

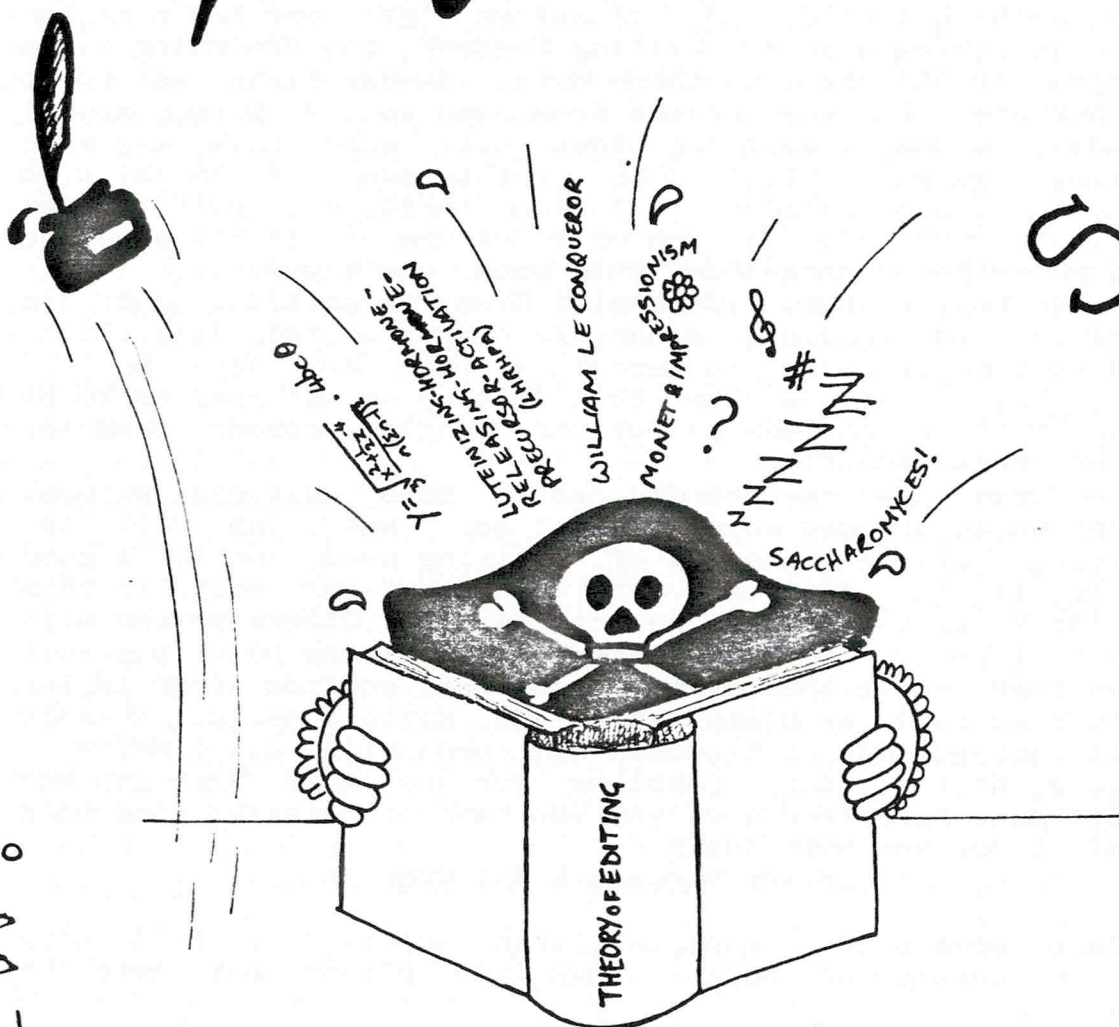
THE BLACKMARKET

Pugwash

4th Issue

LIMITED EDITION

SEX-FREE!
(WELL, ALMOST)



NEW!
DR DONG'S
CASEBOOK...

EXAMINATION NUMBER !!!

GUIDE TO EXAMS

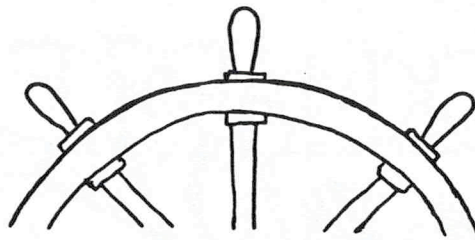
Aunty
Marty's
PROBLEM PAGE

+ THE
GANCZ
SUPPLEMENT

... A CAUTIONARY
TALE ...

"FOR THOSE ABOUT TO PAY,
WE SALUTE YOU"

NOTHING ABOUT MONI THIS WEEK
60p



*** The Editorial ***

God, what a last week of term! Friday was a typical Friday. Our Informal proved to be another success (!) to add to the long lines of Mans-field triumphs, with (it seemed) just about the whole uni trying to get in -- unfortunately, it made a stupendous loss probably due to people backhanding the security. Saturday was spent dashing around, and a sleepless night was had planning how to cram making a movie, writing Pugwash, and finishing those long overdue practicals into three days. Sunday night was spent writing Pugwash. Oh, the apathy from you lot! We hereby appeal for scandal, quotes, anything that will make this mag more interesting! We're sitting here at this moment (3.15 am) with square eyes, several gallons of coffee inside us, gulping down mouthfuls of ProPluses. So you will excuse us if the magazine tends to be rather disorganized this week, won't you?

We note that Richard (Cornwall) Hine is settling into his new position as absolute monarch/dictator of this Hall. It is rumoured that he is going to erect a ten foot high bust of himself in the Cattery. Whether this is true or not remains to be seen, though there has been a lot of banging coming from (or nearby) his room recently.

Of course, we can hardly write this editorial without mentioning those dreaded words "exams" and "now". The fact that we're typing this out instead of revising does not set a good example to all you first years out there, but our motto in this case is 'Do as we say, not as we act'. Revise. Otherwise who will there be to line our pockets with Pugwash money next year? If you're worried about the exams, then this edition of MP is for you. It's cram full of hints, tips and worldly advice, notably from that demi-goddess of kindness and compassion, Aunty Marty.

Anyway, that's enough rambling for one week. Hope you had some jolly good hols (those of you who haven't already gone back home again). See you next issue.

Captain Pugwash & His Crew

PS - This week's Big Bonanza Bingo number is 7 (ironically enough, the number of hours sleep the editor got over the weekend).

