

STILL HANDBAG SIZED

# MOSTLY HARMLESS

issue 8. epiphany 2008

GOD  
BLESS THOSE  
326 DURHAM  
STUDENTS!

## FACEBOOK PETITION ENDS AFRICAN FAMINE

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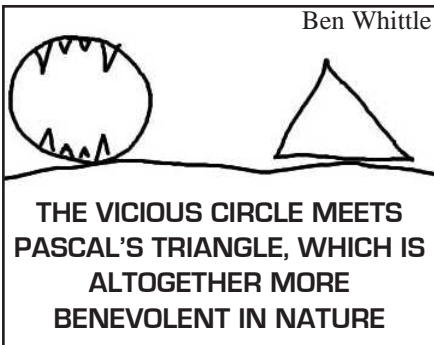
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## ALSO IN THE NEWS...

**ARCHBISHOP CUTS OFF OWN HAND AFTER STEALING BISCUIT**

**CAT LANDS ON HEAD**

**BRYSON TO SHAVE FEET FOR CHARITY**

**CHEERLEADING SQUAD DESTROYS PATRIARCHY**

**MALE STUDENT DENIES URINATING IN BEDROOM SINK**

## BROWN SHITS ON THE ENLIGHTENMENT

Gordon Brown, minister for grunting, stuttering and looking dour, today announced that conversation and witty discourse would be subject to a bold new system of "assertive socially responsible taxation."

Chatting, arguing and chinwagging have long been kept an untaxed privilege of the intellectual classes due to their cultural importance.

Brown declared, "Screw the Enlightenment. It's not like speech is really free at the moment anyway. The only difference is that now we'll be able to fiscally define how necessarily un-free it is. Give it five years and you won't even realise it's happening."

Magnus Taylor

## BLAIR CONFESSION

Former Prime Minister Tony Blair is to publish extracts from his school diaries in which he talks about his doubts over his own sexuality. Whilst never considering himself homosexual, he did wonder whether he might have been bisexual. When asked by David Frost in an interview yesterday how homosexual he was on a scale of one to ten, Mr Blair replied: "Look, I'm a pretty straight kind of gay".

Richard Hadden



## COW TO JUMP OVER MOON

In an attempt to rekindle public interest in the space programme, NASA has announced that it will, in addition to the usual six astronauts, be sending a cow along on its next flight, enabling the animal to literally 'jump over the moon.'

NASA president Troy Hoffman explained: "The public's bored with

missions that could ultimately provide alternative fuel sources or reveal extra-terrestrial life. We need to re-align ourselves with today's shallow and vacuous society."

Nick Collins

## SKINS 'SEARINGLY ACCURATE PORTRAYAL OF BRITISH YOUTH'

Popular teen comedy-drama 'Skins' has been praised for its "searingly accurate portrayal of British youth".

Ofcom president Brian Sufferton commended the show's convincing dialogue and realistic-looking actors. "Skins has exposed the myth that British teenagers are innocuous, bland and sexually unimaginative," he commented. "It reminds the small minority of boring adolescents that their more popular, invariably scantily-clad mates are getting up to better, more watchable things every night."

He also applauded 'Hollyoaks', 'Echo Beach' and 'Torchwood' for their "gritty realism". 'Ashes to Ashes', 'Doctor Who' and 'See Hear' were criticized for being too unrealistic.

William G. Pilgrim

## SERBIAN PM PLANS PARTY FOR KOSOVO

Vojislav Kostunica, Prime Minister of Serbia, has announced plans to throw a party for newly independent Kosovo in response to overwhelming public support. The event, dubbed 'The Spring Ball-kanization', will be the summation of weeks of celebrating, which many concede has been over-enthusiastic; an impromptu party at the US embassy several weeks ago even saw fireworks being set off.

Mr Kostunica has the backing of Mr Putin, adept at using his resources to organise events for smaller nations. Indeed the area has a rich and sociable history, with key players on the local social scene sought after to this day. It is widely expected that Kostunica's plans for the region will ripple around the memories of party goers for decades.

Of the invitees, Kostunica had this to say: "We just hope the U.N. doesn't try to gatecrash man; they're totally lame."

Luke Blackburn

## ESOL CONNECTION DOWN: ITS IN CRISIS

Thousands of students are said to be in shock yesterday following the IT Service's admission that the popular ESOL network has been experiencing problems. The Service's public relations organ 'Message of the Day' was quick to reassure distraught users that measures would be taken to address the problem.

### Message of the Day

#### Notice of ITS Shutdown

Due to essential maintenance w  
ITS Exchange email system, the  
We are all going to die

Campaigners have, however, threatened to riot should ITS take the controversial step of rolling out dual boot to CG66 and CG68. The action will see students unable to use ESOL between 06:43 and 06:45am on Sunday 9 March. 'It's the only time I can it!' said one activist. 'Just how do they expect us to live without ESOL? How?'

Tom Walker

## LGBTa PRESIDENT ADMITS: 'I DON'T KNOW WHAT TRANSGENDERED IS'

Durham's transgender community was in uproar this week following the revelation that LGBTa president Sam Finn (Bisexual) was unable to provide even a basic understanding of 'transgendered'. While quashing earlier reports that she didn't even know what the T stood for, the president was forced to admit that she could not define the term. MH (Metrosexual) printed out a Wikipedia article and supplied to the president. It led to a look that can only be described as: 'disgust', a physical recoiling, and a playgroundesque shriek of: "Oh my god, that's disgusting! Why would anyone be turned on by that? Yuk, yuk, yuk. It makes me sick."

Emily Dukakis

## CHRISTIAN UNION NEW TESTAMENT SOCIETY OBLIVIOUS TO ACRONYM

Waves of bewilderment have spread through the Durham Christian community at the uproarious reception they have been given wherever they go whilst wearing their New Testament Society hoodies.

In lectures, going shopping and especially whilst flyering they have been besieged by gasps from the weakly constituted and giggles from the more immorally so.

"It's bizarre," said one member, "we got an email today saying we had been entered in the annual Comedy Hoody Slogan Competition and have been shortlisted along with the Tyne and Wear Annual Teaparty Society."

Cordelia Graham

## 'SCONE' OR 'SCONE'?

The Durham Union Society has continued to flourish this term reaching an all-time high at the historic: "This house would pronounce 'scone': 'scone'" debate last Friday night.



Members were turned away from the debating chamber on Palace Green as record numbers flocked to attend. The proposition failed as many in the room preferred 'scone' to 'scone', the winning team concluding that: "'scone' or 'scone', 'either' is as good as 'either'".

Tony Dyer

## DSU IN NORTHERN ROCK BID

The DSU unexpectedly waded into the debate over Northern Rock last week as the President, Flo Herbert put forwards a surprise bid for the stricken bank. "We think our offer of £300,000 is very reasonable," stated the President at a

news conference. "We have a lot of experience with failing businesses and inconceivable short falls, and we believe we are the right people to turn the Rock around."

It has been alleged that to sweeten the deal all the shareholders of the company have been offered free entry to planet of sound. A spokesman for Northern Rock refused to comment but did suggest the bid was "promising". However a representative for small shareholders said that they were disgusted with the deal. "Our members are not pleased. Many of them have described it as sweaty, loud, unpleasant and overpriced even when free".

Chris Williams

## SOCIOLOGY STUDENT DECONSTRUCTS HIMSELF

A Student is in hospital tonight following a gruesome accident in the short loans section of the university library. The student, who can no longer be named for conceptual reasons, is believed to have been in his final-year at Collingwood but has cast doubt over the concept of his unified self as well as the dichotomy of Collingwood and Grey. One witness to the deconstruction, library staff member Joseph Habermas, blamed the incident on the student himself: "he thought it was clever and he could impress with some of this poststructuralist nonsense; students need to be aware that reading Derrida will cause problems: academically and anatomically".

