a new layer of taboo breaking to the experience, on top of the getting-caught-with-your-pants-down factor. Whilst it's not for everyone, the sport has many followers. There is a lot of erotic media revolving around this type of public sex, and it has become such a cultural phenomenon there is even a law in the UK specifically prohibiting sex in public bathrooms. So if you're going to try it, be very careful you don't get caught.

Regardless of whether it's the great outdoors, showing off in public, the risk of being disturbed or getting down in dirty places that floats your boat, embrace it. If you're feeling confused or shocked by this article, or even if you're plain-old bored, I hope you at least feel inquisitive enough to take advantage of the break and try something new. Just be careful, and remember to always check for cameras.



British colloquial term given to the practice of having sex in public, usually a car-park or field, while others watch. Some practitioners get off on having people see them fucking, some get off on seeing others fucking. The motivations behind this are somewhat different from just being into outdoor

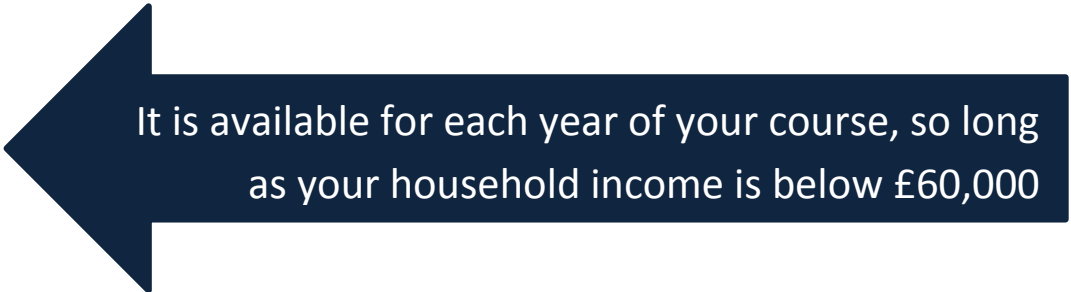
strict no-sex policy. If you don't mind being indoors, there is still a multitude of sex and swingers' clubs around London. If you're gay, you're in luck. London is full of gay saunas where sex is allowed and encouraged. There are also a hell of a lot of gay sex and kink clubs around, just a mouse-click away. If you're

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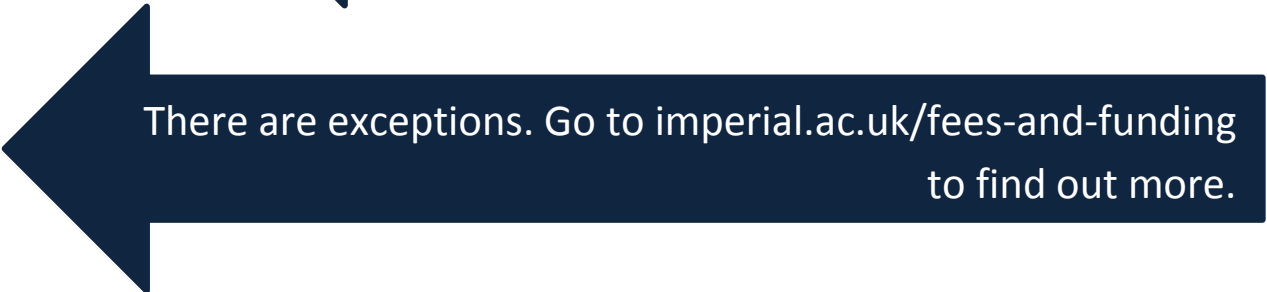
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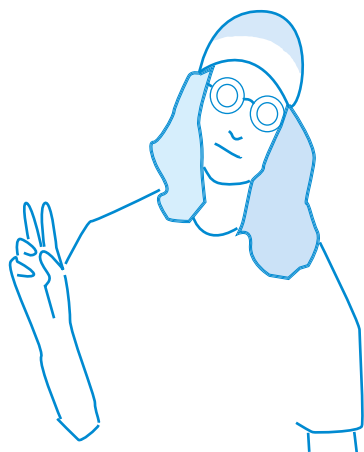
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Sherfield Building

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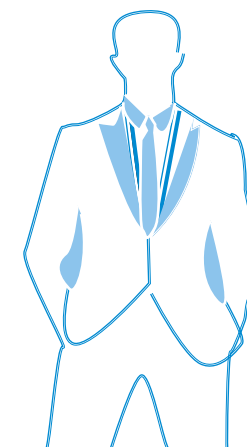


I'm doing lent so can't talk about animals but can we address movie handjob scenes for a sec?

