

# Red Dragon Pie

Issue 99 — May 1997

Special Freshers' Issue - Welcome to King's, y'all!



## Stag Night

Why stags can sleep safe in their beds



*After a hectic year,  
things finally start to  
settle down for KCSU*

# Red Dragon Pie

## A letter from the Editor:

Oh, dear reader,

The last issue elicited a few complaints. About unwarranted character assassinations? Or were there too many tedious jokes about the chapel? No, it was about our casual use of the word 'fuck'. Which we would have just ignored, except that it wasn't from students. This is a student magazine, written by students and read by students (allegedly). We use the language that we are used to, the language of the street (gutter, whatever). If you are offended by words, then you can just f... er... find something else to read in future,

thanks,

T. Editor

Q: What's the difference between King's and Jesus?

A: Jesus made the lame walk - and King's expects them to!\*

\*Satire.

*Those who do not wish to be named:*

**Editor in the absence of anyone else to do it:** Graham Cormode

**Editorial assistance and scapegoat for when it all goes horribly wrong:** David Humphries

**Executive Contributors:** James Sumner

**Other contributors:** Dave Pritchard, Sue Thomas, Steve Martin (no, not that one), Ben'n'Tolla, Mike Green, Jamie Summers, Nunzio Quacquerelli

**This magazine still paid for by:** you, the reader, by way of the KCSU societies budget

**ABC** Estimated monthly readership: not that many really

# NEWSROUND-UP

## Selwyn slags off King's comedy

Historians writing about the great Selwyn legs saga may wish to research the national press of Thursday 13 March; specifically, the Times, Telegraph, Express, Mail and Star (Daily, not Morning in case you were wondering). Also, if recordings survive, Radio Cambridgeshire, Anglia TV News, and, most impressively of all, Q103. The question they asked was "Are these your pins?" The question we asked was "Who cares?"

But issues apart (like how much did Selwyn May Ball Committee make from royalties on their tedious poster?) there's still room for some irrational hatred. In their propaganda about the matter, Selwyn accused King's of being politically correct and having no sense of irony. Wrong! Everything we do at King's is tinged with irony, from the way we check our mail in the morning to the way we put "Ironic" on the jukebox every night.

To accuse us of having no sense of irony is about the greatest insult they can level at us. And we must respond with the harshest action we know — we must sit in the bar and slag them off all night.

**RDP says let's show these Selwyn snobs that we can appreciate irony by making ironic comments about them in our student magazines!**

But then, to add insult to, er, more insult, they abuse the Varisty letters column to abuse us, calling us a bunch of middle-class drop out wankers.

**RDP says: "Hey, Selwyn, are you starting? Do you want a fight? Selwyn — that's a bit of a poncey name. Yeah, do you want to make something of it? Oi, Selwyn! Outside! Now!"**

## Space to rent

It is the duty of any editor of any student magazine to moan about the lack of contributions. However, since RDP was saved at the last minute by a slew of late contributions, I really can't be bothered. Next issue, though, we confidently expect to be short of material, so if there's anything you want photocopying but can't be bothered to, then drop it to us at p'hole 619 and we'll include it in the magazine, thus using the RDP budget allocation effectively. Sorted.

## Big Brother

News reaches RDP of plans to bring college security into the next millenium, by replacing the old library keycode with a high-tech electronic card-type system. This is only the beginning. It can only be a matter of time before the college key is replaced by some new fangled fingerprint system, the porters superceded by robo-porters which shoot on sight, while mindless devices sit in the canteen and overcharge direct to our bank accounts.

When will this needless modernisation end? What do the college officials think this college is, some hideous johnny-come-lately college like Churchill where real money was phased out some years ago and they have to make do with some kind of fake plastic thing. King's dates back to the fifteenth century. To go ahead with these space-age changes would be as ridiculous as installing a stone ramp in the front court to make the college disabled-accessible.

## Electoral Reform

Following concerns over the way elections are run, notably once when the successful candidate was soundly beaten into third place by Re-Open Nominations (RON to his friends), we hear reports that KCSU has come up with a radical solution. RON will no longer be a candidate in elections; instead he will be replaced by S.A.M.

The purpose of SAM (short for Stand Against Me) is to produce a nominal candidate so that more candidates will stand and a greater number of students will vote to ensure SAM is not selected. A KCSU spokeswheel commented "it's a great way of ensuring that places get filled, and simultaneously increasing the turn-out at elections, thus getting a more representative democracy. The only danger is that it could backfire and SAM will get elected, as happened with J... hey! You can't quote that!"

Drive boy, dog boy, dirty numb angel boy, in the doorway boy, she was a lipstick boy, she was a beautiful boy, and tears boy, and all in your innerspace boy, you had hands girl boy and steel boy, you had chemicals boy, I've grown so close to you boy, and you just groan boy, she said comeover, comeover, she smiled at you boy. Let your feelings slip boy, but never your mask boy, random blonde bio high density rhythm blonde boy, blonde country, blonde high density, you are my drug boy, you're real boy, speak to me and boy dog dirty numb cracking boy, you get wet boy, big big time boy acid bear boy, babes and babes and babes and babes and babes and remembering nothing boy. You like my tin horn boy and get wet like an angel. Deraill. You got a velvet mouth, you're so succulent and beautiful, shimmering and dirty wonderful and hot times on your telephone line, and God and everything on your telephone and in walk an anel. And look at me your mom

# PROVOST TOPPLES TUTOR IN NICENESS STAKES

It is with great sadness that RDP must take action against a fellow once considered the nicest guy in King's. Following his sudden and inexplicable closure of the bar area, which he later retreated from, we have no choice but to strip Dr. E. R. Wallach of the accolade 'very nice man'.

