



**Hello there!**

**THEME :  
PEOPLE**

I hope you're all having a cracking sixth week and have bounced back from the blues of fifth suitably quickly. Those pesky exams are looming for a lot of us, but thankfully the closer they are to starting, the closer they are to finishing. Ongoing finalists can look forward to schools' dinner and repeated Wahoos before the Summer, and everybody else can anticipate the garden party and year finale BOP, either as an end of exams throwdown or an oasis of fun in the very final stages of library's reign.

I haven't got a huge amount of news from the JCR this week: Wifi has appeared in the upper library; the JCR itself is due for a refurbish (any ideas, slip a note under Jamie Pickering's door); and while rent negotia-

tions will be finished before this is published, at time of writing everything is still up in the air. In other news, recently I have taken to leaving bizarre notes up in the pidge room. Worryingly, I have no memory of creating the (surprisingly accurate!) paint diagrams, but duck-kissing aside, there's not a sentiment in them that I don't agree with, so we'll have to presume it is me and that my mind is too full of maths to remember mundane things like writing notes.

Have a great shirt week, and enjoy seventh too –

**vvv x**

# Peeking Duck



A cheery hello from the murky waters of the Worcester lake! I shall be watching you very closely when you come to interrupt my habitat for the world renowned thesping scheduled to take place, though of course if you keep being so generous in feeding me you will be rewarded with a warm welcome into my not-so-humble home. The sun is finally out which has made the pain of so-called Fifth Week Blues a lot more tolerable, and indeed has seemed to encourage you lot to celebrate in a most delightful way, by locking beaks...

The warm weather might be seen as an excuse to just kick back and relax, but rumour has been a-buzzing that a couple of you have been somewhat less lackadaisycal than I'd imagine. A fresher decided to celebrate her election onto the JCR committee by da[l]vi[e]ng (I realise that was terrible - sincerest apologies) into

the realms of the unknown with a man who previously appeared in this publication for being great at flying. That's obviously not something the lad shares with me, a lowly, landlocked duck, but respect to him anyway.

There's one fresher whose annatics I would be absolutely negligent not to mention, and might I add that I highly coomdone them. Hot oft the heels of her encounter with an age[r]ing economist (and I'm not talking about Milton Friedman), she's been working on the chemistry with someone we'd all consider a Benaissance man. Although a keen tennis player, badminton is perhaps not this lad's forte as he hasn't seen much action on the shuttlecock, if you know what I mean... These were not the only freshers closing in on one another however: a couple I mentioned in my first reincarnated issue have apparently been getting in further praktice with one another – very entzertaining for everyone involved, trust me. I wonder if there are any nay-sayers where this English student and her bald PPE counterpart are concerned - let's see what the future holds for this beguiling romance.

But there have also been a few encounters which have transcended the boundaries of being in the same year. A very charitable second year psychologist had a no-doubt harowing experience hooking up with a fresher footballing blue – just in time for the charity five-a-side, I believe – who murr than likelay was keen to tap into the niche red-head contingent of college. Seems like she has a thing for exotic dellacacies, as she was also spied getting antsy with a Greek postgrad lawyer. She's definitely investing her social kounsconsciousness and fundraising prowess into a truly interlashional cause, and her advances must be just the tonyc for his country's economic troubles - making that crisis a bit vice-ish eh? And squeaking of interlashional relations, there appears to be a trend for the more exotic men in college to charm red-headed women. A continuous romance between a fresher engineer and everyone's favourite post-grad chemist barman is making me (and no doubt them) anything but lisstless, and I imagine that as part of the kareem of the crop in our society, they appreciate the suttlties of courtship.

As I write this, rowers throughout college are only just recovering from the termly carnage commonly known as Boat Club Dinner. As is the standard, the revelling continued at the Purple Turtle after a week or so of not imbibing. One maths fresher made ann a-lliance with a strapping male interested in exploring her human geography - I'm sure it was a match medin[a] heaven and that she helped him llerm a lot. At the mcsame time, a mctennis mcblue with whom the lady in question has previously

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* consorted decided that greener mcpastures were not to be explored as he decided to mobelize him-  
 \* self to repeat a ruther interesting encounter with a young lady who was only too mcwilling to oblige.  
 \* With al this fordication among rowers it's a wonder that no-one caught a crab!  
 \*  
 \* For now, that's all I have for you, but please don't forget to keep sending the gossip in to your favour-  
 \* ite punsmith. Drop me a line at peekingduckofworcester@gmail.com – this is also where you can opt  
 \* out should you decide to starve me for the greater good of saving face. I know that finals, coursework  
 \* and Prelims are looming but please don't let that get you too down (I'm looking at you, RK!). It's al-  
 \* ways a pleasure servicing you,  
 \*  
 \*  
 \* Love, PD XXX  
 \*  
 \* \*\*\*\*\*