Jonathan Masters' has an idea that will revolutionise cinema

Are white liberals everywhere nowadays or is it my neighbourhood?

Jonathan Masters can't seem to be able to go anywhere without bumping into/against annoying liberals v



VOS

Freedom is this week's theme for the last outpost of liberalism and free speech that is *felix*. Luckily last week the artist formally known

as Jonathan Masters lost the election in order to become head self-congratulator – also known as 'editor' – and hence balance has been restored to the universe. I hear that he is now putting up 'beware of the Jew' signs in north London as an ironic joke. Sounds hilarious. As a plus, we are now very close to the end of lent, and whilst I only subscribe to religions from South-East Asia, I found it an extremely opportune time to give up some of my vices. A common gripe that many of the heathens have against vegans is that we express the truth too often, which may push us towards being somewhat abrasive. As a result I spent the past month and a bit trying to restrain myself from telling anyone I was a vegan unnecessarily and I AM ALMOST AT FUCKING BURSTING POINT.

Deep breath

Anyway back to my favourite subject: freedom. Obviously it is tenet of modern western civilisations that there is no oppression of any kind towards any individuals; however, this does not seem to stretch towards anim- wait. I stopped myself. Um what's another issue I can piggyback onto? Well I guess we should have freedom to be whatever gender (from a choice of 36) we want to be as long as anim- ok look I just want lent to fucking end so I can talk about animals again. During this period of strife and woe I went to see *Moonlight* again, just to rub it in the faces of all white people

everywhere that felt joy over Ryan Gosling saving jazz. Here's one thing I want to discuss in order to get my mind off animals of all persuasions: have you ever seen a handjob scene in a movie that wasn't awkward to watch? There are three handjob scenes I can think of: the pilot episode of *Breaking Bad*, *Brokeback Mountain*, and obviously *Moonlight*. I just don't get it though – why has nobody made an arousing/not-uncomfortable handjob scene yet? If you can think of any please send them in. It's just like two actors ruffling around each other's clothes for a few minutes. Maybe the solution would be if they had like a stunt penis so that it looked more realistic. Or at least like a cumshot that lands directly onto the camera. Please don't steal my ideas.

Freedom is the greatest quality that us white people have protectively possessed for many centuries now. However, there is currently a subclass of people who wish to take this from us, and in fact they try every few decades or so. No, I'm not talking about the Jews for once, but instead the problem is the uncle tom's of the white educated liberals. The worst culprits are of course the women who apparently go to universities now. The other day when I was in Starbucks (because you must always support Israel) and some unemployed artist told me that I had misgendered her. I'm sorry, but are you a woman? Then you are a woman. Are you paid consistently less than your male counterparts? Then you are a woman. I threw the coffee in her face and told her to check her privilege. After that encounter I left and went to collect my dry cleaning; however, this landwhale in front of me was moving at a rate slower than the investigation into the disappearance of Madeleine McCann.

I hence addressed the fact that this human-elephant hybrid was taking up the entire pavement by addressing it in whale song and promptly telling them to move their obese excuse for a body. In response to my polite ejaculation, the fatty started to make incoherent noises towards me – it's mouth was obviously full of biscuits so I can't say for certain – but I'm fairly sure it tried to insinuate that I shouldn't fat shame. Now this is a term that really gets into my urethra. If you're fat, don't try and make me feel bad for the fact you

can't stop shoving ice cream down your gullet. I made my feelings clear to it, but instead it threw its diet coke can at me and started to chase me before realizing that it would be too exhausting an action to walk a few metres for its weak frame to handle.

After that was done, I could finally complete my art project that I have recently just started, under the guise of being into multiculturalism. After a poor experience on going to Golders Green and finding no gold whatsoever, I thought I should alert other people as to the true contents of this borough. I also have made sure that people are aware of fat old women, a trifecta of awful people that you should hope to avoid.

* Sponsored by Starbucks



CRISIS

Chris

Dear Chris,

I'm writing to you because of the imminent Spring break that's about to happen. Put plainly, I don't want it to happen! I don't want to go back home. I enjoy my independence in student halls (even if it's Alban). I like my new friends here, and we've already formed a tight D&D group.

Imperial is the bombDOTcomSLASHorgATtumblrTM. I can actually play sports here and people think I'm good and no one has made fun of my clarinet yet. Except Garry. Fuck you Garry.

