

1668
the
final
issue

16/06/17

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felix

THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON

I will not challenge the status quo
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Letters to the editor

In response to "Union awards ceremony honours volunteers" which appeared in issue 1667

Rude. Good morning,

Fact. I happened to be using the most recent issue of your fine publication in the manner to which it is most suited (that is, as a floor covering when painting), whereupon I stumbled upon an article written by your most esteemed editor, a man of both excellent taste and pelage. It covered, in most excruciating detail, the comings and goings of the recent Union Awards ceremony, even going so far as to quote verbatim the wise words of our Managing Director for some three paragraphs (an excellent way of expanding the article without having to actually write anything, by the way).

Life is pain.

Hey, we actually had to sit through the MD's speech and then transcribe it. We suffered enough.

More facts. Given that this article embodies the servitude to fine attention to detail for which this publication is well known, it came as quite some surprise that, when listing recipients of the nine categories of awards, notable by its omission was the award for CSP of the year, which as I am sure you will know was awarded to Imperial College Dramatic Society (colloquially known as DramSoc, that fine society of great repute).

We forgot. Literally lost track of all the times Jack Steadman got up on stage.

It's funny 'cos you're in charge of lights. To be spurned in such a way is not to be taken lightly, and I look forward to the following being printed in your next issue:

An admission that DramSoc is, in fact, the best (and objectively so). **No.**

An admission that Mistifer Cat, DramSoc's feline mascot, is superior to felix, yours. **Who's this now? Also no.**

A full-page advert, as previously offered to the society in return for services rendered. The artwork for said advert is attached. **It was in fact a banner ad with one week's notice as a prerequisite.**

This letter, in full, with the below diagram by way of illustration. **Trust me, you don't want my liquid tributes.**

Tributes in liquid form are also gratefully received in the Union Bar on Tuesday evenings.

Please do keep up the vital, vital work you carry out as a stalwart bastion of journalism. **Ugh. Fine.**

I remain, respectfully, yours, **Oh I know *wink***

Sir Walter

Sir Walter Plinge
Resident Ghost

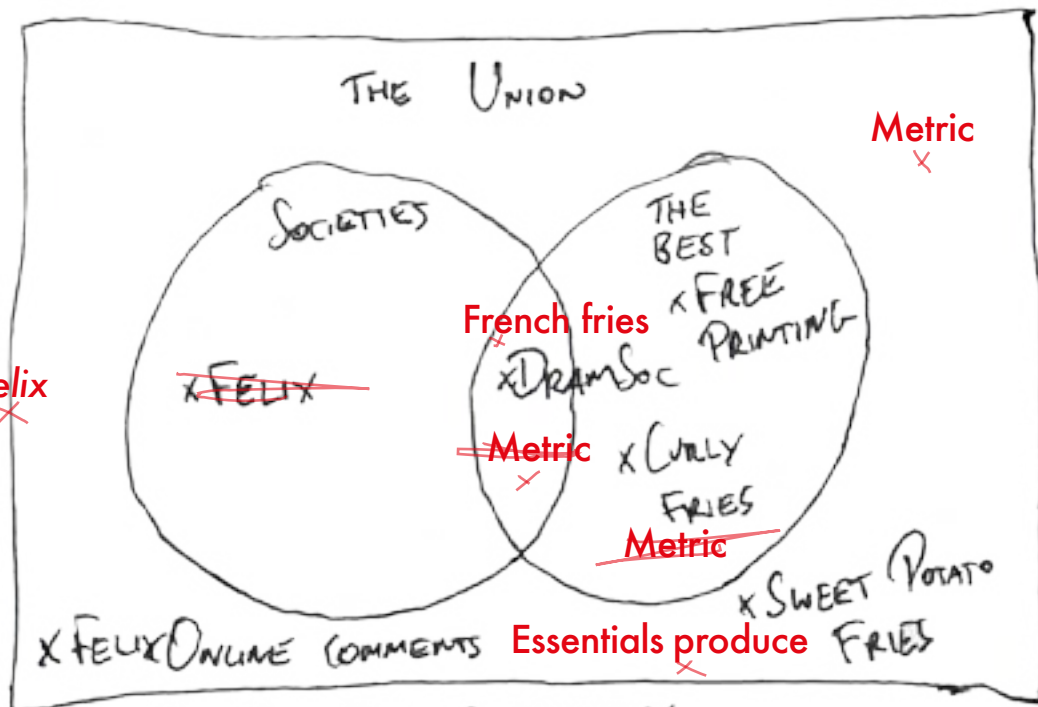


Fig. 1: DRAMSOC'S SUPERIORITY





Sport to be reshuffled next year

James Cox tells us what he's got in store for Sport at Imperial

Abigail de Bruin

Since about January, there have been rumblings in the Union of a big sports shake-up. We got in touch with James Cox, current Deputy President (Clubs and Societies) to see what's happening now that things are pretty much ready to be openly discussed. It appears we are set to go into a full year of student consultation and decision-making regarding some very big changes in how Imperial College Union and Sport Imperial will work together to accommodate student sport.

According to Cox, by the start of the 2018 academic year club sport will be delivered under one banner in one place on campus. "This aims to solve the root cause of a large proportion of our issues surrounding sport at Imperial, namely communication and transparency over decisions and the complexity of processes," he says. "Throughout next year, there will be a transitional process to achieve this"

The history of the relationship

// According to Cox, by the start of the 2018 academic year club sport will be delivered under one banner in one place on campus //

between Sport Imperial, Imperial College Union, and student sport societies has certainly been a rocky one. The Varsity incident, and subsequent research into our institutional culture, have highlighted inherent sexist

structures. There has also been a variety of issues with transparency around certain processes, including funding and facilities, seeing many students frustrated by the lack of clarity. As Cox says, "anyone involved in sports' committees understands that running their club can be a challenge under the current structure; tackling this is one of the reasons I ran for DPCS in the first place."

The Union recently sent out a survey to students to gauge their experience with Sport Imperial. The comments that poured in have not exactly painted the best picture of the organisation.

"Sport Imperial have consistently made me feel like my team or sport was not a priority, by failing to provide basic provisions such as pitches for matches, failing to provide sufficient information, and by running campaigns that have been offensive and unhelpful to the cause of encouraging and uplifting women in sport," says one exasperated survey participant who wants to remain anonymous.

That's not to say Imperial College Union has been faultless in this partnership. A whole host of issues have come up over the years as a result of Union action (or inaction) including double booking of training spaces and repeated issues revolving around the Union Gym floor coming apart or the splintering in the Union Dining Hall (although we are told the floor is finally due to be replaced soon).

Now, the Union is finally working with Sport Imperial and will hopefully adopt a multifaceted approach that will enhance the sport experience at Imperial. "Sport Imperial (College) and the Union (me, Activities) have been on the same page for

quite some time," says Cox. "All parties involved are incredibly passionate about achieving the best for the students regarding sport and it is very reassuring to work together with that in mind! We have worked very closely on many decisions surrounding sport this year."

As far as restructures are

// Though it's a common occurrence for other student unions to have athletics unions, where sports and societies are split, Cox doesn't think this is a system fit for Imperial //

concerned, Cox has been looking for solutions in other student unions. A trip to Bath in March yielded particular insights. Though it's a common occurrence for other student unions to have athletics unions, where sports and societies are split Cox doesn't think this is a system fit for Imperial. Instead he's pushing for a more student-led system.

Indeed, Imperial is renowned for the breadth of student-led activities it provides. Other Universities tend to have fewer clubs with wider scopes of activities, but Cox reassures us that we won't see the merging of clubs to reduce administration burdens. "To thrust an extra five teams into one club for one student to run would be silly in terms of managing people and finances," says Cox. "Besides, this would completely

disregard the years of history and tradition we have built at Imperial. Imperial doesn't have a tendency to copy others, we'll create something ourselves and it will be better."

So what's next? Obviously a key difficulty with the projects of Officer Trustees is that for them to be completed, they often have to be picked up by the incoming officer. Only time will tell how effective the vitally important student consultation part of this project will be. But Cox doesn't think that's necessarily enough. "To make this a success, all students need to get involved with consultations next year when they come, so stay on the ball (yep, intended). If it [the new system] is created by students and for students, it will be heralded by all students, don't underestimate this [sic]."

College gets collection points for Grenfell Tower fire victims

Lef Apostolakis



Grenfell Tower on Wednesday afternoon visible from Holland Avenue, still smoking // felix

Following the fire that engulfed Grenfell Tower in the early hours last Wednesday, claiming 17 lives and injuring many more, some critically, Imperial College set up clothes and bedding donation points at the main entrance to the South Kensington campus and in White City at the Grdpad Wood Lane Studios.

A statement released on Imperial's website wrote: "Our thoughts are with those affected by the fire at Grenfell Tower. The residents are our neighbours and community. We are deeply saddened by the incident and determined to

help where we can.

We are working with local councillors and the community to provide support, including accommodation."

Thanks to the efforts of Londoners over the past two days, Imperial is no longer collecting item donations. However monetary donations are more than welcome. You can donate at The Borough of Kensington and Chelsea's dedicated website, the Evening Standard and The Kensington and Chelsea Foundation.

The A40 Westway has reopened, but some local roads remain closed, so congestion are high. Tube service has resumed.



Nutt talks at Psychedelics Studies Imperial

The “niche” society sees successful launch event

Joanna Wormald

The psychedelic renaissance is here. Psychedelic Studies Imperial launched their venture last Wednesday with a mind-expanding talk by Professor David Nutt.

Despite initially being told that psychedelics was too niche a subject to form a society around, the PSI has sprung into life with the aim of promoting interdisciplinary psychedelic learning, pulling together work from scientists, anthropologists, psychologists, authors, and artists. Almost 300 people turned up to hear the legendary Professor Nutt, author of *Drugs Without the Hot Air* and one of the most important figures in British science. PSI couldn't have chosen a better person to kick off their series of events – Professor Nutt is as entertaining as he is intellectually fascinating.

Nutt is a powerful speaker

**\\ Nutt has tried to espouse the benefits of psychedelics in psychiatry and help people give up smoking and alcohol **

and starts his talk with the bold statement that psychedelic consumption by the ancient Greeks made them feel much better and allowed them to get on with the important tasks of inventing democracy, writing plays, and “basically founding Western society”.

Pulling the audience into more recent times, Nutt pinpoints the major breakthrough in the field of psychedelics: Albert Hoffman's synthesis

of LSD for the first time in 1938. He claims this indirectly revolutionised life sciences: the development of PCR was reportedly the result of an LSD trip in which Kary Mullis saw a DNA double helix unravelling and replicating.

Nutt has tried to espouse the benefits of psychedelics in psychiatry and help people give up smoking and alcohol. He admits that there are risks of adverse reactions but explains that when taken under adequate supervision, results are “overwhelmingly positive, safe, and effective.” Nutt proves his point by explaining the findings from more recent research, much of it his own. Psilocybin (the psychoactive substance found in magic mushrooms) drastically improved the lives of people with severe treatment-resistant depression. What is truly astonishing however is his explanation of how the drug works. Depression is typically treated with selective serotonin re-uptake inhibitors, which “dampen” activity in the amygdala (the part of the brain responsible for fear, which is commonly over-active in depression). Psychedelics seem to do the exact opposite. Nutt's theory is that increasing amygdala activity helps people confront their emotions rather than suppress them. He recounts a moving tale of one subject who managed to confront their abusive father for the first time after psychedelic treatment.

But what about the more well known effects of psychedelics? Nutt thinks he can explain trips too. His functional MRI tests show decreased activity in brain regions associated with integration in volunteers injected with psilocybin. He suggests that this allows people to see the “primary processing” that occurs in



In April, brains of people on LSD, ketamine or psilocybin were observed to be in a “higher state of consciousness” // Betsy Sanchez

the brain. He believes that this is responsible for the hallucinations and “ego-disintegration” during trips. In future work he hopes to discover “where people go”

**\\ In 1966 the CIA was deeply concerned about the “drop acid, not bombs” mentality of young people and their reluctance to fight in the Vietnam War **

after taking psychedelics and is confident that at some point scientists will be able to visualise what users see by ‘reading’ their brain waves.

By this point the audience is well and truly on Nutt's side and certain of the immense potential of psychedelics. So why isn't the rest of the scientific community clamouring for more research? The answer

lies in politics and what Nutt refers to as possibly the greatest scientific censorship since the days of Copernicus and Galileo.

In 1966 the CIA was deeply concerned about the “drop acid, not bombs” mentality of young people and their reluctance to fight in the Vietnam War. Nutt speaks deeply critically of the media campaigns that ran headlines such as “LSD made me a prostitute” and “Doctors blame LSD/Girl gives birth to a frog” which helped get LSD banned and classified in the UK as a class A drug. He was even more incensed in 2005 when psilocybin was made a class A drug. Nutt blames this on the Daily Mail, which he accuses of pushing Tony Blair to take a more “macho” stance on drugs. He even goes so far as to declare that this action was illegal since the appropriate experts were only consulted two days before the vote. It wasn't all bad though – Nutt muses that the move probably provoked him into doing psychedelics research.

Criminalising psychedelics

has undoubtedly made research much more difficult and expensive. Nutt claims the drugs are treated as “more dangerous than plutonium”. He ridicules the inexorable bureaucracy that means he can write a prescription for heroin but must undergo a police check and constant supervision to ensure he doesn't slip out a little psilocybin. There has never been a death caused by psilocybin, he claims, but plenty of people die from the alcoholism that the drug could help treat.

It is impossible to listen to Professor Nutt without becoming convinced of the benefits of psychedelic research and decriminalisation. He thinks it's finally time for a rational and enlightened approach to drugs policy. He hopes that political and public debate will lead to the decriminalisation of cannabis and then psilocybin. And if LSD is decriminalised in Nutt's lifetime? He'll take it as he dies.

Your Union events

Friday 16 June



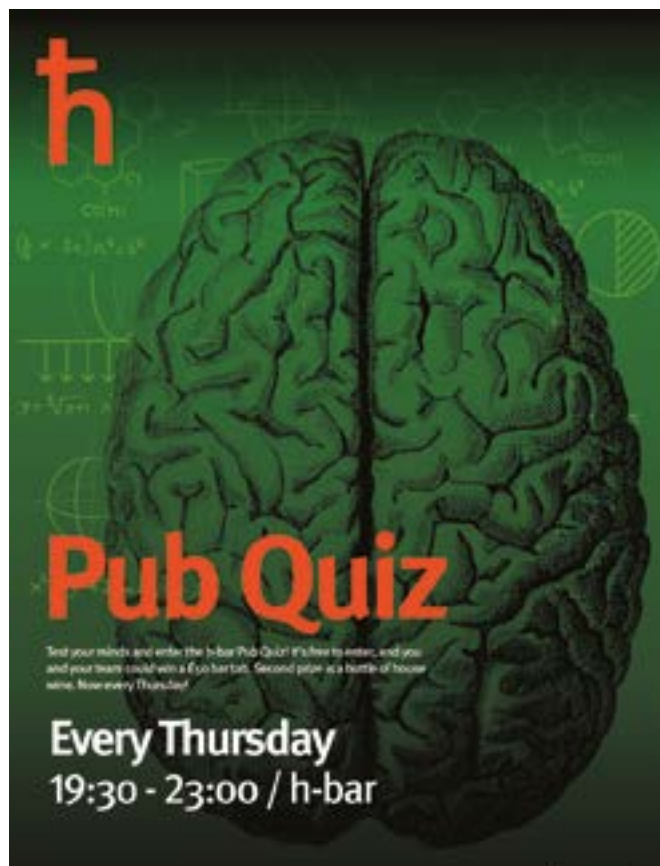
COMMON PEOPLE

A NIGHT OF 90S AND 00S INDIE, ROCK AND BRIT POP FLOORFILLERS!