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The Presidential Campaign Review

Question: Why do fresher girls go wild about Richard Hine?
Answer: He's a winner and they love his power.

Question: Why is Angus said to be the best lover in Hall?
Answer: He always comes second.

Question: Why is John Ward so popular at orgies?
Answer: He always comes last of all.

- From our political correspondent

To be issued to all candidates on entering the exam room

ADVICE TO CANDIDATES TAKING FUE EXAMINATIONS

There comes a time in every FUE examination when one can proceed no further. This is what the Reading University Examinations Syndicate advise you to do:-

The initial symptoms of the not uncommon occurrence of being totally lost in the exam normally divest themselves upon the unsuspecting candidate shortly after the completion of question 1, part a. This is approximately the time when it is realized what a bummer the paper actually is. The most obvious symptoms are uncontrollable fits of laughter punctuated by a bout of vomiting. This is superseded by the candidates following one of two approaches.

For those who desire to pass the exam (they can be recognized by the spectacles, boring suit and meticulously clean digital watch/calculator) there is a short period of total panic, which gives way to feverish searching through the data booklets for that one constant which you know exists but which we in the department have deliberately omitted because it may be of some possible use to you. When it is realized that this constant is not included, you may have an embarrassing personal problem if your suit does not consist of brown trousers. Our advice to such candidates is hard luck, you're not going to pass.

The second category of candidates are those who never had a hope of passing and were clever enough to realize it (they can be recognized by the handy bottle of Newcastle Brown and the spliff behind one ear). To these candidates we suggest that now they have run out of questions they can answer, they try a different approach. A favourite method in this situation seems to be the waffle ploy, where as much rubbish as can be assimilated in three hours is written on the answer sheets in the vague hope that the examiner will be impressed. This, you may be interested to know, always works; our examiners never fail to be impressed by the sheer quantity of waffle which some (obviously highly trained) candidates can produce.

However, you will still fail.

It should also be mentioned that there is a very small percentage of candidates who cannot be categorized as above. These are the people who seem to have no problems with the paper, and do not come to a grinding halt halfway down the first page of their answer scripts. In order that these people do not have too great an advantage in the exam, it is common for Reading to arrange a distraction in order to annoy, and generally aggravate, these persons.

The scale and nature of this distraction varies according to locational and financial resources of the appropriate department(s). At the lower end of the price range is the grass-cutting tractor being operated by some deaf moron just outside the exam room. More commonly, a bunch of lost UCCA candidates or a large demonstration against mergers.

In conclusion, it should be pointed out that the candidates should not worry about their FUEs. Worrying is only necessary when the outcome is indeterminate; and this is one exam when you can all be dead certain of the result.

Cheers!

University of Reading
Examinations Syndicate
March 1988



EXCLUSIVE TO PUGWASH!!!
THE GRADUATES STORY - A CAUTIONARY TALE

Sent in by Margaret Brown, BA (Hoovering) BSc (Washing Up), one of our caterers.

When I was one of Sussex University's Foundation Year in the early 1960's, we all felt that the world was our oyster. Feted and flattered as the hope of Britain, we expected society to surrender itself to our leadership and inspiration - and to pay us handsomely for our lordly acceptance of these proffered honours. In the late 1960's I was at the London School of Economics, where the students were bewildered by the impact of a very different reality from the "You've never had it so good" ebullence of seven years earlier.

And now? I do not know what my old friends are doing. But I know what I am doing - two hours a day Hoovering the computer area and another two hours running the washing-up machine at Mansfield Hall. People are often surprised at this apparent waste of a couple of History degrees. But seriously, what can one do with a History degree except teach? Of my years of teaching, the best I can say is that now the scars only hurt in frosty weather. And without mechanical skills of any kind, in particular driving and typing ones, possibilities are further limited. The Mansfield Hall washing-up machine is the only machine I have ever been able to work without damage.

In effect I am doing what many non-establishment intellectuals in the Soviet Union do - a manual job in the day and a creative semi-job in the evening. My vocation is to write, and Reading University - so to speak - supports it. Not every Hall of Residence has a washer-up who has been published in both "Forum" and "The Church Times". Our system does not allow for unorthodox lifestyles. Too many people in education expect graduates to slot into graduate jobs and feel aggrieved when there are not enough slots. It was a great mistake to swell the number of graduates, particularly in arts subjects, when it was impossible to increase the number of such jobs. Perhaps graduates should retake their degrees every five years to keep them. That would keep the proportions down.

So I happily ladle out the soup, sometimes filling a few bowls with gravy instead of oxtail, and take in the dirty trays and dishes. The comforting whir of the machine is a substitute for Proust's cork-lined room. Against its background I contemplate my next book and hope that it eventually gets written. As the trays clatter into the frame, I sometimes look at students handing them in, and wonder if they're doing my subject, and if they do, whether they are any good at it. Should I warn them that History is not a meal-ticket?

When you sweat for a good degree, remember that in itself it might be useless to you. You might well find yourself shovelling chips onto plates and later shovelling waste off them. Why, you might work the hoovers, buffers, and washing-up machines of Sussex or the LSE!

- * Food for thought - if anyone else has something they wish to say, don't hesitate in sending it in. Pugwash has a conscience.

ARE YOU GOING TO FAIL YOUR EXAMINATIONS THIS SUMMER?

You need an alternative: Captain Puwash's University of the Sea! The Captain offers a wide range of degrees, diplomas, and certificates (forgery optional). With only three lessons of the Captain's course, you can qualify in one or more of the following subjects:-

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Ballooning | 15. High jump |
| 2. Botany | 16. Frogs (as Applied Maths) |
| 3. Coalmining (practical) | 17. Plagiarism |
| 4. Brain surgery | 18. Physics |
| 5. Chemistry | 19. Neanderthal erotica (as Tortures) |
| 6. Corks | 20. Reading |
| 7. Advanced corks | 21. Rolling down grass banks |
| 8. Applied Maths (as Chemistry) | 22. Tortures |
| 9. Arson | 23. Irregular verbs |
| 10. Fire prevention | 39. Sums |
| 11. Wardens' language | 25. Spelling |
| 12. Four letter words (as 11) | 26. Unpublished letters to Pugwash |
| 13. Danish literature | 27. Other |
| 14. Bottles | |

In addition to these fabulous courses, the Captain offers one-day seminars on the following hobbies: Know Your Cat; Short Story Writing (needs Spelling from above); Flower Arranging with Criminal Law; Shorthand Typing; Shorthand Doodling; Fingerpainting, Tattooing & Other Things to Do with your Body

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AND NOW . . . A SPECIAL NEW FEATURE

>> Doctor Dong's Casebook <<

Dr. Desmond Dong, our resident psychoanalytical therapist this week takes a look at Hall dreamers - reviewing his notes on your new President, Richard Hine.