Anton Lazarus



Katy Fitzpatrick

# NORTH ROAD TESCO TO DOUBLE AS HELLMOUTH

WILLIAM G. PILGRIM FINDS THE EXPRESSWAY TO OBLIVION

Durham's demon and ghoulish population are said to be delighted by the news that the newly-opened Tesco Express on North Road is one of many stores internationally that will provide a direct portal to hell.

Financial analysts were stunned to learn that Tesco stores have always contained hellmouths, but the plc firm has only recently won the license to commercially profit from these dimensional gateways. The development explains the impending sense of doom which has been experienced by many Tesco shoppers since it was initially founded in 1919.



Aisle three: next to the eggs

Tesco Chief Executive Sir Terry Leahy issued a statement, "We are unstoppable and there is nothing you can do to escape it! Soon we will control everyone you love and cherish. Mwahahahahahaha!" However, he later retracted his comments based on legal advice.

As well as providing a direct link to hell, the Hellmouths will also allow users to travel internationally to other Tesco stores. 'Tesco Express' stores

nationwide are also said to be expanding their range of affordable pentagrams and goats' heads in conjunction with the announcement.

A new advertising campaign is also likely to accompany the grand opening, which will replace the popular slogan 'Tesco: every little helps' with 'Tesco: from beneath us it devours.'

Local 'Hellmouth' owner Ian McApocalypse is worried by the severe threat this poses to his small business.

He has been managing Durham's last surviving locally owned Hellmouth, which is located in the SCR of St. John's College, for over 15 years.

"This just isn't right. I'm forced to pay exactly the same damnation tariffs as Tesco, and they are a multi-billion-pound international conglomerate. It's just not cricket!"

Rumours that Tesco plc is also seeking a strip club license remain unconfirmed.

## MIRACLE TOAST

RON PECORRY GAZES INTO THE DOUGHY ABYSS

Excitement is growing in the Northern England town of Huddlesfield following the news that a local man saw an image of the Big Bang in a piece of toast. Atheist Donald Chapman, 36, told local newspaper "The Huddlesfield Express" that he was sitting down to eat breakfast when an unusual toast pattern caught his eye.

"I was just about to spread the butter when I noticed a fairly typical small hole in the bread surrounded by a burnt black ring. However, the direction and splatter patterns of the crumbs as well as the changing shades emanating outwards from this black hole were very clearly similar to the chaotic-dynamic non-linear patterns that one would expect following the Big Bang. It's the beginning of the world," he added excitedly.

Ever since news of the discovery made national headlines, local hoteliers have been overwhelmed by an influx of atheists from all over the country

flocking to Huddlesfield to catch a glimpse of the scientific relic.

"I have always been an atheist, and to see my life choices validated on a piece of toast is truly astounding," said one guest at the Huddlesfield Arms hotel.

To the surprise of many, the UK National Atheist Association has asked its members not to pay attention to the story despite its potential to inspire less faith. "Given what the religious believe already, this is an easy sell," said one disgruntled activist who said he was going to Huddlesfield anyway, noting that "seeing is not believing".



Loaf your neighbour



# ESTHER RUDOLF'S DISSERTATION FREAK-OUT

ESTHER FINALLY LOSES HER GRIP

It's 3am, the night before my deadline, and I'm having a few dissertation problems. But everything will be fine. Even if my flatmate Alistair is hopping around in front of my door, having a dissertation crisis on my behalf, letting out little yelps of anguish and developing an unpleasant stress rash, everything will be fine. Everything will be fine. Everything will be fine. Everything will be FINE. Breathe. This is not the single piece of textual work your life has been leading up to.

**“My sister texts me. She says if I don't get at least a 2:1, no one will want to have sex with me.”**

All the schooling and your parents feeding you and protecting you and chasing Mr Wokolski off the street for giving Nestlé chocolate to neighbourhood children and stuff, all for this one little dissertation? Right? Oh God, what if I don't hand in my dissertation on time and I fail my degree and my college will look at me the way the whole school looked at Chrissie Smith when she got pregnant and my gran will die of heartbreak because I haven't fully seized the educational opportunities for women that they simply didn't have before the war because university is a privilege, not a right, and my parents have to perform a uniquely middle-class honour-killing and put me in a special green recycling box for children who have become right-wing or don't want to do a Masters?

My sister texts me. She says if I don't get at least a 2:1, no one will want to have sex with me. Shit. She's right. I mustn't spazz out. Don't have a spazz. I'm not having a spazz. Shit, I'm having a spazz! Compose yourself, think clearly. Ok - the intermediary variables set forth a framework from which we can analyse and assess the anticipated

offset of conditional factors. I don't even know what that means!

I turn my head and find Diana Ross sitting next to me. What the hell is Diana Ross doing here? She smiles at me and releases a balloon into the sky, and it explodes into millions of black crows that turn into little pieces of post-feminist nonsense and Ariel liquitabs. God appears, in a yellow tracksuit, and eats them all. Fuck! It's already light! I've got 7000 words to write and the thesis of my dissertation is flat, meaningless chud. What the fuck are intermediary variables? Who gives a damn? Seventeen years of formal education for this? For fucking intermediary variables? I don't care. I don't sodding care. All I want to do is run outside and wander around on the A690 in my dressing gown, lobbing bits of ham at motorists and exposing myself. Christ, this is how mad people happen. My whole life I've laboured inside the system, for this, and all it will ever give me is a management position at Woking Borough Council and a second-hand Mazda.

Diana Ross has reappeared in my bedroom and started singing 'Baby Love' and I'm not even asleep! Ahahahaha! I'll give you intermediary variables! I'll give you 'dissertation'! I delete everything and start typing. A moment of sanity hits me - is this plagiarism? But I press on. I don't think their little text-checking machine will pick up "Ooh baby love, my baby love / I need you, oh how I need you / But all you do is treat me bad / Break my heart and leave me sad / Tell me, what did I do wrong / To make you stay away so long", followed by the word "fuck", footnoted (1).

I upload to DUO and press 'submit'. Hmm, will this need binding? I'm ready to go and do the dance of St. Vitus on the motorway now, but first, first, I'm going to lurch into bed and fall into a deep, heavy, black sleep, before waking up to realise exactly what I've done. Goodnight.

<sup>1</sup>fuck

## POETRY CORNER RECRUITMENT POEM

Results published by the 2008  
Times Online Student Survey:\*

Monday's child went to KPMG,  
Tuesday's child saved the world, at  
BP.<sup>1</sup>

Wednesday's child went on an  
adventure,

To be vaguely defined but well-paid  
at Accenture.

Thursday's child Taught First, he  
ran off on Friday to HSBC.<sup>2</sup>

Saturday's child pursued self-  
independence;<sup>3</sup>

And on Sunday they all went on  
anti-depressants.

Additional information:

\* The identities of individual participants remain anonymous.

<sup>1</sup> "Alternative Energy Department".

<sup>2</sup> Having established a flourishing extra-curricular Latin club for former ten-year-old heroin addicts.

<sup>3</sup> Question 21, option c: 'further travel'.

Lucy Davies

## THE MODERN REVOLUTIONARY

Orwell is my uncle,

Said is my aunt,

Derrida cooked my dinner,

Foucault says I can't,

be a modern revolutionary,

because I don't know shit,

about anything by anyone,

Gladstone or William Pitt,

I want to shout out slogans,

to Che and Chairman Mao,

but 'cos I'm just a student,

I don't know fuckin' how.