Free entry to the first 25 people who post their song choice on the wall!

FRIDAY 16 JUNE
20:00 - 02:00
METRIC & FIVESIXEIGHT

£1.00 On the Facebook Guestlist
£2.00 On the door



Pub Quiz

Test your minds and enter the h-bar Pub Quiz! It's free to enter, and you and your team could win a £50 bar tab. Second prize is a bottle of house wine. Now every Thursday!

Every Thursday
19:30 - 23:00 / h-bar



BIRTHDAY PARTY

Celebrating 1 Year From Refurbishment

JOIN US FOR
Prosecco Reception, Comedy Night, Club Night

Friday 30 June
17:00 - 01:00
Reynolds Bar

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

Next Friday
20:00-02:00

Summer Carnival

Friday 30 June
12:00-03:00



Pub Quiz

Every Thursday
19:30-23:00

PGI Friday

Every Friday
19:00-00:00

Find us on Facebook!

fb.com/hbarpub



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

Reynolds Birthday Party

Friday 30 June
19:00-01:00



Quiz Night

Every Thursday
19:30-22:00

Sunday Roasts

Every Sunday
All day

Find us on Facebook!

fb.com/thefoundryw3

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

imperialcollegeunion.org/whats-on





Who are the DUP?



Ratan Gor tries to clear up some post-election head-scratching

\\ Why the DUP and no one else you may ask? Basically, no one else would dare cut a deal with the Tories \\

Last week's general election marked a momentous occasion. The youth, generally considered docile and apathetic when it comes to politics and voting, went out in their droves to flex their muscle. The main battleground for the election was social media. The weapons of choice: memes and parody videos ranging from the naughty corn-field memes of Theresa May – which gained a Harambe-like following – to Jeremy Corbyn's face superimposed onto Stormzy's *Shut-up* video.

margins by which they were won. MPs on both sides of the aisle saw themselves elected with wafer-thin margins as historical majorities melted like ice-cream in the sun. UKIP was expunged from parliament failing to capture a single seat. The SNP lost more than a third of theirs. Despite gaining four more seats, the Lib Dems suffered the loss of their steward, Nick Clegg, who was rejected by Sheffield Hallam, a seat which was thought to be solid. Perhaps the most significant result came on the other side of the Irish Sea as the Democratic Unionist Party (DUP) of Northern Ireland, won ten seats. They have subsequently been branded

enough votes to pass a bill. Coalitions and deal-making with other parties can help create a majority government and are the options Theresa May's Conservatives are currently considering. This is where the DUP come in.

Why the DUP and no one else you may ask? Basically, because no one else would dare cut a deal with the Tories at this moment in time for fear of alienating their voters and committing political suicide. As a result, the DUP now have leverage over the Tories as they know that Labour will be only too willing to propose

\\ They oppose gay marriage so much that they blocked it passing into law despite its winning approval in Northern Ireland's parliament \\



the 'King Makers' of the election as the Tories have tried to cut a deal with them in order to form a government. However, just who are they, what do they stand for, and why are they suddenly so important?

First let's note that a majority government helps legislation to be passed through Parliament, as MPs of the governing party can account for more than half the votes. A minority government, on the other hand, has to sway members of other parties in order to get

\\ The DUP now have leverage over the Tories as they know that Labour will be only too willing to propose their own government \\

The events of the day played out in dramatic fashion. The Conservatives, despite ending up with the highest comparative number of seats, failed to secure a majority like the one they had before the election. Labour on the other hand managed to claw back 30 seats – meteorically better than what was projected to be a colossal collapse. Perhaps just as significant as the number of seats won were the

is unsettling, to say the least. They oppose gay marriage so much so that they blocked it passing into law despite its winning approval in Northern Ireland's parliament in 2015.

They also vehemently oppose abortion. In Northern Ireland, the criteria for having an abortion are exceptionally strict. This leads many to travel to England to have the procedure done privately. Such a policy has even led some women to illegally buy medication online if they are unable to afford the trip.

The DUP is riddled with climate change sceptics, with their ex environmental minister having outright called global warming a con. This is



especially concerning since The Donald's messy pull out from the Paris Agreement. We can't afford any more governments even considering neglecting this critical issue if our planet is to have a future.

Should a deal therefore be agreed between the Tories and the DUP, the latter will have the ear of a government which they would use to try and sway decisions made on such matters to bring them in-line with their archaic worldview.

Ex-Tory PM, Sir John Major,

has stated that cutting a deal with the DUP would also go against the Good Friday Agreement which states that the UK government should remain impartial when it comes to dealing with political parties of Northern Ireland. So maybe we are in for another handbrake turn. If the last few weeks have taught us anything in fact, it is that Ms May is indeed the 'U-turn Queen'. She called this election looking to secure her coronation with an overwhelming majority. I'm sure this precarious government wasn't quite what she had in mind.

\\ The DUP is riddled with climate change skeptics, with their ex environmental minister having outright called global warming a con \\

The Tories were ripped apart like a fox on a hound hunt on June 8th – poetic justice. They are now in intensive care and are seeking radical surgery to help stitch them back up. All other parties have refused to operate stating that the risks are too high. And while the DUP seem to be more than keen to lend a helping hand, the question is: at what price? We will have to wait and see.



The failings of the Conservatives



Ansh Bhatnagar, the incoming secretary of Imperial College Labour Society, explains how we ended up in this mess

\\ Corbyn outperformed everyone's expectations, and he may well have done better had his MPs backed him from the beginning \\

Theresa May went for a power grab. She wanted to wipe out Labour while her party was polling with almost 20 points ahead of them. With a fragmented opposition and Corbyn's poor approval ratings, everyone assumed it was going to be a landslide election. So how did this all backfire and end up in a hung parliament?

\\ It should have been a slam dunk. Corbyn had never been more unpopular \\

After a massive U-turn on not holding a snap election, May set out to make it all about a single issue: Brexit. "The other parties hinder the process," she said. "We must elect a strong and stable government with a mandate to pursue a hard Brexit."

It was simple. This wasn't about the country, or stability for Brexit negotiations. This was a selfish decision made to benefit her party and obliterate the voices of the opposition. It should have been a slam dunk. Corbyn had never been more unpopular, even with some of his most vocal supporters feeling unsure about him. The situation was bleak for Labour, and for the left wing in this country. Nonetheless, May failed so severely that the

Conservatives were unable to keep their majority.

A Failure of Leadership

When a Prime Minister calls a snap election to "bring stability to the country," you would expect them to put forward the case for their party's leadership. Yet complacency and disregard for the electorate was shown throughout the campaign.

Rejecting calls for a debate with Corbyn, including from the man himself, was not a power move – it looked weak. It was an opportunity to hit hard about why the Tories were preferable for the economy, security, and Brexit negotiations. Yet May failed to appear in any debates and stooped as low as to send Amber Rudd in her place, less than 48 hours after Rudd's father's death.

The manifesto didn't help either. It looked half-arsed and not like something you'd expect from the only party who knew there was going to be an election. Unlike Labour's, it wasn't even costed. There are many challenges our society is facing (and lack of government control over the Internet is not one of them).

\\ Complacency and disregard for the electorate was shown throughout the campaign \\

With weak suggestions such as bringing back fox hunting and introducing a dementia tax, the public understandably became dissatisfied with these ideas.

A Failure of Messaging

An over-reliance on traditional media and tabloids also contributed to May's loss of seats. The influence of these sources is waning, particularly in an era where a Google search can reveal the truth about a misrepresented opposition policy. On top of that, all the 'Corbyn is a terrorist sympathiser!' smearing failed to stick. The tabloids went over the top, and it is likely that at least part of their readership rejected their incredulous claims.

A Failure of Substance

Throughout her TV appearances, May was held to account over her record. Audience members would grill her about the cuts made to the police, to schools, to disability allowances – all difficult to defend – while Corbyn unashamedly stood up for the Labour manifesto and did not apologise for his beliefs.

She tried to look tough on terror by saying she would curtail Internet freedom and scrap human rights laws while presiding over police cuts and arms deals with Saudi Arabia – a country that funds mosques in the UK that preach the Wahhabist interpretation of Islam which inspired ISIS. Still the tabloids went after Corbyn, simultaneously calling

him a 'weak pacifist' and a 'terrorist sympathiser' for daring to suggest that perhaps Britain shouldn't be so keen on military intervention abroad.

A Failure of Judgment

The Conservatives failed to assess the situation properly, and they did not expect the Labour manifesto to land so well. It was well written, fully costed and comprehensive.

The Labour campaign successfully showed that this isn't #EUref2, but a general election that is about many more issues than just Brexit. It had a central theme: hope. 'Look at what our country could become!' is definitively more powerful than fear-mongering and complaining about the other side – something that plagued not only May's campaign, but also Ed Miliband in 2015. This positive campaigning resonated with the electorate and is reflected in the gains that Labour made.

With digital media, Corbyn's message found its way through to the young voters, who turned out in droves and helped swing seats. He was not a typical politician, artificial and polished like his Conservative counterpart, and this helped in an era where people are becoming increasingly disillusioned with polished politics. This led to the massive audiences we saw at Corbyn's rallies, and the feeling that he had won the hearts of a significant portion of the electorate, to the surprise of the Tories.

Friday came, Corbyn outperformed everyone's expectations, and he may well have done better had his MPs backed him from the beginning. On the other hand, May's hideous campaign which blatantly disregarded the electorate did not win over the country. The public reacted predictably, depriving the

\\ 'Look at what our country could become' is definitively more powerful than fear-mongering and complaining about the other side \\

Conservatives of a majority and forcing them to make a deal with the far-right DUP, associated with the radical Protestant Ulster Volunteer Force. Wait, wasn't Jezza meant to be the one with ties to Irish paramilitary groups?

By her own metric, May failed on Thursday. She gambled her majority, and lost the power she had. By showcasing such poor decision making, she has never looked as weak as she does now.

So here we are, as she warned, at a coalition of chaos. Except it is Theresa May, not Jeremy Corbyn, at its helm.



It doesn't matter if you're queer or not, you need to support Gay Pride



Lef Apostolakis is fed up of faux acceptance

\\ How can people uncomfortable with the LGBTQ+ community be expected to celebrate it when all they've ever been asked to do is tolerate it \\

It doesn't matter if you're queer or not. You need to support Gay Pride.

It's that rainbow month of the year again, when queers all around the world take to the streets to celebrate being alive and every bigoted dickhead gets the opportunity to rant about how they "don't mind The Gays but do they really have to strap a dildo on their heads and strut around in public". Though such questions tend to produce a small pulsating vein on my forehead, I've come to realise they do raise legitimate points.

\\ Some of my best friends have told me I should be grateful for the love and acceptance I've received, and I really am. But I'm also asking for more \\

with not being disowned and although they accept and love me still, to say that I'm happy with the resolution of my big coming out would be a lie. Our relationship has changed and although it's slowly being mended it will take years before they're comfortable with who I am.

This spring my mother came to visit. We drank and talked and cried and got closer than I think we've ever been. Still, when I joked about taking her to Pride with me she made it clear it would take a while before we got anywhere near that stage.

It's understandable. She's of a different generation. All I can do is love her with all my heart and be there when she is ready to join me. Some of my best friends have repeatedly told me I should be grateful for the love and acceptance I've received, and I really am. But I'm also asking for more, not from my parents really but from society. I'm done being tolerated, feeling appreciated despite being gay.

\\ Before I came out to my parents, I thought I'd be happy with not being disowned \\

Because how can people who are uncomfortable with the LGBTQ+ community be expected to celebrate it when all they've ever been asked to do is to tolerate it?

Fuck tolerance. Controversial, I know. For a long time I really thought tolerance was the Holy Grail, because tolerance meant being allowed to exist. This tolerance came at the price of not drawing attention to your irregularity, not provoking, being invisible and most importantly being grateful for it. Today I want more.

Before coming out to my parents, I thought I'd be happy

Tolerance is great and all when we're talking about religion, heatwaves, or London's crack fox population. But really if you think about it, tolerance should not be used to describe groups of people.

We shouldn't tolerate the Gays, the Muslims, the Blacks, the 'insert minority group's name here'. They're not ideologies, they're not adverse weather conditions, and they're not pests. They're people.

People are meant to be loved and celebrated. It doesn't matter what you are. I don't care about the colour of your skin, your genitals, your gender or lack thereof. I couldn't give a fuck about your religion. I care about who you are. I care about how you treat me and others.

By offering tolerance to me you're disrespecting me by acknowledging your superiority and power over me. To ask for tolerance is even worse. It's an act of desperation, an admittance of defeat. Sure there are places in the world where members of the queer community have to literally plead for their lives, but thankfully this is no longer one of them. So I'm done pleading. I'm ready to claim the respect I deserve.

It's not an easy conclusion to arrive to. I myself didn't get it until I went to my first Gay Pride last year. I had just completed a final round of very public coming outs (may it be the last one) to my extended family, and pretty much anyone who still kept

in touch with me through social media, and I was free to publicly participate in one of the world's largest celebrations of queerness.

I remember shyly almost asking some close friends whether they'd like to go to London Pride with me and the excitement that engulfed me when they almost indifferently said they would.

I remember wandering through London and seeing people being themselves, happy, unafraid.

I remember the speeches and the concerts and being able to share that moment with people that I loved and who loved me back. That feeling of belonging, acceptance, blind love, community; that was the closest I've ever come to experiencing God.

I remember all the people marching, some sporting feathered buttplugs and leather chokers, others metre-high wigs and towering heels. People with hairy pits, legs, and crotches, people with unicorn makeup, flannel shirts, septum piercings, shaved heads, tracksuits, gimpsuits, and suits made of latex. But most vividly I remember the 'normies', the straight allies, the ones who didn't care

\\ I'm done being tolerated, feeling appreciated despite being gay \\

about who anyone was, the ones who'd come to show their love.

Because that's what Pride is really about. It's transcended from a celebration of queerness to a celebration of love. Love that crosses borders, disregards social norms, colour blind love, tone-deaf love, gender-bending, cross-dressing, unboxable love.

