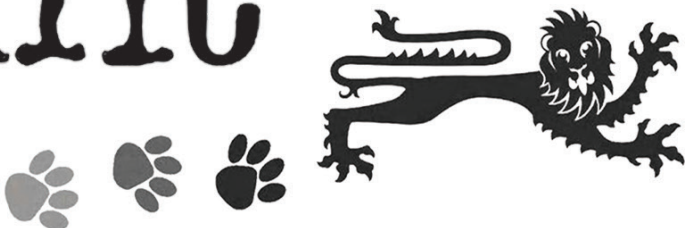


the poor print

Issue 2 - Trinity 2013



BIG NAME IN COLLEGE

?

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GOING ON OXHOLIDAY

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A VERY SPECIAL GUEST

NIAMH GORDON ON OUR MONARCH'S VISIT



The magnificent hat in all its glory

Unless you've been hiding under a rock for the past month (and with Finals stress manifesting itself in unusual ways across different people that's not too improbable) you'll have noticed that over Easter Vac Oriel had a couple of very special visitors - and I'm not talking about the ducks. That's right, HM Queen Elizabeth II, along with Prince Philip, graced our humble college once more. As the oldest Oxford college officially established by a monarch (cheers Ed II) the continuing tradition is for the official college visitor to be the current reigning monarch, which, for the last sixty one years, has been Liz. She's

visited numerous times in the past (there's a great picture from around 50 years ago where she's mid stand-off with the college tortoise) and the occasion this time was

Prince Philip even managed to crack some jokes; upon meeting Finalists who'd stayed over Vac, he commented, "I suppose you're the dim ones then"

for a lunch at High Table. After delivering the Maundy money at Christchurch she popped in. According to the college

website, "The menu for the day was: Tartar of Cornish Mackerel with horseradish and beetroot, Buckleberry Estate Venison, crushed sprouts (or Savoy cabbage), with a wild mushroom and sloe gin sauce, and Marmalade sponge pudding with English custard." Sounds like a slight step up from beige soup and cream in bowl. Her maj was then led out into first quad where throngs of cold and slightly excitable students and staff of the college waited to see her; a meet and greet with representatives of the JCR and MCR followed. Prince Philip even managed to crack some jokes (upon meeting Finalists who'd stayed over Vac to revise, he commented, "I suppose you're the dim ones then"). Overall the whole thing was slightly surreal; on a chilly March afternoon breaking from the library only for the real life bloody Queen to parade past made me reflect on the whole occasion. I've never been particularly bothered about the existence of the Royal family, and Oriel's extensive affiliation with the monarchy was something I hadn't really considered. I wondered if the Queen's visit might arouse interesting socio-political opinions in the student body, and set about searching for opinions. Armed with a very neutral, "What did you think about the Queen's visit?" these are the responses I got:

"She had a great hat, it was really streamlined. No seriously, look at the picture."
"Not arsed either way really."
"Good...well actually, mediocre...well I wasn't there actually."
"Absolutely loved it. God save the Queen."
"I am extremely indifferent."
"Wasn't worth the train fare."

A radical and politicised JCR we remain.

TIME TO THROW IN THE TOWEL

MAIRE WATSON'S TAKE ON
THE MOONCUP

One of my favourite days is PHS bin collection day. The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and people are awkwardly shifting their glance away from the neat row of sanitary waste bins that line our quadrangles. As human civilization has advanced, so has the development of sanitary protection and its disposal. Unfortunately, we are perhaps more prudish than some people were in the past. In some medieval cultures menstrual blood was almost a panacea, used to cure all manner of ills - from gout to leprosy. It was even thought to ward off certain demons. Perhaps this is a little far. But we should celebrate menstruation, especially the most recent development in sanitary protection. Behold the Mooncup, designed to make menstruation 'more positive, healthy and eco-friendly'. Sneer not, the reusable tampon could be the future of sanitary protection. Period. I particularly like the name: it reminds women of their unity with nature, especially the turning of the tides. The average woman will use roughly 15,000 tampons or sanitary towels in her lifetime. Picture an idyllic English countryside with babbling brook and lambs a-frolicking. And picture right next to it a landfill, piled high with the bloody, putrefied remains of the female uterus. Well actually, sanitary waste is usually incinerated and PHS are doing a lot to reduce the carbon emissions produced by waste disposal, but the Mooncup can do a lot more to help the environment. If you're worried that it would turn you into that kid at school who smells of hemp and has humus and carrots in your lunchbox, and not the Dairylea lunchables that you begged your mum for, fear not. The Mooncup is trendy and sophisticated. It's the menstrual equivalent to Dairylea dunkers, or even a Müller Corner. On a more serious note, if anyone is interested in a Mooncup, I thoroughly recommend the Mooncup website. Fun and informative, it provides advice, testimonials and even a rap battle video clip between the tampon and the Mooncup - for all you music lovers out there.

'Funny - one period it takes 22 of you
To do the same thing that one of us can do
A few months: what we both cost is identical,
But we ain't got no additives and we ain't got no chemicals'

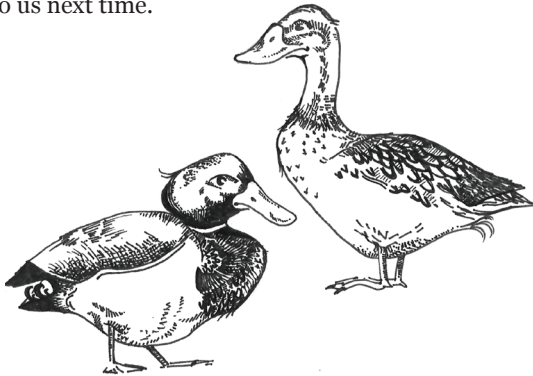
Leading manufacturer Proctor & Gamble, owners of leading products 'Tampax' and 'Always', made net sales of £7.6 billion last year.

WRITE FOR THE POOR PRINT

A Haiku.

Can you read and write?
Know a bit about some things?
'Ply to us next time.

Eds.



A MAY MORNING

ZIZZY LUGG-
WILLIAMS CONSIDERS
THE TRADITIONS OF
MAY DAY IN OXFORD

In Oxford, we undertake many peculiarities in the name of tradition. Whilst friends at other universities never really understand why their Hist Soc social consists of a pub crawl in matching t-shirts, while yours consists of snuff and port, it's hard not to love every bizarre, archaic, antiquated minute. However, the traditions can get over-indulgent. It's easy to get caught up in it all, but walk through Cornmarket in full sub-fusc, and (in spite of the wondrous gaze of many a tourist) you're suddenly confronted with a realisation: whilst we enjoy being part of a long proud history, this dogged devotion to tradition is actually a mass invasion into the lives of the real people of Oxford. It's a reminder that we aren't part of the real Oxford, but of the strange bubble that exists within and alongside the city. This Mayday, for the first time since being here, I felt part of Oxford as a city, not as a university: standing on Magdalen Bridge welcoming in the spring, young and



old together.

I spent my evening in the infamous Hi-Lo Jamaican Eating House on Cowley Road: the former stomping-ground of our current Prime Minister and by far one of the most unconventional places I've visited

It was difficult to tell who was town and who was gown, and that was the beauty of it

here. The owner, Andy, is a force of nature: a semi-mythical creature with a wizened face and a long, dreadlocked beard, who

continuously bestowed free drinks, including half a bottle of rum (much to the annoyance of his wife). It was clear that everyone in Hi-Lo was waiting for the same moment; the fabled singing from Magdalen Tower. Walking to the Bridge, flanked by all types of Oxford life, I felt a swelling sense of pride in our traditions, in knowing that so many before me had walked the same steps. And this was no longer such an insular and localised tradition; we weren't holed up in our colleges, protecting the rituals of an Oxford that relates only to the few who pass through. We were partaking in a celebration that brings the two sides of Oxford together. It was difficult to tell who was town and who was gown, and that was the beauty of it: the old hippies looking like druids, the multitude of people in black tie, the girls still in last night's heels. All turned towards one spot and heard at the same time, just as they have done for centuries, the peals of the Hymnus Eucharisticus breaking through the May sunrise. Yes, the prayers were directed to the University, but they also asked for the blessing of the town: the life force that sustains Oxford and makes it such an amazing place in which to live. In this tradition, I truly felt a valid part of Oxford: past, present, and future.