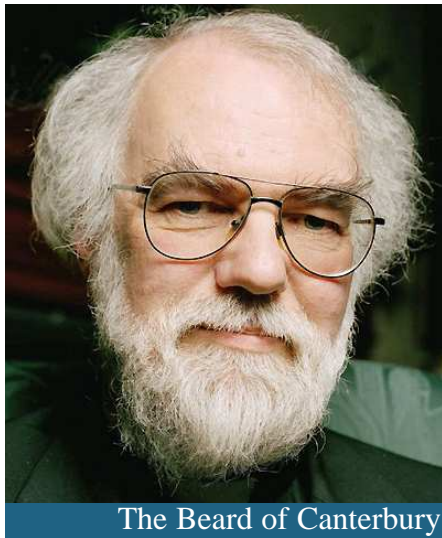
Magnus Taylor

# SHARIA LAW AND THE BEARD OF CANTERBURY

RICHARD HADDEN THINKS AN IMPRESSIVE BEARD IS THE BEST DEFENCE

The Dr Rowan Williams has always intrigued me. I admit I'm fascinated how elements of his beard seem able to mobilise themselves without any perceptible movement from the underlying muscles. Though more likely it's due to the way he comes across – clearly a scholarly and intellectual chap – as, well, not quite as Christian as one would suspect for someone who is the Archbishop of Canterbury. In this context, I found his – in my opinion, quite measured – comments on Sharia law in Britain not at all surprising.

Not at all surprising either is the response from what we might consider the “likely suspects”. All of these were quick to trumpet things about the “law being the same for everyone”. The unsurprising comments came from the normal raft of people (the BNP and various others of their ilk) who maintain adverse views on multiculturalism and immigration; according to them, Sharia law (even elements of it) is incompatible with British law, because British law is based on Christian principles and values.



The Beard of Canterbury

So it very well might be: Britain, unlike France, has not yet got round to having the revolution that sweeps away all the old apparatus of government and replaces it entirely (after quite a few false starts) with something written from scratch. Instead, our institutions have evolved slowly – shedding a prehensile

Lord or two along the way – into their current state. So Christianity may have been the basis of British law, just as small squishy sea-dwellers were probably the basis of humanity, but we have moved on a little from that.

**“Christianity may have been the basis of British law, just as small squishy sea-dwellers were probably the basis of humanity.”**

On this basis, there is no intrinsic reason why “some elements” of Sharia law are intrinsically incompatible with British law. Except, apparently, the fact that Sharia law has a bit of a bad reputation. Then again, lots of laws in Nazi Germany had a ‘bit of bad reputation’, but that does not necessarily make every single one of them incompatible with British law (I imagine, for the sake of a glib argument, that Hitler did, and Gordon Brown will continue to, legislate that citizens drive on a certain side of the road). Just as this does not preclude the introduction of the more unsavoury Nazi edicts, most sensible people can probably fathom that the “elements” of Sharia to which Dr Rowan Williams referred were not the ones that talk of chopping hands off, cruelty to women or honour killings.

The other argument against Dr Williams is that this undermines the notion that the law be the same for everyone (anyway, it isn't – see ‘Monarch’). And it doesn't, either. At least it doesn't depending on how we choose to implement this principle, especially in the field of religion.

Let us return for a moment to France, where, in a moment of high wrangling, the State was divorced from the Church. The upshot of this is, if not state atheism (at least not in the same

way as, say, the Soviet Union), an active – almost hyperactive – pursuit of secularism. The *droit à l'indifférence* (the ‘right to [religious] indifference’) bans the displaying of religious symbols in public. Whilst this system is undeniably fair, it is not without some quite obvious problems, most of which surfaced in the row in 2005 over the possibility of making an exception of allowing Muslim women to wear headscarves. Allowing this would, logically it would seem, not be fair. But the only way to be really fair is to ban scarves altogether.



Room for Sharia in British Law?

Thankfully we live in Britain, where our secularism is nicely passive, people are tolerant, even accepting, of difference – and seeing difference on display rather than having to hide it away. People are not offended by seeing a Muslim headscarf or a Christian cross, or offended by Christian Laws or Muslim laws. The ‘cost’ of this, if it can be seen as such, is that we have a state religion, albeit one that respects its privileged position.

Neither I, nor Rowan Williams, are suggesting that elements of Sharia law should be introduced (at least not any more or less than any other law thought up by any politician or think-tank or newspaper columnist) – and, lest we forget, neither of us is in government. But the Archbishop of Canterbury talking frankly and honestly about Sharia law shows an intelligent Christian, leading the state religion in an otherwise secular and tolerant country and recognising the fact that the position of his faith brings responsibilities along with privileges.

# EXCEPTIONAL AMERICANS

SIDDHARTH KHAJURIA PISSES ON THE POLITICS OF 'HOPE'

In August 2004, Barack Obama addressed the Democratic National Convention in Boston. It was an astonishing moment. This was the state senator from Illinois, the little-known skinny kid with a funny name who hadn't even made it to Washington yet. Four years on, he's still delivering the same message: Hope, the Audacity of.

Unlikely tales of hope underpin most of Obama's speeches: stories of slaves singing freedom songs and pioneers wandering west, civil rights activists sitting-in and naval lieutenants patrolling the Mekong Delta. "Yes, we can!" proclaim the crowds who've queued for hours to hear him speak. He struts on to stage accompanied by U2 and metaphorically stage-dives away into the night.

**"His speeches are sprinkled with a liberal dose of a deep-rooted Exceptionalism: a belief that his story is uniquely American."**

"Don't tell me we can't change," he tells his audiences, "Yes, we can change. Yes, we can heal this nation. Yes, we can seize the future." A politics of togetherness and unity; it sounds delicious. But false choices underpin nearly all political campaigns. What's the alternative to hope and unity? The audacity of cynicism? Disunity and despair? Not likely. Blair was a past-master at the game, "I did what I thought was right." Cheers mate.

Despite the stirring, inspirational, mightily watchable rhetoric Obama puts on our plates daily, there's also a glimpse into that patriotic American dream-mongering which underpins most elections stateside. It's best



understood in the early words of Obama's 2004 keynote in Boston:

"My parents...shared an abiding faith in the possibilities of this nation. They would give me an African name, Barack, or "blessed," believing that in a tolerant America, your name is no barrier to success.

"They imagined me going to the best schools in the land, even though they weren't rich, because in a generous America you don't have to be rich to achieve your potential.

"I stand here knowing that my story is part of the larger American story, that I owe a debt to all of those who came before me, and that in no other country on Earth is my story even possible."

His speeches are sprinkled with a liberal dose of a deep-rooted American Exceptionalism: a belief that his story is uniquely American. That only in the United States, with a belief in the purest of meritocracies, can you work your way up society's greasy pole - if you're poor, homeless, and destitute, deal with it.

His unwavering belief in the power of those who 'can' is delightful for the observer with a roof over his head and pesto in his fridge. But is there more to

the man than the silverest of tongues? Despite professing a benevolent and optimistic patriotism there's a nagging, everpresent fear that lurks in the back of the mind. Is Obama's actually just another power-hungry campaign clinging to the latest rebrand of an American dream that leaves its inner-cities plagued by Third Worldly poverty? Is it really just the sort of cold, calculating, cynical politics he claims to have disavowed?

**"Is there more to this man than the silverest of tongues?"**

I hope it isn't. But if he secures the Democratic nomination, McCain's campaign will not let themselves be labelled cynics to Obama's optimists, dividers to his uniters, Washington-ites to his outsiders. They're far too clever for any of that. And at some point along the road to November's general, American voters might ask for more than a pleasant sounding Mid-West twang that tells them to believe. They'll wonder what it is exactly they're being asked to believe in.

# INSANITY IN THE LIBRARY

ANTON LAZARUS IS NEARLY DRIVEN TO NUDITY

I'm sitting in the library. Level Three. Not the nice desks facing the Cathedral with the diversion of the New Inn and the crossroads to stare at for hours on end, wondering what it would be like to stand naked in the middle of the traffic shouting: "I won't do it anymore, I've had enough, I don't care about to what extent Marxism challenged enlightenment ideals..." or whatever other nonsense has been brewed up by a lecturer who seems to be more bored of life than you are of his endless list of futile essay questions. I'll tell you to what extent... to some extent you stupid old fart. That's what everyone's going to say: X effected Y to some extent. How really, very, bloody interesting.

