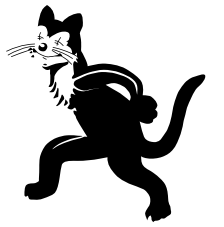


felix ...

THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON



Consent
training row at
Council

PAGE 3 **News**

An **Idiot's**
guide to the
US elections

PAGE 4 **News**

Hilary or
Trump?
Neither

PAGE 9 **Comment**

Hamilton |
An ode to
America

PAGE 24 **Culture**



felix tries
Sports. Boom.

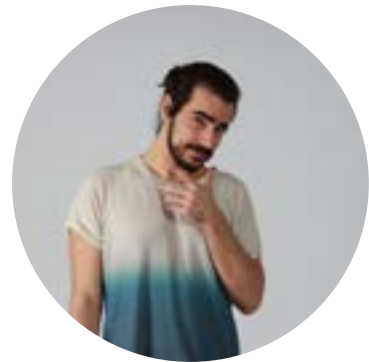
This week...Kabadi!

PAGE 37 **Sports**

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Pre-Apocalypse



Last week we freed the nipple and it was great. The reaction was better than we thought we could have hoped for. There wasn't one. No one complained, we received no angry letters, phone calls or emails. No one cared. Which proves our point. Nipples aren't a big deal and though we still have a lot of work to do towards gender equality, maybe, just maybe we're slowly getting there. Ironically, this week, it seems there's a heated conversation going on regarding consent training because Imperial has spent £5,000 on licensing an online consent training course. But while there are those who view it as a gross misallocation of resources, I'm sure victims of sexual abuse will disagree. Especially considering we've had two testimonials of sexual abuse in the paper this year already.

The conversation on gender equality is constantly expanding. Who knows - maybe next week we'll have

another female world leader? Or maybe the next US President will resemble an overcooked baked bean with a Pomeranian glued on its head. We'll know for sure after Tuesday (probably).

For now, we've tried to provide some content that might clue you in on the US presidential election race. Admittedly there's not much, because the whole shebang is a mind-boggling travesty and with 2016 already being the turd that it is, we just didn't want to push anyone over the edge.

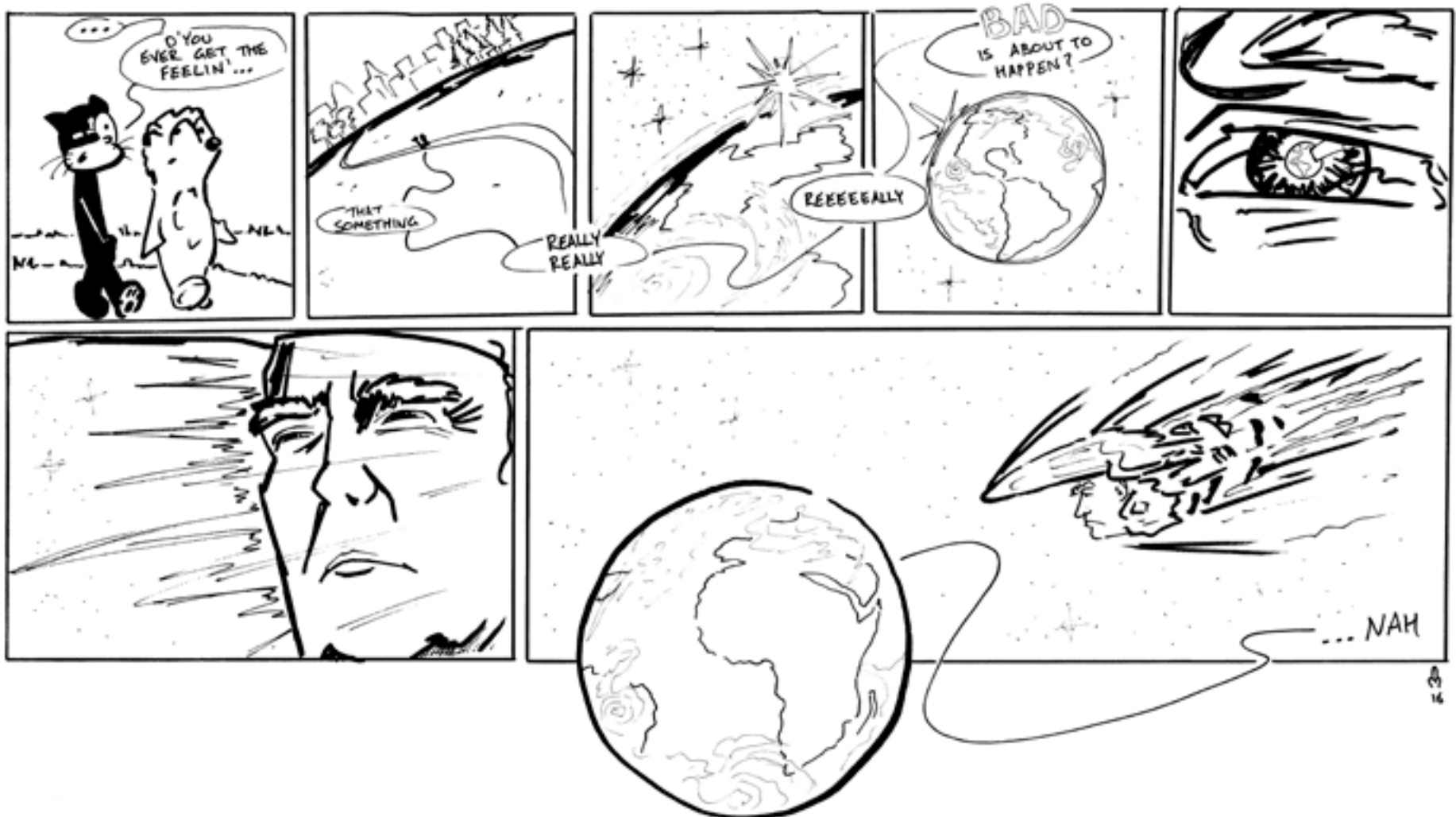
Besides, what with the high court coming out today saying Theresa May will have to ask parliament before activating article 50, if we're really lucky, we'll have our own travesty of a general election to worry about. Wooh!

But let's not dwell on that. For now, let's focus on the US, so read on and don't forget to tune in next week for the aftermath.

T H E
T E A M

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Consent training row at Imperial

Lef Apostolakis

RCSU president questions funding of Consent Matters software

The RCSU president, Lloyd James, has stepped forward to question Imperial College's latest investment in student welfare, namely the licence purchase of an online consent training course, which was financed by College and cost a total of £ 5,000.

The challenge was first made at the first council meeting of this academic year, which took place last week and saw sabbatical officers presenting their reports. During the presentation of the Deputy President's report by Emily Jane Cramphorn, James brought up the consent training course, suggesting that the funds spent on the licensing could have been spent better elsewhere.

Cramphorn defended the program by saying that the funding, having come directly from College and not the Union, meant that the consent training would not drain resources from Clubs and Societies.

However this doesn't seem to have appeased James. In a comment piece submitted to *felix*, about the importance of Council for holding staff and sabs to account, he illustrates

his point with "a particularly wasteful Union expenditure as an example", referring to the consent training program.

In his comment piece, James says that the concept of consent is sufficiently explained through the infamous 'Tea and Consent' animation which was released by the British Police in 2015. He writes that "anyone who thinks that potential rapists exist on

**\\ Since the start of the academic year, there have been two sexual harassment testimonials published in *felix* **

campus simply because they were never presented with a cartoon telling them that 'you shouldn't have sex with unconscious people' is utterly delusional." He concludes that "this purchase will contribute nothing to the student experience on campus," and refers to the funds that went into the consent training program as "£5,000 completely and

utterly wasted".

Additionally, the RCSU General Committee voted unanimously to condemn the expenditure. The specific wording of the motion passed was as follows. "The Royal College of Science Union condemns the spending by College on the Consent Matters software which we believe to be a wasteful and ineffective method of informing students on the important issue of consent."

In reply to James' piece, Cramphorn (whose manifesto points included delivering consent workshops), commented that "cases such as Stanford, Columbia and others across UK universities have highlighted that the sector is not equipped to support students who are victims of sexual violence. Unfortunately the UK's Sex & Relationship Education (SRE) does not encompass consent, and this means that there are many young people who may not understand what behaviour is acceptable and what behaviour isn't and what makes a healthy approach to relationships."

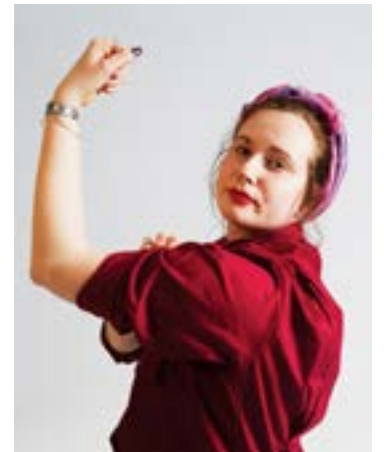
Cramphorn indeed has a point. A recent government

requested report published earlier this October by Universities UK shows that sexual harassment on campus is a major issue, which the education sector is not sufficiently tackling.

Spokesperson for The 1752 Group Dr Anna Bull said that "despite the increasing pressure on universities to curb a rise in on-campus assaults and improve their safeguarding policies, young women are nevertheless often terrified about the consequences if they make a complaint, particularly about a staff member. So often when they do, the university's chief concern is to downplay its own wrongdoing and protect its reputation by keeping the whole thing quiet.

More needs to be done to protect women at British universities. They need to be encouraged to report assault and harassment. In the US, universities are obligated to investigate any such claims under federal law, regardless of any criminal investigation."

Cramphorn adds that "as an institution and as a Students' Union we have a duty of care towards our students, to both create a healthy, respectful



Cramphorn took a stand last week against sexism and misogyny \\ Joe O'Connell -Danes for felix

community, and to ensure that we are able to support students who have experienced sexual violence. Currently the idea of Consent Training is still in review and evaluation processes and hasn't yet been rolled out to the student body, but it is one of the steps we and the college are taking to produce an institutional response towards tackling sexual violence on campus"

Since the start of the academic year, there have been two sexual harassment testimonials published in *felix* by female students, who chose to remain anonymous.

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An idiot's guide to the US Election

Matt Johnston

Not to say you're an idiot, but at least one of the candidates is

Remember 2012? The London Olympics, (almost) the end of the world and the last US presidential election? Well fast forward four years and we've had another set of Olympics, another election cycle is coming to a climax and, if you believe everything people are saying on Twitter, the world is coming to its end if either of the frontrunning candidates wins the race to the White House.

But what does it all mean I hear you ask, who's running, what are they running for, and how on earth have we got to this point? Shhhh it's going to be all right. Matt's here.

How did we get here?

The United States has quite a complex system of selection rounds to get down to its final candidates for each party. A system which involves 'primaries' and 'caucuses' which can be either open or closed. These spawn delegates (which are assigned via various forms of witchcraft), some 'superdelegates' are thrown into the mix, and then at each party's convention their presidential candidate is chosen.

Realistically only the Democrat and Republican nominees have any chance of winning and the rest may not even get a single electoral college vote (more on this later). Some weird complications and quirks of the rules could gift the outsiders the presidency but take it as the next president will almost definitely be either Donald Trump or Hillary Clinton. (A more in depth look at the selection system can be found in *felix* 1624.)

The candidates

Donald Trump

The man needs almost no introduction and has been at

the forefront of the news over the past few months, at times even superseding the fallout of Brexit. The businessman, former *Apprentice* host, and hair spray enthusiast has pitched himself as an outsider, someone to challenge the current way of doing politics. This is factually true as Trump has never held elected office, been a federal government official or held a high ranking military post (all other presidents have).

\\ It's been a campaign that even Malcolm Tucker would find hard to spin (Nigel Farage did give it a shot though) \\

Delving deeper into Trump we see some more worrying statements on women, Mexicans and Muslims (and these are just the headlining ones). From a blanket ban on Muslims entering the US to 'help' combat terrorism, to bragging about sexual assault in the infamous 'pussy grabbing' audio from 2005, it's been a campaign that even Malcolm Tucker would find hard to spin (Nigel Farage did give it a shot though). But he still, even as these deplorable character traits have come to light, is polling at around 45% of the popular vote. But why? Because in some cases voters are willing to overlook these things.

For the sects of the American population that feel disenfranchised with current politics and for whom the current government is nowhere near helping them, Trump is seen in some respects as a chance-at-turning-this-around move. People



"It's the end of the world as we know it" - REM \\ Gage Skidmore, Marc Nozell



are witnessing banks and corporations prospering far more than themselves and want to change the shift of power back to the citizens. Any precedent for this happening? *cough* Brexit *cough*.

Trump is also the Republican nomination and huge swathes of the US are very conservative and socially right wing. Looking over his personal views people do agree with some of his stances. Or do they? Well that depends which interview and statement you believe of his. He's been pro and anti gun legislation, pro and anti abortion and has been very economical with the truth regarding his business dealings. He even claimed, in a hard hitting 1990 interview with *Playboy*, that if he were to run, it would most likely be on a Democratic platform. Has Trump changed his mind over the years, is he a secret centrist politician, or is he simply just pandering to whoever is listening to him? The only way we'll likely find out either way, is if he gets into office, so in the words of Trump/Dale Winton, "Bring on the wall!"

Hillary Clinton

At a glance, Clinton seems a pretty good candidate. She has experience in politics, as First Lady with her husband Bill in the 1990's, later as a New York senator, and then as Secretary of State under Obama. She has also been heavily involved in The Clinton Foundation, a charitable organisation funding projects worldwide on a whole host of issues. Sounds wonderful, right? Well kinda. There's more to some of these points than meets the eye. Clinton as Secretary of State was 'responsible' for the Benghazi incident (in which four Americans were killed in a US diplomatic outpost in Libya, including the ambassador) and this has been set upon by critics who sense a cover-up/scandal (not implausible).

Like with most 70-year-olds, emails aren't Hillary's strong point. In essence, emails shouldn't have been on certain servers and then emails were deleted when they shouldn't have been. An FBI investigation was launched, no sanctions were brought against her, but it's an ongoing saga. If it escalates

while she's in office it could potentially lead to impeachment. Trump could also have the same happen should he be found guilty of fraud regarding Trump University (really) in a trial that starts later this year.

Her relationship with Wall Street has come under fire too. After giving a set of speeches to Goldman Sachs as part of her foundation's work, how disconnected from them she really is remains to be seen. Clinton's stance on Syria and no fly zones could (key word being could) send the US into a conflict with Russian forces in tandem with Syria and would involve large scale military deployments. War with Russia isn't ideal (duh) but like Trump, she's been known to flip flop over the years and whether this policy would stand, only time will tell.

Gary Johnson

As the Libertarian Party candidate, Johnson's policies are largely that government should take as little interest in the lives of its subjects as possible. Johnson seems to be taking the same



approach with current events, showcased by his “what is Aleppo?” comment in an interview about the conflict in Syria. This isn’t the first time he’s been perplexed in an interview mind you, he’s been oblivious as to what the Trans Pacific Partnership entailed, struggled to name a foreign leader, and been generally sketchy on knowing details

\\ Like with most 70-year-olds, emails aren’t Hillary’s strong point \\

on complex issues. Johnson is very heavily pro legalisation of marijuana (all drugs actually) and has forced himself to quit smoking pot during his campaign. (How reassuring that this is, him on peak form.) He’s the perennial third party candidate/protest vote and will likely garner a single digit chunk of the vote but no electoral college votes.

Jill Stein

Stein, an ex-Physician, has grand plans to eradicate student debt, ensure that the US runs on clean and green energy by 2030 (no nuclear allowed), and take action on climate change. Essentially she’s the antiithesis of Johnson on most issues, campaigning on a ticket that includes a \$15 minimum wage (that’s about £5 £20 £15 an hour for all of you keeping track at home), demilitarised borders in order to not deter immigration, and an increase in gun-control measures. Similarity comes in the form of being a long shot for the big job, Stein is polling even lower than Johnson and is not even on the ballot paper in some states.

Evan McMullin

McMullin has slipped under the radar, even to most Americans, but this isn’t a worry for him. His main appeal lies solely in his home state of Utah where the typically Republican state isn’t best pleased with Trump. Instead they see McMullin’s politics and his Mormon faith as a

better alternative than either of the main two candidates. Because McMullin is not affiliated with any specific political party, should he win he would become the first non-partisan candidate since George Washington in 1792 to win a state. How exciting.

Overall, not the greatest bunch of candidates the US has ever had.

The actual race

The United States employs a weird system in which a candidate needs to win a majority of the 538 votes up for grabs in the ‘electoral college’. Each of the 50 states has two Senators and then a varying number of districts (anywhere from 1 to 53) each with a representative who sits in the aptly named House of Representatives. The number of districts a state has is determined by its population and the average district holds 710,000 eligible voters.

Because these lines are only redrawn every ten years and the number of people of voting age (18+) changes over this period, all votes aren’t created equal. This becomes even more so when you chuck in the rounding of votes (as each state must have a whole number of representatives and hence votes) and the two bonus, Senator, votes that every state gets.

But wait, $435 + (2 \times 50) = 535$ electoral college votes, not 538. In addition there’s Washington DC which does not actually lie in a state but instead is it’s own district, the District of Columbia (not to be confused the University of Columbia or indeed the country of Colombia). This district gets 3 votes, taking the total to 538.

Each state then goes to the polls on the first Tuesday in November (postponed a week if it’s November 1st like this year) and the winner of each state wins all the electoral college votes for that state. As with everything in the US election there’s always exceptions, this time it’s Maine and Nebraska. These award their two senate votes to the overall winner in the state and then the winner



Even the Capitol Building is looking apocalyptic \\ Stephen Melkisetian

of each district gets that district’s vote. What the whole system also means is that a candidate could win the most number of actual votes in the US and still lose the majority of electoral college votes and hence the overall race. This happened famously in 2000 (after a recount in Florida meant less than 600 votes decided the president) as well as in 1876 and 1888.

\\ Handy if you’re a convict, Richard Nixon or a turkey \\

With the winner takes all system, the most populous states of (California, Texas etc) are heavily targeted in the race and the smaller states are often forgotten about. Swing states, in which the race is tight, are prioritised too as capturing voters here is far more important than losing by a bit less in the states you’re almost guaranteed to lose.

Long story short, barring any massive surge from third parties, it’ll become a two horse race to win 270 electoral college votes and sweep the presidency. In the unlikely (but ever increasing) chance that they tie, then the House of Representatives will choose the next US president out of the top 3 candidates with

electoral college votes (this is a third party’s only chance of being president). Currently the Republicans hold the House but all those seats are up for grabs on the same day and may swing back to the Democrats.