A MALAYSIAN SPRING?

ON THE 5TH OF MAY, MALAYSIA WENT TO THE POLLS IN A GENERAL ELECTION DESCRIBED AS A ‘BATTLE FOR THE SOUL OF THE NATION’. JIAN EU PROVIDES HIS ANALYSIS OF THE SITUATION

Malaysia’s shifting political waters make it difficult to discern the horizon. The incumbent party, Barisan Nasional’s (National Front), has made up the coalition that has ruled Malaysia since the nation’s independence from Britain 56 years ago. But the Pakatan Rakyat party (People’s Pact) has seen such great increases in its popularity that this was the closest election since Malaysia’s independence.

This is why. The earth has been shifting slowly but surely under Barisan Nasional’s feet. In the 2008 elections, it lost its two-thirds parliamentary majority. This election, the number of seats it holds in the lower house of parliament has fallen from 140 to 133. This win will hopefully be its last.

No empire, no regime, no dictator, lasts forever, but what is striking is the rapidity with which they crumble. The year 2010 saw the blossoming of an Arab Spring that toppled regimes with breathtaking speed. In Egypt, Hosni Mubarak was ousted 17 days after the mass protests began.

Barisan Nasional now struggles to escape the perception that it merely serves the political elite

These shifts, when they came, were sudden. But no great shift materialises out of thin air. The countries swept up by the Arab Spring did see significant economic growth, but it was endemic poverty and corruption that sparked the demonstrations. The Malaysian economy has grown in recent years, marking real GDP growth of 5.1 per cent in 2012 and an expected 5.0



per cent in 2013 according to the World Bank. Yet, the 2004 UN Human Development report lists Malaysia as having the highest income disparity in South-east Asia. Barisan Nasional now struggles to escape the perception that it merely serves the political elite.

Malaysia has seen the rise of an underground press. Literacy rates have climbed. Internet penetration in Malaysia has jumped to 60 per cent in less than 15 years. In 2010, Time magazine reported that Malaysians were the most cyber sociable people in the world. More people than ever before have access to media independent from the state controlled mainstream.

Unlike in China, the internet, for the most part, is free. Scandal after scandal has been exposed; from police abuse at rallies, to the Global Witness exposé on the corruption of former Finance Minister

Tan Sri Taib Mahmud. Alternative news sources provide a thriving arena of free press undermining Barisan Nasional’s power.

Now, Barisan Nasional has realised the importance of harnessing social media. They have begun blogging, tweeting, and publishing YouTube videos: a charm campaign unlikely to win over Malaysia’s on-line demographic of urbanised youth, and instead largely seen as a cynical ploy.

Pakatan Rakyat ran on a campaign of hope, change and an end to corruption. In terms of a national popular vote, Pakatan Rakyat would almost certainly have won. However gerrymandering of constituency boundaries, and by many reports, widespread corruption and fraud, have thwarted a Pakatan victory. But if this momentum continues to grow, they needn’t fear a similar fate at the next election.

MORALS AND MOLARS



ADAM GOLDTHORPE ON FOOTBALL’S DEPRESSINGLY PREDICTABLE REACTION TO LUIS SUÁREZ

Football, particularly the English Premier League, courts controversy. Arguably it has to; it justifies the column-inches, the attention, and the money. It’s an essential part of the finely-tuned marketing colossus that is the football hype-machine.

The sport survives in this way. By itself this can be dismissed as merely another entity sadly succumbing to the need to commercialise and compete. The issue is the environment this creates: a place where moralistic fury reigns supreme and reaction is everything.

In simple terms, the more football relies on controversy, the deader the game feels. It’s akin to returning home and finding a sterilised temple to ultra-hygiene: it’s still fundamentally the same, but the particular idiosyncrasies that made it relatable are gone. You feel out of place, too unclean amongst bland, clinical white surfaces. The sport has become humourless: the authorities are particularly thin-skinned medieval noblemen, caricatures, taking every jest as an affront, meeting every insult with a sword, and the players are hardly better.

The most recent controversy to engulf the Liverpool striker Luis Suárez is testament to this. To be clear: this is not an apologist’s account -- no attempt will be made to absolve him of blame. Biting the Chelsea defender, Branislav Ivanovic, on the arm during the course of play is plainly unacceptable and deserving of punishment. A toddler yet to adjust to either its teeth or morality is rightly reprimanded for biting and so a grown man obviously should be.

Passion is an essential ingredient for any sport, but when that zeal smothers any semblance of proportionality, something is seriously wrong

The issue is with the reaction to Suárez’s unsporting behaviour. The ten-game ban? Fine: this is his second sanction for biting after his seven-match ban for the same offence in the Dutch Eredivisie in 2011. The aspersions on his (admittedly flawed) character? The suggestions he should never play again? Not so fine, and in fact a dangerous over-simplification of how footballing authorities should react to such incidents.

What football needed was a rational response imbued with perspective. Surprisingly the FA managed that in a way they failed to with previous prolonged and inconsistent racism charges against both Suárez and Terry. Outside of them, though, football has gone into meltdown; fuelled by faux-outrage and trenchant tribalism, and illustrated most startlingly by Prime Minister David Cameron’s intervention, calling for a tough punishment for an “appalling” crime which threatened the ability of parents nationwide to “bring up their children properly”. Passion is an essential ingredient for any sport, but when that zeal smothers any semblance of rationality or proportionality something is seriously wrong.

Football has become a pantomime and Suárez the perfect villain. ‘Branislav and the Giant Controversy’ has been sold out for weeks: it is simply a pity that the football community could only react with a boo and a hiss.

MAGGIE IN THE MEDIA

KATIE EBNER-LANDY EXPOSES THE HEADLINES THAT NEARLY HAPPENED

Mail

“Mummy Thatcher joins Princess Di in not dying of cancer.”

theguardian

“A miner-bashing, milk-snatching, council-house-selling, apartheid-supporting, money-grabbing, riot-provoking cunt. An influential but divisive figure.”



BBC

“Love her or loathe her, hate her or love her, disapprove of her or love her, dislike her or love her, indifferent towards her or love her, we all loved Margaret Thatcher.”

Socialist Worker

“A stroke of luck”

BOP TALES

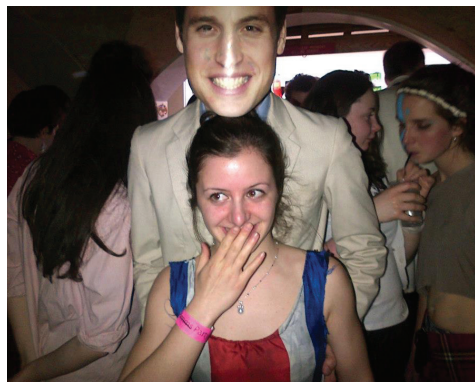
BRILLIANT, BOOZY,
BOISTEROUS - OUR BEST
OF BRITISH BOP



A tender moment between two rugby playing Celts interrupted by the harsh glare of a camera flash



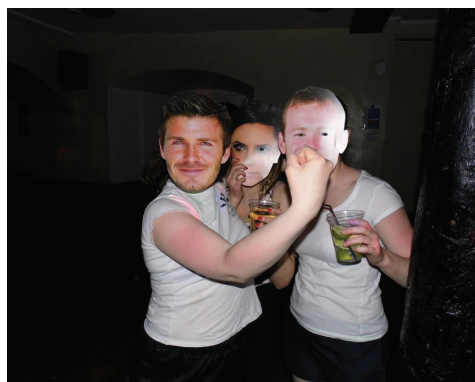
Less tender. A pair of freshlings are startled by something or other; one can only suspect Jackson 5 and the ensuing chaos



Everyone's favourite miniature lawyer and her pal Prince Will



Channelling what can only be the spirit of Boudicca herself, the main vibe here is "Don't fuck with us"



The best of British displayed through the symbolic image of a strong bicep. Or something

WHAT KIND OF TUTE PARTNER ARE YOU?