And that's why you need to celebrate Pride. Sure some of the events face inclusivity issues, or have complacently fallen victims to consumerism but Pride remains one of the most beautiful celebrations established by our civilization. If you believe in a world

\\ That feeling of belonging, acceptance, blind love, community; that was the closest I've ever come to experiencing God \\

united, a world that trumps hate, where people can just unapologetically be themselves, free, beautiful, and powerful, you simply have to participate. It doesn't matter what you are.

Just love me and I will love you back.

No that's not right.

You don't have to love me, just let me love you.



Writing mental illness off as a personality quirk is dangerous



Vivien Hadlow thinks that warning people against categorising personality traits as mental illnesses can be counterproductive

\\ I have no doubt that this is the mentality that has largely ruined my university experience \\

Two weeks ago, I read an article in *felix* posing the question: "Are we medicalising personality?"

The author argues that self-diagnosis of a mental health problem can be risky. I agree. They argue that convincing yourself you have a mental illness when you don't, can make you miserable. I agree. Something far more dangerous, however, is to convince yourself you don't have a mental health problem when you do.

\\ It is extremely common for those suffering from mental illness to blame themselves \\

If I had read this article in my first, or maybe even early on in my second, year of university, it would have confirmed my worst fear: maybe I'm just like this. Maybe I'm just a bit pathetic, and that's why I get stressed so easily and spend hours hyperventilating and crying for no apparent reason. And anyway, if I didn't want to be stressed I should have just gone to lectures and done my work - it's my own fault for being so lazy and staying in my room all day. My life is fine, and thinking that everything would be better if I didn't exist, is just melodramatic self-indulgence.

Why on earth would I ask for help when all my problems are my fault? I'm just like this.

\\ I felt an enormous sense of guilt and couldn't rid myself of the feeling that I was just, as the author suggests, looking for an excuse to hide behind \\

This is the mentality that stopped me from seeking help until my second year of university, and while I can't know for sure how much earlier intervention would have helped, I have no doubt that it is this mentality that has largely ruined my university experience. And I am sure that I am not alone in this.

It is extremely common for those suffering from mental illness to have thoughts like this, and blame themselves for problems arising from their condition. I have always been quite lazy, and not particularly sociable. These are personality traits of mine which have always meant I have to put in more effort than many other people into dragging myself out of bed or doing my homework, and make myself go out with friends instead of staying in my room. But that was all it was - just a little bit more effort. It is worlds away from the days when I

cannot even bring myself to get out of bed to brush my teeth. I can recognise this now, but since my mental health deteriorated gradually rather than suddenly taking a turn for the worse, it was very easy for me to confuse my depression with my laziness, and my anxiety with self-induced stress. Even when I started to suspect differently and look up information online about depression, I felt an enormous sense of guilt and couldn't rid myself of the feeling that I was just, as the author suggests, looking for an excuse to hide behind. Terrified of other people forming the same opinion, I did my best to hide it from almost everyone - even

\\ I did my best to hide it from almost everyone - even my first therapist, to whom I downplayed the impact it was having on my life for fear that she, too, would think it was my own fault \\

my first therapist, to whom I downplayed the impact it was having on my life for fear that she, too, would think it was my own fault. Again, this is not uncommon, but something that many people who have some form of mental health

problem experience. Perhaps I am being naive, but if someone has reason to believe they have social anxiety, maybe it would be

\\ There is a valuable discussion to be had about the risks of self-diagnosis \\

better to reach out to friends or people they trust to talk about it rather than "just calling themselves a bit shy". The troubling implication of this suggestion is that unless you have what the author refers to as a "medically diagnosable mental health problem", you should just get over it and accept that it's part of who you are. Reading it now, having been receiving treatment for over a year and spoken to numerous medical professionals, still made me panic about whether or not I really had just been making up elaborate lies to myself and others to cover up the fact that I am lacking as a person. To someone who has not yet sought help, or is not surrounded by the incredibly supportive network of friends and family that I am lucky enough to have, it could be actively harmful.

I am not disputing that the article raises a valid point - there is a valuable discussion to be had about the risks of self-diagnosis and confusion

between personality traits and mental illnesses. There is a huge amount of information online, much of it not written by health professionals, about many different types of mental illness, and it is definitely necessary to exercise caution when identifying with the symptoms listed. Feeling lethargic and being reclusive don't necessarily mean you are depressed, and feeling nervous about a social situation doesn't necessarily mean you have social anxiety. Convincing yourself that it does, which is very possible (everyone's made the mistake of turning to WebMD

\\ The focus on warning people against mistaking a personality trait as a mental illness serves to dissuade them from seeking help \\

for advice on a physical ailment and decided they're dying), will be detrimental to your wellbeing. But the article's focus on warning people against mistaking a personality trait as a mental illness serves to dissuade them from seeking help. There are already enough obstacles to people seeking help without actively feeding the paranoia that they are being irrational and looking to shift the blame for personal failings.



Anatomy of a Suicide follows the stories of three generations of women of the same family, linked together not only by their genetic heritage, but also by the same emotions and struggles as they battle with mental illness. Carol is a 1970s housewife, struggling to find reasons to stay in the world. Almost 30 years later, in the late 90s, Anna, her daughter, is struggling with a drug addiction, triggered by the loss of her mother. 30 years later still, we meet Bonnie, a busy doctor in an A&E department, who is coping admirably with the stress of her work, but is closed off and distant, famous for not interacting with her colleagues outside work.

The three stories unfold simultaneously in front of us, the dialogue spilling over between the three scenes. It should be confusing, especially given the small stage of the Royal Court, but the staging is such that each story is clear in its own right and carries its own weight.

**\\ The three stories unfold simultaneously in front of us, the dialogue spilling over between the three scenes **

The staging is hauntingly beautiful and one of the best features of the play. The stage is a sparse grey, split in thirds, one for each protagonist. The supporting cast revolve around the three women, sometimes playing different roles and other times, older versions of the same characters. This gives a beautiful sense of continuity; there is a strong sense that we are watching the same story unfurl whilst affixed to three different axes. Between scenes, each of the central characters is repositioned by the people around them.

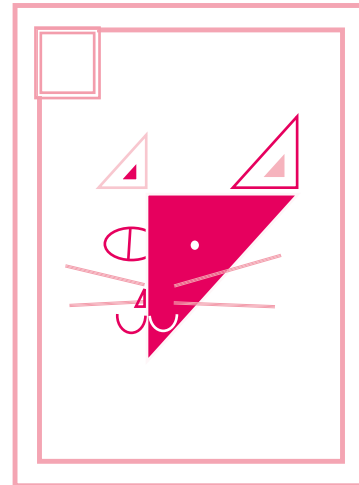
Stripped and redressed by the supporting cast; they are moved like dolls in their own stories. By so viscerally taking agency from the characters we experience the sense of helplessness and inevitability that reverberates throughout each story.

Alice Birch's writing is achingly beautiful – each character's story stands apart, but the dialogue intersects between them, reused and echoed, seamlessly weaving them together. "Are you happy?" is a recurring refrain, spoken to each of the characters at one point or another, but is never as straightforward a question as it seems. Director Katie Mitchell's work complements Birch's writing perfectly as the stories come together visually in a way that reflects the writing.

**\\ There is a strong sense that we are watching the same story unfurl whilst affixed to three different axes **

Each story fills its own space, merging with its neighbour, but never completely invading it.

The three main actors are equally



brilliant. Hattie Morahan as Carol conveys a silent, but poetic resignation. Katie O'Flynn brings a real raw emotion to Anna in her desperate monologues and the physicality of her acting. Adelle Leonce's Bonnie is restrained and calm, her subtle performance perfectly capturing the character's suppressed anguish.

The story isn't without flaws – the focus on suicide, whilst true to the name of the play, doesn't do justice to the complexity of mental illness faced by each of the three women and, on occasion, the recurring themes and pieces of dialogue feel repetitive. But these are minute flaws in what is otherwise an overwhelmingly moving piece of work. The intensity of Anatomy of a Suicide is something few plays manage to capture; it is an experience in itself.



Hattie Morahan and Peter Hobday \\ Stephen Cummiskey

Anatomy of a Suicide



Hattie Morahan, Kate O'Flynn and Adelle Leonce in Anatomy of a Suicide \\ Stephen Cummiskey



Vaishnavi Gnananathan

Alice Birch **weaves** a story of three women **bound** together by **mental illness**

Anatomy of a Suicide is on at the Royal Court until 8th July.

Tickets from £12



Queer British Art (1861-1967)

Ostracised but never conquered



Sappho and Erinna in a Garden at Mytilene (1864), by Simeon Solomon \\ TATE PURCHASED 1980



Indira Mallik

Queer British Art (1861-1967) is on at Tate Britain until 1st October

Tickets: Adult £16.50 (without donation £15), Concession £14.50 (without donation £13.10)

Little rainbows have been popping up everywhere lately – on Facebook, in Skittles adverts, soon they'll be arriving on London's streets. In fact, the rainbow flag has been flying over Tate Britain for some months now. The gallery will be kicking off the London Pride celebrations next Saturday with a special Tate Lates at their exhibition Queer British Art.

The show, focused solely on LGBTQ+ artists, charts the century or so between 1861, when the death penalty for sodomy was abolished, and 1967, when another bill decriminalised male homosexuality. The works on display that emerged in this century, in which artists ran the risk of trading their freedom for free expression of their desires, are a celebration of defiance, both coded and candid.

The exhibition encompasses art in its traditional forms – there are plenty of paintings here, from John Singer Sargent's portrait of Vernon Lee to David Hockney's tongue in cheek art school paintings of oiled up athletes from the muscle mags – and equally, there are plenty of surprising objects. Amongst letters, photographs, voice recordings and masks there's a case containing several library books, swiped from an Islington library in the mid-60s by Kenneth Halliwell and Joe Orton. They borrowed the books and returned them with new and improved covers. One (straight laced) romance novel called *the Queen's Favourite* sports a cover of two men about to have sex, and *The Collected Plays of Emlyn Williams* are retitled *Knickers Must Fall and Fucked by Monty*. For every fun piece like Noel Coward's dressing gown, for each joyful, romantic story like the one of the painter Duncan Grant and the poet and novelist Paul Roche who met at the traffic crossing at Piccadilly Circus and were together for 32 years, there are ones sharp with tragedy.

Simeon Solomon's 1864 painting of Sappho begins the exhibition, the painting

which, as per pre-Raphaelite tradition, is wispily romantic, suffused with flattering soft-focus light, belies the heartbreak and injustice that befell the artist; Solomon was arrested for cottaging, once in London, and again in Paris. He spent the last years of his life in a workhouse, an alcoholic, abandoned by his friends. In another room hangs the lemon yellow door of the cell in Reading Gaol in which Oscar Wilde was imprisoned for gross indecency.

Some of the works are explicitly, graphically, queer, others are little more than still lifes – quiet, unassuming impressionistic works with colourful stories. Ethel Sands' work, belonging to the aesthetic and impressionistic naturalism movements promoted by the famously sexually liberal Bloomsbury group, is characteristic. In the 1911 painting *Tea with Sickert* we peep over the shoulder of a woman in a fantastically orange hat, the table is set for tea, Sickert reclines in a chintz chair directly opposite. The romantic liaison here does not involve Sickert as might be assumed, but Sands and her lover, the woman in orange, Nan Hudson. This veneer of a particular sort of genteel Englishness is replicated in Sand's *The Chintz Couch* in which she picks out the comfortable interiors of her home with Hudson in yellow ochre and pale duck egg blue.

The Bloomsbury Group which included Virginia Woolf (here represented by a Man Ray photograph) and her lover Vita Sackville West (resplendent in a red hat in a portrait by William Strang) in many ways form the lynchpin. Duncan Grant's imposing *Bathing* dominates the penultimate room. Its muscular swimmers diving in choppy waters and hauling themselves into boats speaks both of coded desire and the yearning to find relief from alienation. "How much I want to scream sometimes here for want of being able to say something I mean," he wrote to John Maynard Keynes, life-long friend and an occasional

lover: "It's not only that one's a sodomite that one has to hide but one's whole philosophy of life". There is little to tie together the works in Queer British Art other than the sexualities of the artists involved. Yet this common thread is enough. This is a portrayal of a community from dozens of different angles, distinctive for its diversity.

The exhibition does well to acknowledge that though great strides have been made for inclusion there is much still to be done, even inside the LGBTQ+ community which can be just as bound by prejudice as the heteronormative world outside. "I've been all the letters of LGBT and hated them all" declares Shon Faye in a blistering video installation. Intersectionality within the community with regards to race is often lacking, and Sabah Choudrey, a Pakistani trans activist, draws attention to this with his commentary on the theatrical masks created by Oliver Messel. Many, he points out, still wear masks of assimilation in his community to hide their brownness and gender identity even when they come out.

As we move from decriminalisation to marking other milestones such as the legalisation of same-sex marriage, hopefully the Tate may be inspired to curate a new show showcasing queer art beyond 1967. With any luck, they might even include more queer artists of colour.

Even in its present iteration this exhibition is to be celebrated. Queer British Art is an ode to artists who have felt strangers in their own cities and countries, who despite being ostracised, demonised, and criminalised by the wider society in which they lived, refused to be silenced, dared to love fiercely, chose to counter the hate and suspicion with which they were treated with work brimming with joy and sensuality, wit and passion. There is a story worth the telling. As I made my way around the exhibition I found myself poring over the stories behind the works just as much as over the art on display, and in the end, what could be better than that?



There aren't many galleries in which you might expect to see a multimillion pound creation by a Turner prize winning artist exhibited on equal footing with an oil by Joe Bloggs from Surrey, but that is exactly what the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition offers. Each year, tens of thousands of works are submitted to the Summer Exhibition, not only from established artists but also from amateurs and students. These are then whittled down to the 1100 works ultimately displayed on the walls of the Royal Academy by the Hanging Committee, this year headed by Eileen Cooper.

Cooper has made it her mission to widen the scope of the Exhibition by making an effort to showcase the work of artists from a diverse range of backgrounds in education, race and nationality. This is a necessary and admirable goal, but her ideals were a little undermined by her tour of the works to the press. She moved from one piece to the next, detailing her connection to the respective artists; one, we learnt, was a student, the other a mentor, the next, a dear friend from her days at Central St Martin's – so much for meritocracy.

Regrettable though it is, that the Exhibition for all its dreams of openness should fall prey to the entrenched ethos of the 'old boys' network' is somewhat to be expected. Royal Academicians, the artists elected as members of the Royal Academy, including Tracey Emin and Norman Ackroyd, expect to be exhibited at the institution's headline show. We may as exhibition-goers be missing out on the work of some promising unknown artists, but everything has its benefits. The Summer Exhibitions can often be a good way to 'catch up' with the big names without committing to a solo exhibition of their work.