But what does it matter?

The way the US government is set up, it’s designed to be slow and inefficient. The House of Representatives and the Senate (collectively known as Congress) each have to pass any motions the president tries to enact and if they’re controlled by the opposition party then compromises have to be made at the very least. The president does have a lot of sway as a person though and above all has a presidential veto on any motion that passes Congress (mostly).

The president is also the Commander in Chief of the military and has the power over them to do with as he sees fit (mostly). The most important thing for us non-Americans is the diplomatic power the President has, the power to negotiate Executive Agreements (kind of like treaties), and other foreign policy stuff. Presidential pardons are also a pretty powerful thing the President can use, handy if you’re a convict, Richard Nixon or a turkey.

In theory the President’s power is limited by the constitution and so a Trump/Clinton presidency wouldn’t give them free reign entirely. However, the constitution is vague and a President with a lack of respect for established conventions *cough* Trump *cough* could take the limits of the constitutional rules for the president to their very edge.

Tuesday’s timetable

Polling officially starts in some places at midnight in their state’s time zone (4am Tuesday GMT) and within a few minutes the results of Dixville Notch, New Hampshire will be released due to their electorate being around 20. Around six hours later (10am GMT) the rest of the country’s polling stations will begin to open over six time zones and will start closing anywhere from 7pm to 8pm local time (11pm to 4am GMT) and then after that states are called pretty rapidly. Usually by around 5am the result should be known but any legal challenges in the event of a close race could drag on for a while. The 2000 election wasn’t called for 36 days for instance.

So grab a boatload of caffeine, stock up on supersized snacks, and watch as the world holds its breath.



FREEZE PEACH

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

Imperial Girls Can do without Sport Imperial



Tessa Davey is perpetually disappointed by Sport Imperial's attitude to women in sport

\\ Two years in a row, they have created a campaign which only perpetuates the idea that women's sport is inferior to men's \\

There are a lot of things that Imperial girls can do, including studying science and engineering, leading clubs and societies, and, presumably, going through adolescence, meaning that by the time we're at Imperial, we're probably women, not girls. But one area where we seem to be lacking, according to Sport Imperial, is in our ability to engage in any sporting activities.

At first glance, it's wonderful that Sport Imperial have taken up the national 'This Girl Can' campaign to encourage women in sport. The campaign celebrates women doing sport because it makes them feel good, regardless of their skill level or whether it, god forbid, makes their hair stick to their sweaty forehead. Yes, I still hate that the name reduces women to 'silly little girls', but on the whole, it does good work. This campaign is sadly necessary, as so many women are discouraged from sports because all too often exercising is seen as something that a woman can only do in public if she is long,

lean, and lithe - after all, you're embarrassing yourself if your belly jiggles as you finish that 10k run. As well as uplifting women, This Girl Can reminds us that women do sport for reasons that aren't calorie burning or weight loss.

Unfortunately, in trying to bring this to Imperial, Sport Imperial have seriously misplaced the message.

\\ A strong undercurrent of sexism prevented it from being anything other than a publicity stunt \\

Two years in a row, they have created a campaign which only perpetrates the idea that women's sport is inferior to men's, and does nothing whatsoever to encourage women's sport.

Following a disastrous 2015 Varsity, where, for the first time, a women's sport was billed as the headline match, only for the female participants to be refused the perks given to the men, the spectators to be prevented from watching the match, and the players to be subject to sexist abuse as they were stranded at the venue, Sport Imperial needed to get their act together on their attitude towards women's sport. It was a case of a great intention being horribly diverted

because a strong undercurrent of sexism prevented it from being anything other than just a publicity stunt. This has happened again with Imperial Girls Can.

Maybe Imperial Girls Can would be successful at encouraging women into sport if they actually thought to tell women about it. A facebook event shared very sparingly amongst those who already like and engage with the Sport Imperial page is not sufficient advertising. Even for those of us who already take part in Sport Imperial sanctioned activities, whose Wednesday BUCS match was appropriated as part of this event, were barely made aware of what was happening.

And let's talk about the bright pink advertising, for the few people who saw it. I'm told that the colour was chosen in line with the national campaign (that I'm pretty sure is not entirely pink, but whatever helps you sleep at night, Sport Imperial), but if they're so obsessed with branding, why go off-brand with a childish font presumably chosen to appeal to our unsophisticated brains? Maybe that's why they advertised several of the events with images of men - true athletes - to inspire us.

And don't forget, ladies, that these classes are a great way to burn calories. And burn calories we shall, only taking part in gimmicky sessions like Zombie Zumba and Spooky Spin. Forget sports, Sport Imperial thinks that the only reason women exercise is for

their personal fitness, rather than because of a passion for an activity.

Curiously, two years in a row, Imperial Girls Can has also served to create a systematic discrimination on behalf of the Union. Every week, the Union minibuses are overbooked, and they're allocated to those travelling the furthest distance. With the Imperial Girls Can matches being moved to Heston, the (incrementally) nearest of the sportsgrounds, this means that on the day meant to be celebrating their sport, the women are denied access to a facility that they would have, had Sport Imperial not been throwing this event. This was raised as a problem last year but occurred in exactly the same way on Wednesday, as those forced to participate in this event are clearly only an afterthought in the planning.

I love a free t-shirt and cup of hot chocolate, and it's great for so many athletic women to get together and be inspired by each other. But we are women already very invested in our sport - we've already

\\ It does nothing to encourage the women who struggle to get into sport, and is patronising at best to those who are \\

had to learn not to care about how our sport is perceived. It does nothing to encourage the women who struggle to get into sport, and is patronising at best to those who are. At least this year they dropped the free gift to women's rugby of non-contact mouthguards. Despite Sport Imperial handling our fixtures, they don't seem to have got the memo that we play full contact rugby. After all, we're girls.

Within women's sports, these sexist attitudes create a hierarchy of what is most entertaining, or 'worthwhile' as compared to the men's game. I've heard again and again that women's rugby should not expect to receive the same treatment as men's rugby as we simply don't play to the same level as the men's first XV. Forget that we train as hard as the men and play exactly the same game, the fact that most of us didn't have the opportunity to have ten years of training before arriving at university is what we should be judged by.

Imperial Girls Can is just Sport Imperial patting women on the back for the adorable act of attempting to partake in activity, rather than encouraging serious women's sport. Of course, this is done only with the caveat that they remember that they're there to entertain, and don't delude themselves into thinking that their sporting performance is remotely equivalent to the men's.





FREEZE PEACH

C O M M E N T ... felix

I'm American, but I'm not voting for Hillary or Donald



Steve Bohnel explains why he couldn't support either of the main candidates

\\ My vote definitely wouldn't have mattered, seeing as it would have been for Jill Stein \\

I'm an idiot. This is the first presidential election I can vote in, and it appears that unless I pay a huge amount of money to ship my absentee ballot over to Pennsylvania, my voice won't be heard.

And even with that being said, my vote definitely wouldn't have mattered, seeing as it would have been for Jill Stein.

I've received a lot of criticism for this decision. Basically, "A vote for anyone but Hillary Clinton is a vote for Donald Trump", and at least from a mathematical standpoint, it's a difficult point to argue against.

\\ People on both sides have disregarded logical arguments for the sake of supporting their preferred candidate \\

But here are my two options: a candidate who certainly has the experience, but has also partaken in a lot of suspicious activity throughout her political career. The other option is a man who apparently thinks talking about sexually assaulting women is just "locker room talk" and then claims that "no one has more respect for women" than him.



While it's difficult to like either any of the mainstream candidates, the most damning observation I've made while witnessing this election is the amount of people on both sides who have disregarded logical arguments for the sake of supporting their preferred candidate.

It's the type of loyalty you see in sports fans supporting their teams on and off the field. The problem is we're not talking about games here. We're talking about real issues in one of the most powerful countries in the world, and how we should try and solve them.

Let's rewind to the candidate I chose: Jill Stein. I actually witnessed Stein at the DNC when I covered it for the Philadelphia Inquirer and Daily News back in June.

First, I'll establish the fact that by ruling out the Donald and the Hilldog, that leaves Stein, the Green Party candidate, and Libertarian Party candidate Gary Johnson. Both have a lot of strengths, but I lean towards Stein because of some radical changes Johnson proposes, including abolishing

the Internal Revenue Service, eliminating corporation taxes and ending the Department of Education.

The problem with voting for one of these candidates is that there are considerable flaws in both, which was nicely highlighted in John Oliver's Last Week Tonight in October. Johnson, when asked by a reporter, couldn't name a foreign world leader off the top of his head. Stein thinks that when the government bailed out Wall Street, that it was done through a "magic trick" known as quantitative easing. News flash: that easing isn't a trick, it's actually an advanced monetary tool that has been extensively studied in the world of academia.

And yet, they both seem like much better options than what the Democratic and Republican parties have produced. Both Johnson and Stein agree that marijuana should be legalised. In America, that drug is currently classified as Schedule I. In other words, it's somehow as dangerous as heroin.



They also believe in prison reform and police brutality as severe issues, at a time where those topics have generated a lot of news and debate in the states.

It's been very interesting to witness this election season from over 3000 miles away, and I've been pleasantly surprised at how informed British people are about it. But as my professor here has told us, the United States impacts Europe severely, especially economically.

I've tried to make sense of how so many of my people in my country could gravitate towards two of the most disliked presidential candidates in the United States' history. On the one hand, Trump is certainly not a politician, and he definitely fits the anti-establishment bill well. Clinton has more than three decades of experience in the political field, and has accomplished several objectives while in her numerous positions.

But here's the issue: Trump has committed a laundry list of actions during his campaign that make him look like not only an idiot, but also a man who should not have the responsibility of being one of the most powerful politicians in the world. With Clinton, there's so much secrecy and suspicious activity during her time as a politician - most recently in this email scandal that has just reappeared in the news - that electing her would essentially just be a vote for a 'big political machine', for lack of a better term.

I'm not a smart guy. We established that in the first three words of this piece. But I am smart enough to think for myself. Perhaps more importantly, I am willing to debate my opinions with other people who disagree, without taking the attacks against my ideas so personally.

\\ I've tried to make sense of how so many people in my country could gravitate towards two of the most disliked presidential candidates in the United States' history \\

But to hundreds of thousands of people in my country voting for Clinton or Trump, I see this political season developing like a heated sports rivalry. The problem is this is politics, not sports. And politics is too important to be like sports.

Union Page

Help RAG with their Poppy Appeal



Every November, RAG (Raising and Giving) sell poppies - the symbol of remembrance, to raise money for the sacrifices made by the British Armed Forces.

Throughout the week of November 7 – 11, poppies will be sold in the Sheffield Building and around campus to raise money for the British region.

On November 10 and 11, RAG will also be selling poppies at Gloucester Road and South Kensington underground stations respectively, and following on from there, they will go onto the streets around Imperial College on Saturday 12 November. Get involved in their collections, sign up at:

imperialcollegeunion.org/poppy-appeal

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imperialcollegeunion.org/your-idea

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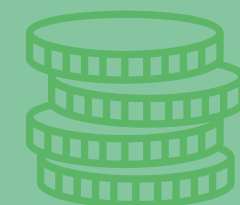
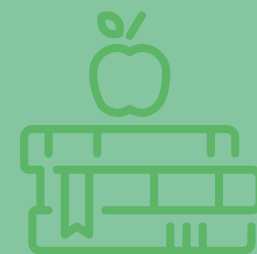
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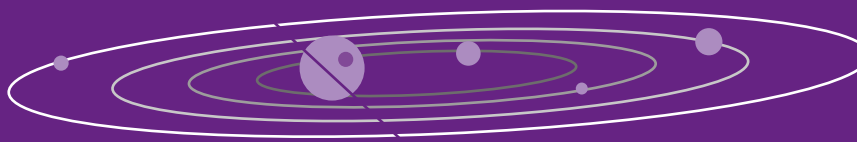
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Saving the world one tile at a time

Why Elon Musk's newest invention is smart, sexy and sustainable

Eva Coles

Unless you've been living under a cave for the last few years, you will have heard of Elon Musk, the founder of Tesla Motors, SolarCity and SpaceX. This South African born engineer, inventor and progressive thinker is on a quest to save mankind from itself through renewable energy, space exploration and by tackling whatever global issue he sets his mind on. Musk has often been compared to a real life Tony Stark.

Only days ago, he unveiled yet another revolutionary idea: a roof made entirely of solar panels, which would provide electricity to an entire home. The launch was held on the set for *Desperate Housewives*, at Universal Studios in Los Angeles, where one house was chosen as a prototype to demonstrate how the roof would appear. You may be wondering what these high-tech roofs look like. Well, each solar panel has been designed to appear indistinguishable from conventional



//Tesla Motors

roof shingles. Even more, the façade was created through an optical illusion, where the tiles appear opaque when seen from the ground, but transparent when facing the sun to allow energy to pass through. One small drawback to this effect is a 2% loss in efficiency compared to standard solar panels. Nonetheless, Mr. Musk stated that he will be investing over \$3 million to maximize energy absorption.

During the launch, it was announced that the tiles will be released in four distinct styles – Tuscan, Slate, Textured and Smooth – a brilliant decision that will appeal to a wide range of consumers. These slick slates are made from tempered quartz glass,

providing them with higher durability than standard asphalt and giving them a lifespan of at least 50 years, compared to 20. Musk also claims they will have the capacity to defrost themselves with specialized heating elements, similar to those in cars.

Despite how exciting this announcement has been for most of the world, some remain skeptical of their accessibility to middle class homes because, oddly enough, actual prices of producing and installing the tiles remains a mystery. Nonetheless, Musk stated that the cost will be lower than current roof and electricity expenses. Installments are scheduled to begin next summer in California, with two versions

available. Purchasing this system will include a newly developed integrated home battery to serve as a back up, storing enough energy to power a four-bedroom house for a day.

There is no doubt that the potential low cost and practicality of these new solar panels are two of the main aspects making it attractive to homeowners. But, the most important and obvious reason to purchase them is that they use clean, sustainable energy. The use of fossil fuels is still a severe problem globally, and it is worth stressing we are all both the creators and victims of the repercussions they are having on the environment.

I Once Was Blind But Now I See



Fact: blind people don't see darkness. They see nothing. I'll admit this seems counter-intuitive; most of us would shout "I can't see anything" when stumbling around in the pitch-dark. But understanding blindness requires a bit more thought.

It does depend on the type of blindness. Acquired blindness seems to leave patients with light rather than darkness: imagine a speaker with an unplugged Aux cable – you've heard that buzzing noise? If your optic nerve is severed, random signals are generated in much the same way, resulting in constant random dancing patterns of light. And of course, closing your eyes won't make them go away, so darkness is in fact the one thing you never see.

If you are born blind though, the issue is a little different. With no concept of sight, individuals born blind lack a perception of light and darkness in the same way as humans lack a perception of magnetic fields, or the 5th dimension. It's not 'darkness' in the way we might imagine; the best way to understand it is to ask yourself what you can 'see' behind you right now. We don't see a large black blob everywhere outside our field of vision – we see nothing, and that's just normal.

It's probably different for each person who experiences blindness, but safe to say it's a little different to putting on a blindfold.

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

There are holes in Space!

Holes in space legislation, that is

Danel Medelbekova

In spite of the seemingly everlasting state of conflict in the international community, all countries have pretty much agreed to pretend to be friends in outer space.

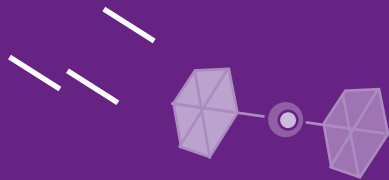
The UN Outer Space Treaty, adopted unanimously in 1963, outlined the ground rules for outer space use and exploration, including fluffy clauses on helping any astronauts in trouble, irrespective of their country

of origin, and keeping all parts of outer space freely accessible to all states (i.e. not invading space to become the Emperor of the Universe). The treaty also prohibited placing nuclear weapons or weapons of mass destruction on celestial bodies, in Earth's orbit or anywhere else in outer space, which is why we can be relatively certain that the moon will still be there when we wake up tomorrow. Other types of

weapons, however, did not get a mention in that treaty or in any of the following UN space law agreements, so if somebody attempted a kinetic orbital strike from the Earth's orbit and flung a projectile at whatever country they're having relationship issues with at the moment, the act would technically be legal as far as space law is concerned. While this may seem alarming, us humans already have so many other ways



we could perish as a species that this little issue is but a single star in our increasingly perilous universe.



Will sperm ever be stopped?

Lizzie Riach

Another setback for the quest of finding a reliable male contraceptive, with reports of side effects in clinical trials causing concern

Talking about Imperial Girl's Can, isn't it about time for a bit of equality when it comes to birth control? Men currently only have 3 options: condoms, vasectomies and withdrawal (not recommended), compared to the multiple women can choose from.



Unfortunately, side effects are common alongside hormonal contraception methods resulting in mood swings, depression, weight gain, acne, or heavy periods. Having a male equivalent is a more balanced compromise, but would also allow men to take control of their fertility, making it more of a two-way street. A report showed that over half of women forgot to take at least one Pill during their last cycle. Yikes.

A recent study has been published that has found hormone injections in males to be 96% efficient in stopping

// 20 out of the 320 participants had to drop out due to adverse side effects //

unwanted pregnancies. However, 20 out of the 320 participants had to drop out due to "adverse side effects". These included depression, pain at the injection site, increased libido and acne. Despite these few, the majority of other participants only suffered mild effects, and 75% said that they wouldn't mind continuing this method of contraception at the end of the trial.

You may have seen reports that this avenue of contraception has been dismissed due to side effects that sound pretty similar to those already experienced by women on hormonal contraception. Quite rightly, this annoyed a lot of people who claimed that this is a bit unfair, but it seems this isn't the only reason. The method itself needs time to reduce side



effects and increase efficiency from 96% up to the female equivalent of 99.9%. It's also quite annoying, with the men having to return to the clinic for injections every few weeks.

But good news! There's another male non-hormonal contraceptive to watch out for which may be even more exciting. 'Vasalgel' is estimated to hit the US drug market by 2020. Just like the implant for girls, it only

involves one injection and could last for years. It works as a temporary vasectomy, with a polymer that blocks sperm from getting through the sperm tubes. It can then be reversed by a second injection that dissolves the polymer, letting the sperm swim free. So fear not! It may not be immediate, but male contraception is coming soon. Pun intended.

To be or not to be vegan?

Alexandra Lim

Why veganism isn't for everyone



Let the flags fly and wars rage. Veganism is probably one of the most contentious topics of our time. Though I am not fully vegan due to personal reasons, I joined VegSoc because, after watching documentaries like *Cowspiracy* and *Food Matters*, anyone would be hard-pressed to lay off meat

slightly. I think it's time we appreciate the ups and downs of veganism, as contrary to popular belief, vegans aren't the angry meat prosecutors most people think they are.

