

THE TITBIT



Friday 21st February 2013
Issue 1
THE HOME OF QUOTE
FABRICATION



Trinity Hall June Event Launch Party
Hidden Rooms, Jesus Lane
8pm - Late

Trinity Hall June Event in Turmoil

With excitement for the Trinity Hall June Event at an all-time low high, The TitBit has phone-hacked its way through thickets upon thickets of misinformation and downright speculation (oh, the depravity!) to bring you - yes, you - a sneak preview of what is being billed as by far the biggest, baddest, most slumberific party of Easter Term.

After a Launch Party that *The Tab* lauded as "the best since Challenger's" and *Varsity* described as "like *Oedipus* on acid," the committee has made the most astonishing and unprecedented of U-turns. Many students were dismayed to discover that the June Event *won't* - I repeat, *won't* - actually be taking place after dark in the Jerwood library. New posters will be released on Monday. Some see this as the latest ploy

to exclude lawyers from college life. Veteran late-night-Jerwood-essay-enthusiast and first-year lawyer, George Bruce esq., was truly heart-broken. "This is discrimination, plain and simple. No one likes false advertising at the best of times, but the lawyers were under the impression that the party was coming to *us* for once. We can get pretty wild at 2pm on the second floor, you know," he claimed. "Now, I don't think I can go - what if someone steals my seat?"

The new plans for the event are still being finalised as I write, but those hoping for an 80s Cambodian thrash-rock electro-funk vibe at this year's event will almost certainly be disappointed (I know I will be). In fact, don't expect very much entertainment at all. Because early reports suggest that 2013's June Event Committee has gone 'conceptual'. The concept? A

'somnolent soirée'. Event co-ordinator and local hipster, Fred Carter, decided to release a statement on behalf of the committee to put an end to the rumours: "We're aiming to turn the 'rave' into something profound."

"When Davina told me I had to come up with the party of everyone's dreams, I knew exactly what she meant. Reality is way too mainstream these days. *This* party is what your dreams turn it into: the darkness transmogrifies our latent desires to party hard into something altogether more transcendent and yet beautifully ephemeral. It's a piece of art, and who can

put a price on that?" Expect Night Nurse on tap, and if that isn't enough to get you nodding off, the crowd-pleasing, digitally re-mastered *Songs of the Humpback Whale* (the forerunner of Dubstep, lest we forget) is bound to send you into a deep slumber. Indeed, so confident is the committee that it has generously guaranteed a refund for anyone who doesn't manage to fall asleep during the event.

It remains to be seen whether the 'concept' rave will catch on. Let's just hope that 'Before I Wake' doesn't end up giving all of us nightmares.

THIS WEEK IN THE TITBIT

TIT OF THE WEEK p.2:	MYSTIC MEDIC p.3:	beyond the bubble p.5:
--------------------------------	----------------------	---------------------------

Asbestos Fever Hits Tit Hall

There's nothing like a bit of asbestos to keep you on your toes in week five. Little attempt was made by the powers that be to conceal the arrival of the Cambridge Asbestos Removal company, whose van pulled up conspicuously beside the Latham Lawn last Wednesday morning.

Mass hysteria followed the move, whose justification is yet to have been clarified. With a degree of transparency the Vatican would envy, the college's lack of explanation has led many students to

speculate that Tit Hall is giving up asbestos for Lent.

The vans having departed on Wednesday evening, a single cabin remained for the night, surrounded by bollards and red tape. If *Breaking Bad* has taught us anything, it's never to trust a meth-lab-sized trailer.

In the interests of scare-mongering, *The TitBit* refers its readers to the expert medical analysis of Wikipedia for the health problems associated with asbestos exposure: "All types of asbestos fibers are known to cause serious health hazards in humans".

The two vans lurked uncomfortably close to M staircase.



Tit of the Week

- Dutch Courage -

The presence of friends from overseas notwithstanding, the anonymous drunken individual had been seen working since the morning of the day of February the 1st most committedly, and thus the arrival of the fourth hour of the afternoon signalled for this person the most welcome prospect of respite from this arduousness, in the form of an invitation to a local public house from the aforementioned foreign companions.

