

SIXTH

JUNE 2019

TECH

John gives the run down on the gizmos that were supposed to change the world... but didn't

EUROVISION

George's views on this years latest travesty



HORROR MOVIES

Morgan's had enough.

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Our aim is simple.

We want to make something that **YOU**
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We decided that the best way to do this was to give everyone here at Sixth Form a voice to express themselves and talk about what they find interesting , what matters most to them.

In this first issue we have aimed to simply show that anything goes now. Any form of content.

Something fun, creative and different. Whether that be through non fiction or fiction we want it all.

So, enjoy reading and ,if you want, you can get involved by submitting your content at -

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Alex
Editor

HORROR - NO GUTS ALL GORY

In the first and only magazine release of this academic year, Morgan takes a look at a film genre that he hates as part of his prolonged public suicide.



In my years watching and then promptly complaining about films, one thing I've failed to understand is just what the big deal is about the classic horror genre. A handful of generic teenagers whose personalities could be summed up in a single word (*hunk, nerd, bimbo, bitch* and let's not forget, *black*) run around Tim Burton's holiday home for half an hour jumping out at each other and generally acting like complete morons (and I use the word "acting" completely loosely here) until the plot takes a twist about as smooth and natural as a six lane pile-up and they're soon running around with a serial killer at their heels instead. Jason Voorhees and Freddy Krueger often end up living out of the growing desires of the audience as they smash each teenager's head in like Kinder Surprises with well-groomed hair.

Most people would say that I'm just a pessimistic millennial who can't be entertained if something's not blowing up every point six seconds, or that I could at least respect the painstaking effort to which the director must have gone to in order to have these classic horror films made - and I do. I respect them in the same way I respect Pitbull Terriers: in that I avoid them at all costs. (*continued on next page*)

I'm sure by now any crap writer would say, "*Horror movies? Well, I was certainly horrified by how bad they are! HAHHAHAHA I'm HILARIOUS*", but unfortunately my professional obligation to actually write fresh material prevents me from doing so. It would be rather hypocritical for me to pretend I have standards - as evidenced by my obsession with 'Flushed Away'- but here in the Sixth magazine we at least have to pretend that quality is a primary concern. So let's focus in on a particular horror franchise for a more specific analysis: the *Friday the 13th* series. Or as I like to call it, the happy-slashy-hockey-mask-funtime hour.

The plot, if you want to call it that, for the first film involves a deranged mother murdering campers at Crystal Lake in order to avenge her son's death. So far, so meta. But then by the time the second film is released, the franchise completely jumps the shark and introduces magical resurrection. As a result, Jason randomly sits up one day and weighs up the pros and cons of his situation, before promptly deciding that the most logical and level-headed solution is to get right into the aforementioned head-smashing. As we all would.

True, this film wastes no time in giving its psychotic, blood-thirsty audience what it wants (nor do the rest), though the circumstances under which such head-smashing occurs gets more and more contrived as time goes on. The fact that *Jason X* is set in outer space (where else?) raises more than a few questions, such as when we're going to see Michael Myers hunt down his victims in his new NASA shuttle, or Freddy Krueger chasing a dressing gown-clad woman across the surface of Mars. I'm similarly amazed that the poster for *Jason Takes Manhattan* didn't resemble that of the Muppet film at all.

It all boils down to a significant lack of self-awareness when it comes to horror films: everything is sacrificed or cut down upon in order to squeeze in as much blood, gore and nudity as possible, lest their manic-depressive audience get bored and wander off in between doses of ADHD medication. Because if there's one thing that I can't stand with badly-written or badly-thought out films, it's those that instead try to compensate by putting me off my dinner.

Morgan Seed

EUROVISION - DARE TO DREAM?

I'll pass.



Over the last few weeks, I've begun to realise that news offices seem increasingly determined to cover vital and world changing stories on the agenda of things I don't give a tap-dancing monkeys arse about. Case in point, the Eurovision Song Contest, an annual endurance test pitting mental strength and self-control against overwhelming auditory bombardment. Once again, it seems no nation is safe from this terrifying dystopian spectacle as deliriously brainwashed fans were witnessed flocking to a war-torn country in scenes resembling the opening of the first Austin Powers, except with a slightly higher chance of everyone being obliterated by a drone strike.

Yes, for some reason beyond the realms of human comprehension the event's organisers seem to have completely overlooked the possibility that setting up an overly garish and sickeningly optimistic musical extravaganza a mere Molotov's throw away from one of the most ideologically disputed conflict zones in the known universe, might not necessarily be the safest plan.

We can only assume that, in an act defying all logic, some high up official with an IQ inversely proportional to his bank balance, took a good look at one of the most horrifying and unfathomably evil events in our collective history... and then decided to send it over to Israel where they're having a bad enough time as it is.

However, despite the sheer baffling stupidity of this move, I can't shake the suspicion that the lunatics in charge of this fiasco might just be conceited enough to think that they were somehow going to single handedly solve the Israeli- Palestine conflict by ham-fistedly waving their insipid message of peace in the faces of all those involved. Perhaps this has all been a misguided attempt to settle the decades of fighting by allowing the civilians and combatants of the West Bank to experience true horror in the form of perpetual exposure to gaudy Euro pop, forcing them to accept any peace agreement just to make it stop.