The argument is two-sided: some claim veganism prolongs health, others experience a physical decline after the switch. Of course, science can help to explain why some people fare worse

than others. Here are a few key reasons for differing responses:

1. It's your gut's fault.

To sum it up, some gut microbiomes are more veggie-friendly than others. Important bacterial communities synthesise Vitamin K2, which is needed for skeletal health and to maintain insulin levels. Alongside this, K2 is found almost exclusively in animal products. So, if someone's microbiome is lacking these bacteria, without animal products K2 levels will drop, leading to increased risk of fractures and other horrid stuff like cardiovascular disease.

2. Vitamin A.

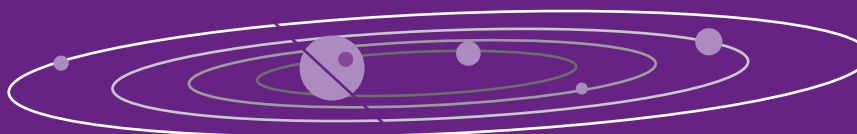
Unlike what most think, Vitamin A, which promotes good vision and immune response, is not present in its active form in plants (whereas it is in animal products). The veggie form must then be converted by a special enzyme in order to be used by the body. Those with lower levels of this enzyme (around 45% of us), have difficulty getting enough Vitamin A from plants alone. Low thyroid function and poor gut health only exacerbate this condition.

3. Starch tolerance.

Most vegans will have to compensate for lower meat levels with more carbohydrates, but again, this depends on one's ability to process all

that starch. We all need an enzyme called alpha-amylase to break down starch, however those historically more inclined to eating starch, such as Japanese or Southeast Asians, have more copies of the alpha-amylase gene. For those with low starch tolerance, sudden carb influx will lead to shaky blood sugar levels and possibly weight gain.

So what are we supposed to do with all this information? Trial and error is probably our best bet. With the right microbes and genes, a vegan diet supplemented with Vitamin B12 can do wonders, but it's up to you to listen to your body.



Wildlife photographer of the year 2016



Madeleine Webb and George Brooks pair up to discuss the science and technical skill behind the 52 yearold exhibition and of course, what it takes to bag that coveted a first prize.

Wildlife Photographer of the Year, Urban winner // Nayan Khanolkar

Tucked away in a quiet corner of the Natural History Museum, *The Wildlife Photographer of the Year* (WPY) exhibition provides a welcome respite from the maddening crowds that flood the museum during the holiday season. The atmosphere changes as soon as you walk into the darkened room filled with birdsong, and you are presented with a series of illuminated photographs all equally stunning and interesting in their own right.

Now in its 52nd year, it's a joy to report that the exhibition is still a beautiful and sprawling representation of both the natural world and the skill of these elite photographers. The gallery is sectioned into the different categories of the competition and further sub sectioned according to either animal group, or global habitat. The well-lit, large photographs are aligned consecutively around the room, allowing contemplative observation as you make your way through the exhibition. Each image rightly takes its place as a finalist by acting as a glorious representation of the natural world. Helpfully there is also an extensive caption beneath each image, describing how the photo was taken from a technical standpoint, but also providing context about

the animal and environment depicted in the image. There's a broad range of subjects and environments on display, with photos from suburban London to the coastline of Cape Town, not only showing visitors the extraordinary but also making the everyday appear extraordinarily beautiful.

Despite the wealth of talent displayed here, interestingly some of the winning images may seem inferior to other finalists. It quickly becomes clear that the panel rewards photographers for technical skill and an interesting subject, in addition to the vivid colouration and composition of the photo. Since photographers all have access to outstanding equipment to help capture the best shots, a wildlife photo often only stands out when the subject is exhibiting unusual behaviour, or the image really captures the qualities of the habitat in shot. Examples of this include an image entitled *Eviction Attempt* which shows the bizarre scenario of a parakeet on the wing attempting to haul a monitor lizard out of the bird's nest, by its tail. The amphibians, reptiles and fish category truly epitomised how the photos were judged, with the winning photo of a terrapin in the gloom of a pond, seeming dull and uninteresting to the neutral eye, when compared to some of the other finalists. However, the technical skill involved in

reflecting the dark nature of the pond whilst still achieving clarity of subject is outstanding, and it naturally hasn't gone unnoticed by the judges.

This is further reflected in a shot called *Alley Cat*, picturing a leopard skulking through the side streets of Mumbai. Usually in such a dark environment, the requirement is a wide aperture, slow shutter and high ISO to allow in maximum light, yet the photographer used a low flash to illuminate the subject with great clarity, while preserving the gloom of the alleyway. This artistic skill is apparent throughout the exhibition, with shutter speed adjustment, aperture setting, and flash control, all contributing to a wealth of shots that appear more painting than photograph, and present the natural world in an almost otherworldly light. In a world of social media, where every photo taken is highly edited and filtered, the beauty of these unedited images is even more impressive.

It seems odd then that with all this equipment and technical ability presented by the photographers, that the winning shot was taken with a goPro camera, displayed high in a fig tree, and controlled remotely. Winner Tim Lanam, who has won the contest before, presents an orangutan struggling up the tree in search of fruit, high above the canopy. It's a fantastically

clever shot, reflecting the effort invested by the animal, whilst also providing a window into the world of a now severely endangered great ape, whose habitat displayed in the photograph is severely under threat. It also follows a growing trend in the major award winners across all categories, with images depicting animals struggling against urbanisation, pollution and habitat destruction being the most successful awards-wise. For example the winner of the Wildlife Photojournalist Award: Single Image is a deeply harrowing picture of dead pangolins, the world's most trafficked animal for medicine and luxury food. One the strongest aspects of the exhibition is the acknowledgement of how humans have impacted the lives of these beautiful creatures.

A section in the centre of the room is dedicated to the Young Wildlife Photographer of the Year contest with an array of photos taken by amateurs aged 11-17. These photos, while generally not as serious in subject matter as some of the others, are not any less breathtaking. The grand title winner *The Moon and the crow* is one of the most stunning photos in the exhibition and it's a struggle to believe that someone under ten one of the winning images of a chiffchaff. As well as the central and junior contests there is also the People's

Choice Award, where people can vote online for one of the 25 images of the selected shortlist if you want to get involved in judging some of the images yourself. Personally I'm rooting for an image of a kingfisher diving into the water entitled *The Blue Trail*.

Coming out of this visual journey, it's difficult not to urge everyone to check out the WPY exhibition sometime over the next year. It's easy, what with it being so close to campus, to take the Natural History Museum for granted, but the exhibition is a great reminder of how successful the NHM is at instilling a sense of wonder into its visitors. While it's true that most of the winning images are available to view online, the experience of seeing them displayed in a room devoid of distractions is really unique. With the rest of the South Kensington area being so loud in the holiday season, spending a couple hours of your day focused on these images is a welcome break. The exhibition tickets range from £6.50-£8 with the student concession and as a bonus you get to skip the long entry queues than can overwhelm Exhibition Road this time of year. So please take an hour out of your schedule to have a wander and a wonder.



A dark descent into artistic depths



Amy Adams, showing art isn't dead \\ FOCUS



Tom Stephens

Tom Ford returns after a seven-year absence with **Nocturnal Animals**, a **luscious**, scintillating thriller that shows off his eye for **beauty**

Looking for a startling way to open your movie? A slow-motion montage of obese elderly women dancing, completely naked save for cheerleading pom-poms and marching band hats, ought to do the trick. *Nocturnal Animals*, the latest feature from fashion-turned-film-director

Tom Ford, opens with such a scene. Though a visual echo to this opening occurs later in the movie in a brief strip bar scene, its meaning is never quite explained. There's a suggestion that this lack of explanation, or lack of meaning, is entirely the point: it's revealed that this display of dancers is a new art installation by

successful gallery owner Susan Monrow (Amy Adams), and at a dinner a few scenes later she describes her own installation, with sincere dejection, as "junk".

Susan is one of the many artists that populate one of the multiple storylines of *Nocturnal Animals*, and is not alone in despising her own work. Ford paints a hilariously miserable caricature of the art world he left behind; it's most likely no accident, as the ex-creative director of Gucci and Yves Saint Laurent has said in interviews that since the birth of his toddler, he's grown into a state of "anti-materialism". He even makes a point of keeping the characters shackled to the consumer machine that so

\\ *Nocturnal Animals* is a strong testament that as a director, Ford has finally found his true calling. \\

often serves to be mocked by filmmakers who wish to appear avant-garde; when Susan accidentally breaks the phone of one of her colleagues, she's told not to worry – "the new one comes out next week". That Ford opted for such a vitriolic representation of the art world might seem worrying to anyone who hasn't yet seen the film, as if he'd spent approximately \$22 million writing a bitter letter to an ex, but fear not; *Nocturnal Animals* is a lush, thrilling drama that carries as much narrative focus as it does emotional heft, and is a strong testament that as a director, Ford has finally found his true calling.

For the first five minutes of the film, Susan paces languidly around her world, populated chiefly by a distant second husband (Armie Hammer) and a handful of friends even crazier than herself (played in brilliantly exaggerated single-scene performances from Andrea Riseborough and Michael

Sheen). A quiet weekend alone at home is interrupted by the arrival of a letter from her first husband Edward Sheffield (Jake Gyllenhaal) after a silence of many years, along with a finished manuscript of his latest, as-yet-unpublished, novel. She begins to read it and is sucked into a dark revenge thriller that is played out in full on the screen, in which the protagonist Tony (who Susan imagines to be Edward, i.e. Gyllenhaal) has his family abducted during a night drive by a gang of young men led by Ray (Aaron Taylor-Johnson). As she finishes reading the opening of the novel, flashbacks of her time with Edward begin to appear, and thus the three distinct timelines of the film are established.

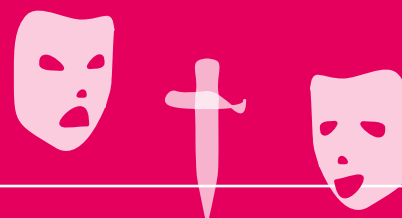
One of *Nocturnal Animals'* most admirable achievements is that it manages to make each storyline as gripping as the others. The dramatisation of the novel that ostensibly takes place inside Susan's mind is rather straightforward plot-wise, but remains absorbing throughout each scene, thanks in no small part to a brace of very strong performances. Taylor-Johnson is captivating and dastardly as chief psycho Ray, and Gyllenhaal embodies the character arc of Tony with perfect believability, but Michael Shannon's performance as the detective assigned to help Tony find his family, steals every scene he's in. When his character gets up-close-and-personal to another during a monologue – which, enjoyably, occurs frequently – I could feel that there wasn't a person in the cinema who wasn't devoting the entirety of their attention to him.

The "real life" narrative strand, however, has a much more static, melancholic atmosphere. For better or worse, Susan is a character whose own life and decisions have stifled her. Despite her successful career, it appears to be her husband who brings in the cash flow sufficient for sustaining their glamorous lifestyle. The only other notable female character

\\ Despite its darkness, *Nocturnal Animals* remains intriguing – and even entertaining – to watch \\

in the film is her mother – another caricature, this time of a racist, misogynistic upper-class Texan – who is portrayed with a marvellously steely edge of cynicism and brimstone by Laura Linney. This doesn't bode well for Susan's situation as a female artist in a man's world. On top of this, Gyllenhaal's real-life Edward is constantly labelled as "weak" during the flashback sequences (a theme which is heavily reflected in the thriller he has written); as more is revealed about the backstory between Susan and Edward, and the fictional thriller running parallel to it turns more and more sour. In fact we are led to question if this novel Edward has written is his way of showing her that he is no longer weak, or exacting bitter revenge.

Despite its darkness, *Nocturnal Animals* remains intriguing and even entertaining. Of course it should go without saying that the film is gorgeously shot, proving that Ford has kept his eye for beauty. He also proves himself a startlingly adept screenwriter, with dialogue that drip-feeds exposition in a subtle manner, and manages a surprisingly large number of laughs with a grim sense of humour. I hope Susan is not his mouthpiece when she refers to her own work as "junk", as *Nocturnal Animals* is an excellent piece of cinema. It's clear now that he has found a new lease of life as a director, so here's to hoping he continues to find it for quite some time.



A beginner's guide to Denis Villeneuve



The new film by the French-Canadian auteur at the top of his game arrives at cinemas next Friday

Tom Stephens

\\ Pascal Le Segretain/Getty Images

Hugh Jackman –was it as scary to work with him in *Prisoners* as it looked? What the were all the spiders about in *Enemy*? And how the hell do you pronounce that last name?! There are many questions we'd love to ask Denis Villeneuve, the man who's gone from abduction drama to existential horror to war-crime thriller to thought-provoking sci-fi - all in the space of the last three years. Sadly, he's a little busy at the moment, so he wasn't around to answer them. But, with his latest feature *Arrival* being released in the UK next week, we figured we had enough of a reason to nerd out over him and his work anyway. Here is a short profile of the man and his filmography; a three-time winner of the Academy of Canadian Cinema and Television Best Film award and Genie Award for Best Direction, future director of the sequel to the science fiction classic *Blade Runner*, and all-round great filmmaker.

Early Career

Born in Gentilly, Quebec, Villeneuve had been making short films for many years before rising to stardom. At the age of 23, he won La Course Europe-Asie 1990-91, a youth

film competition hosted by Radio-Canada.

Maelström (2001)

The appearance of *Maelström* across various festivals worldwide in 2001, including the Toronto International Film Festival where it won Best Canadian Film, was when Villeneuve's arthouse breakthrough occurred. An engrossingly dark and yet quirky comic tale, it follows the depressed alcoholic Bibiane struggle to keep things together, as a hit-and-run accident leaves her situation looking bleaker than ever. It delves deep into the meaning underneath the apparently glossy surface of the life she has come to lead, and won five Genie awards including Best Motion Picture. Oh - and it's narrated by a fish that's waiting to be chopped up for food. What's not to like?

Polytechnique (2009)

Evidently Villeneuve was once not as prolific a filmmaker as he seems to be now. Made eight years after his breakthrough, with nothing between save for the short film *Next Floor* in 2008 (which won the Short Film Palme D'Or at the Cannes Film Festival), it was nonetheless also very successful, winning nine Genie awards including Best Director and Best Motion Picture. A rather more controversial film than *Maelström*, it dramatises the events of the December 1989 "Montreal Massacre", when a young man walked into the École Polytechnique in Montreal and shot 28 people, killing 14, and specifically targeted women.

One critic said that though it seemed like a paradox to say so, Villeneuve had turned the events of that day into "a work of profound beauty".

Incendies (2010)

Incendies was where Villeneuve's career really kicked off. Garnering huge critical acclaim at both the Venice and Toronto film festivals, it went on to be selected to represent Canada in the Academy Awards' Best Foreign Language Film category, and was ultimately selected as one of the five nominees for

\\ He has managed to turn the events of a school massacre into "a work of profound beauty" \\

the award. It follows a pair of twins who, after their mother's death, learn from her will that they have a brother they did not know existed, and that their presumed-dead father is still alive. When they travel to an unnamed Middle-Eastern country to find their family and learn more about their mother's past, a series of flashbacks begin to render their mother's story more clearly. The binds of family and the horrors of the past weave together to form a breathtakingly complex and heartbreaking cinematic tapestry.

Prisoners (2013)

With stars like Hugh Jackman, Jake Gyllenhaal, Paul Dano and Viola Davis on board, Villeneuve was finally swinging in the big leagues of Hollywood when the release of *Prisoners* rolled around. Thankfully he didn't let the fame get to him, and this dense, dark slow-burning thriller is one of the most captivating works he's put to the screen. Set in the damp, snow-slurried suburbs of Pennsylvania at thanksgiving, it follows Keller Dover (Jackman), his wife Grace (Maria Bello), and their friends Franklin and Nancy Birch (Terrence Howard and Davis respectively) as their peaceful livelihoods are shattered by the disappearance of their children. When the active detective Loki (Gyllenhaal) finds a suspect (Dano), Keller decides to take matters into his own hands. It's a film that works as a thriller, a mystery, a crime drama and a dual character study, perfectly capturing the unravelling of Keller and Loki as they hit dead end after dead end. *Prisoners* received critical acclaim in the USA and established Villeneuve as a talent to be watched closely.

Enemy (2013)

As if to counteract this newly established fame, Villeneuve released *Enemy* almost immediately after *Prisoners*. The film is a much shorter affair than its predecessor, but is more complex and less mainstream. When Adam Bell (Jake Gyllenhaal, not only doubling up on Villeneuve films but here doubling up on lead roles as Adam and Anthony Claire) rents out a

film on the recommendation of a colleague, he recognises an extra who looks eerily similar to him - looking him up, he finds that he is Anthony Claire, a man who appears to be his doppelgänger. The cataclysmic events that are set in motion when he sets out to find his mysterious likeness begin to tear apart the fabric of Adam and Anthony's lives. The enigmatic but brilliantly-used motif of spiders is one of the film's most uniquely chilling aspects - and Villeneuve clearly wanted it to be kept that way, as part of the cast's contractual agreements was that none of them were to disclose the meaning of the spiders to the public.

Sicario (2015)

The work that cemented Villeneuve's status as the foremost craftsman of thought-provoking thrills working in Hollywood today can be found in *Sicario*, a war-crime-drama about the painful futility of an individual's quest to do the right thing in the face of the machine of war. Emily Blunt stars as crack FBI agent Kate Macer, assigned to a mission by CIA officer Matt Graver (Josh Brolin) to apprehend a cartel operative. When Kate meets Matt's mysterious partner Alejandro (Benicio del Toro) and a routine border-crossing pickup operation turns into one of the most intense traffic jams in cinema history, Kate begins to realise that this is much more than a simple arrest.



In defence of 'nasty women'



\\Comedy Central

As the **American election** looms, the discourse has gotten more and more sordid. 'What do we mean when we call someone a "nasty woman"?' asks **Fred Fyles**, who turns to the silver screen for answers, looking at the archetypal 'nasty women' of cinema



\\Republic Pictures

On the evening of the 19th October, at the University of Nevada's Las Vegas campus, the phrase 'nasty woman' entered the internet's lexicon. These words were uttered by Donald Trump towards the end of the third and final election debate, in a contest that has been defined by mud-slinging, press-madness, and all-round feelings of dread. While answering a question about tax increases for the wealthy, Hillary Clinton made a jab about Trump's likely tax evasion; half way through her answer, Trump leaned into the microphone, and pointedly said the words 'such a nasty woman', closely followed by 'your husband disagrees with you'.