## WHAT'S ON

T@3 Tuesdays 3pm, JCR

Merchant of Venice Tues-  
 Sat of 7th, Worcester Lake

Garden Party Sunday of  
 8th, Provost's garden

## FOOD

Buying LOCAL, SEASONAL food avoids needlessly fly-  
 ing in goods from overseas and means you're more likely to eat healthier pro-  
 duce that has been har-  
 vested in the last couple of days

Fruit and vegetables in season this term include:

Apricots	Asparagus
Gooseberries	Aubergine
Raspberries	Courgette
Rhubarb	Fennel
Strawberries	Lettuce
Tomatoes	New Potatoes
Peas	Spinach
Pepper	Spring Greens

## WORCESTER GOES



## Something to get involved in

The Oxford Origami Society meets on Mon-  
 days 8-10pm, usually in Seminar Room A  
 (Worcester)

OrigamiSoc is a small, informal society  
 which meets once a week to make cool  
 stuff out of paper, accompanied by biscuits  
 and squash. Excellent for notice-board dec-  
 oration and presents, a relaxing break from  
 essay writing, and it's a dose of colourful  
 creativity for the not-particularly-artistic  
 (like me). Cranes, flowers, Nazguls, hermit  
 crabs...it's amazing what you can make out  
 of a square of paper!

We ask for £1 per session to cover biscuits,  
 books and paper, or £5 for the term.

TESCO not meeting your desire to buy ethical and envi-  
 ronmentally sustainable food? Try Oxford's very own stu-  
 dent run FOOD CO-OPERATIVE – order online at  
[www.oxcoop.com](http://www.oxcoop.com) or visit their pop-up shop every Friday  
 2-4pm above the Turl Street Kitchen

Buy locally produced Oxfordshire ALES, including: HOB-  
 GOBLIN, NORTON HOOK and SCHOLAR. Available from  
 the bar, King's Arms, Turf Tavern and more

Avoid PACKAGING – buying from the market  
 (Wednesday's on Gloucester Green) helps to avoid plastic  
 packaging, but remember that loose fruit and veg from  
 Tesco's needn't be put into separate bags

# The Silver Lining

*Chloe Cesar's account of her experience of depression*

**In our first meeting at the beginning of last term, I explained to my new tutor that I was suffering from clinical depression and anxiety. He responded jovially, "So do I have to worry about you losing it and turning up to a tutorial with an AK-47?"** It wasn't until I got home to Google that I established that an AK-47 is an assault gun, but I picked up the implication about my sanity easily enough. This shockingly insensitive comment was shortly followed up by the suggestion that my low mood was a result of the poor weather, and the remark that if my work had been going as well as I had said, I had nothing to be anxious about.

Unfortunately, my illness proved even more persistent than the damp weather. Michaelmas 2012 was the most bizarre eight weeks of my life, though I'm making no bets on how this term will compare. It remains in my memory an incomprehensible blur of sleeping tablets, Park End, essay deadlines, psychotherapy, psychiatrists, tutorials, various anti-depressants, proctors, and Oxmas celebrations. Clinical depression isn't just about feeling miserable – for me it also

meant near constant exhaustion, short-term memory loss, loss of appetite, and an inability to concentrate, amongst other physiological and psychological symptoms. On some occasions, I found myself unable to read because I would reach the end of a sentence and wouldn't be able to remember the beginning. At the same time, my sensation of deep despair was broken by moments of laughter, wild dancing, beautiful sunsets, sticky toffee pudding and an occasional but overwhelming sense of gratefulness. People – from my closest friends to those whom I might chat to once a term whilst waiting by the traffic lights outside Worcester – had the potential to make my day, or even my week, with seemingly small gestures like a kind comment, a smile, or a hug.

Despite the prevalence of mental health issues (one in four people will have mental health problems at some point in their lives) there is a huge amount of stigma and ignorance regarding mental illness. According to the Mind Your Head campaign, 60% of those who suffer from a mental health condition say that the stigma surrounding their condition is as bad as, or

worse than, the condition itself. I have been both pleasantly and unpleasantly surprised by the different reactions people have had to my depression. Responses have ranged from crass insensitivity, to assumptions that I am attention seeking, to invaluable commitments of friendship through thick and thin. Mental illness has a tendency to make many people deeply uncomfortable, and I understand why. It took crying through *Silver Linings Playbook* (a critically acclaimed romantic comedy about two people suffering from mental illness) for me to fully come to terms with the way in which the changes in my mood, emotional responses and thought processes have affected my sense of self. Dealing with someone suffering from a mental illness can be awkward, distressing and overwhelming.

