

STUDENT READS 'ON THE ROAD'

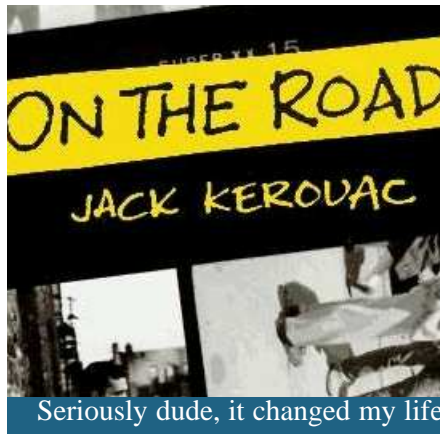
JACKIE CASEY ON DURHAM'S BEAT GENERATION

Last week Marcus Whitman, a politics undergraduate from Guildford, felt hemmed in by the endless search for materialistic gain and his three approaching summative essay deadlines. What he really wanted to do was to make a truly lasting social statement, to do something that actually meant something.

Marcus eventually settled on reading Kerouac's *On The Road*. In a single sitting, By the light of a bare 40 watt bulb. Lying next to the naked form of a girl whose name he'd probably never know. His mind was a whirl of spiralling frenzied verbs. Verbs which were fast, fast, like the speed of a pedal rammed to the ground and only Delaware to reach before nightfall. 'This was it,' he thought to himself. 'Take that society!' he screamed to the great God of the starry greed-soaked, sweet scented sky. Gone. Gone without looking back or even considering the thought of returning. The bulb flickered atmospherically and the benevolent pout of 'Miss February' (calendar acquired free in FHM) seemed to wordlessly approve of his every

move, careering closer and closer to him, teeth clenched tight in a grinding wet-lipped snarl. 'I'm going to buy a pair of 501s, stick my thumb out to whoever comes my way, and see where this too big world takes me.'

You'll be pleased to know that Marcus got two 67s and a first in his summatives, decided to do a law transference course, and is planning to go on holiday to Thailand with his girlfriend.



Seriously dude, it changed my life

The MH Charity Project

This is not a joke (for once). Last year Britons gave more to a Donkey Sanctuary than every abused women charity in the land. Every year in the UK 1.5 million experience domestic abuse, 800,000 are sexually assaulted, and 100,000 are raped. If you've got some change to spare, go to www.womensaid.org.uk, and give them something.



In exchange, we guarantee to do NONE of the following:

- Run 26.3 miles;
- Climb Everest
- Get in a bathtub of custard
- Put a plastic duck in the river
- Spell Committee with a 'K';
- Ask for direct debit details;
- Anything involving bungee/parachuting/abseiling/fire walking or any other perceived but actually non-existent risk

ROGUE REP IN METER MADNESS AT THE DSU

The DSU faces imminent gridlock after a crazed English finalist forced through a constitutional amendment stipulating that all DSU business must be conducted in Iambic Pentameter. The student, Ben Marlow (Cuth's), who apparently cracked after weeks of poring over *The Tempest*, responded to the passing of the motion with the rhythmically correct "Ha ha, let's see how you deal with this *shit*" before vaulting off the Kingsgate balcony.

The introduction of the arcane meter was greeted less enthusiastically by new DSU President Andrew Welch, who spoke to MH shortly after the motion passed:

"We don't know what to do about this now;

It could, you know, slow things down to a crawl.

Look at the minutes, they are a disas- oh fuck, that's already ten syllables, isn't it? Wank, wank, wank, they'll censure me for this. Give me five minutes and I'll get back to you."

The student reaction to the events has been muted, with most expressing surprise at the news that the DSU holds meetings at all. **Robin Morris**



Poetry in concrete form