The beverages consumed summarily amalgamated in the total of four 56.8261485 centilitre measurements of

fluid for each attending individual. From said tavern, the anonymous drunken individual then meandered in the company of his two, by this point, equally intoxicated and anonymous individuals from strange lands, toward the Wychfield site. In the grips of their stupor, they intended to don the finest of formal attire, complete with gowns of sophisticatedly tailored nylon.

Later, at approximately 1900 hours, upon the enlargement of this party by the presence of another somewhat less drunk but equally anonymous individual, the

collection of a single bottle of wine of a scarlet variety by each individual was made. In Hall, the contents of these bottles were made alien to their containers within the time frame of fifteen minutes. In the ensuing half an hour, it became evident to the somewhat less drunken but equally anonymous recent addition to the party that a departure from Hall was at the very least advisable. The two anonymous drunken individuals from strange lands were encouraged to leave the premises by anonymous representatives of the institution.

continued on page 4...

Our very own frustrated Tory tells us what he'd do if he were elected JCR President...

Tory Tit

663 years is 487 years too long to endure tyranny. Ever since this illustrious college was founded, we've kowtowed to the 'Cambridge' bigwigs. Where oh where, I hear you cry, is the person who will put an end to their bullying? Where is our Jean Valjean?

In the absence of alternatives, friends, I – Gideon Masters Lionel Matheson III – shall rise to the challenge our forefathers set us, of standing up for Tit Hallers everywhere (unless you

disagree with me, in which case I bite my thumb at you, sir).

Why should Trinity Hall continue to be a member of such an un-democratic and flawed body as Cambridge University? Ridiculous! Ridunkulous! Arbitrary bumbling expression of disgust!

If an In/Out Referendum isn't promised by 2013/2014 year, I'll eat my caviar.

continued on page 3...

The Birds are Coming!

Those of you with a keen interest in horticulture may have noticed the sorry state of the lawns at Tit Hall recently. The huge patches of bare dirt, devoid of any vegetation, are a sad sight to behold. "But what can be causing it?" I hear you cry. King's lawns are notoriously pristine; we presumably have the same soil type as our lofty neighbours, and we adhere just as passionately to the law of 'no walking on the grass', and yet our lawns look like someone has attacked them with a bulldozer.

The answer is simple: the ravens. (Or at least, the large black birds which the author is not sufficiently ornithologically experienced to ascribe a species to.) They sneak onto the lawns and ruthlessly tear up the grass, out of sheer spite (or maybe in search of a snack). The solution is obvious: scarecrows must be placed on every lawn, and failing that, this author is fairly sure that raven pie will make an appearance on next week's Hall menu.

Ellen Judson



Tom Gray

The lawns have been looking frowzier than usual.

Proverbially Speaking.

一日千里 (yi ri qian li)

Literally – One day, a thousand miles

Philosophically – To advance with giant strides

There's a story behind this Chinese saying that involves horses, warfare and love, like some ancient version of Game of Thrones. Once upon a time, there was a guy called ZaoFu who was renowned for taming horses, even the wildest (hell, even Black Beauty). The Emperor came to ZaoFu one day and asked if he could drive the Emperor on a journey westwards. ZaoFu agreed and they set off. When they arrived, the Emperor fell in love and didn't want to return home. However, some time later a messenger delivered some bad news: a kingdom had rebelled. So the Emperor ordered ZaoFu to get him back home as quickly as possible. In one day, ZaoFu covered a thousand miles – hence the proverb. Within two days, the dynamic duo were back in business, crushing the rebels.

This isn't just an antique saying. At Cambridge, we may not have the bloodshed or the horses, but it can still strike a chord. Our terms are short but intense; in the space of one day, we delve a thousand miles further into our subjects. We advance with giant strides through challenging topics, heavy workloads and innumerable Vivas, and – better than that – we somehow manage to survive. So when you feel completely snowed under with work, peeking out from under piles of notes and papers and essays, don't panic. It's not impossible. You can do it – each piece of work done is a giant stride towards freedom/happiness/Fez. So keep going; we're striding towards the holidays as we speak!

Kelsey Long-Parsons

Tory Tit

continued from page 2...