Rich, in his recurring dreams, foresaw the masses bow down before him and the acquisition of abundant wealth and riches; an immense, pointed, glittering sword; and unlimited power. On the couch, he confided to Dong:-

"And then I, Dickie, did feel the power pumping through my veins; did command the sway of the crowd; and did quash the masses beneath me as they cried with one voice 'All hail to our Dick. All hail to our Dick.' But low, a darkened chef armed with meat cleaver did then appear upon the horizon and the crowd did turn, mesmerized, unto him. And he did cut his way through the populace and came unto me. I slaid him with my sharp and shimmering sword, and behold, the crowd did turn back unto me, crying 'Saviour'."

The patient reported this as being a recurring dream. Dr. Dong's diagnosis identifies a classic case of "Caesar Syndrome". El Presidente, he argues, clearly plans to establish a one-man dictatorship in Mansfield next term, his megalomaniacal aspirations to unlimited power unleashed by his winning the elections. Freud would see in the sword a symbol of the power of the phallus, but our Doctor (intimate with all his patients) argues that there is no such power in this case - rather that the President is threatened by the desperado David Berridge and feels that if he does nothing to bring this wanted man within the boundaries of the law - so that this criminal may no longer cast such a shadow over our lives - he may lose his power (not, we think, a wholly unfounded fear!)

David Berridge, on the other hand, dreamt that he was being chased by a tyrant with a sword and though running faster and faster, knowing there was no hope of escape. He recalls a feeling of terror and despair.

Dr. Dong's psychoanalysis discerns a deep inner guilt signified in the running: could the sword be symptomatic of castration anxiety, or does the patient just realize that his food is appalling? Does he feel guilty for making so many innocent students suffer?

Recommended therapy for David: systematic desensitisation therapy - see if he can handle 10 weeks of his own cooking!

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ~ PART 2

Our regular reading public may remember reports in the Christmas edition of Jon from Doncaster, hard-man of Oxton, fiancée of Bill, taking on the Earlsland Sloanies and emerging supreme champion of the arena. Well now the champ's reign has come to an humiliating end, and Pugwash is pleased to announce that the "Most Aggressive Person in Hall" title has now passed to one C. Bruce - sex dwarf of Newbury - after her spectacular performance at the showdown on the evening of March 2nd 1988. Eye witnesses say that our heroine first decided to take up the fight when a drunken 2nd-year Law student, apparent associate of the aforementioned Jon Goodwin, fell for her radiant beauty at the St. Andrew's formal earlier that evening. Failing to ingratiate himself upon her there, he followed her back to her room, supposedly to watch some "videos". Spurned by her, he left a pile of vomit outside her room as a token of his unrequited love. To this C. Bruce took offense [oh, how inconsiderate! - Ed]. Mr. Anon Law (unable to stand up) was in no fit state to duel - she therefore challenged his seconder, J. Goodwin to [quote] "step outside" in true man-to-man fashion. He declined - perhaps because he was too drunk; perhaps because he was too scared; perhaps because he had failed to recover from the way he fell through a door when she pushed him after he had laughed at her. The title thus passed, undisputed, to C. Bruce, who reigns supreme.

Three conclusions may be drawn from this incident:-

- i - C. Bruce is in love with J. Goodwin and it was all just foreplay.
- ii - J. Goodwin is a wimp.
- iii - J. Goodwin, having been out for the night with Mr. Anon Law, is clearly already two-timing his spouse pictured in the last edition of Pugwash.

Furthermore, two footnotes may be added:-

- i - It is known that Mr. Anon Law actually spent that night in the bed of J. Goodwin. Evidence: he was sick in the bed. Fact: Jon has not since bothered to change the sheets!
- ii - When consulted over this case, Dr. Dong asserted that undue female aggression is a definite sign of **- CENSORED -**

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\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\ THE PUGWASH PURITY SCALE //

The 1980s have been heralded as an era of declining moral standards, of increasing permissiveness, and of an erosion of basic Christian principles. Rumour has it that even Mansfield, hallowed Christian citadel, is

afflicted. Our researchers have decided to put this to the test - we consider ourselves pretty pure - if you want to find out how you'd rank in our evaluation, fill in the following questionnaire.

- 1) Your best friend's girlfriend makes advances to you at a party. Do you:
 - a - walk away
 - b - take her back to your place
 - c - take her and your mate back (a threesome is fun)
- 2) A Mansfield girl, stranded at the Union late at night needs to be walked home. Do you:
 - a - give her a lift home
 - b - tell her to piss off, you're going to Bridges with your girlfriend
 - c - give her a ride, then go back to Bridges with your girlfriend
- 3) You're reading agriculture because:
 - a - it's a good career move



- b - you have fantasies about "Wuthering Heights"
- c - sheep are cheaper than women!

4) Late at night, Wendy's curtains are open and you see her stripping. Do you:

- a - look away
- b - notify your friends on the internal phone
- c - go into a state of martinius jarmans (uncontrollable fits of neo-Shakespearian prose)

5) Your boyfriend is very small. Do you:

- a - say nothing - size isn't everything
- b - buy him some Dr Stretch enlarger cream
- c - see the six foot five inch dick on Oxton Middle

6) You're covered in love-bites. Do you:

- a - show them off sportingly (Alan would be proud of the chance)
- b - wear a cravatte
- c - ask Dave Berridge for some more

7) A stripping nun attempts to seduce you at the formal. Do you:

- a - choke with excitement and leave the room quickly
- b - humour her, but hope her habits are not always so revealing
- c - make mad, passionate love on the dining table - after all, students are here to be educated

8) Someone tells you that art students are into bondage. Do you:

- a - participate purely for the sake of art
- b - ask Letty to show you how it's done at her parties
- c - experiment with Fran - playing "Conan the Barbarian"

9) You hear that your next-door neighbour will be having an orgy. Do you:

- a - go home for the weekend (typical Mansfield apathy)
- b - invite your girlfriend to stay for that weekend
- c - invite the Warden as well

10) What does the Rags Procession mean to you?