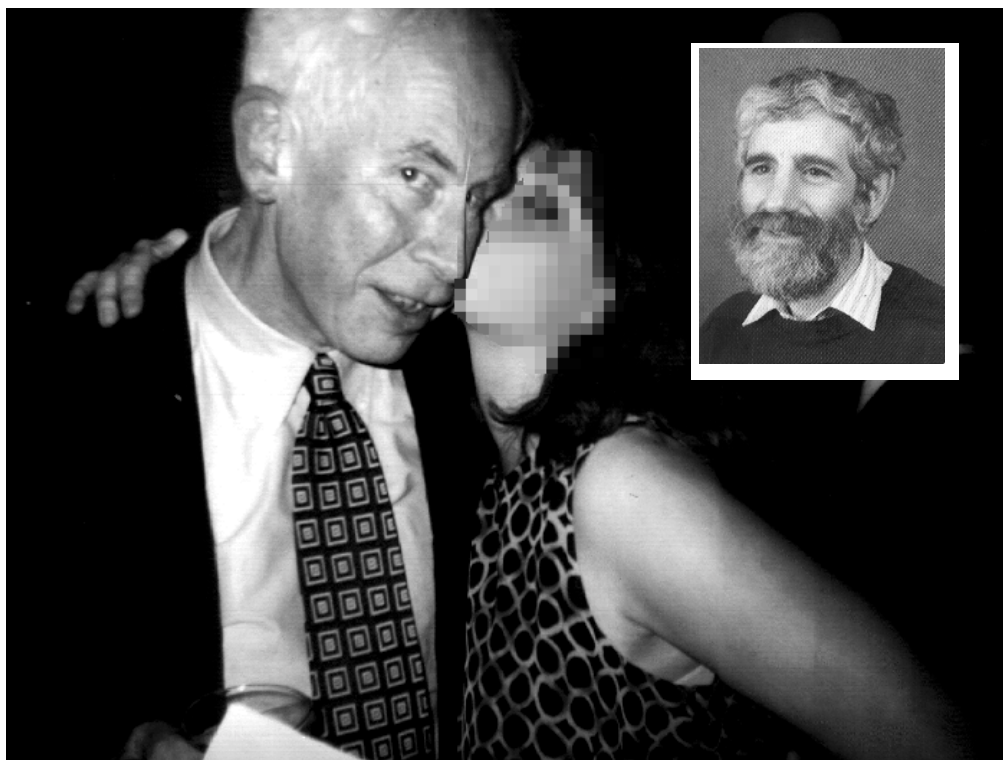
Power corrupts, they say, and senior tutorship seems to have put Rob in a position where he is no longer able to maintain his niceness. With a heavy heart, we must rip up our back issues of RDP (if we haven't done so already); take down the posters; and re-write the freshers' guide.

So now his post is vacated, and we must look for a new Oasis of niceness in a desert of neutrality (I've got to be careful what I say about fellows; apparently some of them get hold of RDP, and I don't want to risk a rustication). There are murmurings that "actually the bursars are quite nice when you get to know them"; but there is one clear, unopposed candidate for the title.

Paul Patrick Gordon Bateson, Professor of Ethology (whatever that is) and Provost of this 'ere college since 1988 is a nice man. If Dr. Wallach is the Darth Vader in this story, one-time hero drawn to the dark side by the evil emperor (eh?) then Provost B. (59) is the Obi Wan Kenobi, ageing but undefeated Jedi Knight.

The evidence is conclusive. The Provost has been staunch in his support of a permanent stone ramp to improve disabled access to the college. As regards the letting people into the bar after the midnight, the photo above was taken in the bar at around midnight, showing the Bateson enjoying the convivial late night atmosphere. The Provost's escort does not wish to be named, but we can reveal that she is a very Christian girl who was happy to pose for the photograph.

The only possible cause for concern is his area of research — animal psychology surely has a potential for cruel animal experiments? But here is the trump card, the finishing blow. You have probably heard about the Provost's



Provost (left): a very, very nice man Inset: Wallach - not as nice as he used to be

two year investigation, although you might not realise it.

RDP can exclusively reveal (if you haven't already heard) that Provost Pat led the team which investigated the effect of hunting stags. His conclusion, as you may have seen on Newsround, is that the stags suffer immensely when hunted, finally scotching the hunters' pathetic claims that stags "enjoy the chase".

The upshot of his research, commissioned by the National Trust, is that it is that stag hunting has been banned on all NT property — good news for a college whose student union used to pass anti-blood sports motions at every open meeting. A spokesman for the Cambridge University National Trust was unavailable for comment [sorry].

Next year our lovely provost is taking a sabbatical to travel the world and spread niceness. Or something like that. RDP would like to speak on behalf of its readers in wishing him good luck and officially bestow on him the prized title "Nicest fellow in college". Altogether now, *for he's a jolly good Fellow...*



## Provost Pop Trivia

- In 1689 William III appointed Isaac Newton to be provost, but the fellows rejected him, since he was not a Kingsman. Since then, the provost has been chosen by the fellows without interference from the crown
- Provost Augustus Austen-Leigh was the great nephew of Jane Austen. Most historians believe that his predecessor, Richard Okes, was no relation to the similarly named Suede guitarist.
- Provosts have had some exciting deaths. In 1509 Provost Hatton nearly had his throat cut, while Provost Atkinson died of the plague in 1556. Most impressive was Sir Thomas Page who dropped dead in 1681 whilst berating a student for not attending chapel.
- If he doesn't die, then the statutes of the college stipulate that the provost must retire when he hits 70 — giving our prov. B. up to eleven more years in the job.

THE KINKS — *Lola*

We met them in the bar, it's the place to go  
Where you drink IPA and it tastes just like canal  
water  
(Woh, woh, woh woh water)  
They sent us a note where they told us their plans  
Empty by twelve, then the doors get locked by a  
porter  
(Poor, poor, poor poor porter)

Well I'm not the world's most inebriate guy  
But when I heard the news it brought a tear to my  
eye  
Oh, bugger...  
Well I'm not dumb but I can't understand  
Why the odd passing twat gets the rest of us  
banned  
Oh, bugger...

Well I'd found out just the previous night  
You have to admit the consultation was shite  
But they just smiled as they looked at me  
And said, little child, you don't really see

Well I'm not the world's most militant man  
But they can't do that and they reckon they can  
It's a bugger...

Well we had a campaign and we talked all night  
They tried to make out they didn't want a fight  
They had a think and said, how would it be  
If they locked up later, say, half past three

Well I'm not the world's most credulous guy  
But when I looked in their beards, well I almost fell  
for their blather

They pushed us away  
They bolted the door  
They cleared up the floor  
I got down on my knees  
And said, can I get some Tampax please

'Cos that's their way, they change the rules in a  
day  
When their minds are made up, they won't delay  
It's a bugger...  
Why lock it at a time when there's no-one awake  
'Cos they can't admit they've made a daft mistake  
Now we're sober  
It's over, we're sober...

# Dé-bar-cle

The reaction to proposals to shut off the bar area at midnight was immediate and overwhelming. It felt as if the bar was part of Hong Kong, being grudgingly returned to an oppressive regime. Surely the desire for chocolate and crisps wasn't that great? Why was being denied the right to rush in brandishing a tenner demanding a condom such an infringement of our rights? What is it about the bar that evokes such a depth of feeling?

Perhaps it is the way that no one group can be said to command control of the bar: the rowdy sports players aren't all that rowdy — at least in comparison to other colleges'; our beautiful people aren't especially aesthetic; and our political activists simply aren't all that active (well, they never leave the bar, anyway).

