

THE TITBIT



Friday 26th April 2013
Issue 3
THIS TIME, IT'S PERSONAL...

FREE
FROM STATE REGULATION
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

WE MEET AGAIN.

Bamos in Dalai Lama Fiasco



He looks a bit young for a Dalai Lama...

I swear I've seen him around here before...

Ruth Manson

This week, in a frenzied last gasp at encouraging revision success, Dr Bampos - robed and bespectacled - attempted his most ostentatious study support scheme yet: a fully fledged impersonation of the Dalai Lama. The logic was sound. What better way to satiate the spiritual appetite of overworked students than with the warm smile and wholesome advice that such a guise could offer?

Staff had been briefed and no expense had been spared on holy security services. The costume had, after all, taken years to prepare. This was to be a form of pastoral

encouragement as divine in execution as in content. Messages of "a warm heart" and an acute appreciation of "wisdom" were received with the expected rapture; students were instantly imbued with a deep sense of calm.

Yet within the seeds of such success lay the operation's downfall. For if Bampos' observance of the Dalai Lama's mannerisms appeared to border on fetishisation in their accuracy, it owed much to the Senior Tutor's recently diagnosed OCDLD - Obsessive Compulsive Dalai Lama Disorder.

The endeavour was exposed later that day as the Master made an alarming public statement. Although complicit and therefore placed in a moral Dalai-lemma, he asserted that the operation had "gone too far". It transpired Bampos had come to believe himself to be the 15th reincarnation of the Dalai Lama.

The experiment has naturally been terminated. However,

according to sources within Trinity Hall Porters' Lodge, Dr Bampos' location is currently unknown. National media is calling into dispute the identity of the supposed 'Dalai Lama' who was called into speak at St John's College on the 19th April and encourage public cooperation in discovering the whereabouts of Trinity Hall's Senior Tutor.

THIS WEEK IN THE TITBIT

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Riduckulous!

As exam term sets in, it seems that Trinity Hall's resident ducks are getting louder. Yes, our wading friends have begun to up the ante by quacking their hearts out. Rising to 140 decibels, it's becoming hard to deny that the situation is getting out of hand. This week, the noises have disrupted students who flocked to work in the Jerwood Library immediately after the Easter break.

Our Library Correspondent, Professor P. King, explained: "Hours of procrastination have been ruined by the sound of the ducks from the quack of dawn.

Some students are beginning to cry fowl, accusing the college of ducking responsibility. One first-year student noted that they could hardly be expected to 'wing it' for their exams."

The college had - until now - done little about the quackers, citing poultry evidence as their reason for inaction. But information has recently been leaked that the Master plans to deal with the problem by handing out free ear muffs to every student. It remains to be seen whether or not this innovative solution will fit the bill.



The ducks could well be punished for using the Latham Lawn as a path.



organised fun

Entertainment will not be put on hold for Easter term!

With two Vivas and two Superhalls to keep you going, and two massive college based events to round the year off, there's plenty to be excited about.

The first Superhall celebrates everything British, and one week later we go back in time for Romans & Greeks Viva (I know you're all dying to wear a toga - other inventive ideas welcomed).

Dress up all fancy-like for 1920s Superhall and round off the term preparing for summer with some Caribbean cocktails at Final Viva!

Garden Party is the big one on Suicide Sunday; Pimms, Music, Games, Sun, Drinks, Fun, Booze, Chilling, Drinks.

Garden Party Tickets on sale from Friday 26th April. See JCR Website or visit Tit Hall Ents on Facebook for details!

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

M&S fiend and microwave meal virgin, Keval Shah, takes another nibble at meals in Hall...

Greetings Tit Hallers, and welcome back to college after what I can only imagine was a gastronomically satisfying vacation. I am pleased to say that the several hours I spent evading revision by dreaming of what culinary delights could be offered this term have been richly rewarded - Hall is now publicly advertising its offerings as well below-par, thus saving me some heart ache (until Myocardial Monday, at least) and giving me some inspiration for my column.

For those of you who haven't yet checked the menus for upcoming formals, I must draw your attention to 'Burnt English cream with home-made shortbread'. It seems

the kitchen staff have given up even trying not to overcook their food. From now on, don't be surprised to find the words 'burnt' or 'totally overdone' before every meal (especially the green beans - you've been warned).

With the pressure mounting as exams draw ever closer, the naive fresher in me hopes that the chefs will be sympathetic, and attempt to produce more appealing and nourishing food to keep us all sane.