So yeah you catch my drift. Don't want to go home. How do I deal with this.

Best,

Joe, a humble fresher

Dear Joe,

You're so sweet and young and innocent I literally just want to put you in a box, and lock that box in a cupboard, in a safe, room, hidden behind my bedroom wall, to protect you from all that is evil in the world, but most importantly at Imperial.

Either that or you're the most boring human being in existence.

Either way here's the deal: You need to leave. Firstly, to understand that Imperial is not what the real world looks like. Secondly, to actually take a break and make sure you don't burn-out. I don't know what nancy-pansy course you're on (probably Biology) but if you're not feeling the heat yet... you're probably going to

be feeling it real soon.

In some ways Imperial is like ancient Pompeii. (they were both cutting edge and sexist at the same time but that's not my point). The place to be and yet the place you don't want to stay too long in.

Seriously though, go away. If you don't want to go home just like interail or something. You can even try travelling alone. It's a thing. Enjoy telling people you go to Imperial and witnessing complete indifference in response.

So yeah, fuck off. It's what's best for you.

Big luv,
Chris xxxx

HOROSCOPES



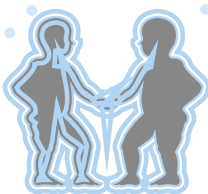
ARIES

This week you win/lose in the Leadership Elections. In the grand scheme of things it doesn't matter.



TAURUS

This week you fill in the felix sex survey. Use whatever you haven't done as a sexual to-do list and be sure to keep us updated at union.president@ic.ac.uk. Pictures heartily encouraged.



GEMINI

This week you're the Sherfield walkway notice board. For two weeks you were looked at and admired, now you go back to being merely glanced at. Story of your life.



CANCER

This week you're over two weeks into Lent and you've not gone back on your promise! It's a shame that the thing you gave up was attending lectures.



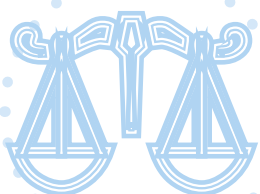
LEO

This week you call a referendum. You saw Scotland doing it and figured it's the thing to do nowadays. You're unprepared and nobody knows what they're actually voting on. You'll fit in fine.



VIRGO

This week you're invited into the secret West Basement tie club. Sure, the others may control all the high flying position in the Union, but we've got control of the press. And all the shiny iMacs.



LIBRA

This week you give up all hope and decide to join the dark side. You sell your soul but it's all in vain. You're a biologist and even Shell can't find a use for you.



SCORPIO

This week your landlord pays you a surprise visit. You panic and decide to put all the rubbish in your wardrobe. Except you can't because it got smashed last week at your house party.



SAGITTARIUS

This week Imperial finally becomes 'cool' enough that it gets its own resident drug dealer. As it's Imperial though, they only sell Modafinil and Adderall and frequent the library rather than Metric.



CAPRICORN

This week you're the weather, and you're actually alright. Go you.



AQUARIUS

This week you're at the end of your group project. Ten of you started off, happy and sane. Nine survived. One perished. (Though they really fucking deserved that bludgeoning to be fair)



PISCES

This week you're the Union mascot, Mike, the 75kg micrometer. You yearn to be violsted like the other mascots, to bask in the sun and be ransomed for booze. #FreeMike

The Leadership Elections 2017 are over – and the results are in!



A massive 6,704 of you took part, a turnout of 36.79%, once again demonstrating Imperial to be one of the most democratic universities in the country - thank you! Our 2017/18 Officer Trustee team will be:

President: Alex 'Chippy' Compton
Deputy President (Education): Nick Burstow
Deputy President (Welfare): Fintan O'Connor
Deputy President (Clubs & Societies): Thomas Bacarese-Hamilton
Deputy President (Finance & Services): Matthew Blackett

Check out the full summary of all the results online.

imperialcollegeunion.org/elections

The Advice Centre needs YOU



There's an opportunity to join the advice team at ICU, to help us better understand the college and improve the experience of students. The Advice Centre offers academic and non academic advice to students and it's an impartial, independent and confidential service open to all students at Imperial.

The aim of the service is to support students on a 1-2-1 basis, tackle issues on a wider scale and help improve the college's procedures and regulations. We need volunteers to help us understand what problems students have within the different departments and how these operate. This will help us target problems more effectively and be more supportive towards students.