**"I don't care about to what extent Marxism challenged enlightenment ideals..."**

I don't know why I'm on level three; the books I use are never on level three. This is my 'library-routine': I enter the building, feel a little lost, head for the stairs. I get as far as the door to level three before succumbing to the urge to spread papers over a desk in a rudimentary form of territory marking: a student equivalent of a dog pissing on a lamppost.

I'm not working on this stupid essay, nor am I likely to start. I'm thinking about stopping traffic with a nudity-based mental breakdown. I'm sitting here thinking: I wish I was out there, I wish I could run around like a carefree child, or at least have a window desk so I didn't have to twist my spine like a corkscrew for a taste of natural light.

I snap out of what at this point has become a bizarre fantasy. The sound of a girl talking loudly into a mobile phone. What?? On her mobile phone in the library?? Bitch, Bitch, BITCH! I know I'm just sitting here wondering if I'd make the front-page of palatinate: "Nude's in at the New Inn," but the fact

I'm not actually working doesn't stop my blood from boiling. I can't believe that she'd be so selfish, so rude, so arrogant. What sort of person would do this?

Something should be done. Quiet and superior words must be had. This is it, my chance to make a difference. I may not believe in the essay but I'd die for my right to write it. I stand up. The air is filled with a stiff-upper lip, put-up and shut-up attitude: it's up to me. I start to stride towards her. Big, man-strides, like some great leader bravely placing himself in the line of fire for the sake of his comrades.

I'm less than a metre away. She's still talking. I think about my friends and family and the boring essay and the British institution of silence in a library, all the things I have to live for: all the things that making a stand like this protects.

Standing next to her I open my mouth, she looks straight at me, the sound of her friend's voice on the other end of the line filling the space between us. Eye contact. This is it. My mouth has been open for an ever-increasingly inappropriate time. What to say? "Shut up!"? Too blunt: don't sink to her level

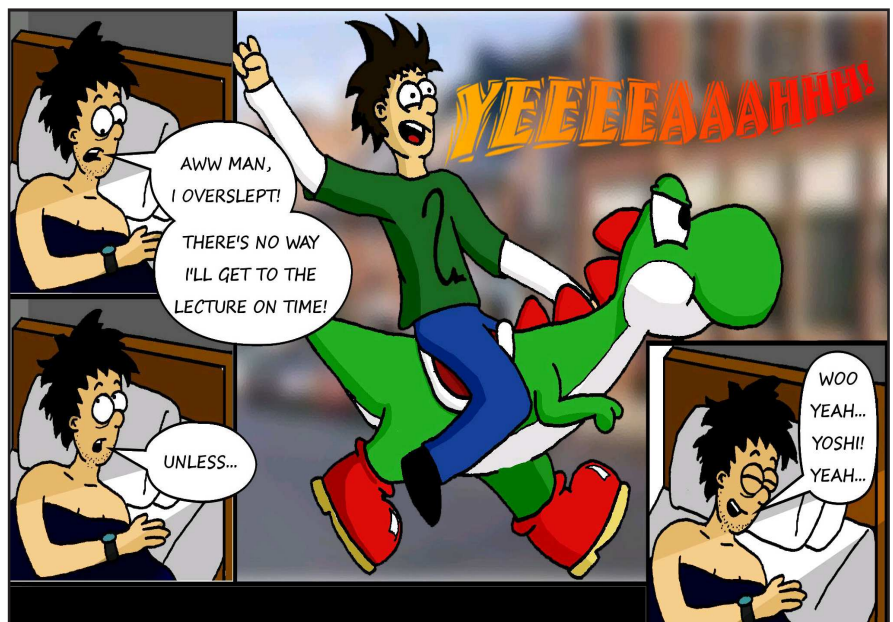
of rudeness. "Excuse me, would you mind taking that call outside, people are trying to work"? That seems somehow condescending. Perfect: she deserves it. Come on soldier.

**"This is it, my chance to make a difference. I may not believe in the essay but I'd die for my right to write it."**

"Excuse me" I whimper "Would you mind..."

I reach past her and pull out a dusty 1967 anthropology periodical. She smiles a patronising smile and continues her conversation. I take the book and return to my desk, safe in the knowledge that I was closer to being a hero than everyone around me.

What would happen, I wondered as my eyes scanned pages looking for patterns in the words, if I set fire to this book and then just didn't stop screaming...



Dan Dyer



# PRIVATE EYE

We've got another free subscription to Private Eye to give away.

To enter, come up with a caption for this:



Entries should be submitted to [mostlyharmless06@gmail.com](mailto:mostlyharmless06@gmail.com) by the end of March. Winner to be notified next term.



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## MOSTLYHARMLESS MUTTERS DISGRUNTLED ALUMNI

Durham doesn't have too many well-known alumni – unless you count an ex-England rugby captain who may have shagged 'The Queen of our Hearts'™ or park-bench debaucher Piers Merchant – so you might expect the ones that the university does boast about to hold a generally favourable view of the place. Not so.

"It looked and sounded precisely like the opposite of real life," states the autobiography of one graduate. "Boys with stripy scarves lying floppy and lifeless over their shoulders like the dead weight of tradition, and girls in quilted green jackets wandered from lecture to college seemingly oblivious to the world around them."

Who is this disgruntled alumnus? An embittered Greggs' employee? A (whisper it) Local Student? Unfortunately not – none other than George Alagiah, whom, we are incessantly informed, once edited Palatinate, and of whom the University are so proud that, last October, they appointed him 'Doctor of Civil Law' in the Cathedral.

Another opinion: "Durham was not just an ivory tower, but a small, isolated, very amateurish one, cut off from the real world, and all the real talent." This one from Hunter Davies – yes, you guessed it, also an ex-editor of Palatinate. This all sounds worryingly familiar, despite the fact that the Durham they describe dates from the 1970s. Has the university really changed so little since then?

Most of the fuss about the University's modernising drive rests on the argument that it will alter the university's traditional ethos and location within the city, which will, in turn, put its current target market of students off studying here. Perhaps that's a good thing.

Durham is squarely and unavoidably white middle-class. The student body's make-up is so unquestionably homogenous that you barely even need diversity statistics to support this statement (around 94-95% of Durham's students are white. And that's including Stockton).

This hasn't changed since the 70s largely because of the traditional and elitist image Durham presents to prospective students. We might want to keep tradition, but there's a good chance that it's that tradition that puts those who differ from us off applying. All this relocation and re-branding might seem excessive, but it's a move in the right direction. Alagiah wrote: "[Durham] jolted me out of an uncritical ambivalence about the role race – and class – played in the shaping of English lives." Maybe it should jolt us too.

# SCREW THE FOOTLIGHTS, I WANTED THE REVUE ANYWAY

ROBIN MORRIS FIGHTS DURHAM'S CORNER

As I found my seat at Comedyfest, I had a minor epiphany. It suddenly occurred to me that the Durham Revue can offer us something we're sorely lacking up here on the Wear: a sense of identity. In a university defined as much by its attempts to be *Oxbridge North* as anything distinctively Durham, we really don't have much which we can share and call our own. I began to wonder if the Revue might be our last and best hope for inter-collegiate small talk.

They've been around forever, they're lodged in the university's consciousness and they've got 'Durham' right there in the name. Need a sense of belonging? Send in the clowns. And where better to send them in than Comedyfest, headlining a show featuring The Cambridge Footlights and the Oxford Revue, the sketch comedy personifications of our overachieving Oxbridge cousins. We might not have got in, but at least we can vicariously outshine those who did.

Completing the bill were The Penny Dreadfuls, an act composed of former university comics who have now 'made it' and have got a series on BBC Radio Seven. You can't even get that on FM - by God, boys and girls, give them one from me.