If your partner is late for the tute, do you:

- mention that you saw a large demonstration/traffic accident/police incident the next street over, and as soon as your partner makes it through the door ask all the right leading questions?
- suggest that you begin promptly so as not to waste valuable time
- Sympathetically ask your partner why they were late; was there a problem or an accident? Oh no? How fortunate.
- sit in awkward silence praying that the tutor won't begin the tute before your partner arrives.

If your partner asks you for help, do you:

- find the mistake in their work, explain it to them, then work it through until they get the same answer as you
- explain that you don't feel right about sharing your work and recommend they use a textbook
- Forward their request for help to the tutor, asking if they might be able to assist.
- let them borrow any/all of your lecture slides and past essays, although they're pretty illegible. And you didn't make any notes exactly.

If you have to do a presentation with a partner, and they flake out at the last minute, do you:

- do the presentation, write both your names on it, and then coordinate the whole process to

make sure your partner gets the easy sections.

b) do the presentation yourself (it will be far better anyway), and deliver the entire presentation yourself in a professional, academic manner, while your partner distributes the handouts and holds the board pens.

c) do the presentation, and let your partner speak first, knowing he has no idea what any of your notes mean, and then swoop in and pick up the pieces.

d) realise you don't really know what it's about and turn up to the class as clueless as your partner.

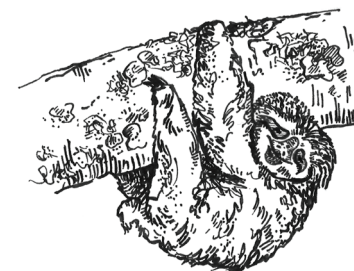
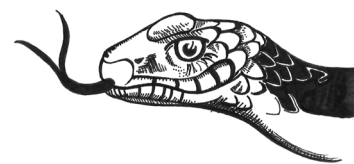
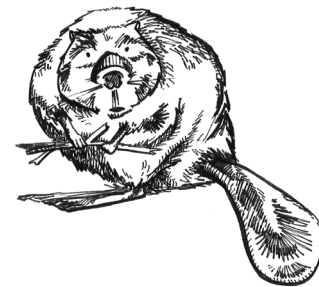
If your tutor asks your partner a question, do you:

a) Let your partner give it a go. Even have a second go. But when they start stuttering random words like a nervous rabbit, you segue the conversation towards exam technique, or the parameters of the question.

b) Jump in straight away before your partner has taken a breath to prove that you too know the answer.

c) Stare at your notes while your partner sits in excruciating silence. Silence that you know makes you look better the longer it lasts. Eventually you look bashfully at your tutor and offer what might perhaps, maybe, be the answer.

d) Use the time to stare longingly out of the window and calculate what proportion of the tute is still to come



Mostly As – The Cuddly Bunny: You are the best tute partner ever. We salute you, and wish that we could somehow repay your kind services. We can't, of course, but if you should ever happen to want confused, illegible notes, or an excuse for arriving late to a tute, all you have to do is ask. Please never leave us.

Mostly Bs – The Eager Beaver: You could probably tone it down a notch. Your overachieving is irritating as hell, although it does have its good moments, like anytime we're not quite sure of the answer. You're probably going to get a first, but hey, you've worked hard for it.

Mostly Cs – The Snake in the Grass: You are sneaky. You have perfected the art of looking like a goody-goody, but you never miss a chance to drop us in it with the tutor. You get every answer right, why isn't that enough for you? Why must you ensure that we always look like idiots as well?

Mostly Ds – The Sympathetic Sloth: You're not exactly the best tute partner. Nice and all, but a bit laid-back. Not reliable in an emergency, but you do often make us look engaged and intelligent in comparison. We just wish you didn't ask to borrow our work every week.

INTERVIEW WITH A "B N I C"

DAVID SKUSE INTERROGATES HENRY JEFFERIES

Why are you a BNIC? I am a Big Name In College because I am wise, knowledgeable and respected - the King Solomon of Oriel (wrong, it's because you live below me and the Editors set a harsh deadline).

What's your favourite superpower? I want to be able to freeze time, so I could cause mischief anonymously and sleep with Hollywood supermodels.

Have you attracted many groupies as a B.N.I.C? Two in every three Orielenes.

How much do you love the Oriel? More than I love my own mother

Describe yourself in three words? Galant, Visionary, Modest.

If you could be any animal... I'd be a mountain lion, but I'd have to be king of the pride, so I could sleep with all the b**ches.

Could you give us your celebrity skin-care tips? I have a four-step skincare regime: cleanser, jojoba oil, treatment and moisturizer. I've had a few facials in the past (Henry boarded).

What do you want to be when you grow up? An alleviator of poverty (my poverty).

Shag, Marry, Kill: Cameron, Clegg, Miliband. I would shag Cameron: I bet he has a big dick. I'd kill Miliband because he was a disloyal douche to his brother. I'd marry Clegg – he wouldn't cheat on me.

Which Game of Thrones character do you most fancy? The one who had that demon come out of her v*g (Melisandre). Oh no, no, no, you can't say that. Joffrey's gf (Margaery)

If a boggart came out of your closet, what would it look like? Anonymity.

What does your stash mean to you? This is difficult because I've got so much stash. But some things are quite dear to me: my school theology trip hoodie with Wittgenstein on the back; my bow ties; and my blues blazer

Anything else you'd like to tell me? My big name is a lie. My first name is actually Harry and my middle name is Kim Eng, which means Golden Eagle.

If you would like to be considered for our BNIC interviews, please write to IdidntchoosetheBNIClifetheBNIClifechosome@oriel.ox.ac.uk

UNSUNG HEROES OF COLLEGE

So you leave the bar when it closes trailing Marcin the barman, who spent the last half hour cleaning up after the start of your big night. You roll in at something-a.m. after a night at Park End, barely get up in time for lunch, and bam! There's Marcin again, taking your Bod card at the till, giving you his unjudgmental "I'm partly responsible for you being so hung-over" smile. Does that man ever get tired? How many hours is he working?! As if keeping us fed and watered 24 hours-a-day wasn't enough, he can often be seen reading a hefty textbook when he's not serving. At the end of the day, Oriel can always rely on Marcin to inform violent college infiltrators brandishing cans of beer that they "can't drink that in here".

Got an unsung hero of college that you'd like to praise anonymously?
thepoorprint@oriel.ox.ac.uk

WHOA DUDE...

When you look at a star, you are actually ending the path of a photon which has traversed the empty gulfs of space, uninterrupted for millions of years, until it hit your retina.

OXFORD BLUES

NIAMH GORDON TACKLES A TABOO

There's huge societal focus on taking care of one's body and maintaining one's physical health, and this makes sense; you only get one body which must last you a lifetime. The same is true of your mind and yet looking after your mental health is essentially not spoken about. Mental health issues remain a taboo – albeit one which is slowly being recognised as such – and yet they are prevalent in every walk of life, especially at this university: a place which somewhat exacerbates them. There is no way of getting round the fact that Oxford is an extremely pressurised environment; our minds are tested and often stretched to their academic capabilities almost daily. We're in an intellectually stimulating but also excessively intimidating environment; being surrounded by people who are managing to seamlessly row for the University, put on a play, hold down a relationship, socialise, and get a First can make an academically difficult university experience even harder if you're struggling to scrape by.