If there is one group with a greater balance of power, it is those rascally NKMs, the Non-King's Members who are the cause of all our woes. Bursting into the bar when no one is there to witness their actions, they wantonly and maliciously drink alcohol after midnight before sicking it back up all over the upholstery. Like some kind of Italian mobster, they then go around breaking chairs, smashing glasses and kicking doors in. If it weren't for these reprobates, then life in the bar would be like some kind of idyllic American sit-com.

And then it struck me — the bar is one great extended episode of "*Cheers!*", played out before a live audience. Not everyone knows your name, but whenever you drop by you can guarantee that the Frasier's and Norms will be there to fill their predictable roles. Of course, it's a British version of the show, with Barbara Windsor replacing the icy but voluptuous bar manager, Kirstie Allie, and dumb but lovable Woodie played by Tony Robinson, but the rest is just the same.

Providing the sound track to all the comings and goings is the trusty jukebox, pumping out the very latest musical trends, six months to a year later. When I arrived at King's, Pulp was the order of the day. Barely half an hour could go by without "Babies" causing me to bow my head and whisper a silent prayer: "give us this day our daily Jarvis, and forgive us our stage invasions... for thine is the irony, the E's and the whizz, for ever and ever, sorted." Then came the Kinks, so popular that a motion went to an open meeting proposing we rename ourselves "Kinks College". Now it is the turn of Trainspotting, with Underworld's *Born Slippy*, a paean to soap ("shouting lather, lather, lather, mega mega white suds") and Lou Reed's rather apt *Perfect Bar* (right).

LOU REED — *Perfect Bar*

Just a perfect bar  
Drink IPA in the day  
Then after when it gets late we stay there

Just a perfect bar  
Smoke fags in a booth  
Then crosswords from Guardian 2 and then  
drink

Oh, it's such a perfect bar  
I'm glad I spend my life there  
Oh, such a perfect bar  
I just keep on hangin' round  
I just keep on hangin' round

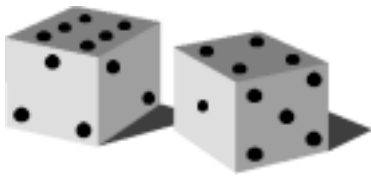
Just a perfect bar  
Problem sheets left undone  
3am on my own, it's such fun

Just a perfect bar  
It makes me forget my work  
There is nowhere else, nowhere good

Oh, it's such a perfect bar  
I'm glad I spend my life there  
Oh, such a perfect bar  
I just keep on hangin' round  
I just keep on hangin' round

You're goin' to sleep here before you know  
You're goin' to sleep here before you know  
You're goin' to sleep here before you know  
You're goin' to sleep here before you know





# KCSUDO!

## A Game of Tossing and Tedium



### Introduction

Kcsudo is a breathtakingly accurate simulation of a KCSU Open Meeting. The action takes place on a battlegrid the exact size, shape and dimensions of the Chetwynd Room, with players taking it in turns to control the flow of events, thus providing a new Chairperson every minute or so.

### A Brief Outline of the Rules

(The full rulebook runs to nineteen volumes and is to be found behind a false wall in Rob Few's bedroom)

#### 1.1.1.1 Aim of the Game

The main objective is to be at least as far forward at the end of the game as you were at the beginning. This is about the most anybody can hope for. The board shows a representation of the Open Meeting, where players move around each other in ever-decreasing circles, trying to unmask the murderer, work out which version of the Constitution is being used and spend the entire Charities budget on brown ale without the other players noticing.

#### 1.2.7.9(b) Moving

Each player places their character piece on the board and throws two dice, moving according to the "Open Meeting knight's move": two steps forward, then three steps back. It is up to the players to remember which direction they were going in when they started, although they are free to change direction in mid-move if nobody else notices. In general, players move away from the centre ground, towards the fringes; when the game ends, it is usually because all players have reached one extreme or the other, making further movement impossible.

#### 2.28.13.44(iii) Missed Goes

Players may often find themselves instructed to miss one or more goes. In this situation, play does not pass immediately to the next player; since this is an Open Meeting, the time the player would have spent taking their go must be formally counted out. The player in question must therefore spend one minute staring silently into space, during which time no pieces may be moved. The other players may not, of course, make any moves during this time either, but are permitted to read the Morning Star or engage in genital stimulation until play continues.

#### 3.441.XII.259 (Amended Version, passed unanimously 1995) Going Through The Motions

If any player should, at the end of a turn, be occupying an "It's Your Motion!" square, they must spend all their subsequent goes chairing a motion according to the procedures laid out below, and are forbidden to move any piece, until such time as the motion is judged to have come to a conclusion. This can be a right whore. If a player is instructed to conduct a motion while one or more motions is already in progress, the motions are discussed simultaneously, with the play switching between entirely unrelated subjects as the different players take their turns. This provides the most accurate simulation of a real Open Meeting.

#### 3.441.XII.259(a) Character of the Motion

On beginning a motion, a player must roll two dice to determine what it is about. A roll of 8 or more indicates the motion is about being allowed to throw sanitary towels away or something similarly fluffy which nobody in their right mind could possibly object to, so roll

again: a score of 7 or less indicates you have to miss a go while top cabaret artiste Joel Phillips provides comedy formal opposition. If your motion turns out to be non-cuddly, however, you must move on to the next section:

#### 3.441.XII.259(b) Arguments

The procedure for having that big scrap that always happens when anything vaguely controversial comes up is as follows: at the start of each subsequent turn you get, you declare that a point for, or against, the motion is being made. These are supposed to alternate, but you must, at the start of each point, roll a 4 or better on two dice, or you get a speech for the wrong side as the speaker has forgotten what the motion originally was. Whenever this happens you have to compensate in subsequent moves by awarding an extra speech to the other side of the Argument. If other players notices the cock-up, you must go back to the beginning of the Argument and start again.

NOTE: THE ACTUAL OUTCOME OF THE VOTE IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE IN THIS GAME.

#### 3.441.XII.259(c) Amendments

Any player, including those chairing motions themselves, may, at any time during their turn, table an amendment to another player's motion. The player putting forward the amendment must make it clear which motion the amendment refers to, and may not apply the same amendment to more than one motion at once. The player receiving the amendment must, on the next turn, postpone the argument in order to deal with it, in the following way: first, roll two dice; a score of ten or above indicates that the proposer has accepted the amendment into the motion. The player who brought the amendment into play must state whether the amendment was designed to strengthen or weaken the sense of the proposal.