These are rarely radical new directions of work, but solid examples in the vein of an artist's greatest hits. Emin's pieces this year are a series of handwritten phrases

constructed in neon lettering. "And I said I love you!" proclaims one; confession or rebuke? We're never quite sure; the ambiguity is part of the charm, making the private and personal public has always been at the centre of Emin's work. In another room, Michael Craig-Martin's flat, vibrant illustrations of household objects return – a tennis racquet rendered in jewel tones, in another instance a violin; each a cheery, two-dimensional equivalent of Duchamp's ready-mades – precise and bright.

Different coordinators take responsibility for the curation of different spaces. One of the standout rooms belongs to Yinka Shonibare. His walls are painted in sumptuous burnt orange; the colour of the best kind of tomato soup, the colour of slow burning embers. Against this striking backdrop Shonibare has hung some of the most vibrant, memorable works of the exhibition. His own *Venus de' Medici* stands in a corner, a traditional *Venus* cast covered in yellow and red African textile, her head a painted geographical globe. More than any other room Shonibare's is international, with a focus on portraits, one filled with humanity. There are some fantastic large works; a canvas of the *Henna Bikers* by Hassan Hajjaj dominates on one side, and in the centre, two thrones assembled by Gonçalo Mabunda in an Afro-tribal style from flattened bullets and grenades and other weapons of war hold court.

Less imposing in size but no less bold in artistry are Taigen, Monika, Larry, Dasha, Rosie, and Kadeem and Kyrone, denizens of London's East End recreated in wonderfully intricate painted wooden sculptures by Tomoaki Suzuki. They're brimming with energy and life, mixing modernity of character with the deeply traditional craft.

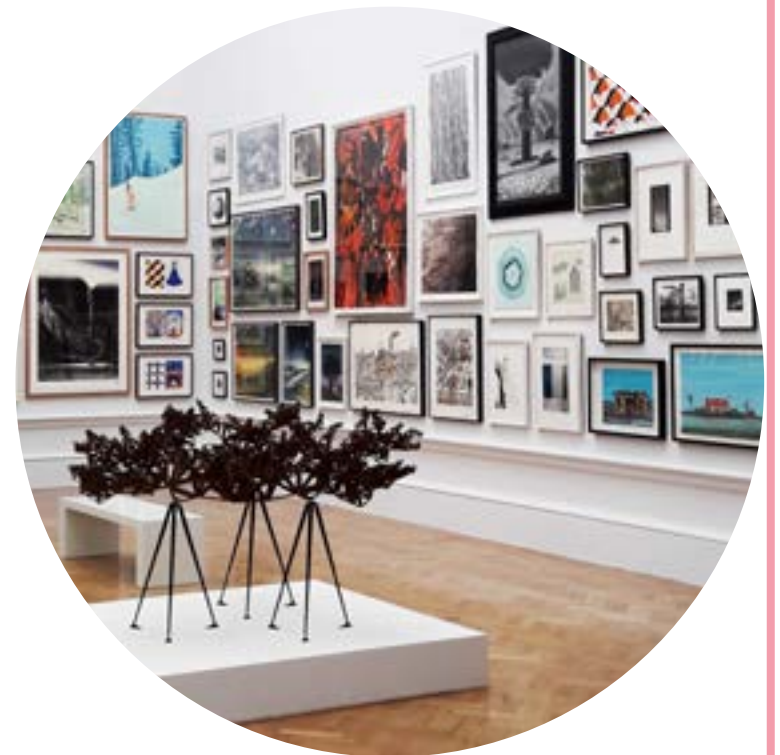
There's always a lot to take in at the Summer Exhibition, works are crammed in Tetris-style, frame upon frame, sometimes five or six works high; smaller works tend to

get a little lost. The print room can often be a source of hidden treasures: Ackroyd's unassuming monochrome prints of cliffs and seascapes are always a delight, and a delicate oil of a *Pale Green Hydrangea* by Melanie Miller is tucked away in a corner – it's worth seeking it out for its meticulous brushwork and use of muted tones in the tradition of the Old Masters. Worth seeing too is the architecture room in which a host of construction diagrams toe the line between technical illustrations and works of geometric art.

The undisputed highlight of the show is the video installation *WESTERN UNION: Small Boats* by Turner-nominated Issac Julien, who is this year's Wollaston Award winner. A haunting narrative of wealth, decline, and migration plays out over five screens; a big white house stands by the Sicilian coast, well-to-do families sun themselves amongst the rocks surrounding it, some lean, tanned men dive gracefully into the impossibly blue waters. We see a close up of some sandy toes, as the camera pans away we see they belong not to a sun-bather, but a body covered in metallic foil, one figure in a row of many. Scenes of decadence are interrupted by ones of tragedy – men, sapped of all their energy, are cast adrift on small boats, others drown in the waters that only moments ago looked so peaceful. Julien completed this work in 2007 but it has never before been exhibited. A decade on, the images of stark inequality are more relevant than ever. The opulent interiors of the Royal Academy lend an extra dimension to the work, immersing us further in the world that Julien has constructed.

The Summer Exhibition is often like a good summer blockbuster: frequently action packed, high on sugary froth but light on emotional resonance. Julien and Mabunda's work shows that this art world summer fixture can be much more.

The Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy



Assorted works at the The Summer Exhibition \\
Indira Mallik

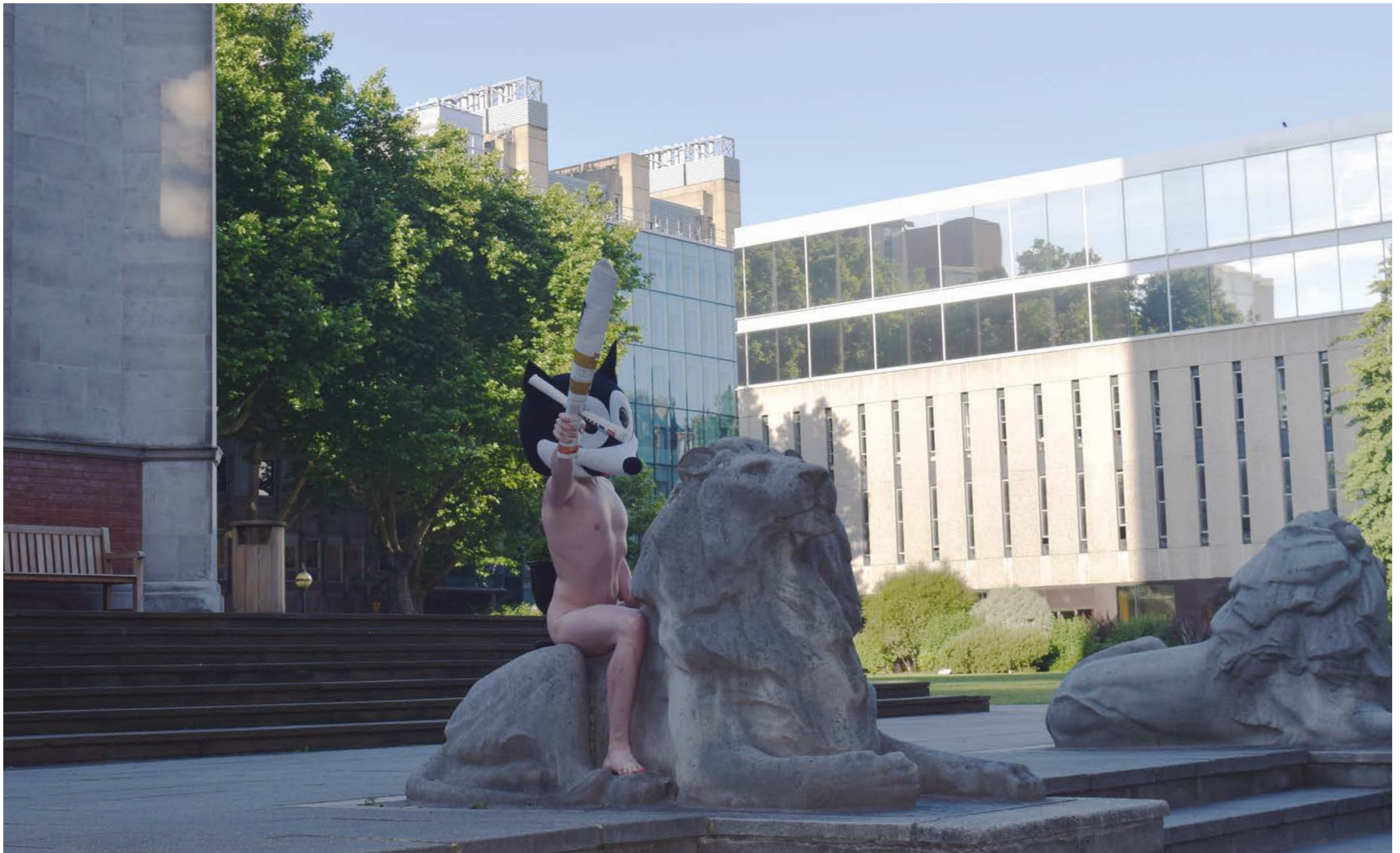


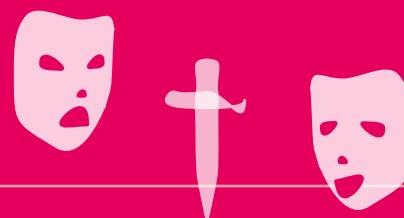
Indira Mallik

The RA launches a surprisingly emotive edition of its trademark summer show.

Summer Exhibition 2017 is on at the Royal Academy of Arts until 20th August

Tickets £15.50 (without donation £14)
Concessions available.





Swet Shop Boys | Rap heroes of our time

Political, witty, and earnest, **Riz MC** and **Heems** are the transatlantic duo lending disenfranchised **South-Asian** kids a **voice**



Riz MC \ jonathan fisher

On the first of June, midway through his set, Riz Ahmed signalled for the sold-out crowd at Scala to quiet down. Leaning in close, unaccompanied by music, he rapped his 2011 single *Sour Times*; "Please allow me to vouch for mine.../losing my religion to tomorrow's headlines". It had been exactly a week since the horrific scenes at the Manchester Arena, and a few scant days before more horrific scenes would play out barely two miles from the King's Cross venue at London Bridge. "Ain't religious faith that's causing these crimes/It's losing faith in democratic free market designs" he continued: "there's a monopoly on pens that's why they forge their own swords...They're misguided, turned violent, strapped themselves up with bombs/But they're still cowards, 'cause they ain't here when the backlash is on." Many artists understandably felt the need to say something after these attacks, coming from Ahmed it feels particularly poignant. He along with the rapper Heems, the other half of Swet Shop Boys, has made

a career of creating politically conscious music that doesn't shy away from tackling issues of religion and race.

Riz Ahmed (a.k.a. Ric MC) of *Rogue One* fame, is a Muslim British Pakistani, Heems (previously of *Das Racist*) is American Indian, and Hindu. In *Swet Shop Boys*, the two complement each other as they trade bars over the tabla and shehnai-heavy classical Indian inspired beats produced

**\ Cashmere was in many ways the perfect Swet Shop Boys manifesto **

by Redinho. Heems, who at times seems so mellow that he appears moments from a weed-induced nap, is smoothly charismatic. He archly delivers his lines "I'm so fly, bitch/but I'm on a no-fly list" which mask their bite with humour. Riz by contrast, is lightning fast. Spitting bars that draw inspiration from the grime scene of his London youth, he brings a self-aware academic tone, going as far as to invoke Virgil and Homer as a defence in a case for

welcoming refugees. "Well you know about Aeneas in the Iliad/Fled Turkey and he just founded Rome/What if he had drowned in a boat?"

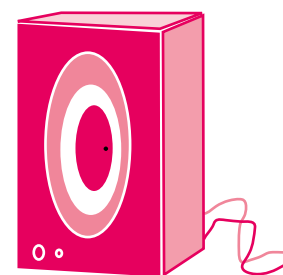
First in their self-titled EP released in 2014, then in last year's *Cashmere*, and now again, in *Sufi La*, released in February this year, the duo has consistently produced work that dissects the experience of belonging to the South-Asian diaspora. Their tracks cover swathes of ground, speaking lucidly on themes as heavy as institutional racism, skin bleaching, and the pressure to choose technical careers and goofing off in up-beat bangers that name-check everything from the Maruti cars ubiquitous on Delhi roads, to the Bollywood actress Madhuri Dixit, the moreish mango drink Frooti.

Cashmere was in many ways the perfect Swet Shop Boys manifesto, track after track hit the mark, from calling out airport authorities and their racially driven 'random searches' - "Always get a random check when I rock the stubble" in the opening *T5*, to the outrageously good *Half Moghul*, *Half Mowgli*, the Riz MC led track in which Ahmed tries to square the bravado necessary in the rap game with his South-Asian heritage "These kids want to

be moguls/But they're eyes fame, paper and hoes/But I'm descend from Mughals/So I'm just trying to find my way home", to praise of the multi-ethnic NHS in *Din-e-Ilahi*. In *Sufi-La* they seem to have, if not quite lost their bite, certainly shifted their focus.

Though some lines echo *Cashmere's* incisive commentary "Tours sold out but I ain't got a visa/I was so sweet at the embassy, but I shouldn't have worn a keffiyeh" sings Riz in *Need Moor*, later hitting out at Trump's America "More of a star, earned more stripes/But the stars and stripes have got less tolerance", on the whole, the rest of the album, reverts to the rap staple of discussing women and money.

That doesn't mean the album is a dud, the beats are as gorgeous as ever, *Anthem* and *Thas My Girl* are both compulsively listenable, but it's easy to imagine the whole new EP as the tracks that didn't quite make the grade for *Cashmere*; the lines ramble, the focus is off, tracks such as *Birding* bring their A+ punnage (like plumage,



geddit? Never mind) - "she don't like you, she says you was a peasant/She said I'm classy like a ring-necked pheasant" but do little else. In fact, the whole album feels like the extended *Tiger Hologram* cut, the track which in *Cashmere* broke up the politics with a bizarre riff on the perils of being short sighted: "Nah yeah I wear contact lenses/Nah yeah daily disposables/Nah you get used to it it's minor."

It's a shame because Swet

Shop Boys have shown they can be light-hearted and yet still be powerful, in *Cashmere*, in a track named after the (erstwhile) One Direction star, Riz addresses boys like his nephew, praying they won't be radicalised by the "hating and the news and all the shit they sanitize" - "look Zayn Malik's got more than eighty virgins on him/There's more than one direction to get to paradise".