- a - the chance to raise money for charity
- b - the chance to mug innocent passers by
- c - the terrific chance to don your kinky suspenders and stockings and indulge in your fetish yet again (Richard, Gareth, Guy)

For every time you answered "a" award yourself one point, for every time you answered "b" award yourself two points, and for every time you answered "c" award yourself three points. Now consult below to see the truth about yourself revealed.

15 points or less - we'd be proud to accept you in the Christian Union

15 to 20 points - you're not perfect but at least you aren't likely to catch any (anti-) social diseases

20 to 30 points - we're not altogether certain you're the sort of person we want in Hall. Move to Childs.

30 points or more - you are a sheep-sh*ggng pervert. See Dr. Dong for (mutual!) therapy

THIS WEEKS QUOTE

From Jo Ball, a historian: "Charles I was a strong royalist king."

IAL OFFER! SPECIAL OFFER! SPECIAL OFFER! SPECIAL OFFER! SPECIAL O

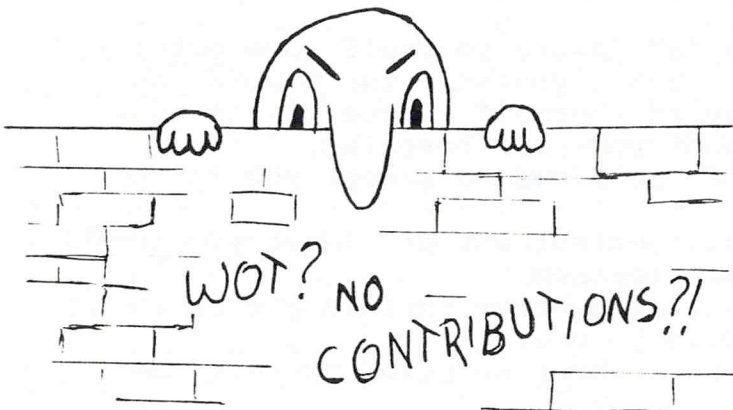
MANSFIELD EXPRESS INTERNATIONAL



The Mansfield Express Card guarantees you a safe and smooth passage throughout your stay in the Illustrious Hall. Whatever your needs, this card is your passport to freedom. Its many benefits include a free afternoon per week, a two-course lunch with a choice of waters every day, a reduced subscription to the Pugwash and no compulsion to attend fire practices at five in the morning. If you are not yet enjoying the many international benefits of carrying this card, apply now by filling in the application form. This card has great "trend value" and only the rich need apply.

Mr. Berij of Parkhurst: "I don't care if I've never seen you before, the Mansfield Express Card tells me all I need to know."

WE RECOMMEND YOU APPLY NOW!!



(PROFOUND EDITORIAL COMMENT)

The **GIRL'S**



Doodle Corner

APPLICATION FOR PERSONAL MEMBERSHIP ONLY

SUBSCRIPTION: £10.99 (and increasing)

To: The Mansfield Express International Inc., Paradise Haven, Oxtou 111 (7th on the right from the west end, 3rd on the left from the east end, up the stairs, near the lavvie), Reading.

Christian Name (First Name)
Surname (Last Name) Date of Birth
Names in Between Nickname
Height (approx.) Weight (approx.)
Sex (approx.) Inside Leg (exact)
Marriage Status (Polygamy, Bigamy, Monotony) Yes No
Are there any other offenses you would like to be taken into consideration?
Can you spell 'Chrysanthemum'? Yes No
Did you give an honest answer to the last question, regardless of sex, age or height? Yes No
To which socio-economic group do you belong?

- 1/ Students
- 2/ Very Rich (£75000+ pa)
- 3/ Rich (£40000+ pa)
- 4/ Poor (£10000+ pa)
- 5/ Very Poor (£1.99, 2 marbles and a condom+ pa)

Which do you prefer? Margarine Butter Caviare
State in not more than three words why you wish to become a Mansfield Express International Cardholder
Fill in this space



DECLARATION: Please accept my application for a Mansfield Express Card. I enclose a cheque/p.o. for £10.99 / 50p / all my worldly goods* plus two Kelloggs Cornflakes packet tops. I hereby declare that all the above is correct / nearly all correct / a total fabrication* and I authorize enquiries about any of the above, which I understand will be publicly laughed at. Love and kisses.

Your usual signature* Date

(* Delete where not applicable)

BACKED BY FREDDIE LAKER!

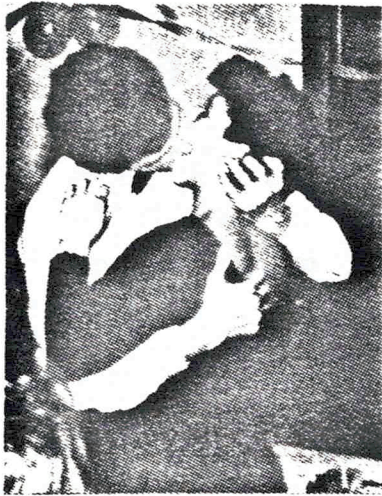
**VALENTINE
FORMAL -**

STU ADMIRES
THE SCENERY



THE GANCZ SUPPLEMENT

1. ODD COUPLES



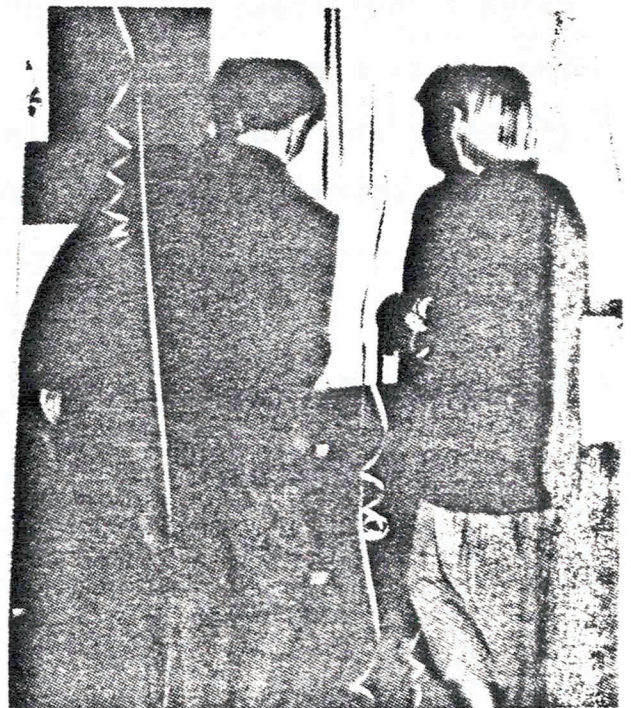
"TAKE IT YOU BITCH"