Just look at the legitimate and reliable poll I did when I asked people if they wanted a

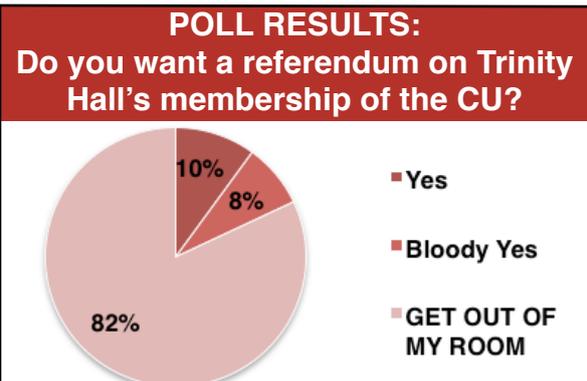
referendum. An overwhelming majority of 18 per cent of Trinity Hall students want the college to distance itself from the bureaucratic demagoguery of this university.

Join me, and throw off the shackles of this sovereignty-denying, economy-stifling, leftie-leaning, dictator-upholding agglomeration of nobodies!

So vote for the Trinity Hall Independence Coalition for Knowledgeable Students next term. A vote for the THICKS is a vote for freedom!

Yours ever truthfully,

Gideon Masters Lionel Matheson III,
A Frustrated Tory



Bell Tower
@BellTower2K13

“Superbowl halftime show: Beyoncé or @HumzaHamid?”

“A beautiful day and I'm already getting papped by a Japanese man with a long-lens DLR #feelingsexyandfree.”

Mystic Medic



Our resident sibyl (not the one from Fawlty Towers) presents a lucky few with their horoscope for the week ahead...

CompSci

Those long hours of attempted eye contact across the Jerwood have finally paid off; it's time to make your move. You've never actually spoken to her, but you *did* use your impressive hacking skills to find out the name of her goldfish – who wouldn't, right? With Valentine's Day having come and gone, rest assured that she'll be highly aroused by your small talk about the superiority of Linux over Windows. Throw in a few Star Wars quotes for extra hubba-hubba.

Land Economy

When musing over the Land Economists' fate my crystal ball turned cloudy and my tea leaves wilted. The signs were about as clear as mud, and I was unable to make any clear predictions for the coming week, largely because I still haven't the faintest idea what Land Economy is.

Philosophy

Would you care to know what this week has in store, dearest philosophy student? Or do you wonder how epistemologically feasible fortune telling is? More importantly, will you *ever* stop asking such paradoxically oxymoronic questions? The tea leaves say you're screwed. How do you like me now, bitch?

Procrastinators

Sadly, this week looks to be just as unproductive for you as the last, despite that colour-coded timetable you stuck on your notice board and pretended to follow. Ten minutes into work and you'll be making excuses to do your laundry or trawl through the swathes of junk that have been accumulating in your Hermes inbox ever since you thought it was a good idea to sign up to the Tiddlywinks Society mailing list. Hell, you're even reading this paper. Shouldn't you be doing something more productive?

a view from the bell tower

“Oh great, ‘Happy Birthday’ resounding within hall for formal. Insider view: the novelty wears off after about 200 years.”

“Malcolm's organised another inter-collegiate 5-a-side porters match to be played on Latham Lawn. Such gaiety, such grace, such #geriatrighijinks.”

“Must've been staring at that sculpture outside the Master's Lodge for too long... it's starting to make sense #dafukisdat?”

Luke Sumner & Ciara Berry

I'm Middle Class - Get Me Out of Here!

Self-professed beetroot fanatic and serial avocado-muncher, Keval Shah, takes a biting stance on meals in Hall...

Banana, carrot and chick pea salad? Venison jambalaya? Turkey stroganoff? Now - don't get me wrong - I'm all for having new experiences whilst at Tit Hall, and culinary adventures are certainly part of that. But there's a limit, isn't there? I'm not saying I'm posh,

but I just happen to be a fan of *pommes dauphinoise*. And whilst I'm no expert on the regional variations of salad, the last time I checked, cold chick pea curry rarely featured. I wouldn't serve that to my butler.