**“If I was to pin my sense of belonging on our very own comedic crack troops, I wanted to be pretty sure they were going to come out of it looking good.”**

The Footlights were first on, exhibiting impressive charisma and confidence. Perhaps a couple of their sketches may have benefited from an extra pinch of concision, but my frankly inadequate attention span might well be to blame

here. All in all, good times – but nothing that couldn't be handled by our Revue's droll band of brothers and sisters, I was sure.



Second up, and bringing in the interval: The Penny Dreadfuls. Here my hopes of our lot leaving the rest of the bill in the shade rather dimmed; their experience showed as they lit up the Ballroom with a distinctive brand of what might be best described as unhinged post-Victoriana. Even with this deliberate stylistic constraint, they never seemed to lack ideas, producing a series of sketches grounded in strong concepts and punctuated with excellent lines. If the Footlights had charisma, the Dreadfuls had it by the (wrought iron, nineteenth-century) bathtub.

This led me on to a corollary to this whole “uniting Durham” business; if I was to pin my sense of belonging on our very own comedic crack troops, I wanted to be pretty sure they were going to come out of it looking good. Comedyfest didn't come at the best time for the Revue. In recent months they've seen the departure of their longest standing member, a slating in the pages of *Palatinate* and, rumour would have it, some tensions within the group. As the interval ended and we headed once more unto the breach, I was reminded of the task facing Henry

the Fifth at Agincourt. Though possibly that was just me getting carried away.

As the Durham Revue were headlining, the Oxford Revue opened the second half. The strongest student comedy I've seen has tended to feature healthy doses of pop-cultural references, and throwing *Pokemon* and *Poddington Peas* lyrics into the context of Shakespearian tragedy instantly won the Oxonians some fans. As their set ended, things were dramatically poised for our own Revue's grand finale.

**“When the girl in front of me interrupted a sketch referencing the war poets to ask who Wilfred Owen was, I felt obligated to give the back of her head a truly vicious glaring”**

Out they came; our heroes, our icons. I gave them each a proud nod, full of camaraderie, as they walked onto the stage. It seemed to go unnoticed - presumably they were deep in concentration. They didn't sweep the competition before them in a blaze of sketch-based glory, but they did get the laughs we expected, and when they didn't it may have been because their sketches were a bit highbrow. When a girl in front of me interrupted a sketch referencing the war poets to ask her friend who Wilfred Owen was, I felt obligated to give the back of her head a truly vicious glaring.

English degree-based cleverness, some wonderfully awful puns and an element of pure physicality proved to be a potent mix. By the end of Comedyfest I was proud to be a Durhamite. It was the Penny Dreadfuls who stole the show, but, fortunately for our egos, the hometown favourites stole our hearts.

# HITTING THE G-SPOT

ROSA RANKIN-GEE AND MAN GET DOWN TO IT AT DINNER

I'm so excited that I have had to borrow my housemate's asthma pump. Tonight, I am dining at Gourmet Spot - G-spot to its friends - Durham's foray into molecular gastronomy. Its head chef is Sean Wilkinson, the self pro-claimed pysceDelia Smith. I have been perverting his menu for weeks. Some things baffle. Beetroot clouds and balloons of earl grey tea. This is not Bella "bon a-per-tee-toe" Italia.

## **"The desserts menu is in comic sans, the typefont of sex pests"**

We enter. I'm a bit nervous; Man is wearing jeans. They might banish him. But no, we are ushered straight to our seats without even being asked our names. Press donchaknow! Finally, the recognition I deserve! The wine glasses are gargantuan, the dining area microscopic. Each wall has a different theme. To my left, stylised Victorian, to my right, Chinese-y ceramic flowers. In front of me... a head-height plasma fire. I think of Borat: "that one, not so much".

Which brings me to the restaurant's name. Gourmet Spot makes me think of long-life sandwiches at a motorway café. And the desserts menu is in comic sans, the typefont of sex pests. We observe our fellow clientele. "The Epernay crowd" says Man. Shaven-headed men (Rolex rather than Ross Kemp) and their bintim. There is one other student twosome. They look like cellists. This would be fine, but they, like the others, don't really talk. At all. Cutlery clangs against china and it sounds like they're emptying dishwashers. We feel we have to whisper. Everything rides on pysceDelia.

The complimentary amuse bouche, a "deconstructed bloody Mary", served in an ashtray, is a mixed bag. Tabasco foam is fluffy and devilish, but the vodka sorbet tastes a bit like fridge. But who am I to judge? Until I was 15 ¾ I was a militant food racist. Only white was right: bread, pasta, and if my parents got curry, I used a colander to wash the sauce off. My mum thought I was going to be a sociopath. I realise, when my starter

comes, that it would have once given me a panic attack. Not now. It's beautiful: scallops with squash puree and liquorice foam. I've had M&S scallops before - the ones off the TV, so pretty ritzy - but these are a different breed. They're like fruity sea lychees, caramelised on the outside. There's a nest of greenery above them, an arc of grapefruit to their left and they're underscored with wasabi caviar. I've had four mouthfuls and I'm already a woofter.

I'm also, normally, a woolfer. I finish first and stare at other people's plates 'til they surrender their last mouthful. Not here. I have never eaten so attentively in my life. Especially when heady, burgundy Venison, so tender you could cut it with a fork, arrives. With it, a drizzle of dark chocolate sauce - perfectly unsweet: thick and Mexican like Frida's eyebrows. The asparagus and braised venison pudding evolves as I eat - soft at the start, crispy as it cools. And there's a crosshatch of baby roast vegetables so baby they make me broody. I smile so hard my cheekbones change position. I try, tactlessly, gamely, to explain the allure of bloody meat to a vegetarian. I suck on my steak like it's a Werther's Original. Man is talking animatedly as I compose my last mouthful. I make him stop. I must not be distracted. It goes it. I shut my eyes. Oh my.

## **"Only white was right: bread, pasta, and if my parents got curry, I used a colander to wash the sauce off"**

For the finale, Vegetarian and Vampire overcome their differences and share. A beautiful union, mostly because Man's dessert is better than mine. My dark chocolate and lavender pannacotta looks a bit druggy. There's a line of white chocolate cocaine, and the dried lavender looks like weed and tastes like Ambi-pur. Man's comes with a spray to infuse the air around us with the aroma of popcorn. I think of Natural Collection

body mists I had at 12. But no, it is magic. We are suddenly in a cinema. Our air smells like fun and dates and 1950's drive-ins. Maybe I'm high off the fumes, but this is the pudding highlight of my life: crunchy, creamy popcorn brulee, weighty white chocolate ice cream, and a scattering of warm popcorn. It is unspeakably good.

When it is over, we want to be left alone, on chairs that resemble wombs, to just be. To feel post-coital and write poetry and give away all our earthly possessions. We ask if we can thank the chef. It's pysceDelia's day off, so we talk to Steven, the sous-chef, who's unassuming, commanding, and only 21 years old. Same age as me, yet while I'm fannying about at Elvet Presley, he's producing fine art.



Durham's best viewing deck

We then talk to Sue, the maitresse d', who's charming, voluble, honest. People have flown from Italy to eat here; people have left after one glance at the menu. She tells us about the "soundtrack of swearing" in the kitchen, and Sean's former restaurant. What went wrong, we asked. "It was in Middlesbrough. People kept on asking for fishfinger sandwiches. I wanted to say "Go across the road to McDonalds. I mean, actually do. There's actually a McDonalds across the street."" (In the end, Sean made fishfinger sandwiches, but with fresh fish goujons on homemade bread).

I scrub our plates with my finger and realise that despite its olive oil candles and shifty name, G-spot is not pretentious. You can pronounce scallops wrong without feeling like a human Ferrero Rocher, and you can leave a changed person. When I get home, I try to eat a Lindor ball. I had once thought they were haute cuisine. After G-Spot, my bouche was not amused.