If the amendment is not accepted, the player must now start a second argument (embedded within the first), conducted in identical fashion, on the subject of the amendment. AT NO POINT may any player bring a motion to a vote without having voted on all amendments which refer to it.

There is no limit to the number of amendments which can be submitted to one motion; it is also permitted to propose amendments to amendments while they are being argued about. Note, however, that any player who becomes suspicious is entitled to question any other player about which amendments they have put into play; players who cannot provide a comprehensive list of all amendments produced by them and under discussion, have all their amendments withdrawn and may be punched in the face by each other player up to a maximum of two times.

#### 12.28.15.14.2.9.83.38.71.55 Smoking

College regulations forbid members to smoke or possess any serious motor disability while a meeting is in progress.

#### 3.441.XII.259(d) (i) Chair's Ruling

This indicates that an order-related fight of some kind has broken out: the player is required to make a ruling. This involves missing a go, and, on the next turn, rolling two dice five times or five dice twice. A throw of twenty-seven or lower indicates that Rob Few is in the room, and will challenge the ruling on the grounds that it is bollocks. In this instance, a huge shouting match breaks out, so roll twice for yourself and three times for Rob: whoever comes highest wins and losing means abandoning the current motion but having to miss five hundred and fifteen goes in succession while the whole horrible fuck-up is sorted out. (The exception to this is if the player involved is, literally, Rob Few: because the situation is confused, Rob is still required to have the argument, with himself, but is permitted to roll three times both times).

#### 3.441.XII.259(d) (ii) Meeting Held in Camera

'In camera' means that the doors are to be closed and no new members allowed into the meeting. If this procedural motion crops up, the player must roll an eleven or better before everyone has found out what it means from their mate. Although useful to reduce the effect of "Pissed Shouting" (see section 12, "Pissed Shouting"), this also means that no member is permitted to leave the room to go for a slash or more beer; players must therefore roll exactly three during each Argument or all the speakers will go insane. Players can only escape by throwing a double ten or playing the "Get Out Of Camera Free" card.

#### 12.12.12.12 Sexual Harassment

Any meeting which continues in camera for more than about three days is judged to constitute an act of sexual harassment on the grounds that women are denied access to sanitary products.

#### 131.48.63.12/www.Leon.Clar[ae]nce.com

Exactly once during each game a player may play his joker and become Leon Clarence for the duration of the turn. Whilst Leon Clarence the player becomes immediately immensely alert and good at arguing points with incredible skill totally needlessly. Points are scored off all other players, but since points play no role in Open Meetings, this has little effect on the flow of the game. Leon Clarence ends when one of the other players is reduced to tears, at which point the player being Leon can go back to the bar, confident of a job well done.

#### 12 Pissed Shouting

As the meeting progresses, all members must drink heavily in order to avoid madness; after two hours' play any speech in an Argument is no longer considered audible unless preceded by a roll of eight or better on the seventeen-sided "Pissed Shouting die". Roll again at the start of each turn to determine whether any glassware has been knocked over and trodden into the floor. A roll of any number n less than four during an Argument henceforth indicates that the participant has fallen amid the glass and severed n major arteries. Miss eight goes at the end of the Argument while the casualties are stretchered off.

#### 4.9999999 Emergency Motions

An emergency motion is a motion submitted after the formal deadline, in response to a dramatic change in circumstances which has occurred following that deadline, and which does not appear on the order paper but is publicised as widely as possible in the hours leading up to the meeting. This is a vitally important constitutional device.

[Following a last-minute submission, this was amended to:

#### 4.9999999 Emergency Motions

An emergency motion is a thoroughly bent constitutional nightmare used exclusively by shady bastards for burgling the charities budget. On no account must any warning of the emergency motion be given to members; they should preferably also be intimidated or distracted while the motion is being read so as to avoid the intercession of any kind of democratic procedure. Emergency motions in this game may be simulated by rolling a million dice a million times, tipping the board over and shouting "Well fuck you!"]

#### 25 million: End of the Game

The game is judged to have ended when all players

(a) have become locked into a loop of continually repeated movements

(b) have sicked up their dinners, or

(c) are hiding at the bottom of the spiral staircase doubled up with their hands over their ears.

#### 1. Determination of the Winner

The means of determining who has won are detailed in a supplementary document due to be circulated shortly by the Rules of the Game Working Party. Fuck it, I don't know, it probably goes on who did the nicest manifesto. Also, players should note that (subject to consultation with the Chaplain) RON does exist for the purposes of this game and his moves must be enacted by a random-number generator or chimpanzee. So he'll probably walk it.



king's films presents

# ROB WALLACH

starring in

## "THE MILD ONE"



# SUCCUBUS PIE

Reading last term's RDP, I decided to send you one of my dreams. I think Freudian analysis is in order. WARNING: The author of this cartoon is responsible for essays about "the vaginal ear" and the "orgasm of poetry"

# INCUBUS · PILE

Don't ask.



# INCESTIONNAIRE

Hi! We're two (2) wacky SPS students with a part 2 (two) project due in next week. But instead we thought we'd waste your time and ours by sending round this tedious questionnaire. It's totally anonymous — we only ask that you supply your subject, year, sex, college, initials and mother's maiden name to help our profiling. Please return all 30 pages completed to one of the hundreds of tacky boxes in the maleroom.

1. Which of the following family members have you has sex with? (please circle the relevant 69)

- |                                      |                                      |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mother      | <input type="checkbox"/> Father      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sister      | <input type="checkbox"/> Brother     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Aunt        | <input type="checkbox"/> Uncle       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Niece       | <input type="checkbox"/> Nephew      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Grandmother | <input type="checkbox"/> Grandfather |

2. Would you rate sex with family members as better or worse than sex with non-blood relatives?

17. What do you consider the greatest advantage of sexual relations within a family?

- Not having to decide whose place to go back to
- The excitement of "forbidden fruit"
- Living with them, and knowing all their habits
- Not having to buy extra birthday or Christmas presents
- Other, please state \_\_\_\_\_

# How to...

This issues “how to” gives you the information on how to cope with one of the most stressful and demanding times of the year. No, not exams — they’re trivial; I speak of May Week, which, as Clive James pointed out in his witty biography, is in June. Supposedly one week’s reward for a year of pressure and stress, it is itself not free of problems. Outlined below are the chief hazards and some suggested tactics.

## Garden Parties

“Garden Parties”. Sounds innocent enough, doesn’t it? But these are no ordinary garden parties. The alcohol is present in abundance, but the question is, do you dare make a complete prat of yourself in the presence of your supervisors, director of studies and other assorted senior fellows? One solution to this is to skip your own subject’s party, and crash all the others. Another important thing to note is that these parties often happen during the exam period. Make sure that you don’t have an exam the next day! It sounds obvious, but it’s an easy mistake to make, I can tell you.