SHAME

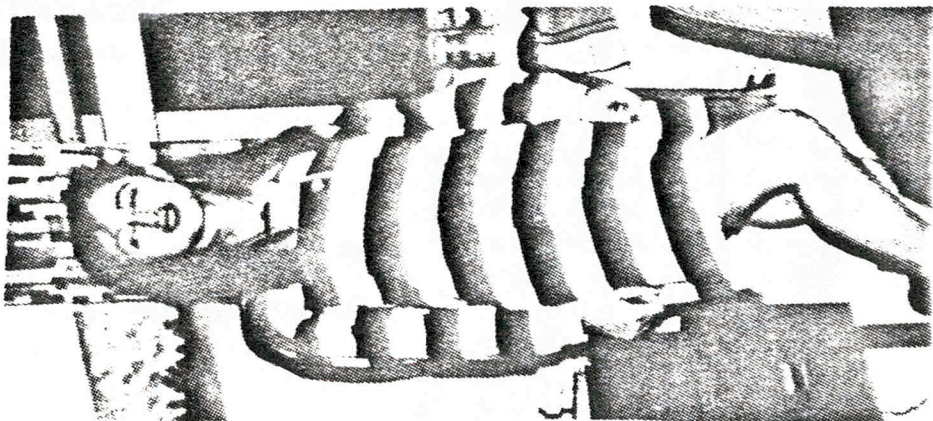


"Mmm ... DREAMY GUY!"



"OH PUT IT AWAY RAMBO!"

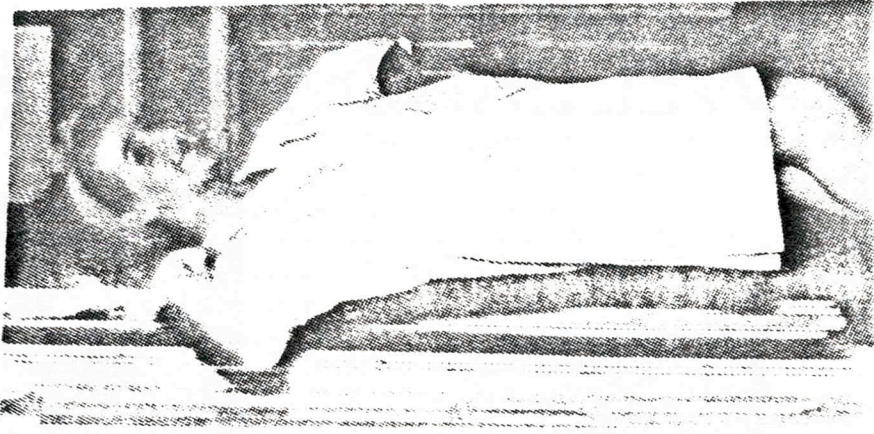
2.
FINALISTS OF THE SEXIEST POSE COMPETITION



2ND EQUAL
"RAUNCHY"



WINNER
STEVE "DORIS" EARLE



2ND EQUAL
"MISS MATTESON"

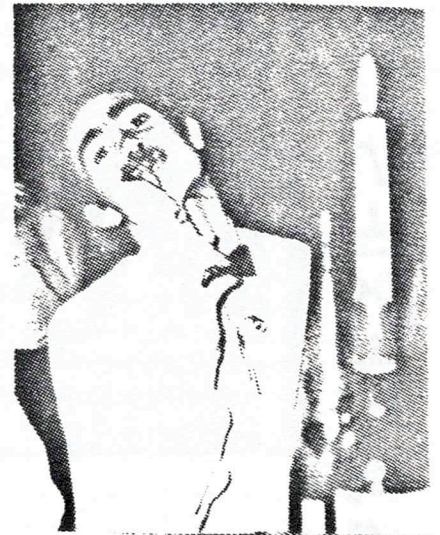
3. THE OTHER FACES OF A FEW WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE



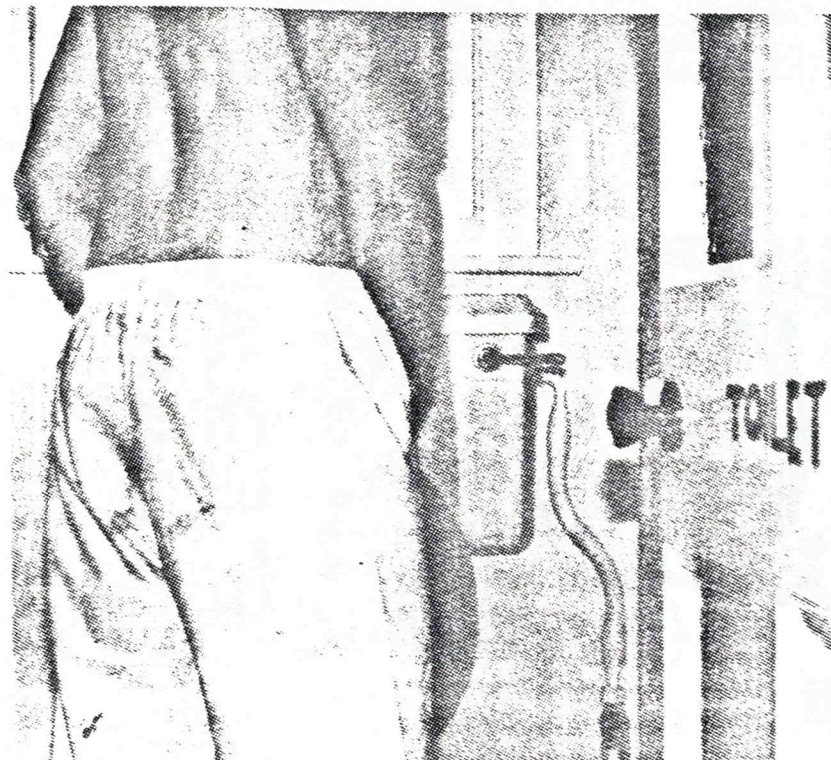
"HI, YAH!"



"YOUR PLACE
OR MINE?"