As students we live under constant time pressure which builds through the (excessively short) terms. This pressure is manifested in a variety of Oxford "norms" which, when you look at them objectively, are pretty awful. Why is it normal that people should have an "essay crisis" where they don't eat or sleep properly for days on end? Why is it normal for people to be horrendously ill the first week of the vac since they've been running on empty for half a term? Why is "fifth week blues" even a thing? Should our terms really be so mentally and physically exhausting that a month in it is a commonly accepted fact that a high proportion of students will be experiencing something akin to depression?

Even the drinking in Oxford is different: no, it's not Oxford-specific for students to get absolutely wasted, but what does seem to be specific is the constant self-imposed reasoning behind this kind of drinking. "I've finished an essay/problem sheet/there's no lecture tomorrow/I'm stressed/I'm stuck with work so why not" are

all familiar justifications which allow for getting black-out drunk fairly frequently. Bouncing between excesses of work and alcohol is surely not only physically but psychologically unhealthy. Add this to a fear of failing your potential, letting your tutors/friends/family down, and simply not being able to cope while all around you seemingly can, and you have an environment in which mental health issues are almost bound to thrive. It's odd to think that just because of our intellect we're somehow supposed to be able to cope with this life. It even slips into your own lexicon: you "just about make it" to the end of term, you "survive" your essay. It's a struggle and we reinforce it in everyday speech.

Statistically 1 in 10 adults in the UK suffer from some form of mental health problem. According to a recent Samaritans study, there are 24,000 suicide attempts made by young people each year: that's one attempt every 20 minutes. These statistics are shocking, but demonstrative of how widespread and common a part of life this is. There are fantastic services available within college and the University to aid anyone struggling*, and this is the most important thing. Oxford has the potential to simultaneously expand and mess up your mind so you have to learn to take care of your mental health as if it were physical; it won't look after itself. As finals loom, it is so important to remember how to extract yourself out of an Oxford-fuelled madness and realise you are more than your degree. And to all those reading this with a derisive sneer lips thinking, "What does she know – she's a second year English student" – well yeah, this is directed at you. Your mind deserves your respect: it got you into this university, so you should make sure it sticks with you out the other end.

*Oxford Uni Nightline 01865 270 270
University Counselling Service:
01865 270300
Oriel JCR Welfare Officer: Alejandra Albuerno (welfare@oriel.ox.ac.uk)

A MARGINALISED MINORITY

HENRY JEFFERIES ON THE TOUGH LIFE OF A TOFF

Some might say I earned my place at Oxford. I disagree. It's my birthright. Having attended one of England's finest public schools, it's only natural that I continue the roller coaster of boarding school into higher education, rather than immediately taking up my post at Daddy's London offices.

While the common folk devote much of their time to studying and worrying about their next battels payment, I see Oxford as a post-St. Paul's honeymoon before retiring into the City. Below I have listed some of my favourite Oxford hobbies that keep me amused:

1. Pretending I am one of the common folk

In order to camouflage oneself as the typical "uni" student: first, immerse oneself amongst the common folk (be sure to include in your social group: a hardy, but trustworthy Northerner and an unworldly Devon boy). Second, learn their ways (take out an overdraft, buy milk in a bag, buy items of clothing that weren't hand-stitched). Last, and most important, don't mention your listing on "the peerage."

2. Expressing myself through fashion

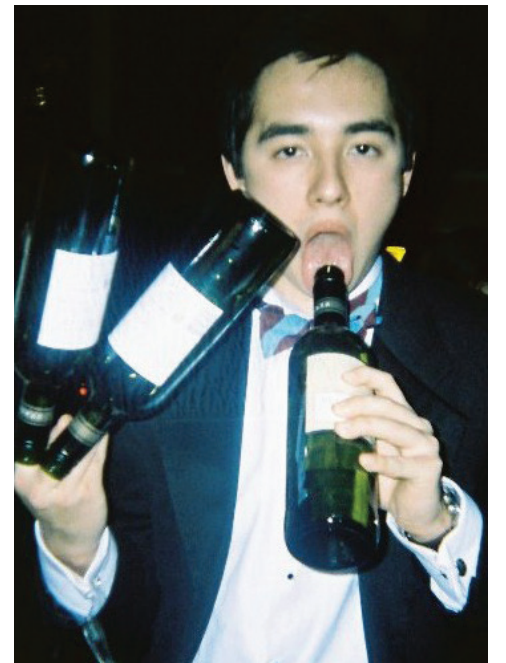
Whilst at school, the classic look was loafers, colourful trousers and something from the Jack Wills drawer. "Uni" requires an edgier, "student" look. I suggest three essential items: first, some brand-new, well-maintained Hi Tops. The bigger and shinier the better. Second, a floral patterned tee. Roll up the sleeves to show off those well-toned biceps. If those peaks were any bigger, they'd have snow on them. Last, something inherited from Daddy, be it a watch, signet ring or well-worn Barbour.

3. Wearing out my DJ

My day planner has "pick up dry cleaning" at the top of every page. I am in more drinking and dining societies than my bow-tie rack can handle. A jam-packed schedule can wear through your best DJ in just one term. I keep those Bullingdon tails I bought last year close to the door, just in case they happen to call.

4. Toning my physique

In the off season I normally hit the Swiss ball in preparation for a busy few terms of croquet, real tennis and competitive tanning in 3rd quad. I'm so cut I'm bleeding.



WHAT DO YOU EVEN DO?

JESS QUINLAN DOES CAAH*

Do you know your Platea from your Plato? Your *karyatids* from your Karnak? Your Herodotus from your *horti*? Welcome to Classical Archaeology and Ancient History – one of Oxford's lesser-known and frankly more funky degrees. When asked what I study, I'm often met with a sassy 'why bother?' or more terrifyingly a thundering 'THIS. IS. SPARTAAAAA!' In a roundabout way, I actually feel that the latter goes some way to answering the former. A heady mix of exotic lands, blood-thirsty battles and marvellous mythology, the ancient world is universally fascinating. I'm assuming that many of you reading this will have seen (and enjoyed) at least one Hollywood blockbuster that takes inspiration from the ancient world, and I think it's no surprise that films with this context are so successful. Who wasn't repulsed and yet intrigued when, aged eight, they learnt about mummification in Egypt? Who can fail to be amazed or at the very least touched by the casts of Vesuvius' Pompeian victims, contorted in agony as they fell prey to the volcano's wrath? Temporal distance creates a sense of mystery, but the study of antiquity drills home interminable truths about human nature that transcend time; it is this juxtaposition that is so intoxicating. So yes, I admit, my degree isn't helping me find the cure for cancer, arming me with the tools to save floundering economies, or teaching

me how to create feats of engineering. And yes, being quite a niche area of study, there are also some rather strange moments – I was once taught how to date vases based on the appearance of the naked breasts painted on them (and I quote, "once you get to the fourth century BC, they're just looking right at ya!") But to me, that is the beauty of CAAH – a truly indulgent study of the weird and the wonderful, that I bet interests you just a little bit too.



JQ does Car? Wait...

*Classical Archaeology and Ancient History

CURIOSITIES AND QUIRKS IN THE STUDY OF THEOLOGY

ON ORIELENSES AND GOOD (OR BAD) QUEEN BESS

Oriel's allegiances in the later reformation were, to put it lightly, divided. Two great alumni stood on opposite sides of the channel, both dying to get at the Queen, but for very different reasons.