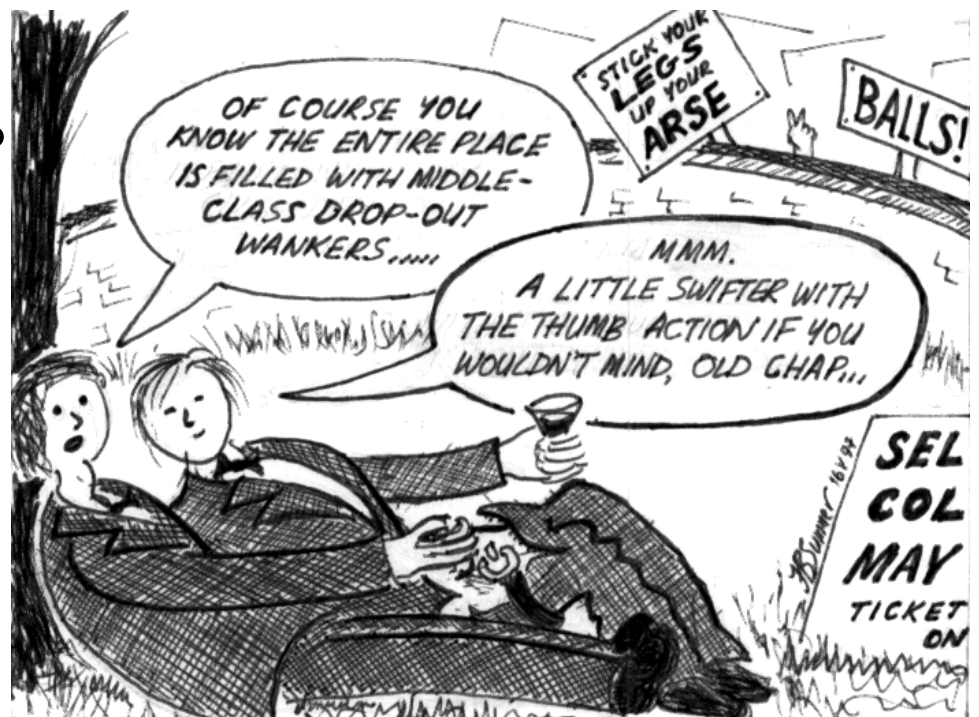
Two approaches suggest themselves:

- i) Don party gear, and get totally wasted, and make loud offensive comments about your DoS to their face (recommended for finalists)
- ii) Sip delicately on your orange juice, and nod politely as your supervisors drink themselves into the ground (recommended for everyone else).

## May Balls

May Balls started in the 19th century, primarily to ruin Cambridge school kids’ A-level chances by playing loud chamber music at them the night before their exams. This ensured that none of them could achieve the grades to get into Cambridge, and hence preserved the town-gown divide.

Nowadays, the May Balls are enormous events where the food and wine flows freely down bow-tied necks... and then back up again shortly later. Competition between rival ball-holders as to who can bring off the most impressive spectacle means that you can expect fireworks, champagne, bouncy castles, dodgems, and a big name band, like Dodgy, Right Said Fred or... er... Dodgy! But everything has a price, and



# ...“do” May Week

for May Balls the going rate is about £110 a head. Except of course that you have to buy a double ticket because the organisers sneer at pathetic ugly single people who are not well-proportioned “beautiful people” like themselves.

Your options are:

- i) Don a dinner jacket, find a suitably gullible partner and blow the remainder of your student loan on one night’s guilty hedonism.
- ii) Go to Glastonbury where you can see bigger bands, go on better rides, take stronger drugs, and meet nicer people for only £75.

## The June Event

Ever since a rather unfortunate evening involving the Stranglers, several hundred Stranglers fans and many thousand pounds worth of damage, King’s has not held a May Ball. Instead there is a more accurately named and slightly more affordably priced June Event. Your £30 contributes towards a £7000 music budget that attracts name so cool and cutting edge that — unlike at mingles — you are *absolutely guaranteed* not to have heard of them [*This is not strictly true — this year they boast Darren Emmerson, part of popular beat combo “Emmerson Lake and Palmer” - Ed*]. With a theme totally unconnected to the music — this year it’s ‘Afterlife’ — the hardworking and under rewarded artists create a myriad of varied environments, from the sweaty

frenzy of the main hall and cellar, to the wittily named, freezing cold, chill out tent on the front lawn.

Options:

- i) Don your PVC trousers and take plenty of drugs (caffeine or speed, according to taste) to ensure you enjoy it fully
- ii) Bury your head in your pillow, and fail to sleep through it

## Suicide Sunday

This is traditionally a day where members of sports clubs have a garden party, get very drunk, and rape everything within sight. It gets its name because the sight of a bunch of “blazered wankers” strutting about Cambridge as if they own the place (whereas everyone knows that Trinity owns Cambridge) is so depressing that it frequently drives normal, non-blazered folk to suicide.

You have two options:

- i) Don a blazer and lose all claim to being a rational member of the human race.
- ii) Lock your doors and watch “Songs of Praise” with the sound turned up.

## The rest of the time

Suicide Sunday, May Balls, June Events - whatever your taste it still leaves a large part of May Week unfilled. What to do?

- i) Don summer dress, nip off to Oddbins, and spend the week getting pissed in the brief British summer.
  - ii) Go home a week early
  - iii) Complain about how shit May Week is
- The choice is yours.



# Thought for the Day

*On Our Own* by Anne Atkins (Sceptre, £5.99)

Theo is nine years old. He is a chorister at King's Chapel, and he is about to discover God. But then, "Theo had always had a sense that the reality he experienced in Chapel was far more real than the reality outside". He is also modelled, alarmingly closely, on the infant Mozart. Caz is a writer, who is working on a book about Mozart (clever, huh?) and whose previous published work is entitled *The Lost Child* (as is Anne Atkins' - clever, huh?) She has a boyfriend, who is currently in Italy, but will return about half-way through the novel to resolve the mystery and mop her up. This sort of thing, while annoying, merely suggests Atkins has been reading Dorothy L Sayers and missing the point. But worse is to come.

Theo's dad, the brilliant, arrogant, violent and probably libellous Director of Music for the Chapel, has been murdered, possibly by his mother, the beautiful, artistic, sensitive and talented concert violinist. Full marks here for subtle characterisation. Nominally, the book is concerned with finding out who really did it; in fact, this part of the plot is resolved in a couple of hurried chapters near the end (it was our old friend, the passing maniac, by the way), leaving the rest free for a blackboard-diagram discussion of Mrs Atkins' favourite topic: family values. Her unique and probing contribution to the debate? Well, wife-beating is bad, but breaking up with people can hurt too, you know. (Clever, huh?) If only I, like Mrs Atkins, had been educated "by the Cambridge Footlights", how penetrating might my social observations be today!