NORTH'S INTERIOR
DECORATOR GETTING
INSPIRATION



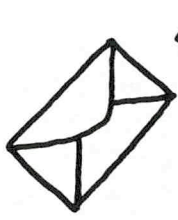
THE "DUKE"
CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Once upon a time, four normally sane 3rd years stumbled upon a brilliant (!) idea for comic relief: "Why not play that incredibly interesting and hugely exciting oriental game of Mah-Jong - for 24 hours - in the Cattery - dressed up in Chinese costumes?" Well, what could be more fun? we all thought, and began to formulate a strategy. Our costumes were supplied courtesy of Fiona "Wha yu wann?" McCreddin and Lena Teo, and our sponsorship forms printed by Andy Hawes.

Thursday evening came (no smutty jokes 'cos Ian's not getting near this article) and the midnight hour was heralded by the snores from Sarah's room (she'd been reading Sparky's Quantity Surveying books again). The Fantastic Four gathered up their supplies - 20 jars of coffee and a packet of Proplus, and suitably (some would say stupidly) attired, descended at three minutes to twelve to the Cattery. Helped by well-wishers and Dave, we set up base camp and the game began in earnest (lucky old Earnest - yes we've heard that somewhere before!) Before half past twelve, the supporters had found something more interesting to do (read Sparky's QS books?) and so it was left to the four of us to amuse ourselves - "Well, there are so many things you can do with chopsticks" (Sarah). Time flew, and before we knew it, there was only 23 hours and 29 minutes to go. The number of hands played grew, first one, then two, and we eventually reached three. The excitement was fever pitched as we were about to take a coffee break. Then Phil and Ralph paid an unexpected visit at 2 o'clock. Still "the Sun will have risen and set again before we're finished" (Alison), and with this prophetic statement, there was no stopping us. The night dragged on and on and on, as Craig suffered that well known problem faced by everyone at some time or other - "These tights are killing me!" Conversation never stopped, and we were all enlightened by the fact that "Mates were withdrawn when they came out!" (Chris). Good humour - hysterics, in fact - reigned, especially at the mention of any word, most notably 'TOILET'. At 6 o'clock we were woken - sorry, amazed - by the sound of footsteps, and very soon (7.45) the cattery was a seething mass of interested spectators. Breakfast came and went, and so did our enthusiasm. At 9.30 am we finished the first game - a close battle ending with Chris not winning. We found it difficult to contain ourselves at this point - indeed, Chris couldn't! With the prospect of only 14 and a half hours to go, we couldn't stop now. At lunch, Lilian collected £10 from her red nose army. Further to this, Phil Pitt and his associates embarked on pie-throwing, principally at the caterer, by all accounts, and raised £27 from their foam-made fun. Meanwhile, we Mah Jongers were tiring, Sarah's box - I mean packet - of biscuits was finished, the "Have you been? Well, I hope you washed your hands" joke was told for the 50th time, and the number of hands played was only of interest to the person who was scoring as they could scratch the chalk down the blackboard. Dinner time was here, and the seconds flew past - Ian and Dave had at least 10 apple pies between them. In the early evening, the Warden arrived with his daughter to take notes on how to play the game. Unfortunately, we were of very little use as our brains were on auto-pilot by then, Sarah more than most, since we kept telling her to change the tape from George Michael's I want your sex to Wet Wet Wet (we knew the Warden preferred the latter. Craig was momentarily cheered up as he was able to remove his tights, and was surprised by the arrival of Jane. Our supporters meanwhile went to the Turks to drink to our good health, and then came back (pity) to discuss other money raising ideas sponsored train spotting (Dave) and sponsored loo sitting (Ian). The countdown was on: 5,4,3,2,1, Finish! brought us to a halt. A rapid tidy up of the Cattery followed, before the triumphant four returned to bed.

We hope to raise about £200 including Lilian's and Phil's money, and from the four of us we would like to say a big thankyou to all who sponsored us and for the donations. Thanks also for all the support we received throughout the 162 - I mean 24 hours.

ALISON, CRAIG,
CHRIS AND
SARAH'S
SMUTTY (WAA)-TIGHTS
MARRATHON



Readers Letters



Dear Ed,

Thankyou for the (erroneous) announcement of the Valentines Wedding of Jon Goodwin and William Mason. I would just like to point out that this was cancelled when I discovered just who the 'Mansfield Eunuch' is (and greatly to my surprise, it was not you Gareth!)

Besides that, your great day of honour is fast approaching (April 1st) so I must inform my fellow students of a few amazing secrets about you. Firstly, our dear ed. is the first man (excuse the euphemism) to have successfully survived the donation of his brain - in one small step backward for himself, and a greater step forward for the rest of mankind. Secondly, our editor is living proof that the government should endorse any proposal for the compulsory euthanasia of those 'undesirable' elements in our society (jerks, supercilious, pompous sloanes and the like). Thirdly, our editor is in fact the much accoladed streaker of Mansfield Hall, with an unfortunate propensity for impromptu bare ass romps between the hallowed corridors of Main and the septic stenchd corridors of Oxtan.

I am sure you will all now see Gareth in a new aspect, hold him in unprecedented reverence, and laugh mercilessly as you watch him pass you by on his irrevocable journey into obscurity.

Yours Sincerely,
Bill Mason

EDITOR'S REPLY: Just to show that I do let the occasional article about me slip in! PS - What's a euphemism?

Dear Sir,

Is it true that PJ hired the stripping nun himself to liven up an otherwise boring evening and to add that extra spice to David Berridge's meal?

Yours,
Anon

THE MESSAGE BOARD

CONGRATULATIONS

We would like to congratulate Ralph on his imminent fatherhood. We understand that the baby is due in September, and that the prospective mother is planning a big fat paternity suit. Favourite names for the little bundle of joy are: Angelica or Innocence for a girl, and Philip or Martin for a boy.

Lots of Luv from
Michelle, Chris & Sarah

PS - The custard-and-chips are on us!

Statement
His Highness, Mr. David Berridge of the Soup would like to state that:
a) he will not be frequenting Burger King in future, having contracted food poisoning from their cuisine
b) he doesn't like warm custard - he prefers whipped cream.