While many may pale at the idea of another Clinton presidency – both liberals and conservatives alike – this seemed to be a new low for Trump. In one fell swoop, Trump had defined Clinton, who was Secretary of State for four years, as her husband's subject, and alienated many women voters. Seemingly instantaneously, products sprung up across the web: nasty woman t-shirts, badges, and Halloween costumes emerged overnight, to complete any liberal feminist's

outfit. But what do we mean when we say 'nasty woman'? The term 'nasty', while technically genderless, to me always seems to be applied more often to women than men – why is this? As usual, I took to the silver screen to try and answer my questions for me.

For me, when someone uses the epithet 'nasty woman', it comes from a place of deep insecurity, from a fear of an inversion of the traditional patriarchal power structures in society. As such, when thinking about the role 'nasty women' play in cinema, the first film that springs to mind is the 1954 Nicholas Ray classic *Johnny Guitar*, a technicolour fever dream of a Western. Despite being named after the gunslinger, *Johnny Guitar* actually centres around Vienna (Joan Crawford), a saloonkeeper in high-waisted trousers who maintains a difficult relationship with the townspeople. As Michael Newton writes, *Johnny Guitar* 'operates at an uncomfortable pitch of excess and emotional extremity'. Vienna, with her self-owned business, and a plot of land that stands to become a lot more valuable when the railroad is laid down, has economic power over the men in her life, and is able to maintain a fierce independence. She is

nobody's fool, and takes no prisoners, refusing to succumb to sentimentalism – as such she is one incarnation of the 'nasty woman'.

But the power dynamic can manifest itself in different ways. In *The Devil Wears Prada*, Meryl Streep plays Miranda Priestly, the editor of *Runway*, and a thinly-veiled representation of Vogue editor Anna Wintour. Priestly is an arch-bitch, known for her chilly nature, and excessive demands on her personal



\\Warner Brothers

secretary Andrea (Anne Hathaway); although the film attempts to let us see a softer side of Priestly, we are left with no doubts about what kind of person she is – one who is willing to throw others

under the bus to get what she wants. Priestly doesn't necessarily have economic power over others (although she is very wealthy), rather her power is more cultural – she is a tastemaker, one who can see through the cogs and labyrinth of the fashion industry to explain why that certain shade of cerulean has become so popular. While the film doesn't explicitly touch on it, it's not difficult to see the difference in perception between Priestly and Gordon Gecko, the broker at the centre of the 1987 film *Wall Street*: while Priestly is a 'nasty woman', Gecko is – like Leonardo DiCaprio's character in *The Wolf of Wall Street* – more of an antihero, someone we root for despite ourselves. Despite having similar characters, the way we empathise with these characters is resoundly different, something that is difficult to separate from their gender.

Similarly, in *Michael Clayton*, the 2007 thriller, Tilda Swinton plays Karen Crowder, the general counsel of an agricultural products conglomerate, analogous to Monsanto. Crowder's company is represented by a prestigious law firm, for whom Michael Clayton (George Clooney) acts as a 'fixer'; things turn awry when

Clayton happens across a document obtained by his dead colleague, which shows the company manufactured a weed killer they knew was carcinogenic. As she tries to cover up her company's reputation, Crowder resorts to more desperate measures, including fraud and murder. Swinton earned an Oscar for her portrayal, which was full of nuance and sympathy – even though Crowder was the complete villain of the film, Swinton still managed to find space to build up a fully realised character, showing us that the 'nasty woman' label is one that (even if it is applicable) reduces a woman down to a single characteristic, and refuses to allow for any measure of depth.

The closest comparison to Clinton, and possibly the nearest thing cinema has to the archetypal political 'nasty woman', can be found in the character of Tracy Flick from Alexander Payne's seminal 1999 film *Election*. Starring Reese Witherspoon as Tracy, *Election* centres around a Nebraskan high school's student body election, and the trials and tribulations it brings. Tracy is the brightest student in the school, with an insufferable air of self-importance, and a desire to get herself on as many committees as possible; she's got an overbearing



\\Paramount Pictures

single mother at home, a college education on the horizon, and now all she needs to do is to win the election.

Unfortunately, she's not the only one in the competition. Paul Meltzer (Chris Klein), a dim-witted but affable jock, is convinced to run by Jim McAllister (Matthew Broderick), a very popular history teacher who has a vendetta against Tracy after she had an affair with his best friend – another teacher, who was subsequently fired. Paul is highly popular amongst the student body, despite his lack of clear qualifications for the role of president; his speech to the students in hustings is meandering, and made up entirely of platitudes about how he worked through breaking his leg and scored a winning touchdown against Westside School. Paul is also enormously wealthy, with his cement-baron father furnishing his comfortable lifestyle.

Sound familiar?

The comparison between *Election* and this current election cycle couldn't really be clearer. There's even a Gary Johnson-esque character to be found in Tammy Meltzer (Jessica Campbell), who runs as an anti-authoritarian candidate, questioning the very process of the election. And, I'm not the first one to think so: *The Atlantic*, *Huffington Post*, and *The Cut* have all run articles about the uncanny comparison. Like Clinton, Flick is a woman with an extremely prolific track record, who is clearly very intelligent and astute, but has difficulties connecting emotionally with her electorate. As Tracy says herself in the film: 'The pressures women face mean you have to work twice as hard, and you can't let anything or anyone stand in your way.'

But Trump is no Paul Metzler, and this isn't high school. What makes Tracy such a ridiculous character

is that she doesn't seem to understand how little the high school election matters: she is seen as cut-throat and bitchy against the others simply because they refuse to take things as seriously as she does. But while Tracy might seem like a nasty woman in the course of the film, really that behaviour is par for the course in the political arena, something we realise when Mr McAllister attempts to sabotage her campaign, in order to teach her a lesson. What makes Tracy a 'nasty woman' is really simply what makes a politician a politician: steadfastness, competitiveness, and a general disregard for others. To call Clinton a 'nasty woman' is to imply that Trump is virtuous, that he has the moral high-ground; Trump may claim that he has business acumen, all his own hair, and a huge dick, but claiming a higher sense of morals than Clinton might be a bridge too far.

Violent. Destructive. Catastrophic. These may be the words you think of when encountering the word volcano.

Werner Herzog, one of the world's most influential directors, together with volcanologist Clive Oppenheimer, take you on a trip to the heart of the earth, with the question: are volcanoes all destructive?

From Pacific islands to North Korea, this film shows how volcanoes help to construct people's belief systems. Some are very mystical, such as the belief that spirits live in the lava and communicate with the local villagers. Volcanoes are often perceived to be a source of power with these beliefs so firmly ingrained into the societies that in some villages, tourists are not permitted into the area after an eruption as the fire spirit would not recognize them and would be angry.

The film explains why people form such beliefs; volcanoes are mysterious and unpredictable. We feel helpless due to our lack of control over them and even armed with cutting-edge technologies and equipment, we still can't fully explain the fascinating power of nature. Just as Herzog

said after his observation of volcanoes: "There's no permanence to what we are doing, no permanence to the efforts of human beings" – we are insignificant compared to its power. As a result, we respond with respect and awe. Volcanoes both destroy and create and are shown to carry sufficient energy to fulfil all human needs.

When facing something this powerful, the first reaction is to run as fast as you can to avoid being swallowed and absorbed by the mighty force. The next is to pray; before a disaster, for safety and good health; after, for peace of mind and rejuvenation. This is shown to be true for all natural disasters. Some survivors of floods, for example, bring tributes to the 'God of the Sea' in exchange for a peaceful year. Amidst the spiritual beliefs, people learn to predict and prepare for future disasters. Interestingly these natural disasters while being immensely destructive also help to form human culture, beliefs and creativity. This comparison is emphasised by the director frequently pairing the violent ocean with the exploding volcanoes to give a strong visual contrast. The dance of the fire synchronises with the rhythm of the waves, expressing the infinite power of nature in front of our

eyes. While listening to peaceful harmonious classical background music, one can feel the strong impact of lava being pushed out of the crater, like spirits fighting for their freedom.

'Into the Inferno' exposes how fragile human beings are in the face of nature whilst also showing us to be conscious and wise creatures. These harsh conditions make us who we are, just as the selective pressure which has evolved us to *Homo Sapiens* in these two million years. We evolve creative solutions towards difficulties. We learnt from birds to fly, we learnt from bats to use ultrasound waves to create radar systems. Humans always learn from nature and create tools to face challenges.

The documentary ends on an ominous prediction by the leader of the Endu village, Chief Mael, "Volcanoes will destroy everything. They will destroy the whole world". What do you think the future of human and volcano will be?

DOCUMENTARY OF THE WEEK

Into the Inferno



Herzog stares into the abyss \\ Netflix



By Theo Farah

FRIDAY 4 NOVEMBER



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FRIDAY 4 NOVEMBER

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FREE BEFORE 20:00, £2.50 AFTER
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COMING UP!

Venue	Regular Events	Time	Day
Metric & FiveSixEight	iPOP American Election Special	20:00 - 02:00	Friday 4 November
FiveSixEight	Super Quiz	20:00 - 22:00	Every Tuesday
Metric	Cocktail Night	18:00 - 23:00	Every Tuesday
Metric & FiveSixEight	CSP Wednesday	19:00 - 01:00	Every Wednesday
Metric & FiveSixEight	Worst Behavior	20:00 - 02:00	Friday 11 November
h-bar	Pub Quiz	19:00 - 21:00	2nd & 4th Thursday
h-bar	h-bar 3rd birthday party	16:00 01:00	11 November
Reynolds	Quiz Night	18:00 - 23:00	Every Monday
Reynolds	Board Games & Film Night	18:00 - 23:00	Every Tuesday
Reynolds	Sports Night	18:00 onwards	Every Wednesday
Reynolds	Pizza Club	18:00 - 23:00	Every Thursday
Reynolds	Cocktail Night	17:30 onwards	Every Friday
The Foundry	Quiz Night	19:30 - 22:00	1st & 3rd Thursday
The Foundry	Karaoke Night	20:00 - 23:30	2nd & 4th Friday





Glass Animals at The Roundhouse



\\ Philipp Antonas



Entering the venue, the mood of the night to come seemed to emanate throughout. Huge Tetris shaped lights hang high above the stage, glowing a bright orange/yellow light across the growing audience. After a short entrance, the band wastes no time before jumping into their first song, *Life Itself* – a catchy, drum-heavy song that entices you to dance along. The front-man, Dave Bayley, starts leaping around the stage while sending his voice flying across the venue in almost flawless tone and clarity.

Having grabbed the attention of the crowd and set the energetic mood of the show, the band quickly plunges into more great songs from both their albums, including *Season 2 Episode 3* – giving off an odd romantic ballad vibe to the crowd - *Gooey*, *Youth*, and *Black Mambo* to

name a few. The set list allows for no dull moments or times of rest from the onslaught of catchy lyrics, mindless dance-inducing beats and sounds, and vibrant visuals emanating from the Tetris block lights and lit up desert

\\ The show finishes with an absolutely deserved encore \\

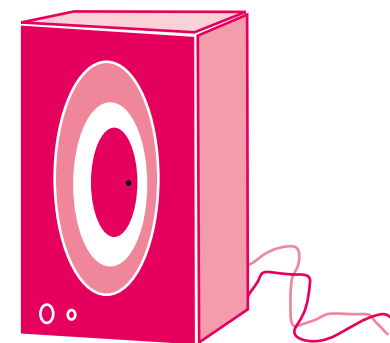
foliage along the stage.

The show finishes with an absolutely deserved encore, as the front-man storms down the middle of the screaming crowd before the band plays their own take on Kanye West's hit song *Love Lockdown*. They follow this with *Pork Soda*, which unexpectedly involves the throwing of a pineapple from stage to crowd.

Glass Animals are massive and for a very good reason:

the release of songs each built on its own unique sound and set of lyrics. All are very easy (sometimes annoyingly so) to sing along to and stick in your head. Shows like this are a testament to their ability to not only produce great music, but to show it off with great musicianship and style.

By Philipp Antonas



A very bad presentiment seized us when we stepped into Grande Halle de la Villette: one pint of Heineken cost seven euros and it seemed like Heineken was the only sponsor of the event. We went to see Flavien Berger, a French musician that neither of us had listened to before, but he somehow became the surprise of the day. His deep raspy voice melded with the funky beats and spaced out synths in an eccentric yet coherent way. As my friend Alicia, who just moved to Paris, got excited about the successful exploration of French music, we gradually forgot about booze issues and became confident that the level of soberness would not affect the experience at all.

Instead of just 'pressing play on the stage' as Alicia put it, the collaboration of Todd

Terje and the Olsens performed excellent disco covers of some classical electronic pieces including *Firecracker* from Japanese electronic trio YMO. In the end, it was the disco version of *Inspector Norse* that finally got the crowd going. The day finished with *Moderat*. The mind-blowing stage effects made it the best performance of the day, but that's what you'd expect from *Moderat*.

On day two was looking forward to M.I.A, my celebrity crush, but her performance was surprisingly underwhelming. Instead of singing, she just talked to the crowd for most of the set. There was no bass at all and her sound was too weak to be heard sometimes. As we all got very disappointed we thought that the day was pretty much doomed, but the electronic session after midnight saved everything. It started with the symbolic quirky melodies from Acid

Arabic, followed by a twist of hard techno and disco from Motor City Drum Ensemble. The vibe was then refreshed by Daphni, the side project from Caribou. The epitome of the rebellion against predictable mainstream EDM, it was the best music to dance to when sober and surrounded by those who aren't.

For the first day everyone was well-behaved. Alicia said that it was a Paris thing; Parisians don't need drugs and alcohol to enjoy themselves. And then there we were on day two, stood in the middle of the crowd watching people around us getting high and losing themselves.

'We are in England again.' Alicia turned around and said to me.

People aren't that different after all.

By Ellen Zheng

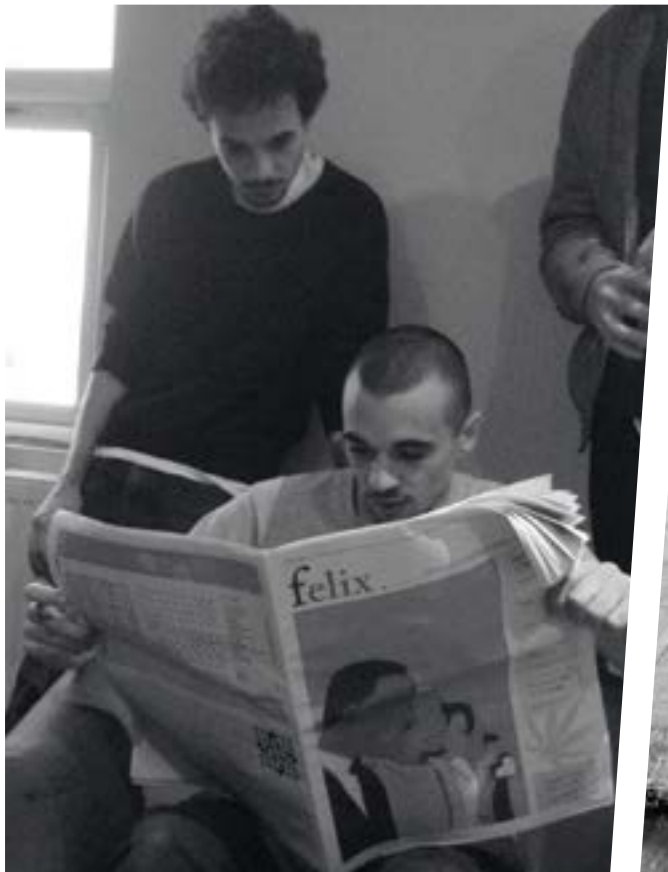
Pitchfork Music Festival Paris



\\ Ellen Zheng



Felix meets | Formation



This down to earth outfit talks Glastonbury, being Kylie super-fans, and what's next after a huge 2016.



Instagram @formationmusic

felix catches up with Formation while they're on tour with Jagwar Ma. Another notch on their belt after playing Glastonbury, Field

Day and having their song *Pleasure* chosen for the FIFA 17 soundtrack. In the room are front-man Will Ritson, his twin brother Matt (synths), Jonny Tams (bass) and Kai Akinde-Hummel (drums).

They heard the FIFA news from their manager while at Glastonbury, but this isn't the only benefit of their recent successes.

"There's some things we've always wanted to do," explains Kai, "like get some free shoes."

"That's a big one!" jokes Jonny. "We may as well give up now!"

Surprisingly this hasn't yet lead to a bump in their following, but something else did.

"We noticed a big spike after Beyoncé released a song called *Formation*,"

"People were like: this ain't Beyoncé!" Laughs Kai.

"I still think if you put us in Google you won't find us,"

guesses Will.

Humour and humility go hand in hand with Formation, but this can't be said for everyone.

"You get backstage and some people are so big it's like they're not even a human being," laments Will.

Perhaps their identity stems from the closeness of the band. Will and Matt are twins and have been writing music together since 2013. Working with family would be unthinkable to some, but this band thrives on it.

"We don't really know any different," starts Matt.

"We all share musical interests and like working together. So Matt and Jonny both play bass, me and Kai play drums, and Sash does synths. We all do different bits and whoever comes up with the best plays it," continues Will.

But what do Kai and Jonny think of the arrangement?

"Let's talk when they're not around," laughs Kai. "It's good, we're always working towards something. Will's a drummer too, so I always get a second opinion."

Sash usually plays synths, but the band are one man down for this tour. This isn't the only challenge facing a band new on the scene.

"We had to carry our own gear [at Glastonbury] and

\\ "If people said Formation were a country-funk band, we'd be like 'not really'" \\

the place is massive. It takes like 45 minutes to get across," sighs Will.

"It takes 45 minutes without gear!" Kai chimes in. "The whole place was flooded, it was like a river."

They didn't let this dampen their spirits.

"When you see it on TV it's all sunny and everyone's all high and stuff. This year people were falling all over the place, but everyone was cool and helping each other out," explains Will.

Claiming influences from *A Tribe Called Quest* to *Pink*

Floyd, they're wary about labelling themselves with a genre.

"People like to put things into a certain box. I think it makes people uncomfortable if they can't make comparisons," suggests Kai.

"If people said Formation were a country-funk band, we'd be like 'not really,'" laughs Matt.

"Send us a link to that band!" Jonny jokes.

"If you were going to call it anything, it's pop music," finishes Matt.

Speaking of Pop, the band recall meeting Kylie Minogue at their record label's Christmas Party.

"Kylie was so nice. Genuinely like really nice. She's legit," comments Matt.