# THE REVOLUTION WILL BE TELEvised

JUST MAKE SURE YOU'VE BOTHERED TO TUNE IN

The revolution will be televised. You'll see it stretched anonymously across the rectangular flatness of your TV screen. You'll read it, condensed and cheerfully edited, on the all seeing, all knowing cyber-vastness of the BBC news website. You'll hear about it, stuffed into the radio friendly soundbite of your radio friendly radio news.

The revolution will be televised. It will have taken place to someone, or some people, somewhere, where you aren't, won't know and won't ever be. Something will have happened far out in the bright spaces far into the other side. There will be explosions in a city and death somewhere cold and dusty and full of ragged children smiling at a jolting camera.

The revolution will be televised. But will it be the real revolution? Will it be the right revolution? Will it be THE revolution? How do we know if what the fathers of information tell us is what we really want to know? What we really should know?

The revolution will be televised, because if it isn't televised then the revolution will not have happened. The revolution makes great TV. The people love a revolution, the people will watch

a revolution, read about a revolution and desire a revolution.

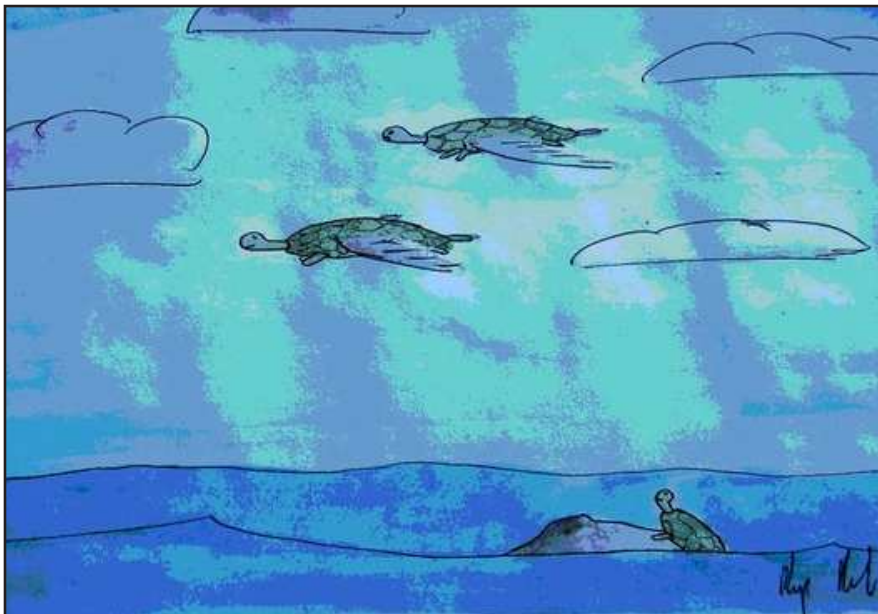
The revolution will be televised. If the revolution is not televised then I will not know about it.

I want to be part of the revolution, even though I don't know what it means.

I'm concerned that the revolution may have already happened, but I don't know about it because I was watching a different channel.



Look at my flag! (and baguette)



Younger turtles always dreamt of earning their wings

## QUACK

JO COOKSON YEARNs FOR THE DUCK-LIFE

I'd like to be a duck. Every time I see one paddling contentedly in the river the desire returns stronger than ever. The human world rushes past, the world could end up on the riverbanks, but the only thing that matters to a duck is pecking at a leaf or eating a worm. Short of getting off my head on drugs there must be no more effective way of cutting off the outside world and its dull trials and tribulations (whatever a tribulation is). I could bury my head in the sand, but I do not want to be an ostrich. An ostrich is simply a giant feather duster which runs in a ridiculous manner somewhat akin to an overinflated pigeon. Now there's a pointless bird, the ultimate rebuke to fans of intelligent design. What purpose did your God have in creating them, unless He really was intending to design a mobile cigarette-butt eater cunningly disguised as a mangy winged rat? Ducks on the other hand are handsome, with a nice slash of blue and shiny green heads. You wouldn't even need to cook, because every now and again a child would come along and throw some bread at your head. I suppose the one disadvantage of being a duck would be the swans. Swans are the actors of the bird world; beautiful to look at but with a tendency to attack



when disturbed, which most of them are. But watching one land is a simple joy, like a Boeing 747 coming to rest on an ocean except the swan glides to a halt and planes break into a million pieces thus rendering the whistle on the lifejacket somewhat pointless. Ducks do not have this Larkinesque pessimism, which leads me back to the first line of this paragraph like a barn owl on a treadmill.

# MARTEN LAMONEY'S BRIEF GUIDE TO CONVERSATION

FRANCIS BRODSKY STUMBLES UPON OLD MAN LAMONEY AND LEARNS HOW TO SPEAK PROPER

I saw Marten swotting up in the library earlier today. I approached him noisily by stamping my feet on the floor as I trod, but he was evidently too engrossed to notice me. Then when I got closer, I realised why. Old man Lamoney only had three books open in front of him, side by side, and was trying to read all three simultaneously.

When I cleared my throat to break the silence, he quickly closed two of them and said "Oh, hello. I'm just sitting here in the library, doing some reading... You know how it goes. Just reading these different books independently and separately of one another; one brick at a time." Then, realising it was me, he changed his tone: "What the fuck do you want now, Brodsky? Oh, take this if it'll keep you out of my hair." With that, he handed me one of those waterproof plastic wallets for moisture-absorbant documents.

I've transcribed the contents as faithfully as possible. Inside there were three letters attached to the file: One from Cape, an outright refusal. Another from Virago explaining that regretfully they would not be taking on his project as they felt that there were already too many farm-yard based political satires on the market, and a third from enquiring whether he would like to renew his subscription to Melody Maker, which looked remarkably like he had written it to himself.

It appears to be an extract from a textbook that he's working on.

\*\*\*

## Chapter One: Commenting.

Sometimes we are called upon, when conversing with other persons, to respond to propositions. Our response is sometimes called a "comment." The comment is designed to reveal an attitude or evaluate information—this is why people who wear their Parkas over their heads, instead of their arms and torsos, whilst scurrying blindly out of the magistrates' court, often say: "No comment." Which is to say, they wish to conceal something, and commenting is a poor choice of medium through which to do this.

So-called "comments" account for a

large percentage of conversation. Often, comments entail value-judgements; consider the following dialogue between Akbar and a Hypothetical Football Enthusiast:

Hypothetical Football Enthusiast: "Good morning, Akbar. Did you see the football last night? Don't you think it was very good, or what!? I like football very much and I think it is a worthwhile activity in which to engage, do you agree?"

Did you manage to spot the odd one out there? Look closely. The first question is straightforward; it is called "closed," or sometimes "binary," because it could be answered only in two of the three following ways:

Akbar: "No." / "Yes." / "An Albatross!?" On the Fifteenth— you've got to be shitting me, Larry!"



Like butterscotch you didn't!

Did you manage to spot the odd one out there? Look again, this time more closely: Akbar could have responded in either the affirmative or the negative; he had either seen the football or he had not seen it. Had he replied with the third option he may have disconcerted Hypothetical Football Enthusiast. The object of a conversation is to cooperate verbally with another person in order to reach a mutually-beneficial conclusion. To disconcert is counter-productive to this end, and should for this reason be avoided.

If Akbar did see the football, he must proceed to the next question. Now things become more difficult. The second question is of a different variety. HFE cannot contest Akbar's answer to Question One — if had commented: "Like butterscotch you didn't!" he may well have disconcerted Akbar. Question

Two, however, pertains to what is called "opinion."