Sir Christopher Hatton (b.1540) apparently never finished a degree from Oxford. However, he found favour with Elizabeth I through his handsome features and superb dancing (what a charmer). His looks really must have been winsome, because he was soon made Lord Chancellor and a Knight of the Garter, and through her gracious benefaction, amassed a vast fortune. With it, he built Holdenby House, one of the largest palaces this green and pleasant land had ever seen. When it was finished, he realised that the view from one of the windows was marred by a village, and so he politely paid for the whole village to be moved. The house drained his fortune, so he sought to save some of his money by investing in the expeditions of Sir Francis Drake. He refused to sleep in the house until his beloved Queen had too, but sadly, she never did, and he died penniless and childless in 1591.

William Cardinal Allen (b.1532) left with a BA from Oriel in 1550, but stayed on as a master at St. Mary Hall, where Hatton was one of his students. Upon the accession of

Elizabeth I to the throne, Allen refused to sign the Oath of Supremacy designating her Supreme Governor of the Church of England, and left the country in 1561, determined to return the subjects of England to the faith of Rome. He wrote to Philip II of Spain, informing (not quite truthfully) that the Roman Catholics in England were desperate for the King of Spain to depose Elizabeth, whom he referred to as "this woman, hated by God and man" (what a charmer). These political manoeuvres combined with his work establishing seminaries on the continent for English Catholics led to him being made a cardinal in 1587. Allen assisted in the plans for the invasion of England by the King of Spain in 1588 (the Spanish Armada) foiled, ironically, by Sir Francis Drake. The Spanish had offered to replace Hatton with Allen as Lord Chancellor if the Armada had succeeded. Apparently, Allen also unfortunately died penniless and childless (the latter less surprising) in 1594.

To this day Oriel remembers them, and in one final ironic gesture, their coats of arms appear on the same window in Hall.

Yours in theology love,
The Doubter

MUNDANE CELEBRITY GOSSIP

Rosie Huntington Whitely is a model and looks like one! And her legs are long. As would be expected.

LOVE AND DEVOTION FROM PERSIA AND BEYOND

HALIMA AHMAD DIPS INTO A CULTURE OF LOVE

“Love is the universal order, we are the atoms;
love is the ocean, we are the drops.
Love has offered us a hundred proofs;
we are looking for reasons.
Through love, the heavens are ordered;
without love, suns and moons are eclipsed,
Through love what was bent is made straight;
without love, what was straight becomes bent.”

Mawlana Jalal al-Din Rumi

From November to April this year, visitors of the old Bodleian library have had the chance to experience the best of Persian Court poetry, music and love stories. The ‘Love and Devotion from Persia and Beyond’ exhibition did not only feature the arts of Persia but included artifacts and artworks from Mughal India and Ottoman Turkey. The beauty of the exhibition was in its simplicity. Starting off by setting the scene, with the dulcet tones of Shahram Nazeri, a contemporary Kurdish singer, the exhibition went on to showcase Persian and Sufi poetry and fables, transporting you to an entirely different era.

Highlights of the exhibition included an original copy of the Shahnama of Firdawsi,

an epic long poem written by the Persian poet Firdawsi documenting the mythical and historical past of the Persian Empire. There was a brilliant section of the exhibition dedicated to the love story of Layla and Majnun, translated as ‘Layla and the Madman’, which acted as a fitting tribute to the literature produced in the Ottoman Empire. Along with the story of Yusuf and Zulaykha, this tale is well known throughout the Middle East and can be seen as the East’s version of Romeo and Juliet, with a childhood romance, a family feud, and a tragic ending.

The theme of love is presented in Persian literature in many forms, from amorous courtly odes to the poetry of Hafiz, Nizami and Rumi (included above). This is partly because, for Sufi mystics, love is the motivating force of the universe, and its expression in everyday language is often used as a metaphor for the love of the divine. Persian works have increasingly fascinated Western minds as a result of increased contact through trade and travel. In today’s terms, where current events in the Muslim world are dominating the character of the Middle East, this exhibition was not only beautifully executed, but acted as a timely reminder of the rich history, literature and culture that these countries share.

The exhibition pieces can be found online.



LA VIDA ES SUEÑO

IAN THE GREENWOOD REVIEWS TRINITY TERM’S PLAYHOUSE SHOW

Can you enjoy a play in a language you can’t even understand? Will you have any idea what’s going on? Why not make life easier and do the whole thing in English?

These were the questions running through my mind when I showed up at the Oxford Spanish Play, this year, a production of Pedro Calderón de la Barca’s La Vida es Sueño.

There were ‘side-titles’ on screens on either side of the stage, but I found myself more drawn to the expressiveness of the actors, throwing only a cursory glance at the English translation, totally absorbed by the events on stage.

The story revolves around the character Segismundo, Prince of Poland, who has been locked in a tower since birth following omens that he would grow up to become a tyrant. Though Segismundo’s confinement by his abusive jailor has made him grow wild, we see glimpses of his more tender side and the audience is left wondering how much of Segismundo’s villainy is merely a self-fulfilling prophecy. He soon gets an opportunity to put this to the test, when Basilio, his father, decides to give him a second chance: if Segismundo proves he can cope in the world of the court, he can succeed his father; if not, he’ll be thrown back in prison and deceived into thinking his time in the royal court was just a dream.

The theme of dreaming pervades the play, as the other characters keep Segismundo in check by suggesting to him- and us- that ‘perhaps this is all a dream’. Whenever dreaming is mentioned, a high-pitched noise interrupts the dialogue and white light floods the theatre, reminding us of our role as spectators. And, just when you get carried away by the striking Alice in Wonderland-esque costumes and the Golden Age music, the mysterious figure of the oracle breaks the spell, addressing the audience in English: ‘What is life? A frenzy. What is life? An illusion, a shadow, a fiction... And even dreams are nothing but dreams’.

So despite my non-existent grasp of Spanish,



I found myself falling in love with Calderón’s dialogue, which was delivered completely naturally by the cast, many of whom were not native Spanish speakers. For me, Antón Morat particularly stood out as the tormented Segismundo, capturing his conflict between anger at his maltreatment and his desire to be a just ruler. Teresita Valverde Mójica, in the role of Clarín, was also brilliant in relieving the dramatic tension by delivering her gags with sharp comic timing.

No production is perfect, and I would have liked to see more exploration of the life/dream complex in the actors’ connection with the audience. But, La Vida es Sueño achieved something remarkable by showing that foreign language plays can not only be engaging, but that performing in a foreign language can enhance the theatrical experience as a whole and add to the audience’s enjoyment of the play.