Advice volunteers will act as a link between the Advice Centre and the department and will also help us run events more successfully. The role is flexible and will vary according to your commitment. To express your interest email advice@imperial.ac.uk, briefly describing why you would like to take part. If you have any questions email Angela Urasala, Advice Centre Manager (a.urasala@imperial.ac.uk). If you have an interest in improving the student experience, do get in touch.

imperialcollegeunion.org/advice-volunteers





Immortal 'til I die

Another early rise and long journey was made bearable by company. American football at Imperial is played in one club and with one team. It is a close-knit and friendly environment, where everyone is encouraged to develop Football skills, and, most importantly, have fun. This time our travels took us to Cardiff, for the Southern Division One semi-final against the Cardiff Cobras. The Cobras had only had one loss the whole season. They were primed, ready, with a full and healthy roster. On the other hand, we Immortals were depleted with many players playing Offence, Defence and Special Teams. In warm ups it was evident that we were the smaller squad. To be honest this was an observation made at all the games this season; but that never stops us. We are Southeast Division One Champions, and undefeated at home. We are well coached and have more

\\ American football at Imperial is played in one club and with one team \\

heart than any other team out there; numbers (normally) don't matter.

The start of the game was in our favour. For the first few drives, the Cobras Offence made more negative yards than positive; vintage Immortals defence. A similar story for offence. Although no breakout play occurred, the offense consistently picked up first downs and had little trouble advancing the ball. Initially all was good. The turning point of the game came early in the second

quarter. Unfortunately this turn was not in our favour. A long bomb by the Cobras' quarterback was received and led to a massive gain down field. On the day you could sense the Cobras' confidence grow and momentum switch. With this change in the wind, the Cobras found themselves in the end zone. At this point hearts sank and

defence got a second wind. Cobras slithered through the Immortals' (injured and depleted) offensive line, this meant that the ball hardly progressed. A stagnant offense meant that the defensive spent a lot of time on the field. The QB of the Cobras began to hit their stride. Pass after pass was received and supplemented by a consistent

the win was not deserved by the Cobras, or even that the Cobras did not deserve the final score. What can be said is that we, Immortals, did not deserve that score; it was definitely not representative of the hearts the players played with. At no point did the squad bend to the will of the Cobra, and a good fight and strong spirit was displayed

\\ At no point did the squad bend to the will of the Cobra, and a good fight and strong spirit was displayed throughout the game \\



our dominance seemed to fade. The first half ended. A frustrated Immortals squad attempted to ready themselves for the next half. The score stood at 7-0 Cobras. Only one score between us and the finals.

During the break it was evident that the long season had taken its toll. Many players were playing out of position, even more playing through injury. The second half saw a different picture. The Cobras

run game. It was evident that the Immortals were playing their hearts out. For many players this could be their last game. Through hit after hit, play after play, Immortals tried to stop the advance of the Cobras but to no avail. Touchdowns came to the Cobras one after the other. The final score at the end of the game was 27-0 Cobras. We wish them luck for the finals.

It would be lying to say that

throughout the game.

When the final whistle blew a melancholy swept over us. With this game our season ended. The playing career of many Immortals ended too.

This week's picture consists of some of the players (and coaches) that will be leaving us this year. From left to right: Harry Collini, James Mackay (Head Coach), Josemi Idígoras, Nigvi Tam, Will Coidan, Henry Turner, Sam Hill, Markus Mohr, Jorge Ales,

Jason Patrick Kuilan, Guillaume Fontan, David Meine, Firaz Ahmad, Tanvir Nazamuddin, Kem Smooth and William Ginzo. All these players have made contributions to the team, from leading it as President to devoting their time to attend training. Whatever their contribution, they will always be Immortal. This has been a great season, although this game was perhaps not the best note to end on, it does not take away from our achievements. From relegation from the top tier of university American football last year, to division champions this year; this is a tale of retribution that only a few teams at Imperial can match.

Half of the team this year was made up of rookies. Some of the rookies had never heard of American Football in Britain or even watched any NFL. Through the coaching provided these players are now starters on the team, and some have positions on committee. We are now recruiting for the 2017/18 season. If you are interested in playing a fast-paced hard-hitting sport, why not give American Football a go? All experiences, sizes and shapes welcome! #HustleHitNeverQuit #OneTeamOneClub #BecomImmortal Join our Facebook rookies group: [facebook.com/groups/imperialimmortals.rookies/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/imperialimmortals.rookies/)

