

Doing society the *Durham* way

Ben Grafton

If you're part of a society, congratulate yourself on your self-importance. If you're the President, Vice President or Social Sec, (the one responsible for organising piss-ups, plain and simple) then you've got an integral part to play. But what interests me, is what exactly your obsession is with the society or, more pitifully, the committee. Why here in Durham are you so desperate to get involved or to fit in? Surely the first thing you should have been thinking about when you got here was "where's the college bar, what's the name of that leggy blonde from downstairs (Kate), and why the hell did I agree to that

treble J.D?" It seems that in the quest for personal fulfilment in this 'rich and vibrant learning environment,' there's a grave sin to be committed: not getting your foot in the door. However, if you party on down to the Social Committee interviews, and offer your services to Welfare; if you stand up and be counted as Sports Treasurer, and strive towards the Mecca of Exec, then yours is the Earth and everything that's in it. And which is more, you'll be bit of a bum-licker.

Curriculum Vitae: it's amazing how you've developed an unhealthy interest in Latin all of a sudden. I wonder how exactly you're going to reword "I swanned around the place like

I owned it" on a CV. Be aware that there's a potential can of worms opening up here...just hope that when they all wriggle free, they don't form some sort of society and become quite as cliquey as their human counterparts.

Don't get carried away though. Relax. Take a chill pill. Go out for a quiet drink on the Bailey. When you get there, notice the well-dressed gentleman at the entrance. He'll take great pleasure in announcing his well-rehearsed catchphrase, "Castle only tonight folks" before returning to his copy of, let's say, Milton's Paradise Lost. Similarly frustrating, moments later, are the words "Hatfield only" coming from a fat bloke who puts down his can of

Special Brew barely long enough to deliver the immortal line.

We mustn't exaggerate. But we've got to at least build up this college rivalry malarkey; it's essential. Ask anyone who's ever played a sport at Uni. Easy to spot, some will even turn up to French lectures carrying La Crosse sticks, virtually mummified in their college stash. Now correct me if I'm wrong, but as far as I can remember, it was only ever cool to walk around with your name on your clothes the first day of primary school. Those who had their name visible after that time, were the ones who had to be accompanied to the toilets in case they had a little accident. Somewhat

appropriate, some would say, as later this evening, 'Chopper Harris,' (21) captain of Men's Weightlifting is rushed to the nearest gents, wearing a (vomit-resistant) hoodie that sports his title lest anyone forgets it.

You can almost taste the bitterness on your tongue, oozing from the direction of the 'peasants,' ordinary folk who enjoy a laugh and a drink, but who aren't social climbers. If by any chance you fall into this category, but after reading this, have been persuaded to get yourself more involved (unlikely), then I'm afraid I've got some very bad news for you. You've missed the boat. Although luckily for you, it was only the Princey B. So no big loss there then.

Dastardly Despots Slam Saddam

Richard Hadden

Many former world leaders last night issued statements welcoming the death sentence handed down to former president of Iraq, Saddam Hussein, by a special Iraqi court.

Said one notable former Soviet leader, Josef Stalin: "I'm only too glad to see the back of him. He was a lousy, second-rate dictator, who gave us despots a bad name. True, he did go through all the motions of despotism, like purging his own government, random torture, knocking off irritating journalists; but that's hardly original: that's the kind of

thing me, Adolf, Benito – all the old crowd – used to do years ago."

Speaking in an interview with David Frost (close enough to deceased to allow transcendental interviewing), Mr Stalin rubbished Mr Hussein's other achievements during his twenty-four year reign: "It's no good being half-hearted as a dictator. Take his war with Iran, for example: at best that was a draw, but he could have gone out in a blaze of glory, burning his own people on the way back. Whilst, I admit, he did manage to flatten a few Kurdish villages, on the whole his attempts at religious or ethnic genocide were frankly

just abysmal."

Mr Stalin went on to lament the general decline in dictatorial standards worldwide: "It's a trend that's been going on for a while now, unfortunately; it really is pathetic what some people are trying to pass off as despotism nowadays. That Kim Jong-Il fellow's not doing badly, I admit: he's managed to get his hands on some nuclear bombs, and he's quite clearly insane, but he has been in power for years now. Back in the old days, we would have knocked off and ethnically-cleansed three neighbouring countries by this time."



Saddam: second rate dictator, first rate beard

The Secret Diary of Yoda

Woken up this morning, I was. Loud bang there was. Come on Thursdays the dustbin men they do not. Most irate I was. Having a

dream about Keira Knightley was I.

In my pond, a space ship some pillock had crashed.

A right mess they had made. All over my house splashed mud was. Particularly livid was I. Out steps lanky bastard. Dressed in pyjamas

was he, accompanied by robot, yeess. Slightly effeminate were they both.

"Clean this up I hope you will," I said. "Jedi master am I. F%&*ing janitor, I am not."

"Jedi master are you not" said he. "Over-evolved

toad you are. Sh*t-hole you live in".

Homosexual, he did infer me. Last straw, this was.

"Better than your sex life mine is," I said.

"Bugger off," he did tell me to do. "Princess Leia and Chewbacca have I

shagged. Too old for shagging are you."

"Ugly tart and walking carpet," I did name them. "No need for Viagra have I. Use the Force, I can. For eunuch, Mrs Yoda did leave me. Very exhausted she was, yess." **RH**