Generations of kids growing up not sure of their place in the world have found a voice that speaks to and for them in rap and grime. Riz pays tribute the effect that American stars had on his own life in *Half Mughal Half Mowgli* - "My only heroes were black rappers/So to me 2Pac was a true Paki". Now Riz and Heems have the opportunity to be mentors themselves and provide hope for the generation that has come after them. It's a responsibility they appear not to take lightly, for all their righteous anger and irreverence, the music that Swet Shop Boys produce is an earnest, and sometimes tender call to the disaffected youth of the communities they represent. "They comin' for the culture man, like they was on a mission" raps Heems in *Din-e-Ilahi*, the last track on *Cashmere*; "Used to hate the clothes, they ask where'd I get the stitchin'/Used to call me curry, now they cook it in the kitchen", voice cracking and hoarse, the Riz takes over; "it's difficult when you're raised to hate yourself/And look in the mirror, and dye yourself, and it deflates your health", he takes deep breath, "you can't escape yourself, please love yourself".

In this brave new world in which grime MCs are wot (nearly) won the election, Swet Shop Boys have a real opportunity to make an impact, they should wholeheartedly embrace it.



Two years ago, comedian Aziz Ansari debuted his Netflix original series, *Master of None*. The show proved to be a critical darling, charming viewers with its mix of insightfulness, comedy, and genuineness. After its stellar first season, the series took a one year break; only recently did it return to Netflix for a second round.

**\\ Once again, Ansari's approach to the series feels very auteur-esque, as each episode has its own unique feel **

We pick up shortly after where the finale of the last season left off, with Dev in the midst of a pasta-making apprenticeship in Italy. The first episode of the season is a black-and-white homage to some of the pillars of Italian cinema. In particular, the episode itself takes after the iconic *Bicycle Thieves*. In terms of plot, this episode is relatively basic, however, its strength comes from its stylistic choices and how well it establishes Dev's new status quo. In general, this season has a more measured pace than its predecessor, with this more relaxed approach matching the backdrop of rural Italy. The first fifth of the series is spent in Italy, before returning once more to New York, where again Dev attempts to piece together his personal and professional lives.

Once again, Ansari's approach to the series feels very auteur-esque, as each episode has its own unique feel. As before, the episodes tend to focus on one topic each, whilst still moving forward the central plotlines. This time, Ansari casts the net even wider, opting to cover topics such as religion, Tinder, and sexuality. As the series progresses, there is also a

greater diversification of view points. Much of this season focusses on the experiences and struggles of other characters, not just the protagonist Dev.

This comes as little surprise given that Ansari has expressed his exhaustion with the series, indicating there isn't much more that he has left to say about his own perspective. This almost vignette-like approach helps keep the series fresh, and perhaps offers an avenue for the show to continue in future. Nowhere is this more evident than the season's sixth episode, *New York, I Love You*, which opts to show us glimpses into the lives of a diverse collection of New Yorkers. The episode is an excellent example of Ansari's wholehearted commitment to representation. In a single episode we're taken through the homes of Manhattan's elite and the people who work for them, we're treated to a beautiful silent segment that gives us a peak into the lives of deaf protagonists, and we're taken for a ride in the cabs of New York's migrant taxi drivers. All these themes are masterfully expanded and brought back together as the episode ends.

These diversions, one could argue, are more powerful than Dev's story over the season. His main narrative arc over the season is a typical, albeit well-executed, romance plot-line. It even ends with a slightly cliché, although again quite apt, *Gradu-*



Admiring the views // Netflix

ate-style conclusion. This is contrast to, for example, the powerful *Thanksgiving* episode, which deals with Dev's friend Denise, who's struggling to be accepted as a lesbian by her family.

Ansari's humour shines as bright as ever, and on the whole actually sees a marked improvement since last season. Some of his more exaggerated mannerisms and jokes are downplayed, which

**\\ Ansari has expressed his exhaustion with the series, indicating there isn't much more he has left to say about his own perspective **

makes Dev's interactions feel a lot more real. Of course, there are still some cheesy moments at points, but these do not detract from the narrative. The performances throughout the season are excellent, with new introductions capably matching up to old favourites. As usual, however, it is Aziz's father who provides some of the stand-out segments of the show.

A great strength of the series has always been its soundtrack, and that is a trend that continues here. It deftly blends together everything from Tupac to 60s baroque-pop in a way that accentuates the setting and mood of a scene.

In many ways, *Master of None* feels like a modern-day *On the Road*. It excellently codifies much of the aimless and wistful wandering people experience through their 20s and 30s, and it offers sober if optimistic looks at many of the issues of our time. It is sure to go down as one of the year's, if not the decade's, best shows.

The Lives of Others | *Master of None S2*



Making a picturesque entrance // Netflix



Anurag Deshpande





E3 2017 | Follow up



Qasim Mahmood goes over all the key reveals and developments to come out of E3 last week

Official GDC

This past week E3 was in full swing, with all the largest game companies holding press conferences to showcase their newest games and consoles. While this year was more subdued than previous years, especially compared to the phenomenal expos of 2015 and 2016, it was still a very fun event and had a few welcome surprises. First up was EA, who didn't quite start E3 off with the bang we all hoped for. They first focused on their sports games; *NBA Live 18*, *Madden 18* and *Fifa 18*, with the latter monopolising our interest as it's set to get an official Switch release. EA also showed a

followed and its cargo is stolen; the cargo turning out to be another supercar. It seems fun and over-the-top, and will be released on the 10th November.

By far the highlight of their press conference however, was *A Way Out*, a game from the developers behind *Brothers: A Tale of Two Sons*. It is an exclusively co-op game, to be enjoyed either on the couch or online, where two players must work together to escape a prison. The two players' actions are independent of each other and both need to heavily cooperate in order to make it to safety. Overall this one seems particularly exciting, and is definitely one to watch out for as it releases in 2018.

Finally, EA ended with the smallest of teasers for Bioware's new IP, *Anthem*, which received a much more substantial reveal the following day at Microsoft's press conference.

The press conference was great and opened with, as expected, a large focus on

Microsoft's new console, officially named the Xbox One X. The console is advertised as the most powerful console ever created, and will be released in early November for £450.

They then focused on software, showing off 42 games. First up was *Forza*



7, which showed off the impressive graphic feats of their new machine running at 4K and 60fps, and they also revealed a brand-new car at the event; the 2018 Porsche 9-11 GT2 RS. Next up was *Metro Exodus*, in which the post-apocalyptic wasteland seems to be even better than in previous titles; the preview

showed footage of the player hunting down mutated beasts, before finally jumping on a steam locomotive to safety.

Everyone was then treated to the worldwide premiere of *Assassin's Creed Origins*. The latest game in the series is set in ancient Egypt, which looks phenomenal by the way, and the hero Bayek was shown riding through his hometown and assassinating one of his targets. The preview revealed new light RPG elements where Bayek levels up and gains ability points, as well as sporting an eagle which helps him scout out enemy encampments.

Microsoft had a few more reveals, including *PlayerUnknown's Battlegrounds*, *State of Decay 2*, *Minecraft* in 4K and *DragonBall FighterZ*. They then proceeded to an extended look at *Sea of Thieves*, Rare's open-world pirate game, which featured treasure hunting, riddle solving and a large-scale naval battle in the middle of a massive storm. It was arguably the highlight of the show;

the colour scheme is bright and vibrant and the gameplay looks incredibly fun. *Cuphead* and *Crackdown 3*

\\ A big surprise announcement came in the form of *Shadow of the Colossus*, a remake of the beloved PS2 classic \\

finally received release dates of September and November respectively, and were followed by a length demo of *Middle-earth: Shadow of War* and the reveal of *Ori and the Will of the Wisps*. They then announced that original Xbox games are being added to backwards compatibility, and then closed their show with the big reveal of Bioware's new IP, *Anthem*. It is a game featuring high-tech exosuits known as Javelins, with which players can brave the



From the streets of Victorian London to the tombs of Ancient Egypt \\ Ubisoft

wilderness, exploring and killing the enemies they came across. It looks like a great mix between a shooter and open-world exploration, similar to *Destiny*, and is slated for 2018.

Next up was Bethesda who frankly had the least interesting showing this year. The only new reveals were *Skyrim* and *Fallout 4* in VR, followed by *The Evil Within 2* and *Wolfenstein II*, with the latter two games revealing some great trailers.

Ubisoft was next, surprisingly having a phenomenal press conference. They started with the reveal of *Mario + Rabbids: Kingdom Battle*, which is a very interesting SRPG exclusive to the Switch. It features turn-based strategy combat as well as simple open-world exploration, and releases on 29th August. It also allowed Miyamoto to make one of his trademark entrances, which was incredibly fun. The director of the game was also visibly emotional, which made the presentation that much more heartfelt.

The Crew 2 was showcased next which showed off several different vehicles to race in, and *Skull and Bones*, a game based exclusively around 3v3 pirate naval battles. They also had an extended demo of *Far Cry 5* where they

revealed Boomer, your dog companion.

Finally came their big announcement: *Beyond Good and Evil 2*, 15 years after the original game was released. It acts as a prequel and the trailer was phenomenal. It depicted the setting and characters incredibly well, and hinted at some gameplay mechanics. Very little is known about it as of yet,

\\ The two biggest Nintendo reveals were *Metroid 4* and a new 'core Pokémon game' \\

though the internet is buzzing with speculation.

Sony's press conference this year unfortunately, didn't meet the high expectations of their previous two years, but it was still a good showing overall. They lead with *Uncharted: The Lost Legacy*, which seems very similar to previous games in the franchise. The witty banter and over-the-top action set pieces are still here, only this time with Chloe and Nadine heading the adventure.

Next up was a demo of *Days Gone*, which seemed

more promising this time. The gameplay seemed fun and the number of zombies on-screen was impressive, but the zombie animals, such as the zombie bear that ended the demo, gave it an extra dimension. *Monster Hunter World* was the next announcement placing the massive series back on a Sony home console. With impressive graphics and new features such as camouflage and taking cover, it seems like it's the natural evolution of the franchise.

A big surprise announcement came in the form of *Shadow of the Colossus*, a remake of the beloved PS2



Your friendly neighbourhood Spider-Man swings back into action \\ Insomniac Games

classic which is lauded as one of the greatest games ever made. Then a few PSVR games were shown off, before moving onto *God of War*, where an extended trailer showed off the bond between Kratos and his son Atreus, as well as the new over-the-shoulder action gameplay.

After that was time to tease David Cage's new game *Detroit: Become Human*, with a pair of androids attempting to 'awaken' their fellow androids and rebel against their human masters. As with the first trailer, there seem to be multiple different outcomes depending on the options chosen.

Finally, to close off their show, Sony showed off Insomniac's *Spider-Man*, which received an extended gameplay demo. The game's taken many cues from Rocksteady's phenomenal *Batman Arkham* series. The stealth and combat were incredibly similar, though it has action set pieces with QTEs and quips galore, like *Uncharted*. The exploration and gameplay seem great, and it is set for a 2018 release.

Finally, we were treated to the Nintendo Spotlight, a short 30 minute video which showcased many new upcoming Switch games. First, *Rocket League* was confirmed to be coming to the Switch with exclusive items and cross-platform play, in 2017. *Xenoblade Chronicles 2* then revealed a trailer which shared story details and basic

gameplay, though it should be said that the English voice acting so far seems abysmal. Hopefully this will be rectified before its release.

New unnamed Kirby and Yoshi Switch games were also teased, with simple trailers that demonstrated the 2.5D platforming and co-op functionality; both are coming out in 2018.

The two biggest Nintendo reveals were *Metroid Prime 4* and a new "core Pokémon game" for the Switch, which fans have been clamouring since the Switch was announced, though nothing more was said. The *Zelda* DLCs received some more information, with the second DLC pack focusing on the four Champions and *Zelda*. And finally, *Super Mario Odyssey* ended the Spotlight with a phenomenal showing. New hat powers will allow Mario to possess enemies, NPCs and inanimate objects and control them for an amount of time. A few new worlds were shown as well as some sections featuring old-school 2D Mario sections, akin to *Zelda: A Link Between Worlds*' painting mechanics. *Odyssey* releases in October 2017.

All in all, though not the best we've seen, this E3 didn't disappoint. There were many surprise announcements though some were noticeably missing, such info on *The Last of Us Part II* and on Nintendo's online service. Still what we got was good, and many of the announced games look very promising indeed.

Officer Academy - sign up by Monday 19 June



Attention Club Officers! So, you've successfully secured your place on a committee, exams are coming to an end and Summer Ball is close (but yet so far away). Now what...?

Enter the 2017 Officer Academy!

This year's Officer Academy will provide you with the tools and knowledge to run your Club, Society or Project well, while providing useful tips to help you plan your year over the summer break. For more information visit:

imperialcollegeunion.org/OfficerAcademy2017

Summer Language Socials - volunteers needed!



This summer Imperial College Union are teaming up with the Centre for Academic English (CfAE) to support social events for their Pre-session English learners. We are looking to recruit a team of enthusiastic English speakers to help enhance the experience of those students taking the Pre-session English course.

You will play a key role in engaging students in the programme's social activities throughout the summer, helping them to discover the local area, adapt to British culture and feel part of the Imperial community. The most important part of your role is to make students feel at ease and grow in confidence when communicating in English. If you'd like to get involved visit:

imperialcollegeunion.org/summersocials

Design an educational escape room!

Would you like to try your hand at designing an educational escape room?

We are excited to present and advertise an opportunity which Imperial College Union have developed in collaboration with members of the Horizons department. The experience is the first of its kind in that you as students will work in teams to be in charge of designing an escape room puzzle.

We're offering 25 students the opportunity to attend workshops at South Kensington campus on 17th July and at the White City campus on 18th July where you'll visit the Advanced Hackspace and find out how you can use it to build puzzles. For more information visit:

imperialcollegeunion.org/escape-rooms



The imperfect ending



Forget the frantic race to the finish and enjoy the journey regardless of whether it ends smoothly or in a shit show

What's at the end of the tunnel? A great treasure or just a dead end? \\ Emil Gasanov

Gaming isn't all fun and games perhaps ironically. In fact gamers are often pressed for time, having to juggle life admin and professional obligations on top of their gaming habit. It's fair to say we rarely have the time to complete many games, and if we do, more often than not we're 'rewarded' with really polarising and unsatisfying endings. Which is why some games are so notorious amongst the uninitiated: because we can't stop bitching about that unsatisfying ending. Honestly, an ending shouldn't make or break

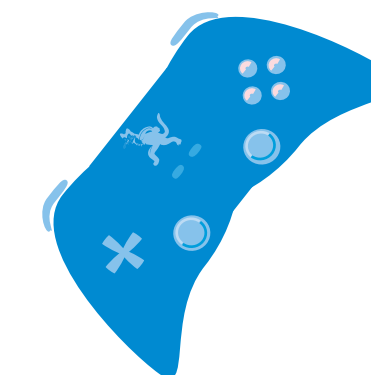
\\ You shouldn't get so hung up on the games you can't finish \\

a game for someone. It might have been unfulfilling, unhappy, or have failed to set sail to your personal ship (which is why we have so much fan fiction), but just like

in real life, it's the journey that matters, not the destination. You've sat through most of an engaging story, you've immersed yourself in the gameplay and you've button-mashed your way to victory in every boss fight. And that was fun, that was enjoyable. That was the real gaming experience, not the ending. Maybe *Mass Effect 3* totally disregards all your prior choices, but at least they felt relevant when you made them.