"Last Summer we played at a pub in the middle of Somerset with Kylie Minogue and Duran Duran. The article afterwards with the photo of Matt next to Kylie was like 'Kylie Super Fans'," laughs Kai

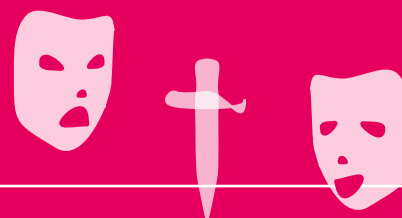
Recording with house producer Leon Vynehall and Ben Baptie this year, they hope to see their debut album

\\ People like to put things into a certain box. I think it makes people uncomfortable if they can't make comparisons \\

released early next year. Big things lay in store for this group, but felix doesn't think it'll change them.

"We don't want to get lost in the fame. We don't want to feel like we can't talk to someone. We just want to be the same. You never want to lose who you are."

Theo Farah



Hamilton | an ode to America



Phillippa Soo and Lin Manuel Miranda as Eliza, and Alexander Hamilton (left). Daveed Diggs as Lafayette (right)
 \\ [instagram.com/hamiltonmusical](https://www.instagram.com/hamiltonmusical)

Musicals aren't cool; outing yourself as a musical fan to the culture-savvy crowd is only marginally better than saying you consider the Christmas panto to be the height of creative output. Original musicals that manage to create some sort of cultural impact are an even rarer breed; the musicals that dominate Broadway and the West End have been running for eons. Every year, a new host of plays and albums push the boundaries, but a new *Book of Mormon* or *Les Mis* doesn't come around every day.

There must be exceptions to every rule; *Hamilton* has created such a cultural impact in the two short years since its off-Broadway debut that earlier this year it swept up a whole host of Tonys, and won a Pulitzer for writer Lin-Manuel Miranda. It's a favourite of the Obamas, countless

thinkpieces have been written about it, standard tickets are sold out in New York until summer 2017, and the few tickets that remain are selling for upwards of \$700. Why has *Hamilton* taken the world by storm? Is it worth the steep

\\ In the 46 songs, Miranda melds together original historical text with rap, and pop culture references to tie history to the sound of the present \\

prices?

Hamilton began its life as the *The Hamilton Mixtape*, a series of songs that set the life of Alexander Hamilton, an American founding father, to a mix of R&B, rap, and show tunes. It sounds like the lesson

plan of a substitute Year nine history teacher that has just passed their PGCE, but from the moment that Lin-Manuel Miranda first rapped the initial draft of *Alexander Hamilton*, the first song of the musical at the 2009 *White House Poetry Slam*, it became apparent that the concept not only worked, but had the potential to change the cultural landscape.

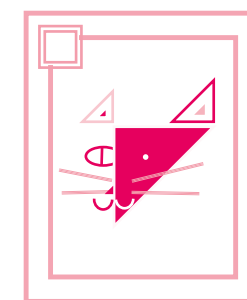
Alexander Hamilton was born out of wedlock in the West Indies, to a white Caribbean mother, and a Scottish father. His mother died whilst he was young, and he was abandoned by his father. When a hurricane destroyed his hometown, Hamilton, then 17, wrote a letter describing the devastation it had wreaked. When the letter was published in North America, it brought aid relief to the island, and gave Hamilton the funds to go to New York to study at King's College (now Columbia). There, he would meet other revolutionaries, eventually become

General Washington's 'right hand man', and shape the US constitution after the Revolutionary War, in the process becoming the first Secretary of the Treasury. Miranda, who was inspired by Ron Chernow's award winning biography of Hamilton, saw Hamilton's life as "classic hip-hop narrative"; the story of a man born in poverty who makes it to the top of the social hierarchy through the

\\ "Rap is the language of the revolution. Hip-hop is the backbeat" \\

power of his words.

Hamilton's plot unfolds over 46 songs, without any dialogue in between. The songs are written with an easy virtuosity, melding together original text with allusions to rap, and pop-culture references. In *One Last Time*, the song in which George



Washington steps down from the presidency, one of the final verses quotes verbatim Washington's farewell address. Hamilton begins to speak the words, and Washington joins in, singing over Hamilton. The harmony between melody and spoken word is a reference to will.i.am's remix of Obama's 2008 'Yes We Can' speech, in which the rapper sings over a Obama delivering his speech. In another instance, in *Helpless*, a song in which Eliza Schuyler meets and falls in love with Hamilton, the melody is lifted straight from Beyoncé's *Countdown* which Miranda considers the "most



perfect song ever written." Indeed there are so many allusions to other works; literature, history, and hip hop that Miranda published a several hundred page book detailing the different references.

In tying history to the sound of the present, Miranda joins a long tradition of writers throughout history who have used references the audience will understand as a cultural shorthand to set the tone of the work, and underscore its message. When the cast performed *Hamilton* at the White House, President Obama remarked that in *Hamilton* "rap is the language of revolution. Hip-hop is the backbeat."

Hamilton follows the birth of the 'American experiment'; the revolution against the oppressive English monarchy, and the formation of a new government. In the musical, debates in the newly formed cabinet are written as rap battles; Washington, the President acts as the MC, as Hamilton and Jefferson trade barbs over fiscal policy. In another instance, Daveed Diggs as the Marquis de Lafayette raps with dizzying speed as he enters into the fray of battle with the British forces at

Yorktown.

Earlier this year, as Hamilton rapped 'this is not a moment/it's the movement', a slogan intertwined with the Black Lives Matter movement, outside the Richard

**\\ In casting minority actors in the roles of the founding fathers, Miranda has opened up history to children who have never seen themselves reflected in the history books **

Rodgers, thousands were marching in the streets of New York in protest of the lack of judicial action against the police officers who killed Eric Garner whilst he was in police custody. In *Hamilton*, Miranda ties the experience of the founding fathers with the experience of America's minorities today.

Throughout this election cycle,

the far right in America have railed against the 'browning of America', the process by which the demographic in America is changing to include more Hispanic people, more African Americans, more Asian Americans. This small but very vocal subset have bemoaned the loss of an imagined past, in which America was "great", *Hamilton* seeks to highlight that America is what always has been; a land of immigrants, "young, scrappy, and hungry" to leave their mark. This is a subject that Miranda, himself a second generation immigrant, clearly feels strongly about. The musical recasts the white American revolutionaries with minority actors; George Washington is played by a black man, Chris Jackson, Daveed Diggs is Thomas Jefferson (and Marquis de Lafayette), Philipa Soo, an Asian American, plays Eliza Hamilton; the only white actor is Jonathan Groff, playing George III, the oppressor. The subtext could hardly be more unsubtle, or more revolutionary. In casting minority actors in

the roles of the founding fathers, Miranda has opened up history to young minority children in America who have never seen themselves reflected in the history books, or have felt any claim to the founding of their nation.

Hamilton is an ode to America, to its revolutionary spirit,

**\\ In *Hamilton*, American heritage is celebrated, but the founding fathers are not deified **

and its changing face. In one of the most moving verses in the musical, Hamilton sings "America, you great unfinished symphony, you sent for me/You let me make a difference/A place where even orphan immigrants/Can leave their fingerprints and rise up." In *Hamilton*, America's heritage is celebrated, but the founding fathers are not deified; when Jefferson attacks Hamilton on creating wealth simply by "moving money around", and claims "In Virginia/we plant seeds in the ground/We create,"

Hamilton, an abolitionist hits back; "Yeah, keep ranting/We know who's really doing the planting." It is one of the few references to the founding fathers' support of slavery that survives in the finished musical, but the fact that is addressed at all is powerful. America is a country built by immigrants, by slaves, and by people of all races and colours whose stories have been swept under the rug. It is also a country days from potentially voting in a xenophobic demagogue into the Presidency.

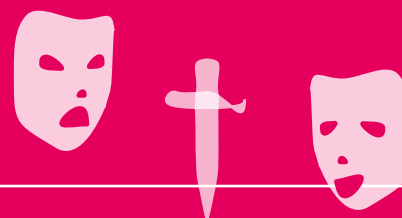
Hamilton the musical, its writer, and its cast represents the best of America, its ingenuity, inclusivity, ambition and creativity. One of the candidates in this presidential election represents the worst. We, as the rest of the world, can do nothing but look and hope that the electorate in America take one of Hamilton's last words in the musical to heart; "wise up."

Hamilton : An American Musical Original Cast Album is available on Spotify and iTunes.

Indira Mallik



Daveed Diggs stands beneath the portrait of President Thomas Jefferson, portrays in 'Hamilton' (left). Lin-Manuel Miranda as Alexander Hamilton leads John Laurens (Anthony Ramos), Hercules Mulligan (Okieriete Onaodowan), and Daveed Diggs (Lafayette) (centre). Chris Jackson as General George Washington (right). \\ [instagram.com/hamiltonmusical](https://www.instagram.com/hamiltonmusical)



A Pacifist's Guide to the War on Cancer



\\ National Theatre



Ezra Kitson

... ..

The Pacifist's Guide to the War on Cancer is on at the National Theatre until 29 November.

Mon – Sat 7.30pm. Matinees Sat.

Tickets £15-45.

Bryony Kimmings' latest project might be her most ambitious. *A Pacifist's Guide to the War on Cancer* is a poignant portrayal of life alongside cancer, experienced through the naïve eyes of a mother whose baby boy is diagnosed. This sombre premise is transformed with all Kimmings' charm and idiosyncrasy into a musical, ablaze with physical theatre, acerbic dialogue, and songs such as *Even Cunts get Cancer*, *Fuck This*, and *MRI RnB*. The impressive part of this production is it manages to do all this without becoming crass or disrespectful. In fact, throughout the pantomime a serious point is being raised: cancer is shit and those that suffer shouldn't be expected to become paragons of positivity – they are as human as everyone else. The best those of us who still live in 'the

\\ The final scene is intimate and bold, calling forth both actors and audience to share their experiences with cancer \\

kingdom of the well' can do is to recognise this.

This production is successful precisely because it makes this humanity relevant. The final scene is intimate and bold, calling forth both actors and audience to share their experiences with cancer. Kimmings wrote the play, in part, because of her own experience with a seriously ill son; the characters are

all based on real figures Kimmings encountered in her experience in hospitals and with cancer patients. At its most emotive, the actors intersperse dialogue with real recordings of the cancer sufferers they are representing. The research is immaculate

\\ The songs themselves are the play's undoing: for the most part they are tawdry and forgettable \\

and the performances deeply evocative.

But I don't love this piece, and I came out of the theatre frustrated by a terrific idea executed sloppily. This is not to say the production isn't good – far from it. The set design is eerie and atmospheric: a hospital ward with seven exits. The choreography is slick and the band flawlessly moves through an eclectic range of styles. The casting is well done, and on stage the actors form a motley crew of patients and doctors that is visually pleasing, helped by superb costume design throughout. I was especially impressed by the colourful tumour costumes that are surprisingly beautiful (and, to my limited knowledge of cancer biology, surprisingly accurate).

The songs themselves are the play's undoing: for the most part they are tawdry and forgettable. This is particularly true in the dull melody of *Fingers Crossed*, which returns as a motif throughout the play. Perhaps this wouldn't be as much of a problem if the singing was good, but unfortunately some of the cast were continually sharp and their voices were

halting and unassured. I considered leaving this criticism out – after all am I not missing the point slightly? The actors are playing real people, and their voices are accordingly sincere and human. Perhaps, but the arrangements were entirely wrong for this sort of singing; they required trained and powerful voices, the kind that only actress Naana Agyei-Ampdau possessed.

Another issue is the narration Kimmings provides. I understand the need for a narrator in this play, especially after the denouement where the fourth wall is entirely broken and no one seems to know how to continue. Kimmings doesn't do a bad job either; the narration paces the play well and I liked the dialogue between characters and narrator.

At the same time, I have no empathy for Kimmings as she narrates. She researched the play, yes, and undoubtedly has been affected by cancer as almost all of us have, but hers is the voice of a proud writer and it does nothing to elicit an emotional response. It would have been far more powerful if one of the cancer patients upon whom the characters are based had recorded the voice over.

Finally as the older critic sat next to me remarked, the play is heavily focused on millennials. "We don't talk enough talk about cancer" the narration begins. My neighbour scoffed – given how many people she knew with the disease I'm sure this felt entirely misplaced.

A Pacifist's Guide to the War on Cancer achieves what it sets out to do: it makes cancer human and it makes it intimate. It's just a shame that the powerful aspects of this piece clash against its theatricality. Given a re-draft and a change to the song list, this could easily be a five star performance.



As I walked into Somerset House from the increasingly bitter streets surrounding the Strand, I was greeted by the world of fashion, along with a flock of fashion students. I was at the brand new exhibition, *Hair by Sam McKnight*, designed to mimic both the feel of a catwalk and an editorial photoshoot. I wasn't sure what to expect from a collection solely centred on hair – after all, it only takes up a small part of our bodies, how influential could it be? Well, if you want to find out just how much hair shaped the world, then this is the exhibition for you.

Sam McKnight is one of the most famous hair stylists of this generation, having styled the glossy locks of Kate Moss, Princess Diana, Tilda Swinton, and Lady Gaga – to name but a few. Having helped style the iconic looks behind Vivienne Westwood's eclectic collections, as well as keeping things classy for Chanel, McKnight has been in the forefront of the fashion scene since the 1970s, and continues to reign supreme. The exhibition celebrates "40 years of fashion's most iconic hairstyles", and it was only from seeing this that I realised

how versatile our keratin strands really are: McKnight sees hair as a material that can be harnessed, regrown, shaped, or coloured into almost anything imaginable. He's famous for the 'pouf' and the 'done-undone' looks, and he coined a technique that can turn any hair type into an afro (I'll be trying it later). His career speaks for itself, with the walls of the exhibit lined with Vogue covers and editorial shoots he styled for, as well as personal polaroids of him with notoriously famous fashion faces.

The exhibit itself has ups and downs, but overall does a great job of showcasing the work and life behind McKnight himself. A highlight for me was a room filled

**\ \ McKnight sees hair as a material that can be harnessed, regrown, shaped, or coloured into almost anything imaginable \ **

with larger than life editorial pieces of models with completely different looks, all of which were stunningly unique and beautiful. Smaller rooms focused on certain designers or iconic people, most notably Princess Diana, who allowed McKnight to radically cut her hair, giving her the image she is remembered by today. Some parts of the exhibition fell a bit flat, with random wigs and pieces of multi-coloured hair giving little added meaning to what was going on, and some rooms weren't very captivating – but I suppose it depends on your relative interest in fashion. I did wish there was a bit more on the actual process of hair styling, as well as documenting McKnight's life in more detail; a little bit of history regarding certain hairstyles wouldn't have gone amiss! But then again, it's not the V&A, and Somerset House is known for keeping things contemporary and fresh.

Overall I think this exhibit is worth seeing, not only from a fashion perspective, but also for the photography aspect. Going through the exhibition, I learned that I can afford to make far bolder choices when it comes to hairstyling. I think I'll leave the buzzcut for now though...

Hair by Sam McKnight



A world of hair \ \ Somerset House



Lizzie Riach

Hair by Sam McKnight is on at Somerset House until 12 March 2017.

Wed 2 Oct 2016 – Sun 12 Mar 2017
Sat – Tues until 6pm; Wed – Fri until 8pm

Tickets £12.50 \ \ Concessions £10



Looking down on Sam McKnight's inimitable creations \ \ Somerset House



Oneiric landscapes of strange enchantment



Paul Nash - Spring in the Trenches,
Ridge Wood (1917) \\ Tate



Claire Chen

Paul Nash is on at the Tate
Britain until 5 March 2017

26 Oct 2016 – 5 Mar 2017

Tickets £15 \\ Concessions £13.10

Free for members

Paul Nash was an artist best known for two things: his portrayal of English landscapes, and his work as an official artist in both World Wars.

Nature and war - two seemingly irreconcilable themes, are portrayed by Nash in his own distinctive style. Born in Kensington, he spent his early years painting the scenery of his country home in Buckinghamshire. Even in these earliest works Nash imbues his landscapes with character, such as in *The Three*, where a cluster of three elm trees form a strange, vaguely menacing figure that towers over the surrounding farmland. Nash was also a poet and a writer, and his early symbolic images of the sea, the moon, and the night (themes that would recur in his later works) were accompanied by verses penned by his own hand.

Nash was enlisted as a private in 1914 as WWI was breaking out. By 1917 when he returned to the Western Front as an official war artist, his initial idealism had been completely shattered. In a letter to his wife, he wrote, "Sunset and sunrise are blasphemous... It is unspeakable, godless, hopeless." Nash no longer saw himself as an artist, but as a messenger whose role was to expose the horrors of war. Being the great nature-lover that he was, Nash portrayed the brutality of war not in bloody scenes of carnage, but in landscapes violated and destroyed. In his cynically titled work *We Are Making A New World*, the black and blasted stumps of trees point starkly from the gouged earth towards a blood-red sky; almost a denunciation. Also on display is *The Menin Road*, a large oil painting showing two soldiers struggling along a surreal landscape pockmarked with shell-holes and detritus. The soldiers are dwarfed in the hostile landscape, the path is barely visible, and once again truncated tree-trunks

point impotently at the sky.

Suffering from emotional shock, Nash moved to the seaside village of Dymchurch to recuperate after the war. The sea, as well as the Dymchurch seawall, were the subject matter for a number of paintings he created. It was also at this time when he began to experiment more with geometric and abstracted shapes. In the bleak and visually arresting "Winter Sea", monochromatic waves roll in towards the viewer, turning as they do so into angular, unmoving frozen sheets.

With Nash, one gets the sense that objects are never

\\ One gets the sense that objects are never quite what they seem \\

quite what they seem.

In *Totes Meer*, one of the most famous images of WWII, the jagged crests of a roiling sea threaten to crash onto an adjacent plain. But a closer look reveals it to be static and dead - the twisted carcasses of German airplanes under the moon. Drawing parallels between objects and things larger than themselves was a theme he continued to explore even in his last works. In *Eclipse* and *Solstice* of

the Sunflower, a sunflower withers and blooms with the sun; in *Flight of the Magnolia*, blossoms unfurl as clouds in the sky.

Analogies aside, the isolated subjects of Nash's works hide an occult significance or symbolism. Set alone in a desolate landscape, objects like the metal scaffolding of *Pylons* or the petrified piece of wood in *Stone Tree* seem to mean more than what they are at face value. Nash also placed large geometric objects in the middle of his landscapes, such as a cube on the shore in *Dymchurch Steps* or large abstract figures in *Equivalents for the Megaliths*. Displacing something from its usual context was, for Nash, a way to provoke disquietude and lend everyday objects an air of surrealism. Juxtapositions - between the object and the landscape, between sea and land, between the organic and the abstract - can be found everywhere in Nash's paintings.