If Akbar did see the football but did not enjoy it because he believed that the defending was "absolutely diabolical"\* and consequently responds "no," HFE might quite reasonably ask Akbar to explain why he did not enjoy the experience of watching the televised football game. If Akbar uses a well-chosen footballing term of art correctly, he might gain the trust, respect, even friendship of HFE who, though he may disagree, as a typical football enthusiast holds to the Voltairean ideal of defence of free expression. Here are some possible responses:

Comment I: "No, I thought the defending was absolutely diabolical!"

Comment II: "Diabolical was the defending! thought I absolutely? No..."

Comment III: "An Albatross!? On the Fifteenth... You've got to be shitting me, Larry!"

Read these three comments quickly, then stop, then read them over again—this time, more closely. Which response would have proved most advantageous?

That's right, Comment I. Here, not only does Akbar make an intelligible and germane comment, but he does so utilising a term peculiar to the field. This might result in HFE raising his eyebrows meaningfully, shaking Akbar firmly by the hand, or even feeling compelled to buy Akbar a drink.

If you answered Comment II, do not worry too much. Here, Akbar's comment is relevant and also does contain the specialist term, albeit in somewhat scattershot form. However, Akbar, in this situation, is required simply to make a short comment, not to embark on a lengthy equivocal Jacobean soliloquy.

If you answered Comment III, it might be useful to reconsult your notes on the subject of disconcertion and maybe draw some flow-charts.

\* *This is a footballing term of art and does not mean to suggest that the devil, as embodiment of evil, had had any involvement, but merely that the defending was of a poorer standard than expected.*

# SHOULD SAY - THINKLESS!

THE DESPERATE STATE OF PARTISAN POLITICS AND SUBWAY, BY TOM LYONS

*AN ASPIRING POLITICIAN ENTERS A SHOP FILLED WITH LARGE CANVASSES, FESTOONED WITH OBSCURED PHOTOGRAPHS OF OVERSIZED PEPPERS AND BINDERS. HE APPROACHES THE COUNTER.*

**EMPLOYEE:** Hello! What type would you like?

**ASPIRING POLITICIAN:** Oh. I'm not sure...

**EMPLOYEE:** You know sir, the bread and butter of your manifesto. Red, blue, yellow? (*PRODUCES COLOURED RING BINDERS ACCORDINGLY*).

**AP:** I want to say blue...ooo this is hard

**EMPLOYEE:** It doesn't really matter.

**AP:** Oh, if it doesn't matter...yellow.

**EMPLOYEE:** Okay. What type would you like?

**AP:** Oh. I'm not sure... Which is the most popular?

**EMPLOYEE:** Spin of the Day perhaps?

**AP:** What's that?

**EMPLOYEE:** It's Tuesday: Have your picture taken near some disadvantaged youths.

**AP:** (*HEARTY LAUGH*) I don't think so.

**EMPLOYEE:** Would you like some education?

**AP:** Definitely. Yes, that's very important.

**EMPLOYEE:** Would you like single or double?

**AP:** Oh, erm, double please.

**EMPLOYEE:** Okay so that's: education, education...

**AP:** Throw in an extra one for good measure.

**EMPLOYEE:** ...Education.

**AP:** Sounds quite good.

**EMPLOYEE:** Greens?

**AP:** (*LOOKS DOWN AT ARRAY ON*

TABLE) I'll have solar power, wind farms, no CO2 controls, no extra trees, little bit of carbon offsetting.

**EMPLOYEE:** Any Sauce?

**AP LOOKS BLANK**

**EMPLOYEE:** Jazz up your manifesto a little. Perhaps an MP with a penchant for dominant, latex clad prostitutes and orange-based asphyxiation?

**AP:** (*LOOKS AT A LIST*) Rent boy?

**EMPLOYEE:** Good choice. Can I interest you in any cookies...or female MPs?



**AP:** (*NOW LOOKING IN HIS WALLET. DISMISSIVE, WITHOUT LOOKING UP*) No, no. (*PAUSE*) Oh, okay, so how much is that?

**EMPLOYEE:** Just an undisclosed bribe.

**AP:** Right. Do you accept peerages?

**EMPLOYEE:** (*SLIGHT LAUGH*) No, it needs to be something of value.

Money preferably.

*THE ASPIRING POLITICIAN WRITES A CHEQUE AND LEAVES. ANOTHER MAN ENTERS DISCREETLY.*

**EMPLOYEE:** Ah, Mr Cameron! Back again so soon?

## MOSTLY HARMLESS NEEDS YOU



When the going gets weird, the weird start recruiting. Greeted by blank faces and offerings of strange, tasteless fruit, the mad men meander onwards blindly towards the coming Armageddon and their own inevitable destruction.

All MH's current editors leave for the terrify bleakness of the outside world in June, so the paper has to get its hands on fresh new talent to continue.

Mostly Harmless needs you, because you are talented individuals capable of great things. You have fine cultured brains and mysterious talents we didn't even know existed.

So drop us a line, tell us what you can do and we'll find a place for your talents in the MH 'family'.

We want people who can make MH better in the following areas:

**Writers:** Funny stuff, serious yet exciting comment, strange observational ramblings, engaging reviews. We want to read it all, so please send it in.

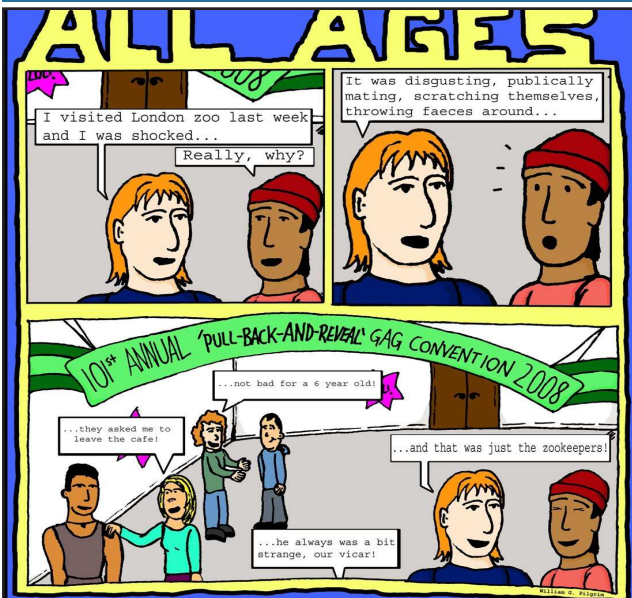
**Cartoonists:** To draw cartoons. Obviously.

**Designers:** We need people who are clever with computer design programs like Quark and Indesign and can help us make the paper look better than it does already.

**Marketing people:** To help us sell the paper to advertisers and formulate an imaginative and attractive marketing strategy. We need to persuade the people who matter that they should advertise with us. This is very important. With no advertising money MH cannot exist.

[mostlyharmless06@gmail.com](mailto:mostlyharmless06@gmail.com)  
[www.mostly-harmless.org.uk](http://www.mostly-harmless.org.uk)

# SHOULD SAY



## MOSTLYHARMLESS SUBSCRIBES TO YOUR COLLEGE MAILING LIST

**From:** College President

**To:** All Students

**Re:** Get excited!

We like to keep you informed of everything that happens in the college - whether or not you give two shits about somebody's iPod being nicked because despite repeated warnings they left their window open while they went for a wank in the bathroom opposite.

College spirit demands your concern, so if those responsible for the theft of the iPod, the three missing dining-hall glasses, the setting off of the fire alarm at 4.30am, the July 7th bombings, the Holocaust, religious fundamentalism, the Rwanda genocide and Jo Whiley do not come to my room by 6pm today everyone in the college (regardless of whether you ever come up the hill because you think college food is a load of guff and you'd rather stick forks in your eyes than come to another shoddy themed formal with a half-arsed representation of Mickey Mouse on the wall for which you paid £8 a ticket) will be whipped with the porter's willy until you show a bit more college spirit.

Do not be late for the formal, as we are a giant community and the lack of respect shown to your brethren is akin to paedophilia.