Of course, it's not all doom and gloom in the salad department - the eagle-eyed amongst you will have noticed that the kitchens have recently invested in deceptively enticing black salad

bowls. One time too many have I found myself staring longingly into the cucumber pot, convincing myself that it looks that bit more appetising. But be not fooled, comrades - the olives are as tasteless as they were in week one, the lettuce has been sitting in the same water since records began and as for the selection of fruit, don't even get me started: rock hard melon and soggy grapes are never 'in season'. I could go on (and

believe me I will) but my word limit is running thin, and my patience with the culinary delights of our Hall beginning to wear.

Next time, I'll talk mince-pie-crumble, banoffee pie without the banana, and the ever popular Myocardial Monday. You wouldn't want to miss out (well...).

Keval Shah

Tit of the Week

continued from page 2...

Later, at approximately 1900 hours, upon the enlargement of this party by the presence of another somewhat less drunk but equally anonymous individual, the collection of a single bottle of wine of a scarlet variety by each individual was made. In Hall, the contents of these bottles were made alien to their containers within the time frame of fifteen minutes. In the ensuing half an hour, it became evident to the somewhat less drunken but equally anonymous recent addition to the party that a departure from Hall was at the very least advisable. The two anonymous drunken individuals from strange lands were encouraged to leave the premises by anonymous representatives of the institution.

Following a grace period of approximately two hours, with the anonymous drunken individual deep within the grips of somnambulance, the first of the two anonymous drunken individuals from strange lands

was returned to college in police custody, on account of having sallied into the path of an oncoming automotive vehicle, and being incapable of expressing anything other than their previous location. The second of these two anonymous drunken individuals from strange lands was also then encouraged to return to college in order that their proposed and necessary requirement of de-intoxication be accommodated for. They were summarily directed towards another college at which a friend of the somewhat less drunken anonymous individual might provide this accommodation. The initial anonymous drunken individual was liberated from the depths of slumber at precisely midnight, and escorted home to Wychfield. He was off his tits. He behaved a tit. Lo, unto us a tit is known.

Will Neal



Unfortunately, the new bowls haven't heralded a revolution in the canteen's salad bar.



Breakfast remains as unpopular as ever.

Tom Gray

ADVERTISEMENT

TRINITY HALL VACANCY: EXORCIST (part-time)

Trinity Hall's Maintenance Department is seeking a dynamic, discreet, well-qualified EXORCIST to join our team on a part-time basis.

The right candidate will have direct experience of poltergeist management, as well as proven skills in negotiating with the undead. Essential qualifications include a diploma in Telepathy (Grade II or higher) and the ability to speak in tongues to a conversational standard.

Holy water and sacrificial goats will be provided, but unfortunately transport costs cannot be covered.

To apply, please contact our Inhuman Resources Department.

THE TITBIT

PROUD SPONSOR OF JOSEPH RATZINGER'S LATEST VENTURE...

Toasties 4 Toddlers



aBroad Perspective

It's day 91 in this place, which the natives have dubbed 'Cambridge'. Local rituals and behaviours no longer seem as bizarre as they used to. The lawns, brunch, and the bin guy are lovely. Excessive politeness is still a bit scary, but also sweet. I no longer get a mini heart attack every Wednesday when fire alarms are tested and have learned to keep my eye out for kamikaze pigeons flying around The Grafton, aiming for my head. It is, however, still beyond me why this country is incapable of merging hot and cold taps together. Maintaining basic hygiene is now a perilous task, as I can choose either to unleash the fiery pits of Mordor onto my hands, or the equally unappealing blizzards of Siberia. But I guess it's something to have at least a choice of nightmares. People of Britain can keep their sterling and can continue to drive on the wrong side of the road for all I care, but separate taps just get up in my grill.

Nena Lejko

beyond the bubble

~ NATIONAL ~

The UK Parliament passed legislation to legalise gay marriage with a significant majority. The bill, supported by David Cameron, was not approved by most Conservative MPs. The changes will allow homosexuals to marry in all non-religious institutions and most religious institutions that consent.