By extension, you shouldn't get so hung up on the games you can't finish. Real life gets busy and can throw all sorts of stuff your way. Some games have ridiculously long play times which may or may not be worth the investment. And besides, there's so many new titles coming out each year. Some people, somehow, are able to balance everything (or maybe playing games is all they do, who knows). But it's fine if you personally can't entirely complete your ten-part adventure series. There's decades worth of games that you can play and enjoy. In the same vein, I believe the only reason you should try and unlock every achievement is if you really, really love a game and can't

bring yourself to stop playing it. Why bother slugging your way to 100% completion when you can enjoy so many other titles? Games are fundamentally about having fun. The idea of thinking of the ending as the sole reward, something that's meant to compensate you for the time spent playing, seems to kind of imply that



the time spent playing was, well, actually wasted. But it wasn't. The act of playing is a perfectly valid form of artistic expression whether you're shooting ink in *Splatoon* or complementing froggits in *Undertale*. This will be a controversial opinion but I think the ending of a videogame is as meaningless as the end

score of a friendly game of football. No one cares who wins so long as everyone's had a good time. Having said all that, I don't mean to detract from the importance of a good story. A powerful and engaging storyline in a videogame is what makes the gaming experience that much more unforgettable. Games employ a variety of mechanisms to immerse their audiences in their artificial worlds. Some use intricate detailed graphics, others create beautiful soundscapes, but some games are able to draw the player in simply by the power of narration. A good story can create a tranquil oasis where gamers can for a moment become the leading character, swept away in the artificial drama. I've always felt this way about video games and I'm personally pleased about the trend of games becoming more story-driven these days. Let's look at a favourite, *Life is Strange* for example. *SPOILER ALERT* While it ended with a binary choice (only one of which was actually good), the story and adventure elements were more than enough to make up for the lacklustre finale. No matter what kind of

gamer you are, you shouldn't forget: it's all about enjoying the journey. Don't be so focused on being a completionist, trying to get every unlockable (unless that's

\\ A powerful and engaging storyline in a video game is what makes the gaming experience that much more unforgettable \\

your thing in which case, you do you). Don't let an abrupt and messy ending ruin an otherwise superb game for you. Play what you can and enjoy things at your own pace. Whatever the ending may hold, whether you even reach it or not, just ride the current and see where it takes you. While a perfect ending is great, a few terrible minutes can't and shouldn't take away from over 30 solid hours of immersive fun.



XU | the brainchild of BAO is a beautiful addition to the London food scene

Christy Lam takes a break from the pressures of food blogging and samples XU's Taiwanese cuisine under her own terms.

Two years into this half-university-student-half-food-blogger life of mine and I already have a lifetime's worth of cringe worthy moments – mostly encountered during blogger events and restaurant invites. Imagine: turning up to the door of a launch event to know that my name had never been added to the guest list. Or wandering around a party, hand sweating holding a glass of champagne, not knowing anyone there and no-one knowing who I am. Oh oh oh! Receiving the bill from a poker-faced waitress to find that supposedly complimentary tasting costed more than two weeks of my allowance.

Something I've missed from this double life is being able to visit restaurants without all the pressure of getting the best photos, the best seat in the house, the best flat-lay shot under the most perfect natural light, or even having to choose who to take with me on the basis of nice hands and a good appetite (you know, someone to finish the food AND volunteer as a hand model). While receiving invites to new restaurants is something I'm very, very grateful for, and something that definitely helped me get out of my comfort zone, I still want to be able to grasp the freedom to explore the food scene outside of my own personal tastes.

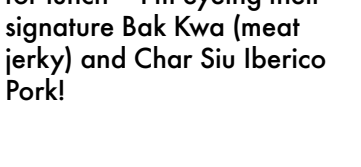
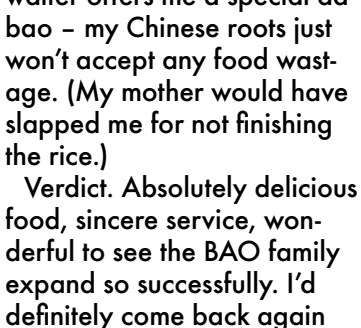
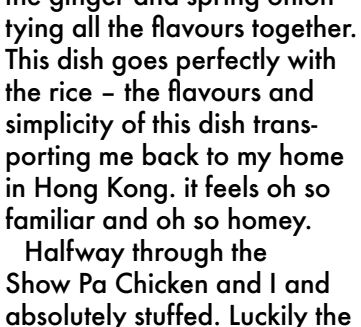
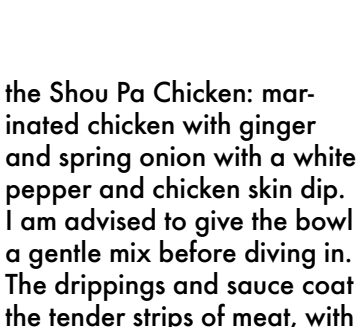
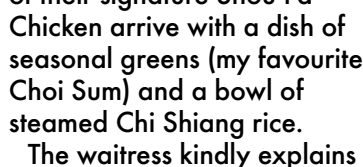
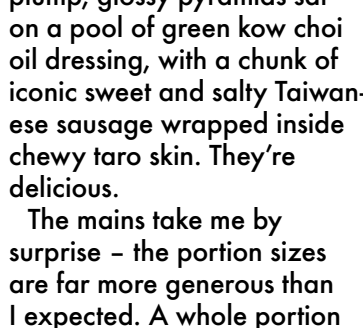
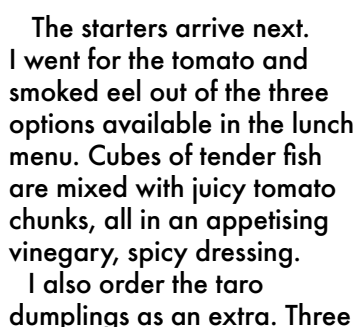
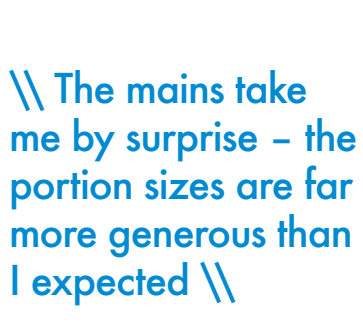
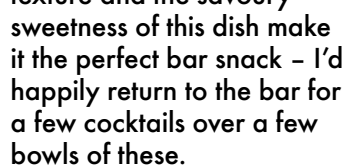
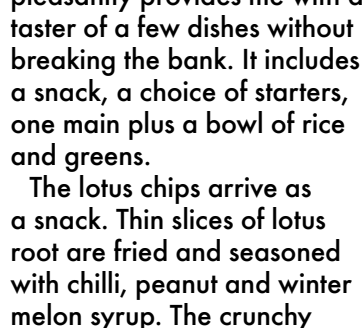
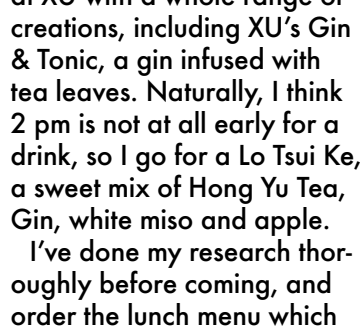
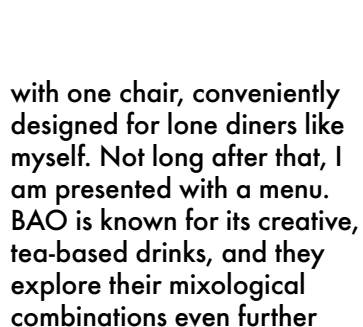
So last week I decided

to pop down to the newly opened XU for lunch on my own. XU is a Taiwanese restaurant created by the amazing people behind BAO which in turn is known for its minimalist, artistic kick and its creative baos and Taiwanese snacks. Its vibe has been impossible to replicate in the London food scene. XU retains that artsy flair but with a twist. Walking into the two-story restaurant on Rupert Street is like walking onto the set of a period film;

\\ BAO is known for its creative, tea-based drinks, and they explore their mixological combinations even further at XU with a whole range of creations \\

the wooden fans swirling on the ceiling, the pink chairs, the wooden framed bar – that classy, opulent interior reminiscent of the 1920s. "All I need right now is a Qipao", I think as I stare blankly at the waiter in his black suit and bow tie, my hands stroking the creases of my rather modern white blouse.

I am seated on the first floor, at a table tucked in the back



with one chair, conveniently designed for lone diners like myself. Not long after that, I am presented with a menu. BAO is known for its creative, tea-based drinks, and they explore their mixological combinations even further at XU with a whole range of creations, including XU's Gin & Tonic, a gin infused with tea leaves. Naturally, I think 2 pm is not at all early for a drink, so I go for a Lo Tsui Ke, a sweet mix of Hong Yu Tea, Gin, white miso and apple.

I've done my research thoroughly before coming, and order the lunch menu which pleasantly provides me with a taster of a few dishes without breaking the bank. It includes a snack, a choice of starters, one main plus a bowl of rice and greens.

The lotus chips arrive as a snack. Thin slices of lotus root are fried and seasoned with chilli, peanut and winter melon syrup. The crunchy texture and the savoury sweetness of this dish make it the perfect bar snack – I'd happily return to the bar for a few cocktails over a few bowls of these.

\\ The mains take me by surprise – the portion sizes are far more generous than I expected \\

The starters arrive next. I went for the tomato and smoked eel out of the three options available in the lunch menu. Cubes of tender fish are mixed with juicy tomato chunks, all in an appetising vinegary, spicy dressing.

I also order the taro dumplings as an extra. Three plump, glossy pyramids sat on a pool of green kow choi dressing, with a chunk of iconic sweet and salty Taiwanese sausage wrapped inside chewy taro skin. They're delicious.

The waitress kindly explains

the Shou Pa Chicken: marinated chicken with ginger and spring onion with a white pepper and chicken skin dip. I am advised to give the bowl a gentle mix before diving in. The drippings and sauce coat the tender strips of meat, with the ginger and spring onion tying all the flavours together. This dish goes perfectly with the rice – the flavours and simplicity of this dish transporting me back to my home in Hong Kong. It feels oh so familiar and oh so homey.

Halfway through the Show Pa Chicken and I and absolutely stuffed. Luckily the waiter offers me a special da bao – my Chinese roots just won't accept any food wastage. (My mother would have slapped me for not finishing the rice.)

Verdict. Absolutely delicious food, sincere service, wonderful to see the BAO family expand so successfully. I'd definitely come back again for lunch – I'm eyeing their signature Bak Kwa (meat jerky) and Char Siu Iberico Pork!

destination and while Rome might be one of the more popular pit stops, it is far from my favourite. If you happen to pass through, try not to miss the Quinto quarto – just because Rome is the home of this dish – and if la pajata is a bit too much for you (I will admit that intestines served with tomato based sauce and rigatoni is not for everyone), you should definitely try coda alla vaccinara! For renaissance geeks I recommend bistecca alla fiorentina – a

Andrada's trans-European culinary summer adventure

Believe it or not, this is the last food tip of the year – and it makes me feel both sad and relieved. Because there is no dish that's really good enough to celebrate the end of the year, the promise of summer and freedom, I decided to create the perfect trans-European food itinerary for you.

If you have the time and money to travel a little bit I highly recommend it, if for no other reason, just to get rid of all that exam stress (if you had any, of course). Though realistically none of you will actually embark on Andrada's culinary adventure across Europe, if you do travel I do advise you to make the best out of it and eat something you are unlikely to find in London. Like affordable housing or something I don't know.

First stop, Italy. Admittedly, Italy is a lovely summer

\\ France is pretty damn nice too if you avoid the big cities, boiling hot and flowing with tourists \\

free to ignore my advice if you're feeling great and want to fight with legions of tourists for the best picture with the Mona Lisa, or for a waiter's attention in a restaurant. If you're not up for that, try a nice small village and sample some local food. French local delicacies are great, everywhere, or at least, everywhere I went. I know you know to try the famous Ratatouille, the foie gras, truffles, and cheese and wine. Try to refrain from binge drinking fine wines to drown the pain that comes with failing your exams. Unless you need the extra tippie to feel brave and try some escargots! The name might sound scary/fancy, but they are only snails. They are worth trying at least once, and, if you're still feeling it, try some quenelles – they're just dumplings, promise..

Because you probably want to spend your summer in a nice sunny warm place – definitely not because I have

renowned beefsteak found in Florence – totally delicious. My favourite thing about Italy is that no matter where you go you will find a wine, cheese, steak and dessert specific to the location you'll find yourself in. So keep an eye out for those rare local delicacies!

My next stop is France. And France is pretty damn nice if you avoid the big cities, with their boiling hot temperatures and hoardes of tourists. Feel

\\ If you feel like having the blood of a suckling pig or lamb on your hands, go to Segovia and try Cochinillo asado \\

no idea about what people in Nordic countries eat – let's move on to Spain. If you feel like having the blood of a suckling pig or lamb on your hands, go to Segovia and try Cochinillo asado (I've heard that they also have some nice... art (?) landmarks (?) cultural events (?) worth seeing, but don't quote me, I just care about the food). Even if your trip does not include this destination, it's well worth the detour! If you love seafood, don't hesitate to order some gambas al ajillo – and this comes from

someone who is not a huge fan of prawns. Because you are cultured and have probably met at least one Spanish Erasmus student by now, I'm sure you'll try paella and tortilla espanola without me recommending it.

Final and perhaps surprising destination: Poland. I'm planning on visiting soon and I'll share with you all the dishes I'll be trying (you're welcome). Although I obviously disagree with the

Are you dying to leave London? Are you getting on the first bus, train, plane, boat, submarine out of this country first chance you get? Are 90% of your choices motivated by hunger? Andrada Balmez will be your guide through Southern Europe (and also Poland for some reason). Take her hand (and some cutlery and eat your summer away!

\\ Though I obviously disagree, I know that few people know or appreciate the Eastern European cuisine \\

scorn often exhibited towards Eastern Europe, I know that few people know or appreciate the cuisine – except for maybe borsch and ...uhm... vodka. Unless of course they're Eastern Europeans. So I will try and keep it short. If you happen to be in Poland this summer, definitely try something you buy anywhere else in the world is just a very sad version of an authentic Polish pierogi. Also on my to-do list: grilled oscypek and apple with bacon and cranberry sauce, sernik – because



Nicest royalty-free escargot picture we could find... // Kent Wang

there is never enough cheese-cake – golabki and mazurka. I have faith in you and I know that wherever you're planning on going, you'll be able to find some amazing food. Sure, if you search enough you can find pretty much anything in London. But, and this is a big but, you can only try the authentic dishes in their birthplaces. Not to mention they're probably a lot cheaper in their country of origin.