My personal theory is that Theo's family has become dysfunctional due to the stress of living in the Cambridge of eighty years before. While Atkins' research into collegiate life undoubtedly began with *Gaudy Night*, and apparently took her as far as Brasenose College, Oxford, there is plenty to suggest it ended there. On reflection, she may have seen inside the Chapel, maybe more than once. But as far as she is concerned, behind the facade of King's lie courtyards where there are "domestic staff scurrying to and fro... carrying large, silver platters with domed lids". Doesn't sounds much like Chetwynd Court to me. Or maybe it's another fiendish plot of that shadowy figure, the Master of King's, who also makes a brief, Hitchcock-like appearance.

It's difficult to check the background detail, mind. Atkins' Cambridge is a loosely-linked collection of tea-shops and clichés which billow behind her purple-tinted spectacles: "It was as if everything else in the tea shop were looming, larger than life, as in a bad dream or a surrealist picture" That's the Copper Kettle, whose scones are currently being investigated by the Drugs Squad. Or try this: "she sat in the tea-room [where else?] overlooking the churned turf... The balding earth was a rich brown, almost navy blue, between the meagre wisps of dark wet green." That, as far as I can make out, is the arse-end of Garden Hostel. A well-known repository of lyric beauty.

So, has the book any redeeming features? Well, the author does know a lot about music. A lot. A lot more than you. Got that? By page three, you are clearly inferior to a three-year-old child who is being taught "to sing his solfa accurately... and what the difference was between F double sharp and G natural." By page 197, the strains of "Kreislner, pretending to be Pugnani" are moving both Caz and the reader to tears, and the strains of Atkins, pretending to be clever, were moving the reviewer to homicide. But the idea of heading the chapters with (vaguely) apposite quotations from Mozart's letters was really dead neat. Clever, huh?

When all's said and done, this book is well worth owning. I recommend leaving it lying beside the radio and reading out

appropriate passages in a silly voice, by way of an antidote, during the author's sessions on *Thought for the Day*. It's also an invaluable guide to musical snobbery and a disturbing perspective on the minds of small children and the people who write about them. And it only costs six quid. But please, please, don't buy it. If this sort of book is allowed to get around, the admissions office next year could be swamped with Anne Atkins disciples and similar refugees from the 1920s. And if enough of them get in, fact will become fiction, and silver platters will flit through Chetwynd Court at the bidding of the Master. It may damage the character of the college irreparably. Come to think of it, should we sue?

*Bookend* is an occasional column dedicated to reviewing awful prose trading on the reputation of King's. All submissions are welcomed.



From the people who brought you “Build your own Cambridge” and “Gibbon Fellating for Beginners” we present:

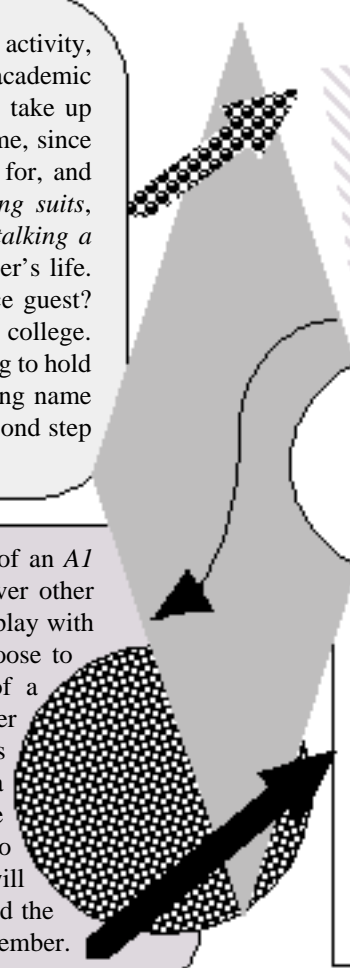
# Host Your Own Conference!

Conference-going is the University’s most popular activity, far outstripping orienteering, juggling and academic teaching. Despite this, very few students seem to take up this engaging and rewarding hobby. This is a shame, since they would find themselves much better provided for, and most would find the activity to their taste: *wearing suits, getting horrendously pissed, breaking things and talking a load of shite* are key features of the conference-goer’s life. So, how does one go about becoming a conference guest? The first step is to *book a conference* at your college. Apply to a different office of your college for funding to hold the conference with, and give it a plausible-sounding name like *Gender Aspects of the 741C Op Amp*. The second step is to *steal all the soap and towels* you can find.