EVENTS TIMETABLE

Week	Day	Cinema & Theatre	Music	Exhibitions & Lectures	Other Events
4	Mon 13th		Mahler’s Symphony No. 9 @ St. Peter’s College Chapel		Zumba @ Cowley Conservative Club Ballroom (beginners welcome)
	Tues 14th	The Winterling opening night @ the Keble O’Reilly Theatre	Intrusion: Goth/Cyber/Industrial night @ the Cellar	The British as Art Collectors lecture @ the Bodleian	Comedy debate @ The Union AND Audrey comedy night @ the Wheat-sheaf
	Wed 15th	Centenary celebrations @ Phoenix Picturehouse	Dick Valentine (Electric Six) @ the O2 Academy		Oriel College marriage champagne reception, photos and formal
	Thurs 16th	Frost/Nixon Opening Night @ the Union	Saxophonist Snake Davis & the Spin Trio @ The Wheatsheaf jazz night AND Klaxons @ the O2 Academy	Stephen Willats in conversation @ Modern Art Oxford	
	Fri 17th	Fear & Loathing in Las Vegas @ Ultimate Picture Palace Late Nights	Wood Festival weekend starts @ Bra-ziers Park	Museums At Night: Dodos & Dark Lanterns @ the Ashmolean	
	Sat 18th	Lost in Time & Space (film) @ Oxfordshire History Centre	Oriel Music Society Concert @ 3rd Quad Music Room		Athletics Varsity match @ Wilberforce Sports Ground AND Eurovision Party @ the Union
5	Sun 19th		Folk night with Mick Henry @ the Half Moon	Last chance: Xu Bing’s Landscape Landscript @ the Ashmolean	
	Mon 20th		Scandi-Sesh: Monthly Scandinavian music night @ James Street Tavern		Professor David Nutt @ the Union
	Tues 21st	Ira Levin’s ‘Deathtrap’ opening night @ Burton Taylor Studio	In the Spotlight presents Moogiemán @ Albion Beatnik book shop	Why Hume Matters @ the Ashmolean	
	Wed 22nd	The Wind in the Willows @ St. Peter’s College Master’s Garden	Open Mic Night @ the Union		Summer Eights starts AND Oriel Chill Day (revision break) @ JCR Annexe
	Thurs 23rd	A Midsummer Night’s Dream set in the C19th @ New College (second night)	Tom Allan & Ollie Weston @ the Wheatsheaf jazz night	STUNG Poetry Evening @ Modern Art Oxford	Islam debate @ the Union
	Fri 24th	Wicked Women (The Archers) @ the Oxford Playhouse	The Epstein @Truck Store, Cowley	First day of the Magical Books exhibition @ the Bodleian	Poker Night @ the Union AND the Oxford Fringe Festival starts
	Sat 25th	Back to the Future all nighter @ the Odeon (starts at midnight)	Nicola Benedetti & Oxford Philomusica @ the Sheldonian	Master Drawings exhibition starts @ the Ashmolean	Best in Live Comedy @ the Glee Club
	Sun 26th		Brian McFadden @ the O2 Academy		

OVERHEARD AT ORIEL: EDITORS’ PICKS

“No, he’s not acutally sexy, I just want to fuck his mind.”

THE DISCOMFORT ZONE

HELEN BELGRANO OPERTO RECOUNTS THE HORRORS OF SEEING THINGS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE (CREW-DATING) TABLE

Participating as a female in a male-dominated sport, such as rowing, has its plus sides. Crew-dating is not one of them. Before revealing the reasons why crew-dating with a male team must be avoided, let's dwell on the positives of training and racing with said males.

First: the power rush. You, as a short, comparatively weak woman get to put some of Oriel's finest athletes through their paces. The feeling of control at the start of a 500m piece, where 8 men sit ready to push their limits (to greater or lesser degrees) on your word "GO" is like

I donned a shirt, chinos and some clumpy shoes, tied my hair in a bun, and wore no make-up. It had all the makings for a good night.

no other. Second: the workouts. Some of these athletes (not all) pull off the tousled hair, sweaty, post work-out look very well. Third: the life advice. You get to know exactly what type of man to stay away from. Whether you take heed of this or not is, of course, up to you.

In hindsight, it must have been karma that hit me when I went along to an Oriel Rowers' crew-date last term. I adhered to the dress code; donned a shirt, chinos and some clumpy shoes, tied my hair in a bun, and wore no make-up. It had all the makings for a good night.

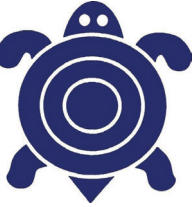
How wrong I would be. I don't know which was the more awkward aspect to the evening – why none of the girls questioned my presence (as "Harry") at their crew date, or when the girl sitting opposite me discussed her favourite song to masturbate to before inviting me back to her room in College. The irresistible lure of the Oriel Manstallions successfully rubbed off on me; no crew-dater I've previously sat opposite ever tried with such vehemence to un-do my shirt buttons whilst reaching for yet more Naan bread.

The Christ Church ladies really stood no chance. I observed the intricate and subtle crew-date manoeuvres orchestrated by our men; Christ Church were well and truly trapped. I, however was not, and promptly made my way home (alone) to fall asleep on my floor, fully-clad, with the light on.

Might leave the next one to the boys.

TORTOISE TATTLE

The end of Hilary saw the rise of the Cougars, as numerous young men fell under their spell. Successful business-woman Jarratt was hard at it in Camera, making sure her new squeeze was walking the Line, while around the corner a certain young rowing prodigy was placing his Classical lady on a p-Edlesten. Another c-Annie woman of the world had a few too many Cocktails and made sure she was pulling the Trigger as Torpids proved a victory for Oriel both on and off the river. One Fresher even stooped Lowe enough to make sure our favourite OUCA member didn't get too over-excited with a swift and exZact glass of water to the face in Formal. Trinity hit and temperatures were still running high, with a certain Bench pressing sportsman making sure his stamina was not underestimated by returning to Bridge post-pull. Work is also hotting up for many, with one unWilling PPEist making a desperate bid for freedom and waking up on a kitchen floor in Brookes one Friday morning only to be captured and returned to Oriel in disgrace. In the most exciting news of the past few months, JCR big dog MJ has been spotted holding hands with an unnamed Classicist – I think things are getting serious, they'll be baking together next.



QUADWALK

EMILY-JANE RANDALL HITS THE QUADS FOR SOME SUMMER STYLE



Okay Croquet!

We've all been there, posing with croquet mallets. But never have any of us looked quite so... symmetrical.

Dan has decided to go for Labour Day chic in virginal white - he wears stash by OUHC. Unfortunately for most of us this look is off limits due to lack of physical prowess. However, if you really want to look a bit like you're showing off/in-between-washes-and- wearing-sports-

clothes-because-you- don't-have-anything-else, I would suggest either starting a casual sexual relationship with a Blue and subtly pinching his clothes, or just targeting them whilst they drunkenly stumble from Park End on a Wednesday night and beat them until they relinquish all stash.

STYLE ADVICE ACCORDING TO... ROSS FINNIE

(MATT ROBINSON)

Throughout my time at Oriel, my fashion sense has in parts perplexed, confused and stimulated my peers. For the first time, after much harassment by fans and "überfans" alike, I have chosen to unlock the secrets behind what I like to call "post-ironic Anglo-stateside chic" (P.I.A.S.C).

I exist in many spheres and, in order to flit between them freely, I need the perfect shoe. I choose the Nike Free 5.0, a work of art which blends the freedom of a barefoot feel with lurid fluro colour schemes, allowing for seamless movement between the squash court and the Missing Bean. Topped off with a pair of grey Obey jeans and a tie-dye t-shirt depicting Bart Simpson's indulgence in illicit activities, I manage

to create a fusion of modern materialism, coloured with a sense of '90s belonging and *un petit peu de* Summer of Love.

I am accredited by Shepard Fairey to have first introduced such American brands as Obey, Stussy and Supreme to the UK, mere months after each was invented by Tyler the Creator in the late Noughties. Of all the items which I have owned from these inspired stylists, I am perhaps most proud of a leopard-print Supreme towel (£40) which has allowed me to act frequently as a Facebook satirist, adorning my head with said item so as to parody modern hip-hop culture through various impressions of Lil' Wayne. That is not to say that all my clothes bear the labels of capitalist brands;

many shirts found their way into my spacious wardrobe via a number of thrift shops dotted across Williamsburg, New York; in many ways my spiritual home.



One recent addition to my collection is a blue puffer jacket which provides both sanctuary from the cold Glaswegian night and yet another level of social commentary to my extensive repertoire; zipped up fully I have found that I resemble a protective latex sheath, allowing me to cast my own light on the sensual voracity of the contemporary disenfranchised youth.

My final piece of advice to prospective disciples of P.I.A.S.C is "Accessorise! Accessorise! Accessorise!" A Macbook pro, two-thirds of a haircut – as a prominent stylistic critic has recently termed it – and a retro film camera, the more cumbersome and pricey the better, are all essentials.