Argentina's Foreign Minister announced that he aims to have the Falkland Islands under his control within 20 years. The interests, but not the desires, of the residents will be taken into account. A referendum which takes place next month is expected to result in a positive vote for the islands to remain a British overseas territory.

Tesco were recently revealed to have used horse meat in some of their food products. The Private Member's Bill introduced by ASDA to further regulate the use of unusual animals in produce has met with a unanimous 'neigh' vote in Parliament.

Al-Qaeda have successfully smuggled the county of Wiltshire out of Great Britain. The county is being held at ransom in an unspecified location in the Middle East. Downing Street has announced it will use the extra space to grow leeks.

~ INTERNATIONAL ~

Paris has said that its troops will leave Mali next month, after the successful removal of Jihadists and allied rebels from the north of the country. In response to suggestions that this might be the 'next Afghanistan', power is swiftly being handed back to African peacekeepers who act under the UN's authority.

Abbottabad, the Pakistani army town where Osama bin Laden was found and killed, has taken significant measures to change its public image through the introduction of an amusement park. Ladbrokes are offering 2/1 odds on it being called 'Osama bin Laughin'.

Barack Obama has proposed the postponement of the next set of automatic spending cuts by passing an alternative piece of legislation with weaker austerity measures on public services. This was met by a strong negative response from Republicans in Cabinet and, at the time of writing, an agreement has not been reached.

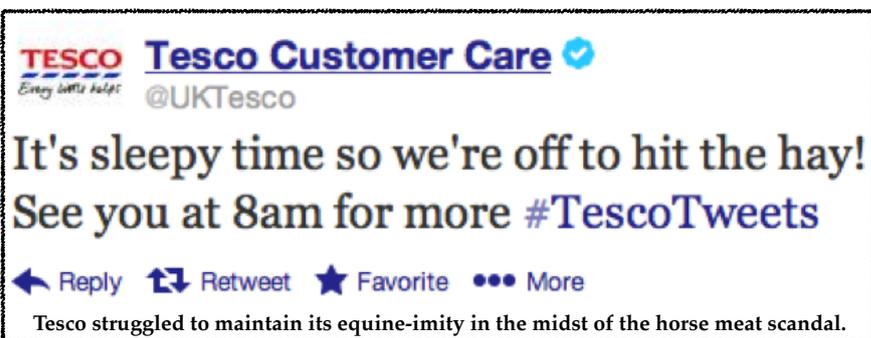
~ MISCELLANEOUS ~

Pianist Richard Clayderman has been encouraging Galapagos tortoises to mate by playing romantic ballads to them. The seductive songs are being played to a 70-year-old male, Dirk, and his 17 and 13-year-old female companions. Apparently, neither Justin Bieber nor One Direction have featured in his set-list.