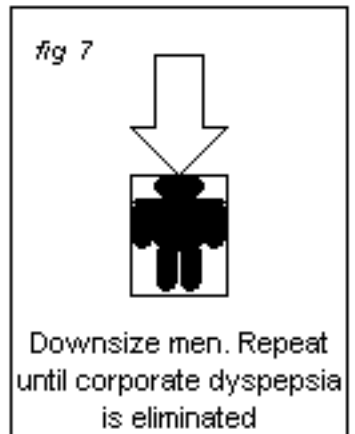
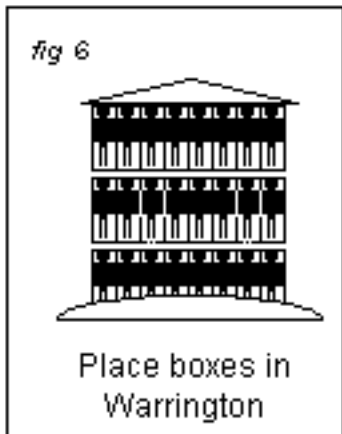
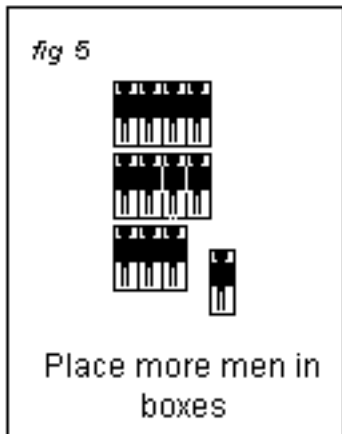
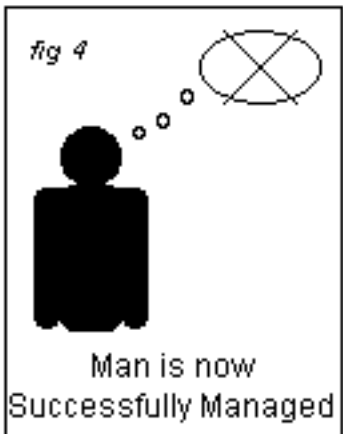
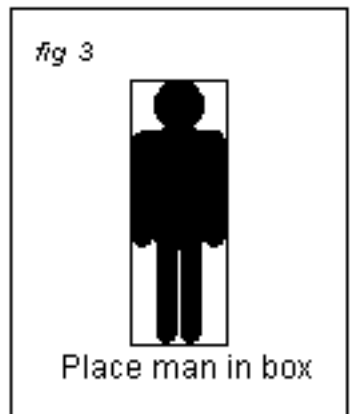
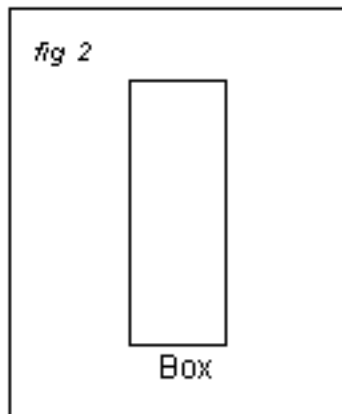
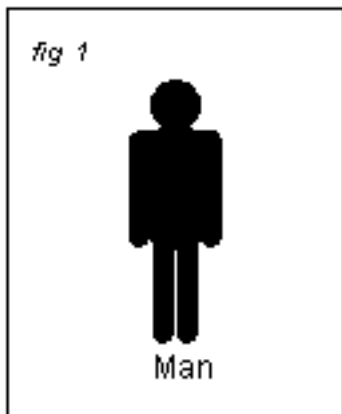
The most important step of all is the acquisition of an *AI flip chart*. This has two important advantages over other presentation methods: firstly, it allows the user to play with brightly-coloured marker pens (which he may choose to sniff); secondly, it is invaluable in the event of a *dissipative plot-loss scenario*. A skilled presenter will, on discovering he has forgotten what he was talking about, immediately begin noting down a list of *key points* or *strategic factors*. This can be made to include enough points that the chart has to be flipped over, at which point the audience will forget all material relating to the previous sheet and the presenter can move onto something he can still remember.

An alternative is the *overhead projector*. This is heavier and easier to break when pissed, but has the advantage that it can be readily stolen from Cambridge’s many science lecture theatres. It is often possible to find the lecturers’ transparencies illustrating various physical principles lying about; these can safely be presented as explanatory diagrams relating to just about any management situation. Failing this, you will have to make up your own transparencies. It is important to use *horrendous clip-art*: get a poster designer from one of the Societies to help you. We’ve included an example to get you started.

It is important to stress to conference delegates the importance of the self. Successful attainners must be self-motivated, self-centred, self-adhesive and, above all, self-seeking. Since the *self* is located, on average, some distance below and slightly behind the *eyes*, which are the validation-units used to conduct the search, the result is therefore invariably a great deal of wheeling around and spinning onto the floor on the part of the self-seekers, such as can be observed in the bar at any time after about 5pm.



The Techniques  
of  
Successful Man  
Management





# Science Lite



Those meddling Natskys have had science to themselves for too long. I read a book recently which changed my life. It was called "Johnny Ball Explains It All" (I bought it for the nude family photos of his daughter Zoe). Inside, science maverick Ball reveals all the secrets that scientists want to hide from you and I.

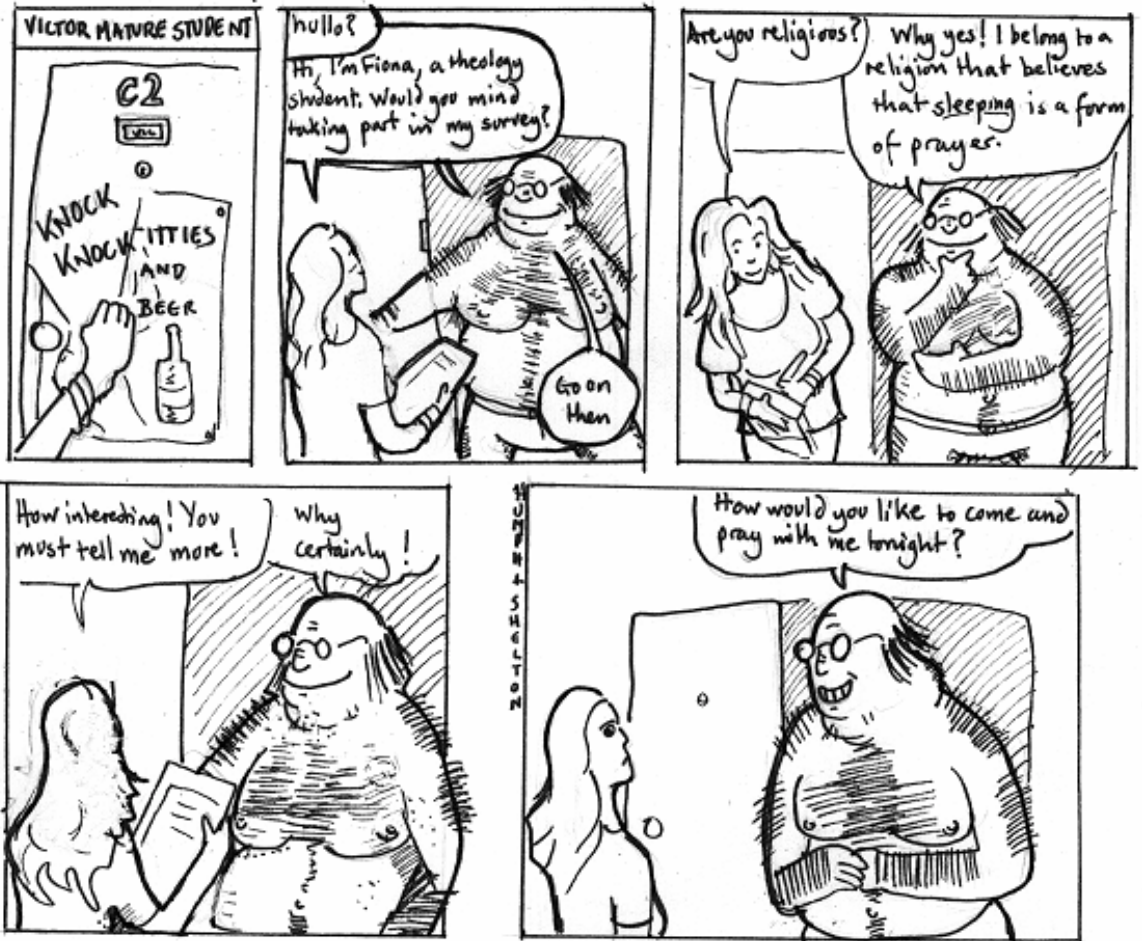
Here's an example: suppose the sun were in the middle of a football pitch. Then the earth would be in goal! Talk about playing games on a global scale! This is the kind of thing that professional astronomers like mystic Meg don't want us to know.