So travel safe, eat well, and return with your tummies and batteries full.



Three years after my roommate's death I'm ready to move on

Jonathan Masters discusses grief, guilt, and mental health

A few weeks ago I finally came to the end of my three year course at Imperial, and although it is a cliché, the time has simply flown by. As I handed in the final final final draft of my undergraduate dissertation into turnitin, I suddenly burst into tears. Now it could have been a combination of the fact I had just made the deadline and the stress that was associated with that, but my thoughts immediately went to the path that had led me to this point. This was triggered by a song called Carissa by Sun Kil Moon that had popped up through the shuffle function on my Spotify, but it sent me right back to the period of time during my first year with the death of my roommate.

I had known Georg for four months at that point, and whilst there are many stories of roommates despising each other in their first year, our relationship was not that. We immediately became very close and got on very well. We both had little quirks that annoyed each other: for me it was how he was always

\\ I felt as though I could tell him anything and I thought he felt the same way \\

working hard, making me feel guilty by extension; and for him I'm well aware that my messiness annoyed him greatly. We talked about our lives and dreams, and relationships. I felt as though I could tell him anything and I thought he felt the same way which is why to this day it

makes no sense to me why on the 3rd of March, 2015, he fell from our bedroom window whilst I was having breakfast.

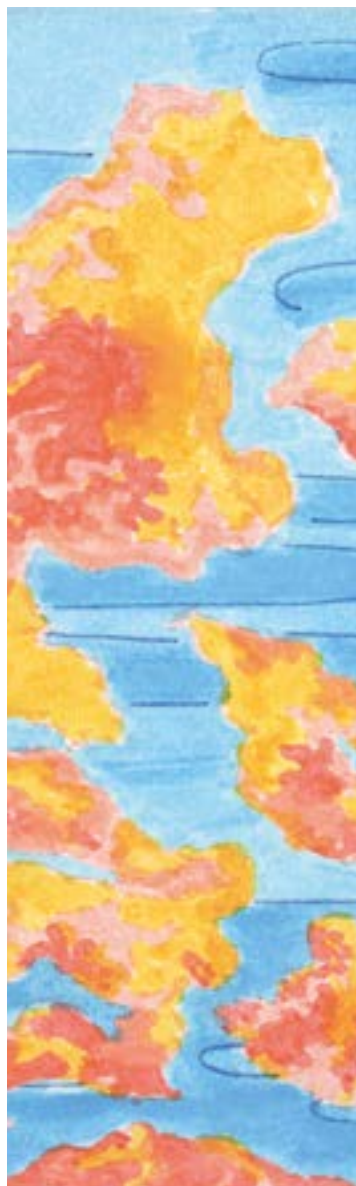
To clarify, the coroner's report stated that there was not sufficient evidence to conclusively say it was suicide, but I have thought about the events of that day, every day for the past three years, and I cannot think of any other explanation. I also found a note on his desk suggesting these thoughts, although it must be stated that this handwriting could not be confirmed to be 100% his. It's not difficult to find the reports - I occasionally google his name to see if there is anything else written about him, and I know I'm mentioned in an article

\\ I found a note on his desk suggesting these thoughts \\

somewhere in relation to it.

After the ambulance came, the police spoke to me to make sure I had no involvement in his death. I walked to classes because I couldn't stay in that building any longer. I remember just a sense of complete numbness that didn't stop until the evening when we had a hall meeting - where I cried for hours. I spent much of that day trying to think of the best positive outcome. His injuries would be serious, but maybe he would survive.

The following day I went to St Mary's hospital to see him in the Intensive Care Unit where I met his family for the first time. I waited in the waiting area for a few minutes before his father came out and explained to me with slow and considered words that Georg would



never be the same again, and that the brain injuries he had sustained were life changing. I went in to see him. Both his legs were in casts, he was breathing through a ventilator, he had more tubes going into him than I could count, and his face was unrecognisable from the fall. I said goodbye to him and left the hospital to phone my parents, who I hadn't said anything to. I burst into tears once again, and my mum said she would come to pick me up and take me home.

He died a few days later on the 7th of March whilst I was at home trying to block the whole event out of my head,

and I returned back to halls to be told by his grieving parents and brother. I don't really remember much from that time until I went to Berlin for a week for his funeral. I can never thank his parents enough for the kindness and hospitality that they gave me in the darkest time of their lives, but guilt lingered throughout that entire trip, and to an extent it still does. Despite me confessing this to so many people, there is still the idea at the back of my mind that I could have done more. I could have noticed earlier. I could have told him about my depression. Maybe he would have opened up to me and we could have worked through it together.

\\ A million maybes come up when I think about that year, but not enough answers \\

Maybe it was nothing related to mental illness at all. A million maybes come up when I think about that year, but not enough answers.

I still maintain a friendship with his parents and his brother, partially out of a sense of duty, but mostly because I genuinely really like them. I had the strangest thought this year that I have known them longer than I ever knew Georg, and yet it still feels like he is the one that I am trying to make this up to. Whenever I go to Berlin I take the tram to the outskirts of town and visit his grave, and whilst it is odd to be 21 and visiting graves of people I once knew, I will forever have this sense of duty towards him. I talk occasionally to his brother and parents and

exchange holiday greetings; however, sometimes I think perhaps I am a chapter of their lives they would rather forget. If that is the case, then I wish them no ill will and will always be thankful for their patience.

Recently I lost my wallet which had a passport photo of him inside, and when I lost it, it felt that perhaps it was time that I stopped grieving for him. To stop grieving is not to forget, but to live your life without their death impinging on your life. I miss him every day, but he made a decision that can not be changed. For months afterwards I tried to console myself with thoughts such him dying young, meant that he would never have to see anyone close to him die, that he would never have to go through anymore pain, but as I reflect back on those ideas, they seem false.

If you ever feel like life is not worth living, take time out. Go back home. Seek help from other people. If you ever feel like you are too stressed and upset to continue, talk to someone, take a year out, university can always wait. If you ever feel like you have nobody to talk to, I can guarantee there is always someone out there who would rather listen to you cry than have to go to your funeral.

Georg was 20 years old, he had a passion and a talent for computing, and he was my friend whom I miss every day.

If you're struggling with depression and need someone to talk to, you can reach support on the Samaritans' helpline 116 123

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Maksim Mijovic
Management Consultant, PwC
Taught: Maths



CRISIS

Chris

Dear Chris

Summer's coming and everyone's going on holiday. I enjoy a good trip with the lads like any good lad but because I took a year out in the middle of my degree to find myself (I only found myself surrounded by enemies) and all my uni friends already have jobs and don't want to come on holiday with me, I find myself alone this year.

I could go on my own or ask my lab-mates to go on a trip. I'm unsure whether we are ready to take the scary step from acquaintances to 'holiday friends' but going on holiday alone is a bit grim.

Please Chris you have to help me you're my only hope.

Cheers,

Matt Mills

Honey,

What I would suggest you do is look at some educational material.

Let's start with Eurotrip. My memory of this film is pretty fuzzy but from its Wikipedia entry Eurotrip looks like a great place to start. This film taught me that while Eastern Europe looks ugly it will also provide you with copious amounts of absinthe while getting you laid. Now this film falls strongly on the side of go go but don't go alone because whilst you don't know this lab partner you're going to need a bro to spot you when you black out. Also if you drink lots of absinthe there is no way you'll remember any awkward conversations you may have had.

Second source of inspiration, The Holiday. Again haven't watched it but apparently people sort of wife-swap so that they can get laid and they go to locations in totally different continents to follow through. If Jude Law

can travel to America for a bullshit reason so he can pork Cameron Diaz then what is your excuse!

Finally, Taken and Taken 2 if you have the stomach for it. A double bill of educational material here. This taught me two rules 1) never ever leave your house unless you know Liam Neeson (but like actually know, not my girlfriend's cousin had coffee with him once, but I talk to him when I feel sad on the phone and he comforts me know him) and 2) these films really put the human trafficking business in a really bad light.

Right if you can't piece together some advice from those three pieces of required audio visual entertainment then you don't deserve a holiday.

Big luv,
Chris xxxx

HOROSCOPES



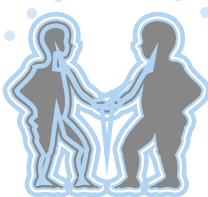
ARIES

This week you threaten to sue felix. Please take a number.



TAURUS

This week you hear the stage in the great hall at the summer ball will have confetti cannons as well as CO2 cannons. You are instantly excited. GIVE THE PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT PETE.



GEMINI

This week you are Lef. People will only remember you for your nearly controversial centrefolds, your desire to get naked and your poor grasp of spelling.



CANCER

This week you finally finish your degree after four long years of jumping through hoops and all-nighters. Vongratulations you're a German circus master.



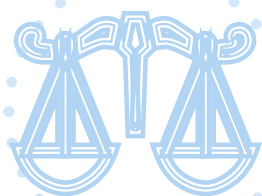
LEO

This week you threaten to remove breakfasts from the SCR. College is not ready for the fury they unleash.



VIRGO

This week you do not return a textbook your friend got out of the library for you. Your friend cannot graduate as a result and dies in poverty. You feel nothing.



LIBRA

This week you are DramSoc the union's best society. Best cleaning society that is. #Fashion



SCORPIO

This week you are obsessed by Unwound - Lady Elect. The melancholy of the lyrics accompanied by the swell in the song intertwines with the- What the fuck? These are horoscopes. Go away Rob.



SAGITTARIUS

This week you are felix's team of crack lawyers. Unfortunately you are all patent lawyers. Bloody scientists



CAPRICORN

This week you are in a park when a ball from a nearby football game rolls over. For a moment you forget you're a nerd and attempt to kick it back. You seize up mid-kick. Again.



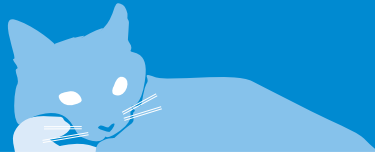
AQUARIUS

This week you try beef jerky for the first time. You think it tastes like burnt pepperoni peeled off a week old pizza. Your esteem of anglo culture is at an all time low.



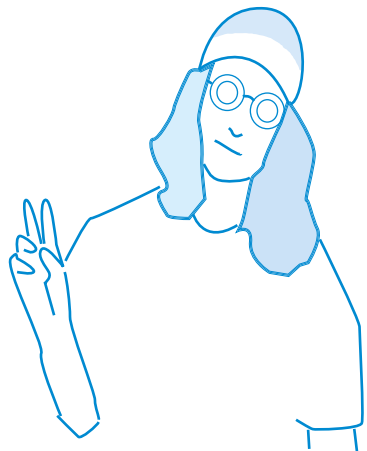
PISCES

This week you are a graduating member of the Beit Cartel. You got a 2:2. Was the petty infighting really worth it?



MILLENNIALS...

felix

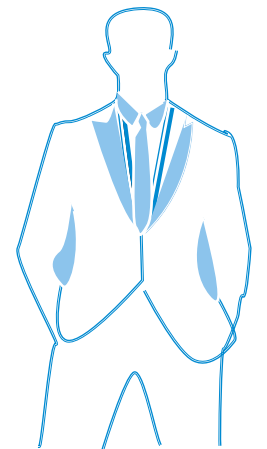


I celebrated the red revolution by going on a soul-searching trip to Eastern Europe

Jowen Nones had the best six weeks of his life held hostage by ISIS

I went to Kavos for Holidays in Britain, but with better weather

Haiti Kopkins tells us why immersing one's self in the native culture is a load of shit



VOS

As you all read this column, you will currently be standing in the people's republic of Kensington. Long live Corbyn, long live the red state, and death to all Tories. As you can probably tell, I am off my tits on socialist splendour and victory. Like millions of Labour voters, not only do I not understand economics, but I also don't understand the fact that Labour actually lost. I mean of course we took the Conservative majority, but we also created a coalition that is possibly so far to the right, it makes Marine the pen look like an advocate of multiculturalism. But still! Fuck Nick Clegg! The sight of his sad little eyes made the extensive student loan debt that I have acquired feel a little lighter.

Riding on the elation of nothing significant occurring in this election, I propelled myself into a well deserved vacation from all my hard work, sharing articles from *The Canary*. In many ways, Jezza has a lot to thank me for. Anyway I decided to travel to the untouched by white tourists destination of Bosnia and Herzegovina, having only learnt of its existence from Eurovision. Upon arriving in Sarajevo, I quickly bartered with a bus driver (using the Yugoslavian I had learnt from *Duolingo*) to take me as far away from anyone that speaks English so that I could get a truly authentic experience of Bosnia. Unfortunately it seems as though my 76% fluency on the app did not really translate to actual ability to speak the language. I also quickly learned that there are several ISIS cells within Bosnia, a Muslim majority country. Frankly

I was bowled over by the cultural appropriation of a country, taking a religion of peace that is owned by brown people and starting to practice it, but that is a minor quibble. If I had a main complaint, it would be the fact I was held hostage for a few weeks.

After boarding the bus, I was greeted by an utterly authentic Bosnian terrorist called Andelko who told me that he would shoot me if I tried to run – the customs of Eastern Europe are so exotic! I survived on a traditional diet of Bosnian gruel, which they assured me was vegan, which in turn put my worries over the miscellaneous bones I found amongst the lumps to rest. After a life changing six weeks, I was eventually released as apparently my family didn't want to pay any ransom – what a bunch of pranksters. I returned back to London with new friends and new experiences. If any of you feel like getting kidnapped by ISIS, I would totally recommend the experience.

I only went on a holiday for a few weeks and already this damp rag is looking thinner than a mid-30s past-her-prime housewife whose husband lost all sexual interest a long time ago but who still believes it can be groped back by digging her nails into her fleeting youth. Or insert a more concise tasteless joke about anorexia. Whatever floats your boat. In an attempt to help bulk this issue out, in a feature that nobody was asking for, I have decided to write my column for this week only.

Well that election was a cock-up wasn't it? I can't believe that the entire gamble didn't work out. UKIP didn't win a single seat! It's almost as if the entirety of the country has deemed the party completely irrelevant. I really honestly thought that the anti-muslim rhetoric would resonate with the people of Great Britain, but apparently the same racism that works across the atlantic, doesn't work here. Perhaps we need to find a new ethnic minority to stigmatize – I've heard the Greeks are shifty looking. All that hair those people have will make it far easier to profile them in airports. Plus they break plates wherever they go so you'd be aware of any nearby Greeks and could protect your crockery accordingly.

After the disappointment of not being able to crush more snowflake liberals, I decided to take a holiday in order to put my mind at ease. Like all patriotic Brits, I decided to leave the country because the weather here is shite. I visited the exotic shores of Kavos, as it provides the illusion of being somewhere nice, without being too

far from a Wetherspoons.

Although there was the opportunity to sample the local cuisine, I have a particular aversion to eating bottom feeding creatures served by equally attractive foreigners. I instead spent the time sampling the delights of egg and chips in the local Irish pub. I received uninvited suggestions of some cultural shite to do whilst on the island; however, I've been to the British Museum once and since we've stolen loads from the whole world, there is no need to see anything else.