WAR is formally declared on the occupant of Ashfield 46 and companions. Any misguided act of vengeance will be swiftly countered.
WARNING: We NEVER surrender!
G.A.S (S stands for society)

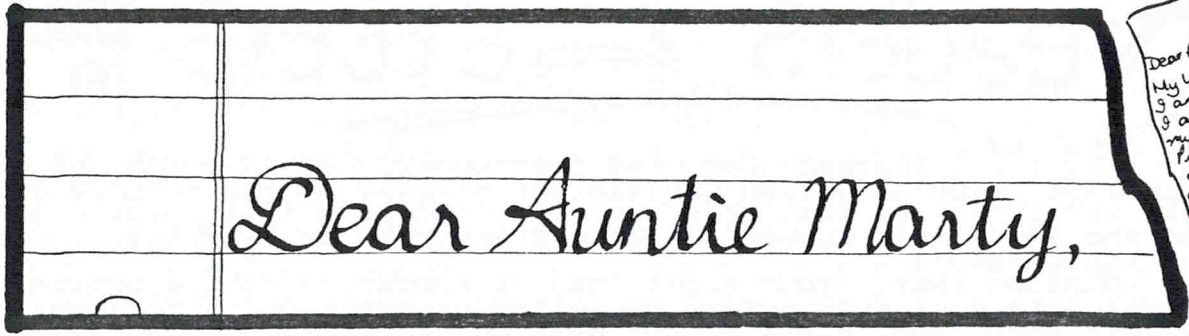
WANTED - Young intelligent attractive extrovert cactus to share my meaningful life. Must not drink smoke or eat meat. the Greens. Applications to Aaron, Oxtan Ground Floor

WANTED - One parachute for next time I go sky diving from Oxtan Top. Offers to Dave, X16

WANTED - More disciples to vote for me next time - Angus to put up a term.
WANTED - A girlfriend to vote with me for longer than a term.
Apply P. Traub, X102

WANTED - Perfect looking wham bam to match my perfect life.
Perfect looking wham bam to match my perfect life.
Apply P. Traub, X102

RANSOM!!!
You know who you are! If you ever want to see the rest of your Classics notes again, take NO action! Anything you can do, we can do BETTER!
The Girls



MANSFIELD
Feb. 10, '88
Dear Auntie Marty,
My life is so lonely.
I am so, so lonely.
I am studying for
my F.U.E.'s in
Psychology, Law C,
and Typography. I
am destined to fail.
What am I to do.
Love, Lew
a 1st YR. -XX-

Letters for submission should be sent to ROB FERRIE or GARETH BICKNELL through the pigeon-holes in the cattery.

MARTY WRITES...

Dear, dear reader. being guardian of your moral welfare and mental well-being is a task that at times is somewhat taxing. Your letters recently have been far too negative - which is very saddening. The major cause of this grief my statistics show, is examination stress. Other sources of stress are Hall Food (and subsequent malnutrition), frustrated love, and next-door neighbours who just don't frustrate their love enough.

Well, dears, all I can suggest is that examination takers out there amongst you should not give in. It may be useful here to strike up an analogy beautifully displayed by our beloved local catering expert and super-hero "Dave" as he began to play Pole Position in the Cattery. The poor love chose, unfortunately, the wrong race-track (Fuji, I believe). This can be paralleled to choosing the wrong degree-course option. "Dave" became very irate. Adrenaline was probably secreted (although the stool he vacated on completion of the game displayed no visual evidence of this) and he was confronted with a stress situation: "I didn't want to play on the Fuji track. I do not know the Fuji track. I don't know the positions of the cars on the Fuji track".

Lovies, F.U.E.'s are a track that you have never been down before. Revision, therefore, must be organised and a challenge. So don't Berridge it up! Go for it! Get those A's and M's and do your chosen degree. Watch out, though, I've heard History is a bit dodgy!.

All my love, as ever,

MARTY
- XX -

Dear Auntie Marty,

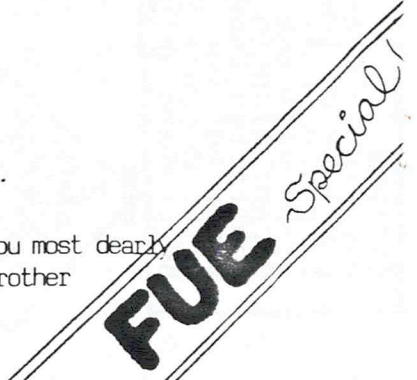
The occasion of my 19th Birthday was heralded by one of the most horrifying ordeals I have ever experienced. I can only reveal this most stigmatizing of problems to you in the light of recent media coverage. I am male. I have been raped. It happened in Earlsland. I was drunk. I was had. Normally not the sort to hide the exhibits of carnal activity, I now wear my collars high to hide the evidence: two rasping love bights on my neck. Do you have any advice for me?

ANONYMOUS

MARTY SAYS:

Dear Anonymous,

You must feel a lot of anger. You may feel a lot of isolation from the ones you most dearly love, especially if you were abused by a trusted friend. The fact that your brother



... has been staying for a week must have been a tremendous help. Over Easter plunge yourself into the bosom of your family (excuse the incestuous pun!) and try to forget.

LOVE,
MARTY.

Dear Auntie Marty,

Happy though I am in my job as a porter in a local Hall of Residence (!), I feel that some of the tasks I am expected to perform are tantamount to domestic servitude...I have to clean a very senior persons car every Saturday. What am I to do?

A. Porter Esq.

MARTY SAYS...

Dear Mr. Porter,

On behalf of my readership I must sympathise. It seems that you are indeed being taken advantage of. However, do not try and vent your anger by leaving greasy splodges on the windscreen or letting the tyres down. You are worth more than that. It is a great shame that others do not see your worth and subject you to such activities - products of opportunism and Victorian values.

LOVE,
MARTY.

Dear Auntie Marty,

The recent RAGS parade was a great release for me. For so long I have admired Nurses' uniforms. Oh how they turn me on. The chance was too good to miss. As soon as I could, I grabbed some black stockings, put on the dress and was transformed into an erotic beast - I flirted my leg to the public, their gender didn't matter. My tongue spent most of its time seductively caressing my lips. What am I to do. In order that you may contact me to help me further, I am signing my name as a disguised anagram.

Much love,

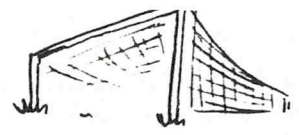
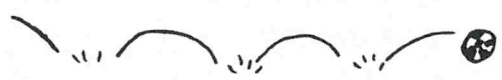
Yug Vulgar.

MARTY SAYS...