But science doesn't just work at large scale - suppose someone places the nucleus of an atom on the centre spot of the same football pitch. Then we'd have a bugger of a time finding it - it's literally tiny! You'd have to be an ant or something to see it!

Now suppose the sun is a basketball the size of the sun at the centre of a football pitch the size of the solar system. Then the earth becomes a cricket ball in Hampshire while the moon is a cheese ball at a cocktail party in Cornwall. Meanwhile Saturn is a May Ball at Jesus while Pluto is a cartoon dog, and Uranus is a witty and amusing pun.

That's enough scientific balls. In future issues, I plan to reveal more incredible facts that those plotting Natskis think we can't handle, including how charlatan Steven Hawkins may think he understands secrets of the universe, but can't get up a flight of stairs unaided; how gravity was invented by Isaac Asimov (BA Cantab) and how we were better off without it; how scientists can use the stars and psychic forces to predict the future but choose not to; and just generally using semi-colons and other grammatical devices that those white coated conspircists wouldn't dare to! That's all providing they don't get to me first!

*More of this new fangled science nonsense next issue*



## Do-it-yourself Trumpington!

It's terrible not having Varsity every Friday, isn't it? The incisive news, cutting edge comment, and feckless letters. But most important is the section we turn to first every week — the university's toppermost gossip column, Trumpington. Well, RDP can help ease those Trumpington withdrawal symptoms. Simply pick an item from each section, and you too can have your very own personalised Trumpington column. Ace!

The President of	CUSU	got off	with	his girlfriend	in Cindies
The Secretary of	CUCA	shagged		a passing stranger	on Rag Blind Date
The Whore of	the ADC	pissed	on top of	a porter	while his mother was visiting
The publicity officer for	the Union	vomitted	through	the college cat	in front of the Master of college
	Duncan Reed	fell unconscious		Duncan Reed	without apologising
				a taxi driver	without using a condom

# RDP LETTERS

## Separated at birth I

Dear RDP,

Graham Cormode is Ginger Spice - look at the facts, they speak for themselves:



- Likes tight dresses
- Flat chested
- Naturally ginger, dyes it black
- Won "looks most like Ginger spice" in the bar quiz
- Likes web pages of explicit photos

- Likes tight dresses
- Big chested
- Naturally dark, dyes it ginger
- Won "looks most like Cormode" in the bar quiz
- Has own web page of explicit photos

Are they by any chance related? I think we should be told.

*Hilary Usmadeupname, King's*

## Separated at birth II



*Troi*

*Tempest*

Dear RDP,

I can't help noticing a striking similarity between KCSU ship's counsellor, Louise Tillin, and Starship Enterprise welfare officer, Deanna Troi. Is this coincidence, or is there a deeper significance?

*Jean Luc Picard, Space*

## Separated at birth III



*Punts*



*Cox*

Dear RDP,

Am I alone in noticing a certainly similarity between some of the college boats and some of the college punts. Is there any chance that they were separated at berth?

*C. Rap-pun, Magdalene*

## An Open Letter

Madam,

Anyone who went to the first Open Meeting of this term or who had a comic account of it from someone who did go will have been forcibly struck by one indisguisable fact. The degree of chaos which prevails at all levels at all levels of KCSU is, to a cynic, rather amusing; but it is unacceptable to anyone who wants KCSU to be politically or socially active. As things stand, we have at least three partially overlapping versions of the consitution.

Motions drop off the bottom of the agenda. Then the meeting, exhausted by some long and badly chaired technical or political wrangle between a few leading

speakers, goes inquorate before the remaining motions can be discussed. Finally, if Open Meeting motions are discussed and passed, the executive machinery for ensuring that any necessary action is taken is often inadequate and

*We interrupt this letter to point out that it does not refer to the current encumbent, but was written in 1975 by a student who is now a fellow. Find out more in next issue's feature "You don't have to be chair of KCSU to work here — but it helps!"*

## THE END

That's all folks. The end. We would like to print 16 pages as usual instead of just 12, but we hit two snags:

- i) We've run out of money and can't afford to print any more.
- ii) We've run out of material and can't be bothered to write any more.

So, there it is. Enjoy your summer vacation, and remember that RDP is always ready for your contributions of any shape, size or form. Just throw them in the general direction of box 619 and we'll do the rest. See y'again.

# RDP CROSSWORD

*A feature most people didn't know existed makes a long awaited return to RDP. A post-election prize of 48 Anne Campbell posters will go to the first correct solution drawn out of p'hole 619 after midnight, 15th June.*

### Across

- 8 Odd creed is a feature of King's bar (3,5)
- 9 Leads over noxious volcano, and considers taking a holiday (2,3)
- 10 Top 70s band, whichever way you look at it (4)
- 11 Bizarre crayon pics associated with moth (10)
- 12 Backward Greek character enters small furry animal for a measured amount (6)
- 14 Oxford supervision where you French have nothing in court case (8)
- 15 I join most of the Bee-gees to surround city (7)
- 17 Learner in the nude hesitates - he needs a guide (7)
- 20 Pub owner exercises rear vent (8)
- 22 New college accommodation inside ghost elephants (6)
- 23 Amnesiac gets first total recall near Superdrug (4,6)
- 24 Dodgy shag leads to injury (4)
- 25 Penetrating sex to lead to praise (5)
- 26 Room in chewy donut without Open University (8)

### Down

- 1 "Probe me," invites King, producing college (8)
- 2 Master's degree helps medic synthesise ecstasy (4)
- 3 The attic I clean contains a frozen part (6)
- 4 Threesome next to John's (7)
- 5 Hails pot as a haven for the sick (8)
- 6 Bank debts whilst playing boardgame? (10)
- 7 Tree developed by first US agency outside California (6)
- 13 Visit nunnery with two wayward knights for an education (10)
- 16 Long live quirky half of college (8)
- 18 Snog Neve during chapel service (8)
- 19 Mutilated uncle turns grey, making haste (7)
- 21 A place to sleep, after turning rabid and consuming an E (6)
- 22 Hydrogen consumer produces warmth (6)
- 24 Initially goes out wearing normal Cambridge apparel (4)