A minor JCR celebrity who didn't get the presidency but did get bar steward, and seems to have been around since 1973, writes:

"For an evening of homoeroticism head for the bar which will as ever be packed to the rafters with the rugby crowd waving their dicks around and singing gibberish, serving a range of at least 2 different alcoholic drinks at least one of which will be spilt on you by a fresher shoving past to what you hope will be his untimely death at the hands of Freddy Krueger."

We finally dredged the college pond at the weekend. If you've recently lost a key, a wallet, a silver necklace, a submarine or Tony Blair's sense of shame please contact me in Room 261.

Get excited, it's the informal ball next week and you know you want to come! Oh, you've slit your wrists. Bit extreme, no? Not much college spirit there!

## STUDENT NIGHT IS TUESDAY NIGHT!

Set Menu price is **£17.50** per head for a 3 course meal with a vegetarian option also.

A fun packed menu cooked Gourmet style with our molecular gastronomy and artistic cuisine signature.

**Terms and Conditions:** 1) Offer applies Tuesday Nights only

2) Please bring Student Union Card to validate this offer.

3) Pre-order required for parties of 5 or more.

[www.gourmet-spot.co.uk](http://www.gourmet-spot.co.uk) or [bookings@gourmet-spot.co.uk](mailto:bookings@gourmet-spot.co.uk)

**0191 384 6655**

## 15% Student Discount

**Terms and conditions:**

1) Offer applies Monday to Thursdays (Friday and Saturdays excluded)

2) Please bring Student Union Card to validate this offer.

3) Pre-order required for parties of 5 or more.

[gourmet-spot.co.uk](http://gourmet-spot.co.uk)

**0191 384 6655**

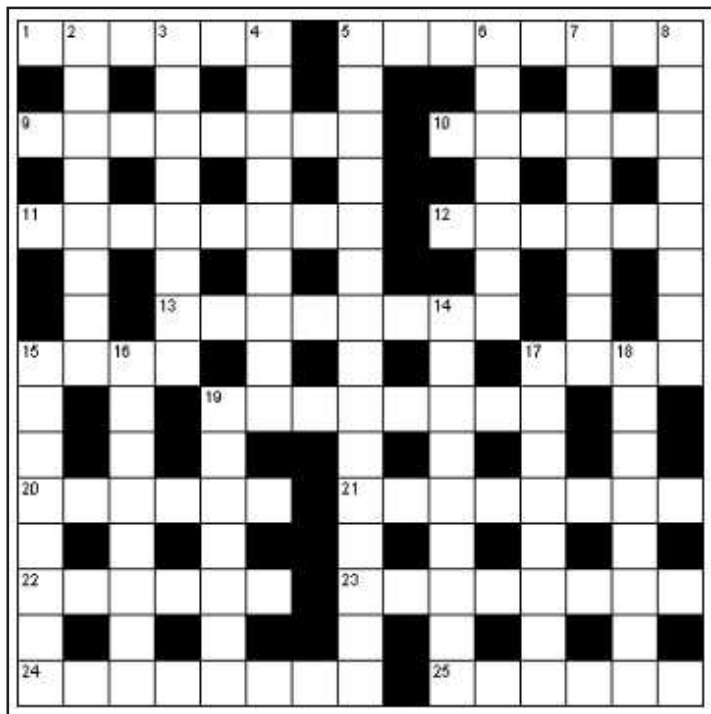
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# GOURMET GSPOT

**Durham's  
boldest  
restaurant**

**The Offer:**  
an array of quality local  
produce cooked with  
imagination, innovation  
- and huge amounts of fun

# THE MOSTLYHARMLESS CROSSWORD



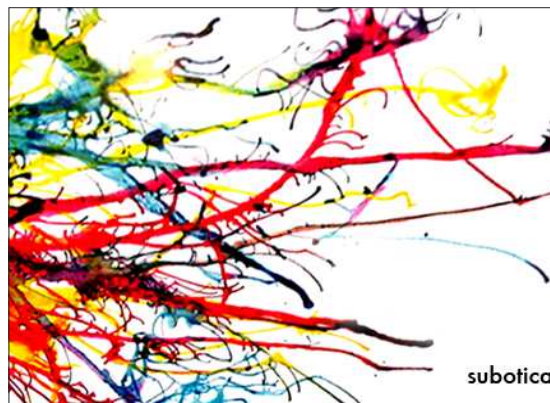
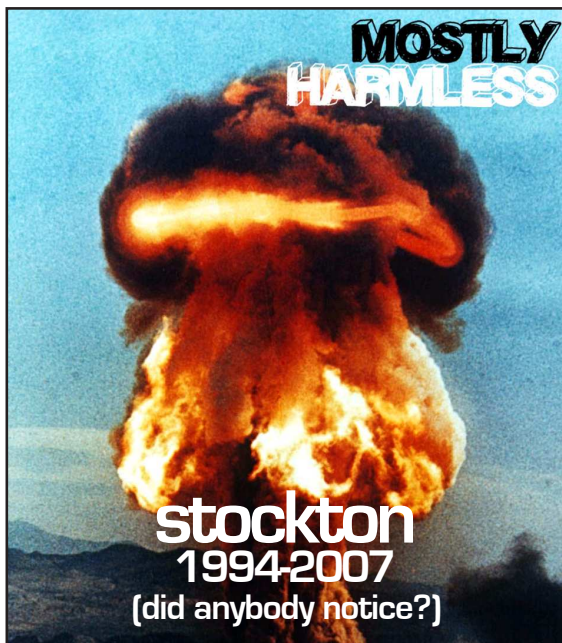
## Across:

- 1) Changing the shape of a wombat for larks (6)
- 5) A juggler, or your jugular? (8)
- 9) Michael Howard sleeps in a pigpen for lunch (8)
- 10) Half way to the moon with its cheese (6)
- 11) Not a real Jeffrey Archer novel (8)
- 13) Gary Lineker and crisps, masturbating? (8)
- 15) The fastest man in the world won't dig this spacehopper (4)
- 17) Ambiguity on the Orient Express (4)
- 19) A stationary Gulliver for once (8)
- 20) David Cameron, goat fondue accidental (6)
- 21) Brief but only briefly (8)
- 22) Second on the right next to the aubergines (6)
- 23) You must be shitting me Larry (8)
- 24) I'm a fucking carrot you fascists (8)
- 25) Goodbye and thanks for all the invertebrates (6)

## Down:

- 2) What you would normally do with an owl (8)
- 3) Legally brunette (but illegally prevaricating) (8)
- 4) Playing the fool, Rhubarb of course? (9)
- 5) A man in a hat (generally no ears) (15)
- 6) A small county for immature people (7)
- 7) Bleak cottage (Not Hard but unspeakable) (8)
- 8) Owch! That hurt, yesterday not today (8)
- 14) The feeling you get when you eat a navel orange (9)
- 15) Why don't we do it on the pavement? (8)
- 16) Sometimes this works out better than dandelions (8)
- 17) Help me! I'm not a real crossword clue. (8)
- 18) For the love of God stop this macabre charade (8)
- 19) I wish I was dead. (So does everyone) (8)

# THE FRONT PAGES THAT NEVER WERE



since the beginning...

...Nu:Tone, Pendulum, Fun Lovin' Criminals,  
Shy FX, Mary Anne Hobbs, Fabio, Grooverider,  
MC Verse, John B, Mampi Swift, MC IC3, Tayo,  
Joe Ransom, Dillinja, Stamina MC, Foreign  
Beggars, Skream, Mr Scruff, Keiretsu, Dynamix,  
Marc Roberts, Bass6, Epoc Live, Twisted SoundSystem, Hayashi,  
Quadrathonix, Cougar, Funk Ethics, Kwame, MC Ratty B, Exodus,  
Jack Sparrow, Apt Pupil, Aems MC...

...more to come

subotica.co.uk (Mr Scruff mix online!) ...nothing stands still...