On a serious note I once had a friend who went to Kavos as a virgin, but when she came back she had had relations with nine men in seven days and came back with chlamydia, so if you do go to Kavos be prepared for the last days of Rome on all beaches. Stay safe out there, but stay sexy.

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Imperial Fellwanderers Easter Tour

Emma McCracken

Following an early flight at 7am from Gatwick to Aberdeen, we arrived in the scenic village Braemar in the Cairngorms national park at around 1pm. Kate, the provider of Rucksacks accommodation, greeted us as we sleepily got off the bus. Luckily Braemar was the end of the line, as otherwise we might've missed it!

Checking the weather forecast we were pleasantly surprised. We seemed to be incredibly fortunate to have arrived in the Cairngorms during one of its very few sunny weeks of the year. With the good news having put a spring in our step, we slowly climbed our first hill, Morrone (859m). It was a pleasant albeit sleepy hike and we spotted the famous black grouse as a bonus, so hey. Returning to Rucksacks we made some lovely tomato and vegetable pasta for dinner, perfect for another day of fellwandering.

The next day we caught up on some sleep, starting our walk at 10am and headed towards the Munro, Lochnagar (1155m). There was so much sun we got sunburnt. In Aberdeen. I know.

Now we had to decide which route to take back to Braemar. Awkwardly, the

river Dee does not have a bridge in Braemar which forced us to spend about an hour walking on the road on the way back. It wasn't too bad since the sun was still shining and the view was still quite picturesque.

Day three was even more eventful to put it mildly.

The lack of a bridge in Braemar proved to be quite an issue. To get around it we found a section of the river which was shallow enough for us to cross. We cautiously walked across the fast-flowing

**\\ Only three of us made it across as Hardeep wasn't accustomed to walking in cold water **

freezing water with our bare feet on the slippery riverbed stones, with the sun still burning bright. Only three of us made it across as Hardeep wasn't particularly keen on walking in cold water. Hardeep insisted we go on without him, and so we did (sorry).

We walked along quite a long track with a steady incline (not steep enough to

get left behind). The sun was insane and the landscape was full of dry red little bushes. I couldn't believe we were in Scotland – it was like the plane we took from Gatwick went south instead of north.

With quite a strong pace it wasn't long until we summited the south top (1177m). It's weird when the sun is shining yet you find yourself treading through snow.

On the way back we didn't manage to get to the river crossing before dark because we managed to miss the path. This meant having to contour around the steep slope with those red bushes scraping our legs. Arguably it wasn't the best terrain for walking and we were all relieved when we completed the descent down to the river. Eventually we were faced with a dreary 8km walk on a desolate road in the dark, with only one torch between us. Our spirits were low as it was late (9pm) and we had run out of food. We tried running but it didn't last long. Luckily a car approached and we were delighted when we found out that it was two Irish mountain rescue chaps! They drove us all the way back to the Co-op in Braemar which we made it to just before closing time to pick up ready meals and pizza. We were not up for



The fellwanderers have grown hairier since the last time I saw them \\ Hardeep Singh

cooking after that 42km walk!

The fourth day was a rest day as after a quite some eventful days the group decided to take it a little easier. I began the day with a traditional Scottish breakfast including lorne square sausage and black pudding. The others weren't interested in such delicacies. Obviously only the enlightened amongst us shovel grease down their throat for enjoyment.

The others decided to stretch their legs and so

**\\ We were incredibly fortunate to have arrived in the Cairngorms during one of its very few sunny weeks of the year **

climbed the local hill Creag Choinnich (538m). The route was part of a permanent orientating course though we were too tired from previous days to complete it. A quick ascent to the top gave us a fine view of Braemar and the surrounding hills. Martin was also interested in the difference between Caledonian and alp pine trees, the former

looking far more impressive, though other group members didn't see the nuance. We then went back for lunch. Before sunset, Martin ran up Morrone (859m) while Hardeep hid in the bushes, capturing some amazing shots of a herd of red deer!

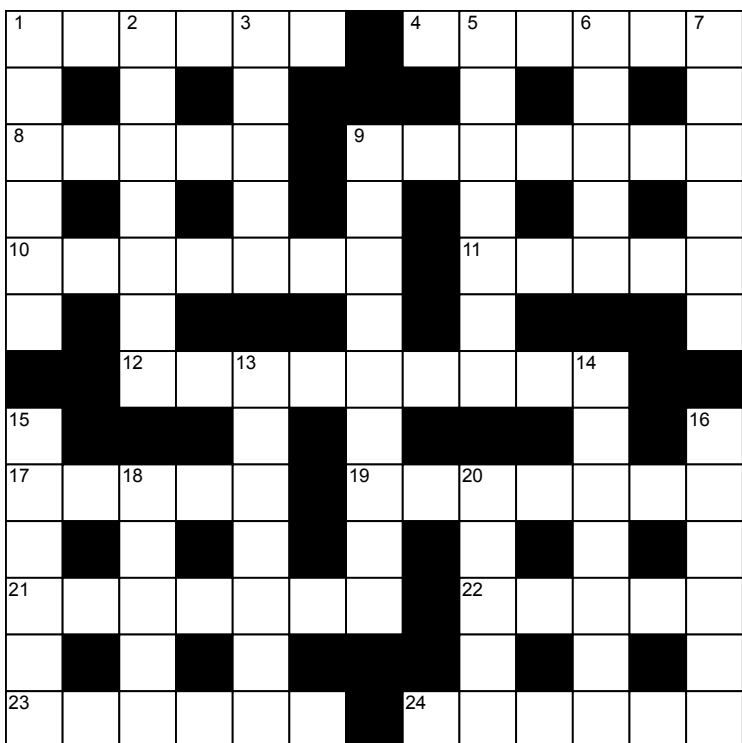
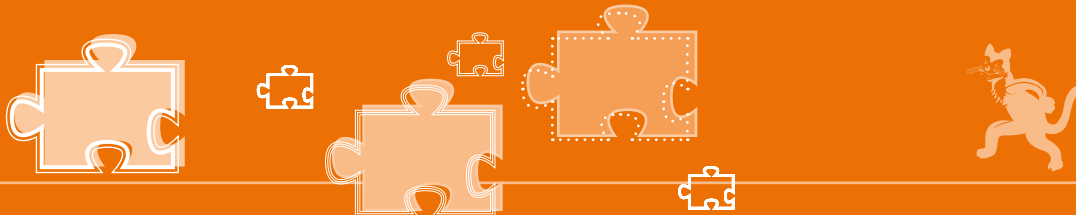
Hardeep also returned from another village called Ballater, "knocked off the bucket list" and we ate a tasty vegetable curry dinner. In the evening, we completed a 500 piece puzzle of Europe (on the eve of the article 50 trigger), though the map was many years out of date...

The next day Hardeep left to continue exciting travels across much of Scotland. Martin and Ollie were given a lift to the Lin of the Dee by Kate to continue exploring. They took the long way to the entrance of the Lairig Ghru and Corrou bothy. They climbed up to the Devil's Point (completely cloudy/misty at last) and then tried to get to Cairn Toul but retreated at Stob Coire an t-Saighdeir due to the icy conditions resulting from a total white-out in some areas. On the way back, a negotiation concluded with one Oreo every 2km on the road to keep spirits up. We had dinner (cheese and tomato sauce pasta) and slept. On the final day we flew from Aberdeen to Luton. Fellwanderers out.



Talk about a view! \\ Hardeep Singh

felix ... PUZZLES

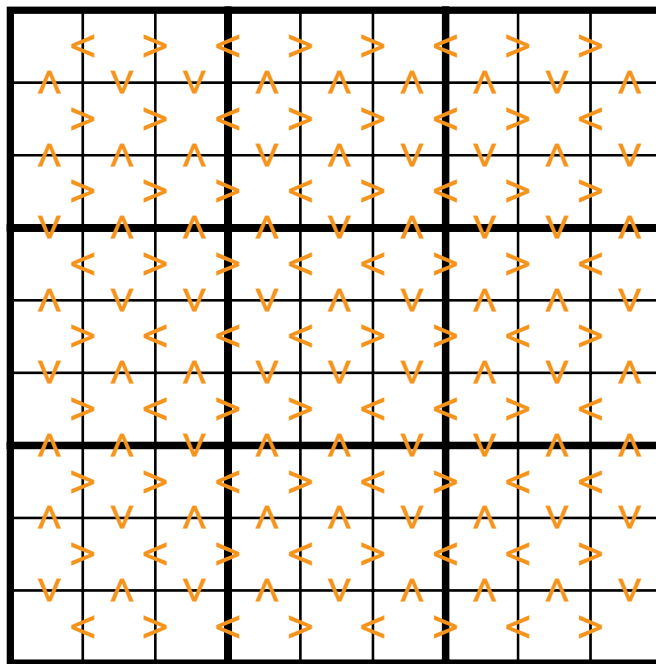
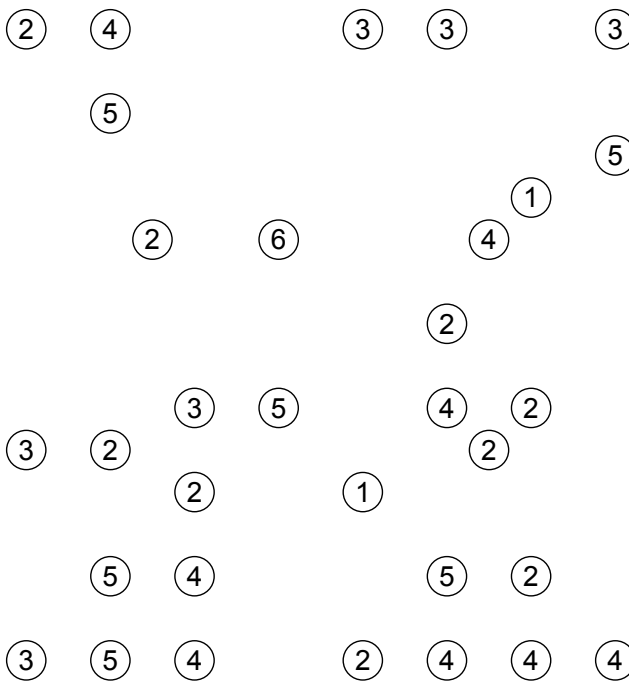
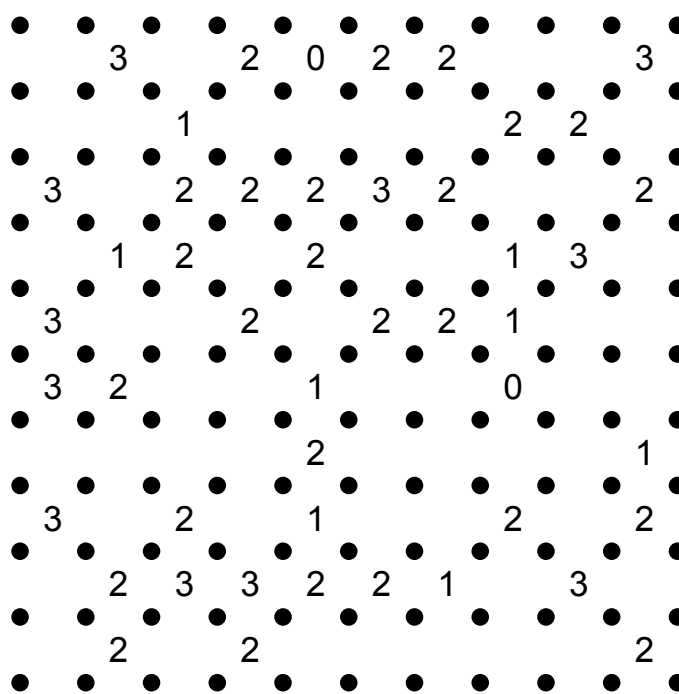
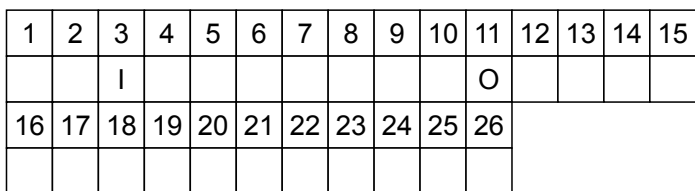
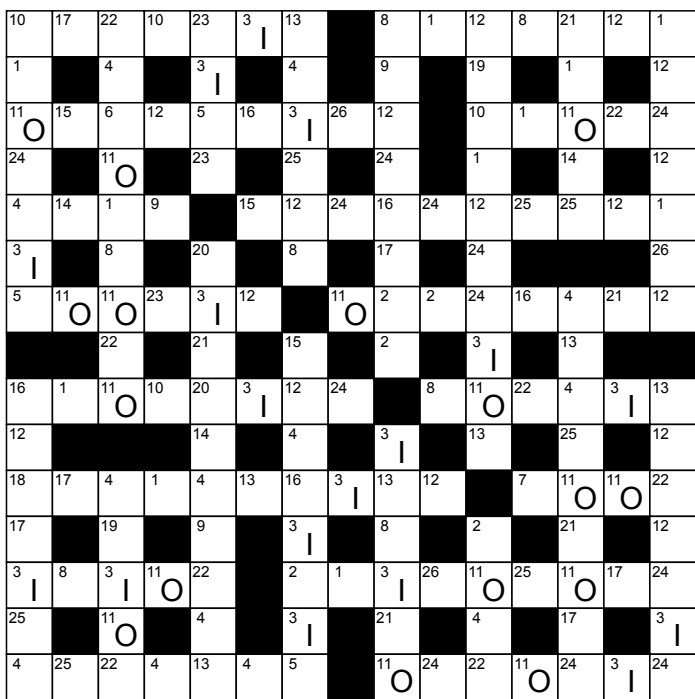


Across

- 1. Frightened (6)
- 4. Language (6)
- 8. Move smoothly (5)
- 9. Endanger (7)
- 10. Hat (7)
- 11. Trap (5)
- 12. Club (9)
- 17. Allow to enter (5)
- 19. Eminent (7)
- 21. Bona fide (7)
- 22. Near state (5)
- 23. Brought up (6)
- 24. Short rider (6)

Down

- 1. Respected month (6)
- 2. Garbs (7)
- 3. Thoughts (5)
- 5. Retort (7)
- 6. Former nation (5)
- 7. Pacified (6)
- 9. Freedom from guilt (9)
- 13. Disentangle (7)
- 14. Nine iron (7)
- 15. Potato accompaniment (6)
- 16. Cure (6)
- 18. Fourty year food (5)
- 20. Pace (5)



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Wadeelightful	6
Crosswordy McCrosswordface	5
Singed Potato	4
TP-LINK_M5_B057AD	4
Karet Slat	3
RIP Fray Bentos	3
Fanny Schmeller	2