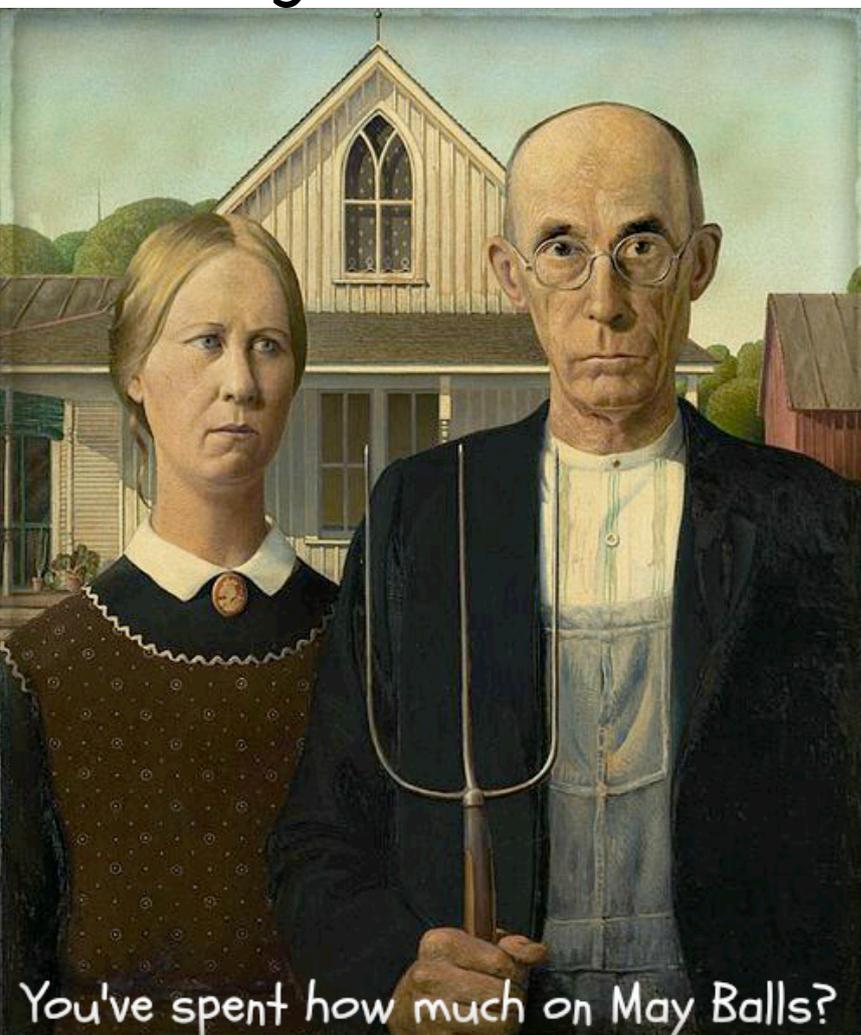
Beyoncé has admitted to miming the national anthem at President Obama's inauguration. Responding to criticism about her authenticity from celebrities such as Britney Spears and Jedward, Mrs Carter released this statement: "Halo everyone, I recognise that the opportunity to sing before the President, with whom I am crazy in love, was irreplaceable. If I were a boy, or still a single lady, I might have had the time to rehearse, but I simply couldn't check on it."

Adele will be returning to the stage with a third album, '24', based on her experiences as a new mother. Rumoured song titles include 'Rolling in the Crib', 'Changing Nappies', 'Chasing Children' and 'Set Fire to the Milk'.

Akshay Karia



On seeing this term's bill...





Football

Homerton 2nd XI 0
Trinity Hall 1st XI 4

Our football correspondent, Unjustified O'Pinion, was at the game...

As the Trinity Hall taxis swung into Homerton, the neutral observer could have been forgiven for putting his money squarely on a home win: two

wingers on debut for the visitors, the first-choice keeper absent, and a centre-back pairing whose gym visits for the week numbered zero.

How wrong they would have been. Matty Willett and Shudong Li turned in accomplished displays on the flanks and Dan Bowen was

tidy in goal. They were outshone by the scorers Elliot Bath, whose free-kick was a contender for goal of the season, and Gus Lewis, who managed somehow to score with his chest. The win puts the college in second place with Darwin up next.

Nick Hands

the titbit

creative



Possessions

by Connie Vaughan

I want to make this town my own.
Walking down the tree-lined path
I stop to pluck a lilac bud and drop
It further along; it is there because I left it.
I catch the scent of the workmen
on that corner, and mark the days
they've been invading, with notches
on a lamppost beside the drills.
I trace the shape of the ticket machine
as I walk past it every day,
predicting each curve – not one inch
will surprise my hand as I brush past.
I watch the sky as I walk, sometimes,
thrilling in a fixation above my head
following clouds with my eyes.
I walk, not even looking at the town,
not seeing the purple flower,
Not needing to stop
or to look down.

Poetry Corner

with
Magdalena Slash



Word alchemist, self-styled 'answer to self-referential modesty' and our very own resident poet.

Read. Digest. Be.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE LATHAM LAWN

Promenade all over me;
Penetrate my argillaceous façade, roughly.
Then gently.

Run roughshod over the molehills of my dreams,
Mince me on the filthy canvas of your espadrilles,
Then devour me –

Like goulash.

Score me, gore me, churn me, spurn me;
Only let me linger in the foyer of your forethought –
Then leave me.

I will rise again,
Like a basilisk from the cave of unsubtle double-entendre;
Then wait

To be mown.

What's My Name?

Identify the following freshers using just your brains.

(1)



(2)