CHOCOLATE ORANGE AND PISTACHIO COOKIES

RECIPE BY MARIA BERGQUIST

125g unsalted butter at room temperature
115g caster sugar
110g light brown soft sugar
1 tsp vanilla extract
1 egg (lightly beaten)
225g self-raising flour
½ tsp table salt
100g chopped chocolate orange or other orange flavoured chocolate
75g pistachios, chopped however roughly or finely you want

Preheat the oven to 180C/160C for a fan oven. Line two or three baking trays with greaseproof paper. Cream the butter with the light brown soft sugar and caster sugar. Add the vanilla extract, then add the egg in three stages so that the mixture doesn't curdle. Stir in the flour and salt till you have a soft dough, then add the chocolate orange and pistachios.

Roll into balls a little smaller than a ping-pong ball. Place them on baking trays, quite far apart as they will spread. The recipe makes quite a lot of cookies so it's best done in a couple of batches. Bake each tray of cookies for exactly seven minutes for quite a chewy texture, or longer if you want them more biscuity. They will look quite undercooked at seven minutes but it's deceptive - they firm up once out of the oven.

Alternative flavours:
Earl Grey and milk chocolate (add 2tbsp Earl Grey tea leaves and 200g chopped milk chocolate)
70g each macadamia nuts, dried cranberries and chopped white chocolate
100g each chopped dried apricots and chopped almonds
200g any combination of milk, dark and white chocolate



Sizzling Zizzy!

The absolute pinnacle of the quad catwalk was our very own Zizzy Lugg-Williams.

Donning denim and utility boots and an enviable straw tote Zizzy looks in fine fettle, proving that not everyone at Oriel wears Lycra. Or at least not all the time anyway.

Unfortunately most of her outfit is charity shop chic and not readily replicated. Her cheeky bag however is from everyone's favourite

rite Bop Costumerie: Primarni.

And those boots, which are such a necessity in Trinity for booting any tourists out of your way who don't understand pavement etiquette, can be snapped up at Clarks! See, not just for Nanas.



(Play)suit up!

Sophie's hitting ALL the nails on the head here: her playful printed playsuit from Topshop provides all the girlish charm of a dress but prevents all of the awkwardness.

'For shame!' I hear you cry, 'A woman in slacks!' To you I say, embrace the playsuit! For gone are the days of awkward windy underwear times, having to opt out of croquet for fear of getting the mallet stuck in your maxi dress

whilst attempting the between the leg swing. And most importantly, wave goodbye to flashing everyone in hall when you try to cock your leg over the bench to enjoy your cream in a bowl.

WOAH DUDE...

If we could observe a mirror on a planet 33 million lights years away, we would be able to witness the extinction of the dinosaurs in real time.

OXHOLIDAY

Last weekend saw the much-anticipated return of OxHoli, as hundreds of Oxford students joined in with the Hindu festival of colours. The event, which organisers HUMSoc said had their biggest turnout yet, saw over a thousand students and even some local school kids turn up in clean, white clothing on a gorgeous sunny Sunday afternoon, and leave a few hours later unrecognisable; soaked through and caked in coloured

paint. Whether you wanted to create artistic paint patterns and amazing photos, or to chase your friends around armed with a super soaker and a bucket of water, OxHoli was the place to be last week. Many an escaped finalist, for whom revision has largely meant a mental and physical regression to a less mature child-like self, was spotted going a little bit crazy. And we congratulate them: no one can live in a library all Trinity.



CAPTAIN CREW-DATE

HONE YOUR CREW DATE TEKKERS WITH SOME WORDS FROM THE CAPTAIN...

Drinks First: Oriel once had the tag line of 'putting the date back into crew date' – if at all possible, always go for drinks first, either by inviting them to our bar, or going for a cocktail if you want to be particularly suave. This avoids the awkward 'who do I sit next to' phase of meeting at the restaurant as everyone meets a bit beforehand. 'But what do we talk about?' you might ask – simple, other crew dates is always a good start. Ask them what other crew dates they've been on, commiserate on bad ones, laugh at good ones and why, share stories. This has the added benefit of you finding out what kind of crew they are. From this opener you can often move to general nights out, and personalities of each college's night life, instilling in your opposite numbers that Oriel means an awesome time.

No One Drinks Alone/Oriel Street



Rules: There are two industry standards of our game. First, the idea that whenever anyone drinks, whether it be casually, for a fine, or for any other reason, they tap someone else's

glass and they take a sip. This is beneficial in three ways: it cuts down on too much downing (and thus potential vomit) as glasses are never full; if there are slow starters around you they will be merrily helped on their way in the nicest way possible; and when people do forget the call of 'No One Drinks Alone!' having them drink more is always amusing, – plus the Gents can be gentlemen by rescuing girls from drinking alone. They tap their glass mid drink, and earn much gratitude for later. The old two-man game of tapping a glass and then pennyng it is also a masterwork of the Oriel. As for Street Rules, restaurants are often keen for you to leave, and often you need to run if you're going to get last orders at the bar or make it for queue jump. Calling Oriel Street Rules (you don't need to be holding a glass for it to be pennyng, any object a Captain deems to be in play counts as a pennyng) is a suitable accelerant to finish all the wine and get out of there fast.

More next issue Oriel, and if you have any questions or have had any crew date problems the Captain will be happy to hear them, just email thepoorprint@oriel.ox.ac.uk and the best will be answered.

Happy Crew Dating Oriel – the odds are in your favour if you play the game right.

BOAT CLUB UPDATE

After the best Torpids campaign in years, AOCBC was keen to keep the momentum going through the vac, and the opportunity came from the George Moody Challenge: a 104 mile charity row from Oxford to London. A mixed crew of men and women, 1st and 2nd Boats, completed the row; Max Lau, Hal Bigland, Alec Trigger and Charlie Cornish rowed every mile.

Looking forward to Eights, the Boat Club has entered four men's and three women's boats – the best showing for many years – and as always there have been several applications for beer boats. After the wet year so far, we're hoping for a glorious Eights week; if Oriel can see off the challenges of Pembroke and Christ Church's Blues, we should have another boat burning in 5th week. Come down to the river in 5th to enjoy the event and show your support!



A day of racing takes its toll at Wallingford Regatta

few egos in the process, we imagine. As a result, Nancy reckons that she and her sister can beat the guys, but are still working on their game against girls.

What's she up to at the moment then? Nancy's recently developed a repetitive strain injury in her wrists (from typing obv). So, while she takes a step back from badminton, she's taken up kickboxing. Of course. Three times a week, down at Iffley, and described as 'mainly pain'.

When will we see Nancy in action again? It's the Women's Badminton Cuppers Final this Saturday (11th May), and with a team of four blues, Nancy is pretty confident of success. Best of luck to Nancy, Charlie, Hannah and Lauren!

And, final question, what does Nancy do in her clearly non-existent free time? When not playing badminton or kickboxing, Nancy is a 2nd year physicist.



NETBALL CUPPERS REPORT



OCNC after a morning's worth of matches, as we rounded off a solid season with the Cuppers tournament a few weekends ago

We put forward an exceptional team; with some of our older and even past members returning from their newer pastures to play for the Oriel. This luckily compensated for the odd player who had attended Finalists' dinner the evening before. Proving that the team are as strong off the court as they are on, a day that started with hall, featured a repeat appearance of the first aid kit and enough exercise for a week, ended with a ten-person dinner reservation. Bring on next season.



AUTHENTIC TRANSLATION: YOUR BAR NEEDS YOU!

IN THE BLUE CORNER

ALEX WILSON INTERVIEWS ORIEL'S VERY OWN BLUES

Sport of choice? Badminton

We'll have some credentials for that please... Nancy's a former county player, and she's played in (and won) a Varsity match against Cambridge.

Child prodigy or recent convert?

With a dad set on his kids developing a sporting talent, and a mum who runs the local badminton club, it's no surprise that Nancy and her triplet brother and sister all play some serious badminton.