His landscapes, though vast and desolate, are charged with a primal power and mysterious symbolism. Devoid of human figures, theirs is an unsettling and empty world. But as Rilke says, "beauty is nothing but the beginning of terror". Their very strangeness makes them beautiful. Endlessly confronting the viewer, Nash's works seem to pose questions to which no answers exist.



Paul Nash - Equivalents for the Megaliths (1935) \\ Tate



After its successful debut at HighTide Festival in Suffolk last year, *Harrogate* - written by Al Smith and directed by Richard Twyman - arrives in London at the Royal Court to kick off its UK wide tour. The one act play, coming in at just over 80 minutes, finds itself perfectly suited to the cosy Jerwood Theatre at the Court. In a rather unique set design, audience members face each other from benches (which are perhaps just a bit too cosy) on either side of the room. The stage itself sits in the middle; a medical-white cuboid running the length of the room, with its two bench-facing sides missing. It's more reminiscent of a zoo exhibition than a theatre, and being able to see the faces of half your fellow attendees can be rather off-putting, especially when one of them nods off during scene two. We'll put that down to the humidity in the room, however, because the play and performances from Nigel Lindsay (of *Four Lions* fame) and Sarah Ridgeway are brilliant.

Anyone Who Knows What Love Is (Will Understand) signals the start of the play. "You can blame me, try to shame me, and still I'll care for you", sings Irma Thomas; I love it when a seemingly insignificant song encapsulates an entire piece perfectly. A father is joined in the kitchen by his daughter, whereupon she shows off her new uniform, dodges questions about what she's learnt in school, and chats about her new job at a carvery. Boring, right? But something is off. Her father happily pours her not one but two pretty hefty glasses of Baileys, even though she's only 15, and then proceeds to scold

her for wearing mascara. Dad knows all his daughter's favourite GCSE subjects, one of which is Biology. She, however, doesn't even know what osmosis is. Weirdest of all, their rapport is remarkable. Maybe you were less of an angst-ridden teenager than I was, but the last thing in the world I wanted to do at 15 was relay every detail of my life to my parents. The daughter, on the other hand, revels in it. By mid-scene I've decided that Smith simply doesn't know how to write young characters and I'm dreading the remaining hour in the sweaty theatre. Then, in the last 20 seconds of the scene, it clicks. The whole scene comes together and it's literally jaw dropping. It's not

**\\ The play manages to tackle a subject matter I have seen not seen addressed on the stage with seriousness and grace **

bad playwriting, it's phenomenal playwriting.

The mastery of *Harrogate* is that it does this more than once; just when I think I've got the play figured out it twists again and I'm at a loss, but still desperate to know the truth. To reveal any significant details of the play's plot would ruin the viewing; suffice to say it's shocking, and sometimes horrific. Despite this, as the play approaches its finale - and the true nature of events have finally revealed

themselves - it's impossible to want anything other than the inevitable to occur. "Do it" one audience member whispers behind me. It's edge of the seat viewing. Again, quite literally; I could see them perched across from me.

In scene two *Harrogate* lose its spark a little. It dithers for just long enough that my eyes wander to the sleeping attendee, and our actors go from dry-eyed to inconsolable crying in the blink of an eye; it's less than convincing. Similarly, the final moments of acting feel somewhat forced:

**\\ The mastery of Harrogate is that just when you think I've got play figured out it twists again **

I read the stage directions, it could have been done better. Someone across the way is even lightly chuckling to themselves at this point, by which time I've decided I don't like the set.

In the end, such minor blips do little to damage what is a brilliantly written play. It tackles a subject matter I have seen not seen addressed on the stage with seriousness and grace, while remembering that to entertain its audience is the most important task. Sadly, *Harrogate's* remaining dates at the Royal Court are sold out, but it will be touring the UK throughout November. Having been so well received not once but twice now in the last two years however, it wouldn't be at all surprising if we see it reincarnated in the capital again very soon.

Harrogate



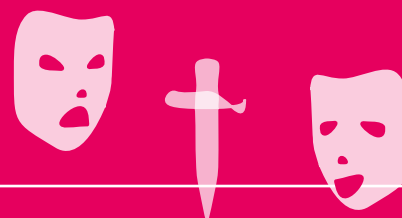
An unnerving couple \\ Richard Lakos



Adam Gellatly

Harrogate is touring the country until November 16, passing through Oxford, Canterbury, Norwich, and Cambridge, among others.

Tickets from £10 \\ Concessions available



The new faces of satire



The only true successor to Jon Stewart's crown \\ TBS

Does comedy television have the power to change political conversation? On the face of it, the purpose of satirical news is to reflect the headlines, draw humour from what seems often to be ever deepening pit of despair. 'Look up, do you see it? Way up there—that's rock bottom,' remarked John Oliver a few weeks ago on *Last Week Tonight* in response to the latest Trump scandal.

In America, comedy news shows have evolved from a platform for clever jokes to an increasingly impassioned closer look at the state of the country and its affairs. More than the actual news, liberal comedy has become the bastion of progressive debate.

This shift may well be the legacy of Jon Stewart, who during his 16 year reign at the helm of *The Daily Show*, made his mantra on bullshit: 'If you smell something, say something.'

Several of the comedians

who have taken up the mantle of activism through comedy started their careers on *The Daily Show* under Stewart's tutelage. Samantha Bee is one such comedian. When Jon Stewart retired earlier this year, Bee, who had been

**\\ She is keen to step out of John Stewart's shadow and create the equivalent of Nicki Minaj's 'Pinkprint' as opposed to Jay-Z's 'Blueprint' **

a long time correspondent on the show, was for many, one of the favourites to fill the position. She quashed any hopes that she might take over by choosing to create

her own show, and it may well prove to be the best decision of her career.

Full Frontal With Samantha Bee is a show built in *The Daily Show* image, the original liberal satirical news behemoth. Yet, in hosting *Full Frontal*, Bee has become the first woman to host a late night comedy show in America. She is keen to step out of Jon Stewart's shadow and create the equivalent of Nicki Minaj's 'Pinkprint' as opposed to Jay Z's 'Blueprint' if you will. At the beginning of each episode, Bee strides onto the stage in statement blazers and skinny jeans like a punk rock Angela Merkel to the sounds of 'Boys Wanna Be Her'. Then, instead of sitting behind a desk, she stays standing for the whole half hour. This is a superficial difference but belies a more profound one. A sense of urgency and anger runs through *Full Frontal*; where others shows quip with a deft lightness, exasperated at the political scene's descent into lunacy, Bee attacks. Watching

Bee is akin to listening to your smartest, funniest, more eloquent friend rant about the election. It's not gag-a-minute, but it rings truer, and hits harder than overly polished puns.

Full Frontal often goes beyond the headlines to find local stories and wider

**\\ There is a sense that Bee wants to make a difference, a desire to engage the disenfranchised young people **

context issues. Over the previous weeks, Bee has tackled the rise of the Alt-Right, the descent of the GOP into the clutches of its Tea Party extremist, she has tackled abortion laws, gun

rights, LGBTQ, and the hold of the church over healthcare. She tackles these issues with vehemence, and a clarity of purpose that goes beyond trying to get some laughs in.

There is a sense that Bee wants to make a difference, a desire to engage the disenfranchised young people who want to get involved but don't always know all the facts, and not just be an echo chamber for liberals. This desire to be better than her predecessors extends to behind the scenes. Bee employs the greatest proportion of female writers of any of the comedy shows, and has made efforts to amplify the voices of her minority writers rather than package and present their views herself. In a segment dealing with Black History Month, it was writer Ashley Black, not Bee, who rubbished the white conservatives that use Dr. Martin Luther King Jr's 'I have a Dream' speech to justify 'all lives matter'. She also called for 'Black Now Month', a month in which we celebrate



the work and lives of black activists and heroes alive today, rather than ruminate on an imagined sixties.

The 2000 elections, with all its twists and turns, and the Bush presidency that followed proved the making of Jon Stewart. This election, with its twists ripped straight from Shonda Rimes' most fevered imaginings, is proving the making of Samantha Bee.

Hers is a voice that is all too rare in both comedy and politics: a fiercely liberal, angry, sarcastic, and unapologetically feminist voice.

This week Bee interviewed Barack Obama and travelled to Russia to interview two internet trolls employed by the Russian state to spread pro-Russian messages across various internet platforms whilst pretending to be various characters including 'a housewife from Nebraska'. It's a testament to Bee's vision and intent that she has been able to make so much of her show in its freshman run, as well as an indictment of the American news stations that seem to be lagging far behind their parody counterparts in delivering cutting edge journalistic content.

If informing voters is a tall task for a satirical news

show, surely it can't be done by a sketch show? *Saturday Night Live*, though broadly liberal, has never held any grand political ambitions. Yet, consistently, its political impressions have shaped the cultural landscape.

Legendary amongst them is Tina Fey's caricature of Sarah

**\\ If informing voters is a tall task for a satirical news show, surely it can't be done by a sketch show **

Palin during the 2008 election cycle, which cemented Palin's public image as a woman clearly out of her depth and manifestly unfit to be put in charge of anything, much less the country.

Amy Poehler portrayed Hillary Clinton in 2008. Poehler's Clinton was the straight man to the constellation of eccentric characters that swirled around her, adept

at giving weighted reaction glances at the comment.

Kate McKinnon has taken on the role in the last couple of years, and her Clinton is an altogether different beast. McKinnon's Clinton is power-crazed, socially inept, frighteningly formal, and yet despite all this, endlessly endearing; she is allowed to be eccentric and slightly mad. In one scene stealing moment, Cecily Strong, as a news reporter, cuts from Alec Baldwin's Trump defending the Access Hollywood tape to Clinton HQ. McKinnon as Clinton is swigging from a champagne bottle, and trying very hard to seem sober and horrified rather than overjoyed at this new turn of events. She addresses the women voting for Trump; 'My babies, 'ya brain broke. Bish, I love ya, but you cray.' This is a tender portrait of Clinton, McKinnon has confessed she finds Clinton 'resplendent'. That is not to say the portrayal has no teeth; in one sketch, Clinton, in order to win the youth vote begins to speak and act like Bernie Sanders all the while claiming she's been saying it all for years, in each transition morphing into him a little bit

more. She ends the speech as a white haired Jewish man in a baggy suit. 'Vote for me,' says Hillary, 'I can be whoever you want me to be.'

As anyone who witnessed McKinnon's turn as Jillian Holtzmann in *The Ghostbusters* reboot will know, it is almost impossible to watch Kate McKinnon and not be charmed.

**\\ That is not to say the portrayal has no teeth; in one sketch, Clinton, in order to win the youth vote begins to speak and act like Bernie Sanders **

McKinnon won an Emmy earlier this year, and thanked Hillary Clinton in her speech. If all goes accordingly for Clinton, on November 8th she may well thank McKinnon, who has achieved what no PR manager has managed to

do in 30 years; she has made Hillary Clinton likeable.

Elections, and this one more than most, will be decided by the youth. Young voters in America are increasingly turned off by the partisan bias that inflict most mainstream media news sources. Instead, they are turning to comedy shows, YouTube clips, and online articles to form an opinion. As they do so, they will be influenced by the choices that Bee, McKinnon, and comedians like them make.

Indira Malik



It's like looking in a mirror \\ NBC



Sims ain't all about that WooHoo



John Norrie discusses the main features of what he thinks made the Sims so enjoyable and just plain fun

That awesome party you never had \\ Maxis

The games section of a newspaper can be a tough environment for flourishing writers, what with the challenge of finding entertaining topics or games that people are familiar with. However I think I would be hard pressed to find a person who hasn't heard of *The Sims*. The Sims, for those of you who have been living under a rock for the past 14 years, is a game where you basically

\\ Why were so many people attracted to this world? \\

create people and control their lives. From building a house, to a career, to even a family, you dictate it all like some weird, obsessive deity. And boy, did we love it! By 2013 (Even before the release of the newest game) the franchise had sold 175 million copies, making it one of the best selling video game franchises of all time and marking itself as an icon in the

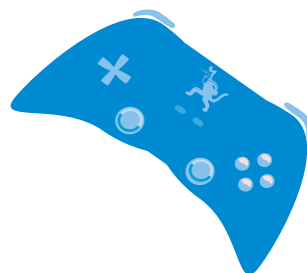
industry.

I remember rushing home from school just so I could sink hours of my own life into directing the lives of others. But why? Surely our lives are just as interesting and interactive? Why were so many people attracted to this world?

Social Life. First let's look at social lives. You won't get along with everyone in the world. There will always be people who don't find your jokes funny, who find you too eccentric or boring, or who just plain don't like you. The same is true in *The Sims*; no matter how much you compliment nor how many stories you tell, you're guaranteed to have characters who will just keep on insulting and fighting you. The solution in this case is simple, put one in a pool and delete the ladder; now wait a few days until the grim reaper arrives. Sadly we can't do this in real life (They'd probably figure how to climb out for starters), so instead we must settle for exchanging unsentimental pleasantries and stunted small talk. I know which world I prefer.

WooHoo was definitely one of the reasons I got into the game. Being a twelve year old boy, my first dose of

testosterone had just hit the blood stream when *Sims 2* was released. At this point, a new topic clouded my mind, sex, or in simlish 'WooHoo', and *The Sims* was a good starter point for my research. Sadly in both worlds I came to the same conclusion; WooHoo was very hard to



get and very mysterious.

Nine years later not much has changed, but I have noticed one big difference, the location. In *Sims 1* the one place you could WooHoo on was a 'Vibromatic Heart Bed' and if you didn't have one of them, you were screwed (Or, more to the point, unscrewed). They changed this in the later iterations but you're still restricted to beds. Switch to reality and you can behold the sights you can see with a simple walk around your home town, late on a Friday night. Watch

as your favourite municipal objects are turned into prime WooHoo stations for some young amorous couples fuelled by Bacardi Breezer's. From playground swings to transparent bus shelters (Both of which I witnessed first hand), the possibilities are endless. This is less of a reason to play *The Sims* and more of a thank you to Maxis for keeping it classy.

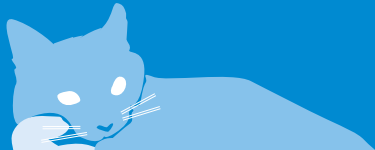
Aspirations. Sims definitely have it easier here. When was the last time you opened the news paper, with a new job in your dream sector, only to shut it half an hour later because you have no experience and won't even get an interview? We all know that achieving your goals in life can be a long and laborious task. Take, for instance, the fact that the biggest reason most of us are at university for three years plus is so we can get our foot in the door in a particular profession. Juxtapose this with the Sims and they haven't even heard of university (Unless you buy the expansion pack but even then it doesn't affect your working life, it's just a way to up your WooHoo count - which is the second biggest reason people go to uni).

The Sims provides a way to succeed in life with ease and in record timing. Ever thought of writing a best selling novel? Well now you can in a matter of hours and at the end of it you get to bask in your virtual

\\ You can simulate endless stories and social situations without any sense of embarrassment \\

glory, weirdly feeling a real sensation of satisfaction and accomplishment, and no matter how vicarious it is, boy it feels good.

Overall, whether it be to elaborately kill a classmate you dislike, or become a rocket scientist, or explore new avenues of life, there are many reasons why you could easily get sucked into *The Sims*. It's a sandbox of reality where you can simulate endless stories and social situations, without any sense of embarrassment or fear of failure. Or maybe I'm looking too much into it and people like it for the fact that it's a damn good game.



Italian for Brunch

felix rolls out pasta with a Michelin star chef, and investigates the finest that Theo's Simple Italian has to offer – none of it simple, but all widely Italian and full of fantastic flavours, with ravioli, tiramisu and more

Christy Lam

It's not every day you meet a Michelin-star chef. Not hysterically screaming after catching a glimpse some 50-metres away, but to be within talking distance, and most importantly, taking a selfie.

All thanks to the cohort of lovely PRs, one such event filled up the Saturday afternoon rectangle in my black Moleskine diary last week, much to the envy of my peers. The unfinished problem sheets got pushed to the bottomless black hole in the back of my mind, and off I went to a pasta making master-class at Theo's Simple Italian, a new restaurant tucked on the ground floor of Hotel Indigo, a stone's throw from Earl's Court tube station.

Theo Randall was a well-respected head chef at The River Café for over 15 years, earning a Michelin star for the restaurant, then leaving to launch his own restaurant, Theo Randall at the Intercontinental in 2006. Theo now also serves as the Culinary Director at Theo's Simple Italian. The restaurant also commits to inspire diners to recreate the simple Italian food at home, featuring an Italian deli selling seasonal produce, fine ingredients and artisan products.

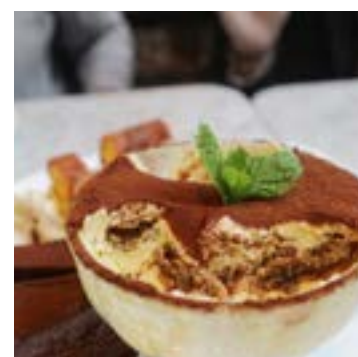
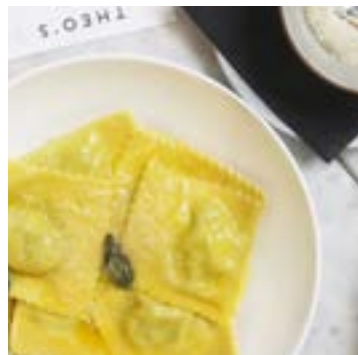
Where was I? Yes, crossing the road in my stiff navy duffle coat, and up the steps into the classy yet relaxed atmosphere, adorned by marble tables, leather chairs and warm ceiling lights. I

entered the spacious private room, and was greeted by a few familiar blogger faces, a glass of prosecco and Theo Randall himself, chatting cheerily in the corner.

The master class started soon after the introduction. We were led to a cosy area tucked in the back of the room. A wooden table stood on one side, with a few ingredients plus a shiny table top pasta machine clamped firmly on top. Theo unwrapped the bright yellow pasta dough he had prepared beforehand while telling us stories of his experiences in Italy, how ricotta is made and his special pasta recipe. He

\\ Generous portions of mussels, clams, prawns and fish in tomato sauce surrounded the fine laces of pasta \\

rolled out the dough in the machine, folded and rolled out again and again. His hand was constantly on the handle, turning as quickly as a turbine. The once clay-like dough magically transformed into a thin spread of smooth silk, which was swiftly cut into a handful of thread-like taglierini. The rest of the dough was made into ravioli, like soft cushions resting on the green cutting board. After a round of amazed gasps and questions, we



sat ourselves along the long tables, ready to be served the new four-course brunch menu. An antipasti platter, starring 4 types of cured meats from Naples, Piedmont, and Florence, and a glossy globe of Apulian burrata on a bed of rocket and roasted cherry tomatoes was shared amongst four along with some soft rosemary and sea salt focaccia. The 3 pasta dishes for primi aroused excitement across the tables as we saw the fresh pasta made during the demonstration served before us. The ravioli, filled with a creamy light ricotta and rainbow chard, was cooked and tossed in a simple sage butter. The wide ribbons of papparadelle came coated with a full-bodied beef ragout and was quickly distributed around the table. The third,

was the Taglierini Pascatore – generous portions of mussels, clams, prawns and fish in tomato sauce surrounded the fine laces of pasta, which soaked up the strong fishy flavours from the seafood, perhaps too strong for a few on my table but was essential to become my favourite dish out of all three.