Sadly, I think I know where my priorities will lie this term. Whilst many of you slave over books on soil mechanics (trust me, they exist), I'll be frequenting the aisles of M&S, where food isn't all burnt and - when it is - at least they put it in French to make it sound legit.

Keval Shah

beyond the bubble

~ NORTH KOREA SPECIAL ~

North Korea has recently declared a state of war with South Korea and threatened the USA with the same. Prudently, on Newsnight, Jeremy Paxman spoke of the world's terror at the "fat little man in a boiler suit" who could press the big red button labelled "Armageddon". Here is The TitBit's summary of events, including some never-before-seen images of the little rascal:



After declaring war on the South, the DPRK's state news agency released videos of Kim Jong Un shooting guns and attending a concert - signs of the North's military prowess and cultural fabulousness respectively.

On 11th April, the North announced that its planned missile test would not go ahead because of "problems with Windows 8". They later announced their desire to switch to Apple Macs and iNukes.

Monday 15th saw the country commemorate the 101st birthday of its eternal leader. Their present leader said in his speech: "Don't Kim Jong Underestimate me! I'm ready."

Akshay Karia

Permission to Procrastinate

Many words feature in a Cambridge student's day to day vocabulary, but few crop up quite as frequently as that darling of dilly-dallying, Mark Zuckerberg's best friend: procrastination.

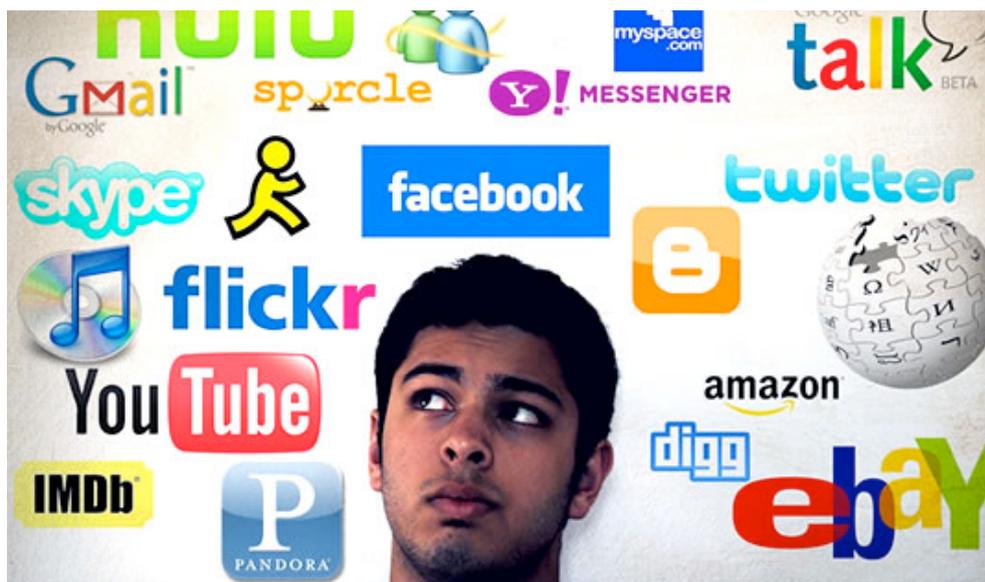
You sit there at the beginning of the holidays. You set out with the greatest of intentions: revision from day one; a thorough inspection of lecture notes; even an essay plan or two. But you know full well that your efforts are inevitably futile.

We love returning home: not only does the mere thought of it bring associations of mum's great cooking (anything beats Saturday pizza slabs) and a warm, comfortable bed with fully functioning springs, but it also induces some - let's face it - well-earned laziness.

If only it were as easy as, in the words of our supreme leader, "making a cup of tea, taking a stroll down to the river, and going through past Tripos papers".

It's all very well, Mr Dr Bampos, sir, saying that it doesn't really matter whether we get a 1st, 2:ii or a 2:ii (a 3rd apparently involves some sort of meeting), but the reality is that we're all paranoid, mildly psychotic, borderline bipolar workaholics with an intense fear of failure. And no amount of herbal tea can fix that.

So when you find yourself "taking a break" from revision, don't get downhearted: remember that you are working for yourself, and that, though it's probably less academically rewarding, the internet is at least jolly good fun.