Unfortunately, this “noble effort” was to no avail. In fact, I’d be willing to bet that the International Pork-eating Contest would have received a warmer reception than the musical weapon of mass destruction that was Eurovision 2019.

Now I’m no connoisseur when it comes to music, but all I’m saying is you don’t need to be an expert wine taster to know when you’re being force-fed your own blood. To be frank, I can find no superior way to describe the event than an auto-tuner’s nightmare, with most of the singers having about as much chance of finding the right key as a drunk man trying to get into his house at 3:00 a.m.

In a shocking twist, the UK triumphantly came in last place, making me wonder if as well as voting to leave the EU in 2016, we also signed a separate document legally preventing us from ever doing anything positive ever again.

And, as if things weren’t bad enough, the Queen of Pop abdicated.

Yes, in a move of Machiavellian strategy, Madonna herself violated the EBU’s principle of non-political engagement by plastering two of her dancers’ backs with the Israeli and Palestinian flags, in yet another vain attempt to turn Eurovision into anything more than a pointless exercise in self-mutilation.

George Cooperwaite

THE TECH OF TOMORROW FAILED YESTERDAY

In this short article, we are going to look at some tech products, which were a bit before their time. While they may have flopped spectacularly in their day, the basic ideas on which they were built are still around, and in the cases below, have now been implemented successfully. In the words of Isaac Newton, "If I have seen further than others, it is by standing upon the shoulders of giants".

AT&T Videophone



Considering the ubiquity of Skype, FaceTime, ooVoo and other video call applications nowadays, it is hard to imagine a time when such a service did not exist. That is because video-telephony has been around in one form or another since 1927! AT&T, the sole operator of the US telephone network at the time, created the earliest videophone; the "*ikonophone*" occupied half a room full of equipment cabinets. An early test in North America had then-Commerce Secretary Herbert Hoover address an audience in New York City, from Washington D.C. However, only the audio portion was two-way; a version with two-way video was in experimental use by 1930.

By 1964, the device, now called the Picturephone, was promoted at Disneyland and the 1964 New York World's Fair, with the first transcontinental video call between the two locations being made on the 20th of April 1964. Public videophone booths were also opened in this year, but the use of reserved time slots and a starting cost of \$16 (around \$132, or £104 in today's money) for a short three-minute call hugely diminished their appeal; the booths were consequently closed by 1968.

AT&T, undeterred by this setback, tested a subscriber service in 1969 where clients could have the Picturephone installed at their home or office for the low price of \$160 per month (\$1116 or £882 in today's money). This service had 70 users at its peak, and was closed by 1971.

Because AT&T had a legal monopoly over the telephone system, they had the funds to keep trying into the 80s and 90s, despite extensive past experience telling them not to. In the end, however, it would be the introduction of affordable internet access that would finally bring video-telephony to the masses.

Apple Newton



Nowadays, we all use our smartphones to organise ourselves on the go, but back in 1990s, very few people owned a mobile phone, never mind a smartphone. From this, the market for personal digital assistants emerged. One of the most famous failures was the Apple Newton, released in 1993. It boasted a small touchscreen display, and a handwriting recognition system, allowing the user to write memos, store phone numbers and addresses,

Unfortunately, the handwriting system garnered the most criticism, and ruined the reputation of the device. "Calligrapher", as it was called, was licensed from a Russian company known as Paragraph International. Calligrapher's design was very ambitious for the time; it would try to learn the user's handwriting, using a database of known words to guess at what the user was writing. It could even pick apart cursive writing! However, this software was incredibly flawed, and often tended to make mistakes Apple later released a second version of the software, which recognised only hand-printed text; this was found to function much more accurately. However,

this software was incredibly flawed, and often tended to make mistakes. Apple later released a second version of the software, which recognised only hand-printed text; this was found to function much more accurately. However, the limited applications of the device, along with the \$700 price tag and already tarnished reputation, consigned the device to being a footnote in the history of Apple. It was discontinued in 1998.

Sinclair C5



Sir Clive Sinclair is perhaps one of the most famous British inventors of the late 20th century. He had built up a successful business from his pocket radio kits and home computers, which earned him a knighthood for services to British industry. Since the 1950s, he had been intensely interested in electric vehicles. He built a prototype wafer-thin electric motor with his associate Chris Curry, which was mounted on a child's scooter, in 1970. After years of development, Sinclair was ready to release his new C5 electric vehicle in 1985. It was an electrically assisted pedal cycle, which meant that the vehicle would be exempt from insurance or vehicle tax, and the user would not need a driving license or helmet. However, Sinclair never undertook any market research – the project proceeded based solely on his own convictions.

The launch event at Alexandra Palace in London was disappointing to say the least. The Sunday Times described the C5 as a "Formula One bath-chair", the vehicle driven by the reporter for the Guardian had a flat battery after only seven minutes, and distinguished former racing driver Sterling Moss was reported to have great difficulty pedalling the vehicle when reaching a hill. Safety concerns about the low height of the vehicle were also major sticking points for the C5 – Sinclair recommended that users buy a hi-vis vest and a short flagpole to improve visibility to lorries. By the time Sinclair Vehicles went into receivership, only around 5000 vehicles had been sold.

John Connolly