Dear Yug,

Do not be disturbed. It has taken me ages to find out your true identity. Obviously your behaviour on the float was seen as nothing too out of the ordinary for you by many of your fellow students. Debbie says she loves the role playing. Don't worry, everyone needs an outlet of some sort, just because you are a thorough pervert do not feel isolated. Julian is always available to talk about his strange fetishes and I always think that group therapy is great fun. Take good care.

LOVE,
MARTY.



SPORT WITH SIMON SPORT WITH SIMON SPORT WITH SIMON SPORT WITH SIMON

MANSFIELD 1ST YEARS AGAINST 2ND, 3RD, 4TH YEARS, POSTGRADS ETC.!

The game commenced on one of the more sheltered pitches at Marsh Farm, although the wind and rain obviously affected the quality of the "more experienced" (?) players, as they failed to live up to their pre-match bragging. Indeed, it was John Ireton, the Herculean striker who was to give the first years an early lead. But this was only short lived as Carm Bianco levelled the score with a sweet shot deflected past our keeper. However, it was the impressive deployment of the first years' midfield that swung the match in their favour. Darren Nott's cunning and common sense made him the predominant influence and a perfect foil to the flair and brilliance of Steve Earle. Coupled to those two were the strength and stamina of Guy and the determination of Mark Dobson. There is no denying that the ensuing surge was so convincing that anyone (Andrea, Sophia, Angie, Debbie, etc. who witnessed their

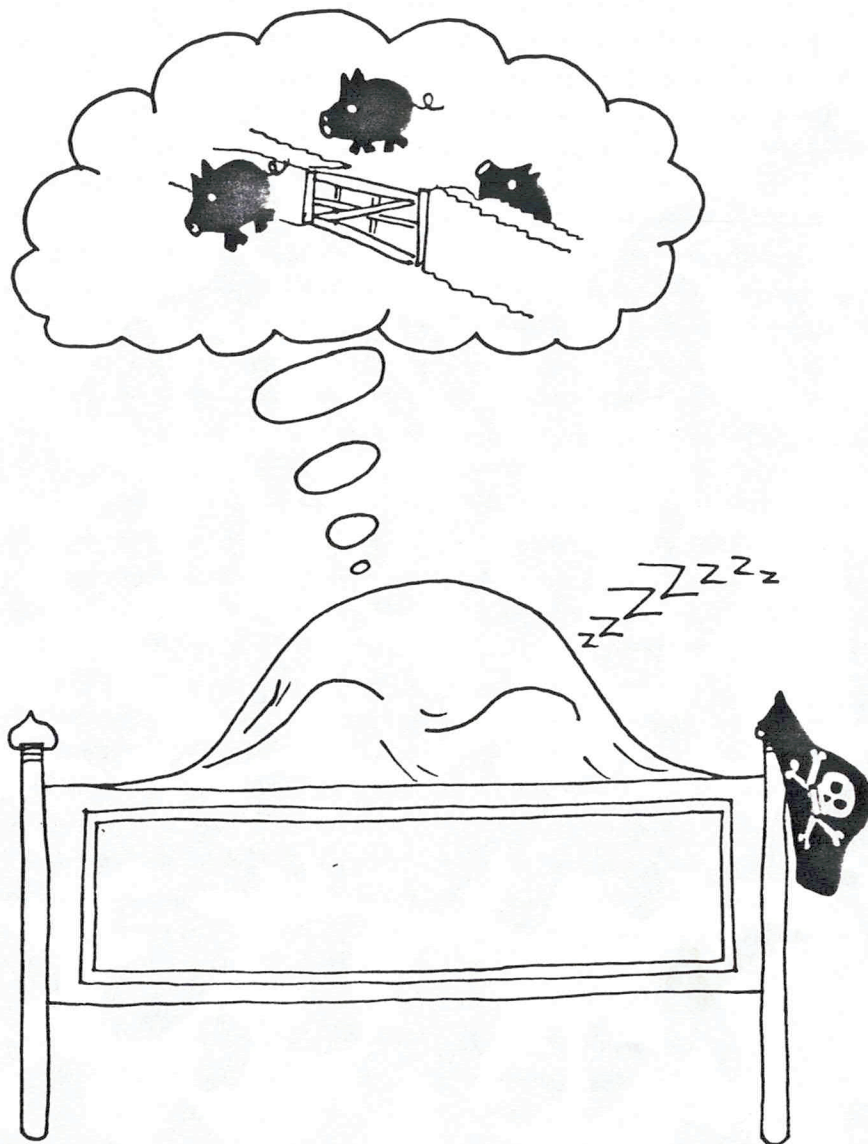
imperious destruction of the hapless opponents had to conclude that they were a full class above them. The marked superiority led to three more goals for the first years before half-time. The first, surely the goal of the season was a superlative flying header from John who also scored one of the others. The third was a delightful chip from the ever-present Steve Earle. In the second half, although the first years had the elements against them, helped themselves to three more goals, all of which came through unselfish passing. Philip and Mark combined for Darren to square the ball and ohn, with a predator's side-foot flick, netted his fourth of the match. The other two goals came from Steve and once again John. Although the 'old boys' pushed forward with much persistence, the first year's defence was much too strong, with

Simon and Peter at the centre. Andrew at right-back had the dubious responsibility of coping with the pace of Steve Pearce, although the boy done remarkable. Meanwhile, Julian was 'solid' at left-back. This uncompromising quartet ably protected Lennox in goal until Alex Vickers found himself clean through, but he was thwarted by Lennox who bravely flung himself at Alex's feet. Laura Nairn, our beloved referee, seemed to have her mind on other things (Mark's shorts were rather skimpy!) and she ridiculously awarded a penalty to the 'old boys'. Steve Pearce obviously did not have the affrontary to score - he shot against the post and the danger was cleared. The miss was of little significance as the first years' superiority was there for all to see. Final score:-
Mansfield 1st 7
Mansfield Oldies 1

COMPETITION TIME!



Well, folks, here we are again - the competition. This week, we at the nerve centre of Pugwash have decided not to have a word-search this time. We were getting far too many correct entries (two at the last count, we believe). So, instead, we have this little ink-blot puzzle for you. Whosoever fathoms out what the heck it is wins a bottle of something. Last time's winner was Paula Quazi, narrowly followed by Lillian (again). Rest assured all was fair play - we had the Computer Science department choose the winner by random number sampling (ERNIE eat your heart out!) Anyway, make what you can out of this page.



"OH, THANK GOD IT'S FINISHED AT LAST!"



THE MANSFIELD PUGWASH IS AN INDEPENDENT PRODUCTION
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