Putting the 'pro' in procrastination

A Day in the Life of a JCR Member

Those present were: Well, I'm not sure of all their names. I recognised a few of them. Some brought notepads.

The meeting began at 18.04 on the 19th April 2013.

Points discussed:

JCR Webpage

Now looks far too professional. Webmaster will need to bring back the traditional issue of page scrolling to bring back some of the website's rustic charm.

TV in the JCR

Has anybody found the remote? No. Fine, let's just get Sky TV. It probably costs less than ordering a new one.

Portraits

Should the JCR president have her portrait put up in Hall? The general consensus is that an oil painting or a sculpture in the Late Romanesque style would be most appropriate.

Healthy Eating in Exam Term

A suggestion to replace the donuts given out in Easter term with a healthier option.

A heated row ensues. Upon the utterance of 'nobody gives a damn about couscous when they've been revising for 46 hours straight', two committee members leave and one breaks down into tears. The general consensus is that we should just call it quits.

The meeting ended at 23.37 on the 20th April 2013.

This meeting was sponsored by dCro™, the "surprisingly delicious" drink for all the family.



Chapel
@Evensong

“Fantastic turnout for tonight’s evensong #threesacrowd”

“The Dean forgets the Lord’s Prayer. Again. #forgivehimthissin”

“Gothic noise pollution or @CharlieHubbard? #AveryCourtproblems”

“Had a sermon all prepared. But recent events forced me to altar it #punny”

“Trinity Hall Chapel just referred to by visitors as ‘cute’ #sizematters”

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the titbit

creative



Pelias and Thetis

Connie Vaughan

‘I am yours.’ She said,
Writhing away from his fingertips
as he scrambled for skin to cling to,
And sinks her claws
Into the arms bound tight.

Fight piled upon fight,
building up barricades
high in her heart.

It’s not the fear of capture
That twists in her soul
But the fear of the break,
Of standing alone.

Proverbially Speaking.

好久不见
Hao Jiu Bu Jian
Long time no see

With our return to the bubble, there will be the inevitable exchanges around Cambridge of - “How was your holiday?” “Good!” “What did you do?” “Nothing!” “How much work did you do?” “Not enough!”. All of which are said with the same grimace that accompanies every reminder of one’s own incompetence. There will also inevitably be the odd exclamation of “Long time no see!” echoing around the streets of this beautiful city.

Most people think nothing of the phrase, but it is actually from the Chinese language (but notably, it existed in the American Indian language too). The phrase literally means ‘very long time not see’ and was used in a kind of pigeon Chinese (think stereotypical Kung Fu movie language). It was most likely picked up by merchants or spread by Chinese immigrants, and consequently lodged itself in the ‘everyday expressions’ of British and American English guidebooks.

Unfortunately, there doesn’t seem to be a motivational tale behind this saying but it is in itself inspiring – it’s been a long time since we all saw each other and it may be a long time, perhaps not until after exams are over, until many of our friends re-emerge from the depths of the Jerwood.

So when you’re concerned that your neighbour has been crushed under a collapsing pile of revision notes and textbooks, make them a cup of tea and say a cheery ‘Long time no see!’ We need to stick together through these dark times and once the storm of exams is over, the next time we’ll be saying ‘Long time no see’ is at the start of Michaelmas!

Kelsey Long-Parsons



Poetry Corner with Magdalena Slash

Our resident poet, Magdalena Slash, is back again after her Easter blimp trip to Abuja with a piece she is scheduled to perform live at Superdrug next month, in homage to the great Chinua Achebe. Book early to avoid disappointment.

PHONE-HACK MY FAECES

Leveson, Leveson, will you be my wife?
Hack me to hell, bitches; my faeces made to squeal
By one Sharp prong! I shoot you with the gastric nectar
Umbilical – and out leaks Gü, impurpled, impotent.

Leveson, Leveson, will you be my wife?
Curdle my champagne into a sour cheddar-heap,
Behind the bike-sheds. Clegg me all over;
Resistance-laden with futility in the glen of misericord.

Leveson, Leveson, will you be my wife?
Underpin my statutes with your jam-fingers,
Udder-rubbing with those money-grubbing heathens:
Shadow chance-sellers of their exchequers. Balls (with no ‘eds).

Leveson, Leveson, will you be my wife?
Make Virtue self-cloistering, that she can but
Pirouette gently on her eucalyptus legs, purring.
Heaven is a pentagon, but we are four-sided.

Alas!