The secondi also featured 3 dishes. The Tagliata di Manzo was a chargrilled bavette of beef, served in slices that reveal the beautiful, juicy, pink, medium-rare meat with a dressed hedge of peppery rocket, borlotti beans and roasted cherry tomatoes. The fish dish starred a portion of sea bream, with its skin pan fried to a crispy golden yellow, served with roasted tomatoes and delicious colourful strips of grilled



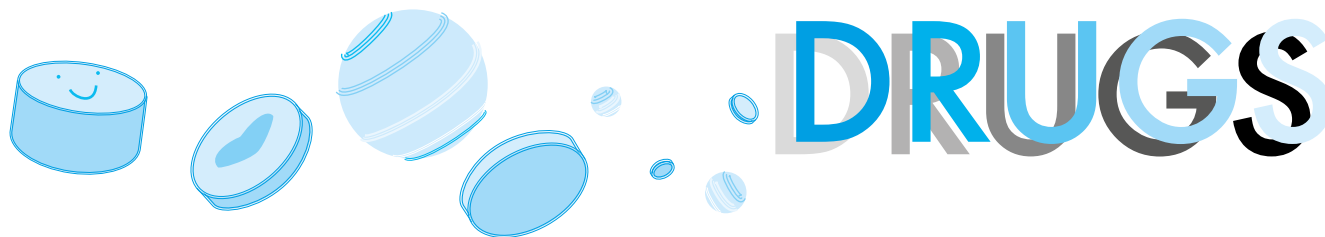
vegetables. The pork t-bone was another of my favourites, with slices of succulent, juicy pork on top of perfectly cooked rainbow chard and Portobello mushrooms, saturated with the wonderful juices from the pork and the drizzling of gravy.

Dessert, or should I say dolci, is the course all ladies look forward to in a meal, and this was no exception despite our near-exploding stomachs by the end of the secondi. It was an attractive platter of tiramisu, a baked

\\ Once clay-like dough magically transformed into a thin spread of smooth silk, which was swiftly cut into a handful of thread-like taglierini \\

ricotta cheesecake and soft chocolate cake with a scoop of vanilla gelato. The tiramisu was amazing – a fellow blogger even described it to be better than her mother's. The cheesecake, baked rather than fridge-set, was light and mellow in flavour, pairing well with the strips of pear on top. The chocolate cake was pure indulgence – rich, dense and moist, almost like a fudge cake.

This brunch menu was truly satisfying for the taste buds and the stomach. The dishes, from antipasti all the way through to dolci, maintained the simplicity and authentic flavours from Italy, and brought out the best from the top-quality ingredients. Just fuss-free, delicious food reflecting Theo and his team's expertise and effort, supported by a beautiful, chilled-out setting and wonderful service. Highly recommended.



Weed | The politics of legalisation

In the final leg of the presidential debate a few days ago, supporters of Republican nominee Donald Trump started spreading fake memes under the hashtag #StopThePot in an attempt to mislead voters about Democratic presidential nominee Hillary Clinton's marijuana policy. Marijuana legalisation is a hot topic in the USA right now, especially amongst young people. If young, naive voters who haven't followed the election believed the memes, they might have become less likely to vote for Clinton at the ballot. Hillary Clinton and Donald Trump have shifted opinions on marijuana in recent years and although both of them seem quite cautious around the topic of recreational

marijuana use, Clinton appears to have a more specific, less stigmatising stance on it than Trump.

Clinton has repeatedly stated that she wants to move marijuana from a Schedule I drug to a Schedule II drug, as well as to end incarceration of marijuana users. Trump stated that medical marijuana is something that should be considered, but legalisation should be left up to the individual states. When questioned on the effectiveness of marijuana legalisation in the state of Colorado, Trump said that it was not exactly going trouble-free and that weed could have a negative impact on people's health and cognitive abilities.

Besides the subjective views of the presidential candidates,

their campaign promises, and whether their mild pro-mj support will translate into real policies and laws, it is also worth noting that there are several important groups opposed to the legalisation of marijuana. Police departments have become dependent on federal drug war grants to finance their budget. Private prison corporations make millions by incarcerating people who have been imprisoned for drug crimes. Alcohol and tobacco companies have lobbied to keep marijuana out of reach and of course big pharma would like to keep marijuana illegal so Americans don't have access to cheap medical alternatives to their products.

Purdue Pharma and Abbott

Laboratories, makers of the painkillers OxyContin and Vicodin are among the biggest contributors to the Anti-Drug Coalition of America, and the Pharmaceutical Research and Manufacturers of America, considered one of the legalisation movement's biggest opponents, spent nearly \$19m lobbying last year.

In the end, based on what both candidates have or haven't said during the presidential race, the national outlook for weed might not look all too different in a Clinton presidency than it would under Trump. Then again, maybe their corporate liaisons will make all the difference in the world.

USA | Hilary vs. Trump, but does it really make a difference?

Agnese Abrusci



Whilst the argument rages around recreational marijuana use in the US, here in the UK we are having our own discussion, albeit slightly more refined and subtle than our American cousins.

Legal or decriminalised for medical usage in 25 US states, I hear many people asking, "Why is the marijuana debate so lethargic here in the UK?" Whilst there are many potential explanations, one of the most striking is the will of our political parties.

At the last general election, both Labour and the Conservatives campaigned under the banner of abstinence. With Labour opting for a

catchy tagline of "We will ban the sale and distribution of dangerous psychoactive substances". Whilst the Conservatives opted for an equally fetching "Abstinence and full recovery is the goal". When policies such as these are quoted from the UK's two largest political parties we can hardly expect any form of large scale drug reform.

Meanwhile, the Liberal Democrats opted for a more (perhaps unsurprisingly) liberal approach. In 2015 they campaigned under the proviso "Establish a review to assess the effectiveness of the cannabis legalisation experiments in the United States

and Uruguay in relation to public health and criminal activity", which seems to take some form of inspiration from the successes of the American model. Furthermore, the Green Party adopted a similar proposal with the manifesto quote "Adopt an evidence-based approach to step-by-step regulation, starting with cannabis". However, it is more likely that we will hear Hillary Clinton say the words 'Make America great again' than we are to see a Liberal Democrat and Green Party coalition.

With the Conservative party in a shambles over Brexit and Jeremy Corbyn looking as

incompetent as Ed Miliband, it likely there will be no domestic reform regarding marijuana use. With the two major political parties of the UK distracted by issues such as these, don't expect any far reaching drug reform policy in the foreseeable future. Currently, the marijuana debate appears to have been put in the corner like a naughty child.

Although here in the UK we often view ourselves as more liberally progressive than our counterparts in the US, it appears that this time, due to the insufficient will of our politicians, those across the pond may actually beat us to it.



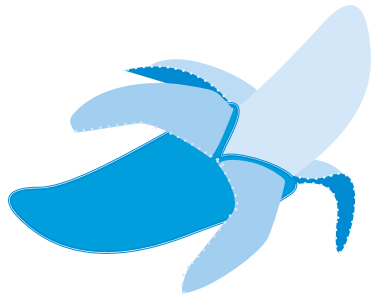
UK | Tories, Labour, Lib Dems, and Greeeeeeeeens

Christopher Haigh



MILLENNIALS...

felix



SEX

We took to social media and asked you for some of the **funniest** sex stories you felt like sharing with us. These are the best of the bunch. If you have any stories that you think deserve to be featured in the paper, send them to us at milfelix@ic.ac.uk

Call me James

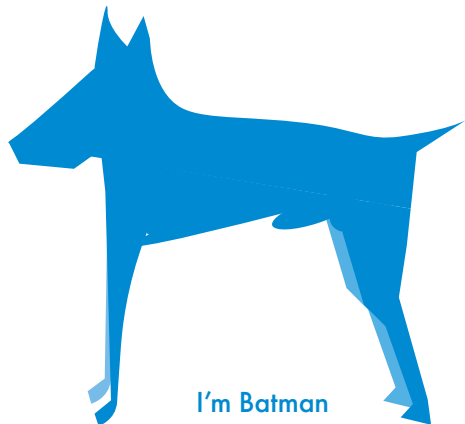
It's the day after the 2015 General Election. I, a Labour voter, am heartbroken, and have just spent four hours on a coach to visit my tory-voting then-boy-friend. I'm pleasantly surprised by the lack of gloating and the sex has temporarily taken my mind off of my woes – that is until he, mid-thrust, looks me straight in the eye, says "You are Ed Miliband", demands that I call him David Cameron, and continues with gusto. I'm so taken off guard that I oblige, but am now plagued by the harrowing mental image of poor Ed's resignation speech. Never trust a tory.

Lube is the new sugar

I was talking to a casual lover who happened to live on my street. The conversation was getting quite heated and I was thinking of inviting him over when he said he had a weird favour to ask me. I tell him to go ahead and he proceeds to ask me whether he could borrow some lube. Surprised and rather disappointed I say sure, but warn him that I have one big bottle rather than individual single serving packets. Unfazed he reassures me it'll be fine. Ten minutes later, he's knocking on my door. I let him in and take him up to my room at where he whips a glass out of his coat pocket. I squirt some lube in the glass, he thanks me and heads off. Ten minutes later I get a message from him saying I'm welcome to join. Nope.

Margravine Road

So I'd just got off work, at around ten, and I was meeting this guy, a doctor who was also finishing work. We met outside Charing Cross Hospital, and went to the Southern Belle for a drink. We had our drink, and as I was walking him back home, we clearly couldn't wait any longer, and started to make out on Margravine Road. At this point he just kneels down, lowers my trousers, and proceeds to suck me off, right there on the street. I came on his face, he laughed, I laughed, and we awkwardly bid our farewells. He messaged me the following week. I never replied.



I'm Batman

I was seeing this guy from America. He was only here for one semester and he was staying in these American Halls near Portland Street. After a few dates we wanted to go back to his, but there were no guests allowed, so I was snuck in with a crowd of people. We got into his bedroom and he said that we had to be really quiet because of the no guests rule. He then proceeded to get undressed and said that there was something he liked to do that helped him keep it quiet. I said that sounded like fun. He then reached behind his pillow and picked up a Batman mask. He put it on and said in the typical Batman voice "I'm Batman". I was freaked out, but was also a bit drunk, so I dealt with it and we continued. About 30 seconds later he asks, "can you tell me a riddle?" and then shouts "YOU'RE THE JOKER! THE JOKER, THE JOKER I SAY!". I freak out, (a) because wtf, and (b) because he shouted it. I quickly left the room and looked the exit to leave. On my way out, the receptionist simply says, "Batman guy?"

Virgin organic

This one time there were five of us at a 'hang-out'. Everyone was really chill and sensual, the vibes were great and we were all generally really enjoying each other's company. At some point I noticed that one of the guys was missing, but I didn't really care at the time considering there were another three people to keep my hands occupied. Until he reappeared. He ran into our entangled bodies without warning, and slipped between us like an eel. He had covered himself in oil. I thought it was massage oil until I got a mouthful and realised it was actually olive oil. He messaged me once afterwards. He said I probably didn't remember him. I answered I couldn't possibly forget olive oil guy. He never messaged me again.

The great dane

I met a guy in Tiger Tiger and went back to his, he had a nice flat, I go into the bedroom to see a HUGE Great Dane on his bed. I like dogs, but this dog was taking up the entire bed. The guy comes into the bedroom. Not thinking the dog was an issue and continues on as though the dog wasn't there. I stop him, and ask about the dog. The guy says "Oh don't worry, he will move, he knows when", and so we go on. Then the guy attempts to throw me onto the bed, I land on top of the dog, and the man climbs on. Now I'm effectively in a sandwich between a half naked man and his giant dog. I stop the man like, "the dog gotta move", and the man reluctantly gets up and shooshes the dog out of the room. To this day I still don't know why he felt the need to throw me on top of his dog.

Birdfood

I once slept with an artist, who lived in the attic of a house by the sea in Wales. After we'd finished having sex (which was no mean feat, considering the paints, canvasses, and easels I'd had to climb over to get to the futon in the corner), he took off the condom, tied the end in a knot, and carried it over the the skylight. He opened the window, and tossed the condom out on the the roof, but before it landed, it was caught in mid-flight by a seagull, who promptly carried it away. I still don't know if he and the seagull had it prearranged.

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



CRISIS

Chris

Dear Chris,

I hope you don't mind me writing to you from across the pond. I don't know what to do - I'm surrounded by Trump supporters! My friends and family all want to 'make America great again'. Since they've followed Trump's interviews and rallies, I've had to deal with my roommates blaming everything from our leaky roof to our broken boiler on our Mexican neighbours from across the street. It's embarrassing. Everything is so nonsensical I just don't know where to start. I can't even reason with them; I find it impossible to participate in a debate where the person I'm talking to changes their mind about what their point was every five minutes. It's even destroying my relationship - I can't sleep with my girlfriend knowing that he also wants to fuck over the country.

Yours,
Cint

Hey Clint!

Hmm, I think you're going about this the wrong way. You have clearly found yourself in a situation where your opinions are different to those around you. Perhaps your life would be easier if you found a way to agree with your friends and family? Maybe you should take more time to try to understand Trump's appeal. Staying true to yourself is overrated and not much fun, so instead of sticking up for what you believe in, just give over and give up! Your identity should be malleable to whoever is around you. That's why it's called a personality; It's personalised to every individual you interact with. There's no point trying to accept your differences and move on. You must eradicate them for every human, ever.

Life is about compromises (of your whole self). If you really, really can't shake the unnecessary idea of being 'yourself', I guess your only other option is to become a total recluse, or find a whole host of new friends and family that agree with you about everything. The people you surround yourself should be an echo chamber of your own views. If a conversation isn't a game of parroting back to one another, you're doing it wrong! Same goes for your social media timelines: if you see anything you dislike, ever, just unfriend! That's why there's no dislike button - just delete everything you wouldn't say yourself.

I hope you don't mind me writing to you from across the pond.

Much love
Chris xxxxx

HOROSCOPES



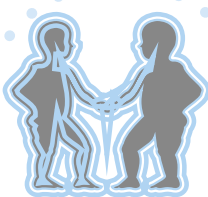
ARIES

This week you couldn't care less who wins the US election, you're still up in arms about the price rises of drinks in the union. £2.70 for a Stella. Fuck. Freddos used to be 10p as well. Cameron's Britain.



TAURUS

This week you are left home alone on sports night as you, well, you don't do any sports so nobody invites you anywhere. You look around your house in your loneliness and find only a pumpkin, but one with a suitably sized hole...



GEMINI

This week you undertake a Media Law course and come out feeling much better about your paper. Turns out if you accidentally libel someone all you have to do is murder them. The dead can't sue.



CANCER

This week just to make sure you don't offend anyone you wear poppies head to toe. The appeal of all that floral dress attracts a swarm of genital stinging bees (these exist) and you have to bathe in sudocrem for several days.



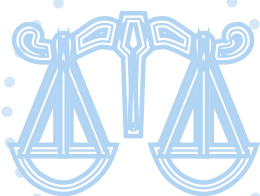
LEO

This week you are over smoking the devil's lettuce and want to make edibles but in halls that's easier said than done. You then have the sudden realisation that the only solution left is to stick it up your bum. I heard this works.



VIRGO

This week you're the only person who was outraged by the #FreeTheNipple centrefold. Shame, we had a national media press response ready and waiting to go and everything.



LIBRA

This week you are inspired by the Trainspotting sequel film trailer. Choose a degree. Choose the 4th floor of the library. Choose not seeing daylight between November and January. Choose Imperial.



SCORPIO

This week you tried out for University Challenge in order to fulfil your dream of becoming a BNOC. You fail miserably and don't make it past the first round. Guess you're going to have to kill Ben Fernando to take his crown.



SAGITTARIUS

This week no matter how much you shower you can't wash away the shame from the things you did while drunk on Halloween. Or the fake blood. Or the real blood.



CAPRICORN

This week you're Brexit. You're having an identity crisis. After the high court ruling does Brexit really mean Brexit? Who are you? You take a gap yah round Europe to find out.



AQUARIUS

This week you decided to give watersports a go after seeing a felix ad. You show up at the venue but are confused by the lack of facilities. Instead everything is covered in cling film. Oh.



PISCES

This week you remember that you have so much chocolate that you should give some away. Your invitation for children to come back to your house for sweeties is not appreciated however. Halloween was last week.



Kabaddi! Kabaddi! Kabaddi!



have a host of achievements including success in national tournaments, the first ever established Women's Kabaddi team, and being awarded 'Sports Club of the Year' in 2015/16 by Sport Imperial.

The drills were efficient and informative. Everyone learns the basics and confidence grows as a result. We move into some games: teams picked with experienced players as captains. I watch as the first two teams face off, beginners given constant encouragement to get involved. Now my turn. I take the hand of the teammate I'm coupled with (part of the game I promise) and watch as an opponent makes their way across to us. Various shuffled movements lead to a snatched touch, an escapee brought to the ground and

\\ A snatched touch, an escapee brought to the ground and an overweight reporter crossing the half-way line \\

an overweight reporter crossing the halfway line in an attempt to help. I'm told this is a foul, but I'm given the benefit of the doubt. I'm given a chance to raid with little result, but I'm starting to like this unusual foray of what could be misconstrued as violent form of kiss chase, if they were to introduce mixed teams. The flow of the defence as it moves round a raider, the sudden dash

as a tag is attempted, it all culminates into an enthralling experience.

You won't see my name on the back of an England Kabaddi team shirt anytime soon, but I can say that I thoroughly enjoyed this new adventure. It's an amazing workout, a perfect combination of camaraderie and sportsmanship and an honour to have a club with such prestige at our University. I urge you to give it a go and contact the club via the union site as soon as you've read the rest of the sports section.

Want to see some in action? Go along to the Kabaddi Cup hosted right here at Imperial on the 5th of November in the Great Hall – an unforgettable experience!

Sam Smith

Right, now I've got your attention, listen up. I'm the new Sport editor, I love playing sports, I love writing about sports, and right now I'm writing about one sport most of you probably haven't heard of (including myself until a week ago). Apologies in advance for those expecting a heroic sports story, I'm more likely to star in *The Benchwarmers* than *The Mighty Ducks*.