So what's the Oxford badminton scene like? There's training almost every day of the week, and then there are League matches, and the Trinity Cuppers tournament, not to mention the local leagues and the BUCS universities tournament. All in all, it adds up to several matches a week.

That's a big commitment: why badminton? Nancy says it's great exercise – a really dynamic game. It's a whole body work-out and develops hand-eye coordination. And it's social too. Badminton is a 'huge part' of Nancy's life, and this includes the hours she spends in a minibus journeying to tournaments with her teammates trying to read road maps of deepest darkest East Anglia.

Secret weapon? Nancy is half of an apparently 'infamous' duo. Her sister Sarah has been her doubles partner for years and, luckily for their fans, is now studying at Worcester College. The Payne sisters have made quite a name for themselves in their local badminton circles: when they were kids, their mum used to have them trial the club's new (adult, male) players, crushing a

MUNDANE CELEBRITY GOSSIP

Relationship on the rocks?! We have seen a photo of a celeb couple, married for a year, where they are holding hands, but neither of them are talking. What's going on?

THE MENU DECIPHERER

The Best of Hilary Term

Some old favourites go without saying: “Roast Pots”, “Jacket and peas”, “Chocolate TORTE”, “Leek Gratan”, “Chicken Kiev’s”, “Vegetable Kiev’s”, “Shepherd Pie”, “lemon Tar Tar”, “Roast and Vegetables”, “Quarn Lasagne” and the profound “Rum and Raison Brule”.

We were also treated to what one can only assume is “Tomato and Goats” and “Spinach & Goats”, followed by a seemingly irrelevant “Cheese Salad”, as well as “Veg on Croute” and “Céasar Salad” (truly valiant effort). Not sure what “Poached Fish Parsley Fish” entails. Meanwhile, the “aged Prunes” sound distinctly dubious, not to mention the “Cinnamon Songe Pudding”.

In addition, the kitchens simply promised: “New”. Forever the innovators! And drum roll...both a RETURN of the “Guinea Fowl Beast” and a brand new variation on the theme of “VEGETERIAN”, namely “VEGETETERIAN”.

Trinity Tasters

This time, bringing you a cheeky slice of Trinity tasters to get you salivating for the menu marvels in store for us this term, folks. The kitchens present a raunchy start to the term with a “Passion Sponge”. Things soon liven up once more as we are treated to a boisterous “Romp of Beef”.

And aside from these two gems, the unfailing “VEGETERIAN” makes its staple appearance, along with a new entry of “Hotdogs”, the ever-ambiguous inclusions of “Luxury Fish Pie” and “Exotic Fruits” (?) and hilarity abounding with the customarily dubious line-spacing of “Vierge” and “Belly, Fillet”.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS

3

Recent, fruity (well, kind of) addition to tuck shop (7)

6

Upcoming anniversary for Dr. Who (5)

8

Hymnus -----, sung by the choir on May morning (13)

11

Large deciduous tree, which bears acorns (3)

12

Hindu festival on 5th May (4)

13

Favourite colour of finalists (3)

14

The capital of Indonesia (7)

16

Murder mystery board game (6)

DOWN

1

Special guest of Oriel during the Easter vac (5)

2

Rice dish of Louisiana/Caribbean origins, usually with meat, fish and vegetables (9)

4

To prevent from happening or succeeding; ruin; wreck (7)

5

Cannot be vanquished, overcome, or beaten (10)

6

Bird used as a croquet mallet in Alice in Wonderland (8)

7

----- Coleman', Winner of Masterchef 2013 (7)

9

Cocktail with cognac, orange liqueur and lemon juice; accessory to a motorcycle (7)

10

Oriel's first female provost (7)

15

Utterly or obviously senseless, illogical, or untrue (6)

WORDSEARCH

Hidden in this wordsearch, there are 20 different sports which have societies in Oxford. Words run from top to bottom, left to right or diagonally. If you find all 20 sports, put your completed wordsearch in Kate Bradley’s pidge and a prize will find its way into yours...

M	E	A	G	S	Q	U	A	S	H	E	T	R	A
O	P	D	B	O	A	N	L	B	E	P	L	H	U
E	R	O	W	I	N	G	Q	S	A	F	E	A	P
J	A	D	W	U	M	L	S	U	C	A	N	N	K
E	M	G	I	E	R	O	V	S	E	J	U	D	O
Y	B	E	T	S	R	U	G	B	Y	L	H	B	M
U	O	B	N	C	I	L	A	E	O	C	B	A	K
P	O	A	A	T	T	V	I	P	H	Y	A	L	I
T	C	L	E	A	A	R	K	F	N	C	D	L	C
C	T	L	F	S	I	Q	I	R	T	L	M	A	K
R	O	C	X	J	C	U	D	E	G	I	I	U	B
O	P	R	Q	J	H	P	O	L	O	N	N	E	O
Q	U	I	D	D	I	T	C	H	A	G	T	G	X
U	S	C	U	P	K	S	I	S	Y	A	O	J	I
E	H	K	H	G	R	A	S	N	R	A	N	U	N
T	L	E	P	A	F	D	E	A	G	I	P	D	G
X	M	T	G	O	L	F	K	E	N	D	O	R	A

SUDOKU #1

Fill in the grid so that every row, every column and every 3x3 box accommodates the digits 1-9, without repeating any.

9				1		8	5	
7	6	5			3			
			5	7		2	6	
	9	2		4				
			2	9				4
	8	6		5		1	9	2
6					4			9
	5			6			1	
2	1		7		5	4		6

DEGREE QUIZ:

Are you secretly convinced that your degree is harder than your friends’? That you’d breeze through their work in half the time and with half the complaining? Do you think that three tute sheets a week can’t even compare to a 3000 word essay? Take our subject quiz every edition, to see how you would fare if you were taking... Law

1.

Who is the current Lord Chief Justice of England and Wales?
2.

What record did John Walby and Peter Allen set in August 1964?
3.

What is the age of criminal responsibility in England and Wales?
4.

Cocaine, ecstasy, and heroin are all Class A drugs; if you are charged with possession, what punishment could you receive?
5.

How long can a person be held in police custody without charge, if arrested under the Terrorism Act?

WHICH COLLEGE AM I?

Founded in 1555, I own an Oxford theatre, and run a famous Oxford pub. I have seven quads, and am the alma mater of Inspector Morse. There is also a Cambridge college with the same name. Which college am I?

CAN YOU MATCH THE OXFORD ALUMNI WITH THEIR ALMA MATERS?

1.

A.

STUDIED ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING AT QUEEN'S

2.

B.

STUDIED FRENCH AND ITALIAN AT HERTFORD

3.

C.

STUDIED GEOGRAPHY AT ST CATHERINE'S

4.

D.

STUDIED P.P.E. AT ST HUGH'S

5.

E.

E. STUDIED PHILOSOPHY AT BALLIOL

PUZZLE ANSWERS

Oxford Alumni Quiz: 1C. Sir Matthew Pinsent. 2E. Adam Smith. 3D. Aung San Suu Kyi. 4A. Rowan Atkinson. 5B. Fiona Bruce.
What College Am I?: St John's.
Crossword: ACROSS: 3. Poppets 6. Fifty 8. Eucharistic 11. Oak 12. Holl 13. Red 14. Jakarta 16. Cluedo. DOWN: 1. Natalie 2. Jambalaya 4. Scupper 5. Invincible 6. Flamingo 7. Queen 9. Sidecar 10. Wallace 15. Absurd.
Law Quiz: 1. Lord Igor Judge. 2. They were the last two people to be executed in the UK. 3. 10 years old. 4. Up to 7 years in prison, an unlimited fine, or both. 5. 14 days.

“I feel a sort of general aura of... uselessness around the quad.”