Kabaddi is what I might call a fusion sport. It brings back memories of playground games of tag whilst maintaining the gentlemanly manner of rugby. Two teams of seven face off across a

space roughly the size of half a tennis court, with the end goal of tagging as many of the opposing team as possible during solo raids without getting wrestled to the ground. Points are scored for successful tags as well as a sturdy defence. *Sounds simple enough, right?*

It's a Wednesday afternoon and I find myself doing laps in a small exercise room, followed by a Sun Salutation yoga stretch taken directly from Kabaddi's Indian origins. We were taken straight into some drills where the breadth of knowledge and experience of the guys taking the session was immediately evident. Did I mention they represent their National team? These guys



Men's 2nd XV reach 18-win streak

The 2s continued their perfect streak with yet another win, this time at Fortress Harlington against Canterbury Christ Church. With the 1s on a rest week, the team had a big, loud crowd to back them up, and did not disappoint. The Imperial

pack was unstoppable, winning every scrum, making it easy work for power centre Giustinuainai (spelling confirmation pending) to smash through the try line, topping it all off with a celebratory "dab". After the stalemate was broken, Imperial cruised on through to an easy win,

with a very cheeky hat-trick from fake fresher (but real lobster) Tuleu, two wonderful break-away tries by Rob 'I didn't think he was that fast' Lawrence, and a good solo effort off the scrum by fresher Dowkes. Apparently the man of the match, Will 'He's an alright captain' Bolton also scored

a try, but got a knock on the head so I wouldn't take his word for it. Canterbury did score a try, but my memory is pretty hazy on the details. End score 55-5.

Anthony Featherstone





IC Women's Rugby: Brunel convert to victory

After last Saturday's devastatingly close defeat to Brunel in a friendly, Imperial was on a mission to right this wrong and be deemed victorious on the pitch. They marched out with determination – the likes of which has not been seen since we put a man on the moon – with two subs to cheer them on. Alas, this would prove insufficient.

Imperial battled valiantly, with back Anna claiming a try, but there was no stopping Brunel's onslaught. As the game wore on the ball went back and forth so much you would've thought it was a Brexit campaigner. Imperial gave way to three tries from the Brunel side, but scored

\\ The ball went back and forth so much you would've thought it was a Brexit campaigner \\

another two itself. Football experienced Anna would go on to be awarded 'back of the match' for converting two of Imperials three tries, one from a near impossible angle.

Now 2/3 is a respectable conversion rate, but if Imperial can do one thing, it's basic mathematics, and tragically 3/3 is greater than 2/3. Brunel converted all three of its opportunities and went on to win 21-19.

While an upsetting result, this game was not without

its merits. The Imperial team have already showed a great improvement since the beginning of the season, there was quick and effective rucking with strong footholds and powerful drivings of the ball up the pitch. Shout-out to forward of the match Laura.

All in all, it has been a great start to the season for Imperial Women's Rugby, it is only unfortunate that this loss by the slimmest of margins will constitute the same points as one lost by hundreds.

If this article has piqued your interest, Imperial Women's Rugby is hosting a taster from 2 till 4 in Lillie Park, Hammersmith this Saturday the 5th of November for all abilities. Check their Facebook page for more details.

Becks Simpson



Netball 1s secure first victories of the season

The first team had to wait 3 games to taste victory, but it was definitely worth it. Pre-ACC matches always have an extra sense of excitement but the home game at Heston against St Mary's was the 1s first cup game and had a great atmosphere before the match even started. In the first quarter the game stayed tight at 11-6, with a relatively new team not used to playing together. Impressive defensive displays from Kath, Filippa and Annie in the second quarter ensured St Mary's only scored two goals in the second quarter.

The game got progressively louder as the collective confidence of the team grew. The attacking side, bolstered by new members in both the mid court and shooting

sections, capitalised on this by gaining a substantial advantage in goal difference thanks to some great shooting. The third quarter tightened the score slightly with stamina always being an issue at the start of the season. Luckily (or unluckily depending on your outlook) the clubs' new coaches have increased the focus on fitness in training, with the team recovering their form in the final quarter, stretching out their lead and breaking

\\ Post-match pizza isn't only reserved for Leicester City Football Club \\

the 50-goal target set at half time. Everyone played well but St Mary's selected GS/GA Maddie as player of the match. Overall, the performance exhibits good teamwork within the 1s and bodes well for the future. Final score 53-21. Post match pizza isn't only reserved for Leicester City Football Club!

Monday's match, the first to be hosted at Ethos, was a much tougher affair both physically and mentally. Opposition team Royal Holloway are always a challenge so the team did well not to be intimidated by what became a loud match. Our psychological game was greatly improved by the presence of our coach Yasmin. The first quarter featured a strong attack and Imperial built up a commanding lead. However,



the rest of the match was very much a defensive game, with all players working on keeping up intensity and staying close to the opposition. Again, the pace of the match started to take its toll, with fitness stopping some of the more ambitious plays but everyone did well to dig deep and continue fighting. The work of both the defensive and mid court players allowed shooter

Charlotte to maintain the lead through some great shooting – remaining calm under mounting pressure. The player of the match unsurprisingly was the GK captain Kath, who pushed for every turnover with an impressively high success rate, especially in the second half of the match. 43-36 final score.

Madeleine Webb



Keeping our guard up!

Both the men's and women's 2^{nds} started their season in the best possible way, albeit in different circumstances. The women's 2^{nds} started their league off against Royal Holloway, kicking off with

épée. The team was off to a flying start with the final score 45-42 to Imperial. Next up was sabre. Despite a severe lack of experience and by a stroke of brilliance the team did markedly better in sabre than they had in épée, finishing 45-39. Royal

Holloway learnt the hard way that the best way to trigger aggression in a sabreur is to make them believe their opponent has stolen all their food. Foil was a little shakier, going into the final bout 19-40. The final fencer was Ginevra; an épéeist at heart but after this performance she may want to reconsider! Point after point, parry after parry Ginevra scored, clawing Imperial's score up to 38 and doubling the team's effort up to that stage. Imperial supporters cheered on Ginevra as she exceeded all expectations and delivered the most spectacular comeback seen by the team in living memory. Despite losing foil, the women's 2^{nds} won the match overall, with an accumulative score of 128-126, starting off the year with

a win.

The men's 2^{nds}, already riding high off their first win of the year (also against Royal Holloway), were fencing Portsmouth. The men wasted no time in the first weapon, foil, where they won comfortably with a score of 45-26. Next up was sabre where the score ended 45-17 to Imperial, meaning we could have scored no points in epee and still won the match. Luckily epee kept up this streak winning 45-29, giving an overall score of 135-73, meaning the men's 2^{nds} matches have all been won on average by an impressive margin of over 50! Finally, over the weekend three Imperial fencers competed in the prestigious Elite Épée. Out of 83, Jamie Simpson finished 24th, James



Odgers came 15th and Harry Peck earned himself a bronze medal.

This surely signals the start of great things for IC Fencing.

Jamie Simpson



IC Cross Country: record turnout at first race

On a remarkably dry October day, the shouts of "ICXC we so sexy!" lit up the first race of the London Colleges League (LCL) last Wednesday at Parliament Hill. With their shiny new red & blue vests, the newest members of the club were ready to represent against the masses of UCL, Kings, Brunel and St. Mary's,

to name but a few.

An impressive turnout made this an atmospheric race with 150 in the men's race and 103 in the women's. Imperial also had a record number of participants with 48 lining up. The start was slightly manic as usual, with spectators wondering whether Club Captain Jones had got a head start as he sped up the looming hill to take some photos.

Johnson led the women coming in an excellent

9th after a gruelling half marathon the weekend before. New recruits Van Zelst and Olding both had excellent debut races, coming 13th and 16th respectively. Despite complaining about not racing until halfway round, Women's Captain Mundell came in 23rd, placing Imperial 3rd overall out of 22 participating teams. Strong finishes from Imperial 2s placed them in 10th, with a special mention for debutant Sofia Bettanin who finished 51st.

In the men's race Selley led out a solid first lap to gain 5th for his first race in an Imperial vest, followed by Allison in 7th. Scriven, Johnson, Jones and Garcia all worked impeccably to finish 25th, 41st, 44th and 45th respectively. This places the Imperial Men's 1st team in a strong 4th out of 29.



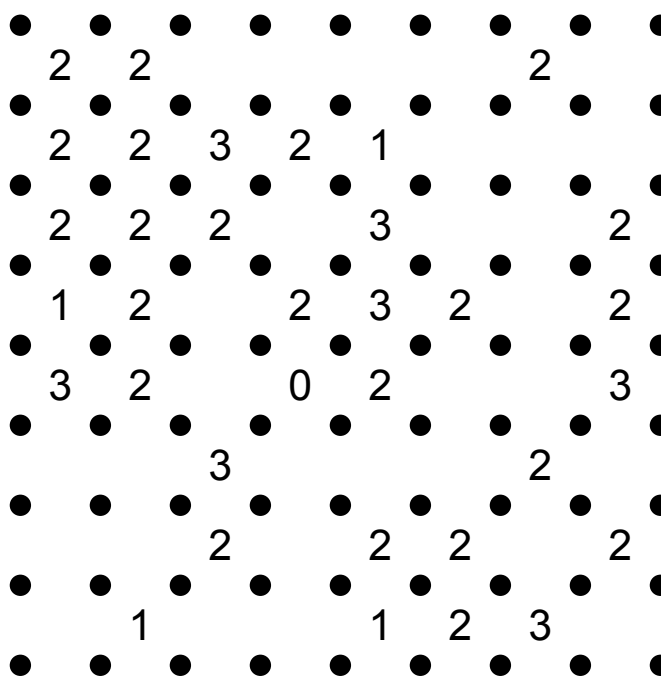
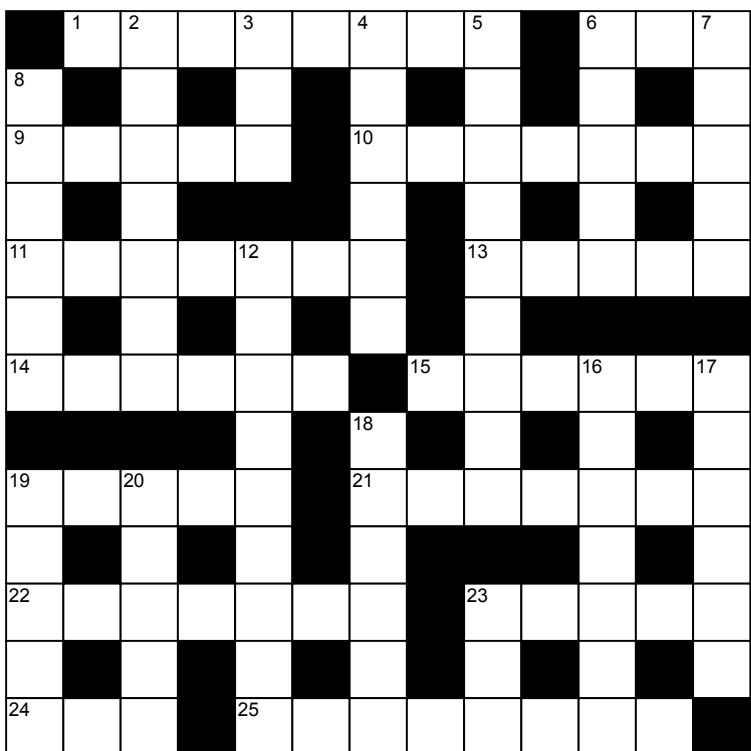
Circuits specialist Jackson powered through to 49th for the men's 2^{nds}, followed by Knight coming in 60th (who had already cycled to the race beforehand). Core coach Jones crunched his way to an excellent 68th, with fresher Collyer putting in an excellent first display to finish 72nd. Tomkies and Munoz Heinen finished strong to place the 2s in 11th in the standings. The men's 3rd and 4th teams finished 15th and 19th overall.

The club was impressed with all new-comers, from veterans of the mud and cold to those who have never taken part in a race before. Committee members commented that this was the strongest Imperial team they had seen in years. Once again ICXCAC would like to congratulate all those who raced and look forward to seeing more new faces at the next LCL on Wednesday the 2nd of November at Mit-cham Common.

Harry Allingham



felix ... PUZZLES



Across

- 1. Brothers (8)
- 6. Top card (3)
- 9. Put to use (5)
- 10. Warlike (7)
- 11. Group of soldiers (7)
- 13. Vote into office (5)
- 14. Required (6)

15. Magician (6)

- 19. Quarrelled (5)
- 21. Card game (7)
- 22. Stir up (7)
- 23. Fatuous (5)
- 24. Concealed (3)
- 25. French emperor (8)

Down

- 2. Put back (7)
- 3. Plaything (3)
- 4. Nomadic Group (6)
- 5. Scandinavian language (9)
- 6. Lithe (5)
- 7. Brilliant success (5)
- 8. Occur (6)

12. Student finances (9)

- 16. Staple South Ken food (7)
- 17. Hazard (6)
- 18. Maintenance (6)
- 19. Arrive at (5)
- 20. Eerie (5)
- 23. Sick (3)

FUCWIT

Leaderboard

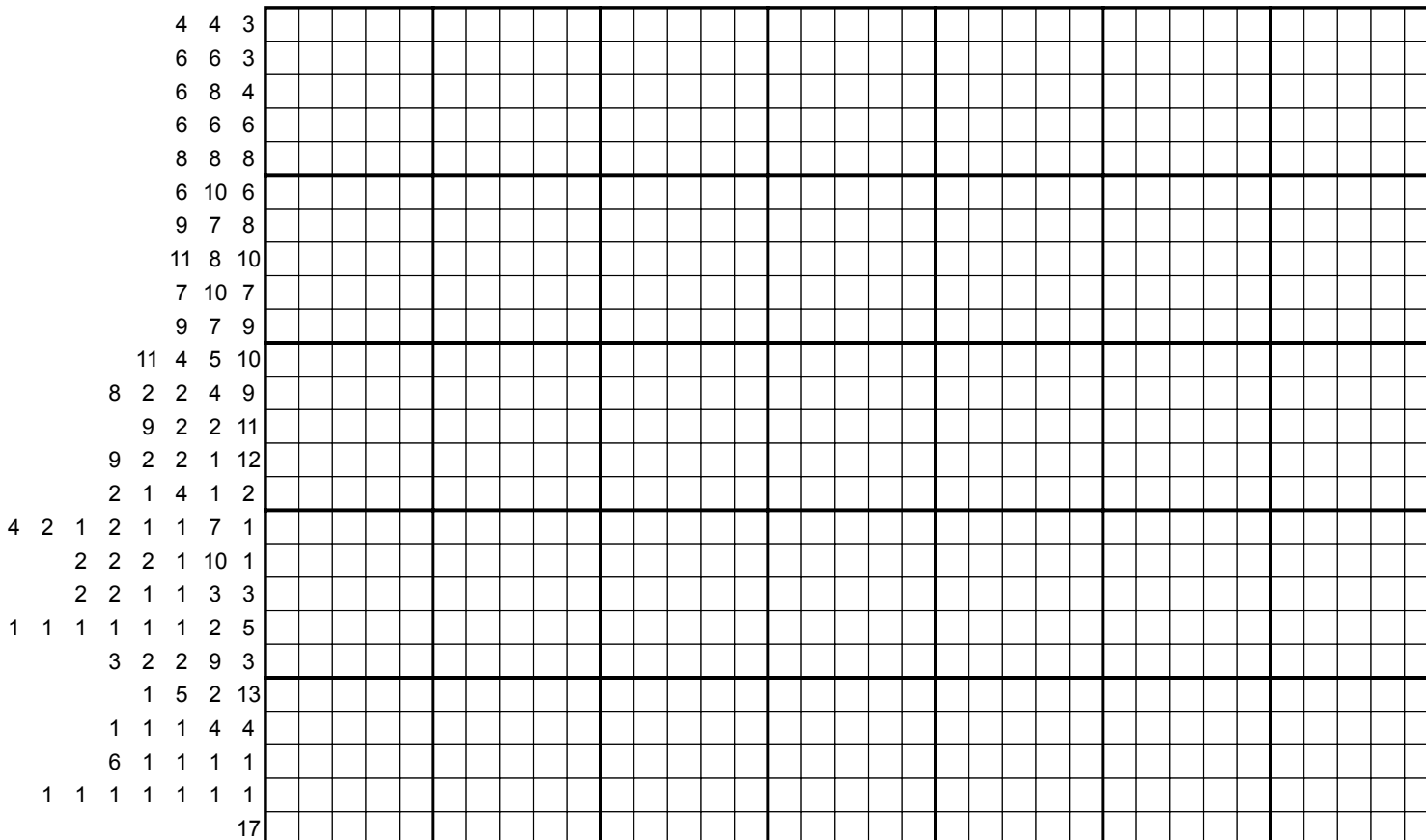
The Czechmates	65
Anonymous	60
Willie Rush	54
Sneezing Pandas	49
Guinea Pigs	40
NSNO	38
The Ultimate Fucwit	38
Puzzled	31
Schrödingers Cat Strikes Back	28
CEP MSC	26
The Gravitons	26
Bananana	20
Poulet	15
Hillary Killed Harambe	14
G. Hackman	10
Grand Day in Cullercoats	10
Grilled Cheese Inc.	9
Les Nuls	9
Ludi	9
RollEEEr	9
Fanny Schmeller	5
Singed Potato	4

Points Available

Crossword	5
Slitherlink	4
Nonogram	5

Send in your solutions to fsudoku@imperial.ac.uk before midday Wednesday to get your score added to our leaderboard. Make sure you include the name/team name that you'd like us to use!

1
1 2
1 1 5 1 14 1 2
1 2 2 1 11 14 16 1 12 6 2 1 1 1 2 9 3 11 2 1 5
2 2 1 2 2 5 1 16 1 1 3 1 2 2 1 4 2 2 1 12 12 12 1 2 2 3 11 13 15 15 12 1
3 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 3 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 3 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 3 1 11 8 1
1 1 1 2 1 3 1 1 3 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 4 5 1 3 3 2 2 2 2 1 3 3 5 1 2 2 1 5



Solutions



C	A	T	A	R	A	C	T	T	I	N	S
I	E	O	A								
T	H	R	O	B	L	O	B	E	L	I	A
E	R	E	V	I	A	R					
D	W	I	N	D	L	E	J	E	W	E	L
	E		S	O							
C	A	R	O	L	S	T	U	M	U	L	T
O		O	D								
C	O	M	F	Y	R	E	S	C	U	E	R
K	O	A	E	A	S	I					
P	A	T	E	L	L	A	F	L	U	N	G
I	I										
T	I	F	F	S	T	A	R	T	L	E	D