When it comes down to it, I think most people just have no idea what to say or do – I don't blame them! Speaking only for myself, a slightly awkward conversation where one or both of us ends up saying something inappropriate is better than you pretending that you haven't read this article. If you are curious about my experience, ask me. If you are going through something similar and



would like someone to commiserate with, please let me know. Equally, you can just chat to me about Finals and tutors and what we've done that day the next time I bump into you at the traffic lights (who knows, you might just make my week).

Last term, I learnt slowly and painfully that I do not need to be ashamed, embarrassed or afraid of the difficulties I have been facing. I have the impression that many people see depression as a sign of weakness. Yet I know that I have never been stronger. I have watched myself get out of bed knowing almost every minute of the coming day will be a struggle, push through incomprehensible sentence after sentence, and memorize which day of the week it is every morning. After one tutorial last term I had an adrenaline rush that felt like I had just run a marathon. I had, and I doubt that I have ever been prouder of myself than at that moment. I have learnt that I'm still the same person as I always was – just one who is facing different challenges. Now I am waiting for everyone else to catch up.

*I wrote this article over the Christmas holidays. I only submitted it for publication last week, probably due to difficulties mentioned above.*

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<http://mindyourheadoxford.wordpress.com/>

# Peer Support:

## What is it all about?

**Whilst we hope by now that everyone in Worcester is at least aware of the Peer Support service, few in the JCR community are certain of its specific purposes.** It seems that many people think that Peer Support is confined to the hours of the drop-in sessions, from which they themselves are unlikely to benefit, and therefore look no further into what it can offer. A Woosta Source 'People' special seemed like the perfect opportunity to bring Peer Support out of the shadows and raise awareness of its objectives more completely.

The most visible aspect of Peer Support is the drop-in sessions, of which there are typically two a week. The Peer Supporters, who have each received thirty hours of training by the University Counselling Service, take it in turns to wait in a room to be called upon by JCR or MCR members who wish to discuss any issue that is bothering them. The main benefit of the drop-in is less their

stellar attendance but more their sheer visibility in College. People are naturally intimidated by the prospect of arriving unexpectedly, and Peer Supporters recognise this, but we hope at least that drop-ins will cause Peer Support to be acknowledged as a regular institution in Worcester. This way, when someone within College does face a problem, they remember that the Peer Supporters who are putting on these drop-ins are ready and willing to offer assistance.

We are currently experimenting with ways to make the drop-ins more accessible, including turning some sessions into ones to be booked in advance, avoiding the possibility that students seeking assistance walk in on those already in a session. We hope that this will improve things somewhat, although we broadly expect Peer Support to carry on in the same way as at present: the vast majority of our time in the official role is used to ad-

dress direct appeals by members of the JCR. This sometimes comes as a text or email asking to schedule a meeting- all Peer Supporter's contact details are advertised on posters around College- and through face-to-face requests. Some very common issues which are raised include relationship difficulties, the daily stresses of keeping on top of work, and concerns over a home situation which is difficult to control whilst away at University. Every issue that comes up is kept confidential in all but extraordinary circumstances.

Peer Support rule number one is to never give out advice. The service is an opportunity to speak to someone who can sympathise with the particular stresses of the Oxford bubble, but is not directly involved in the issue. Peer Supporters cannot possibly know enough about a situation to instruct on how to resolve it. However, what we can do is help you tease out the crux of the problem by indicating areas where your feelings appear conflicted, raise impartial questions which the people involved are unlikely to have considered, and help you to think about the best way for you personally to respond to an issue. Previous meetings have suggested that

an impartial Peer Supporter can be especially helpful when a College member is faced with a difficult decision to make, be it social or professional, and also when someone is worried about the welfare of a friend- including when they are concerned to protect their friend's privacy by seeking support from someone who cannot immediately identify this third party. We will always support the person who is directly in front of us, and when necessary help that person to support their peers.

Peer Supporters are also active when they are not in an official environment. Training is not designed to teach Peer Supporters how to deal with specific situations which might come up, rather it gradually equips you with a set of transferable skills to be used for mediating arguments, for helping people assert themselves non-aggressively, and for changing the Peer Supporter's way of striking up conversation by asking more open, sensitive questions. When I personally think back over a typical day, I can recognise several situations where I have subconsciously used skills picked up during training. Being a Peer Supporter is hugely beneficial to the supporter themselves, as well

as to those whom they are trying to assist.

Peer Supporters are well-informed about the Counselling services available to Oxford students. We are taught to recognise the situations in which we are out of our depth, as well as the ones in which we are capable. The Counselling service offers professional and personal assistance for those who request it, as well as courses throughout the year on topics such as mindfulness and coping with stress. If you are interested in finding out more about these, or would like to be put in contact with a professional counsellor, we will gladly provide you with information.

Everybody knows that Oxford is a stressful environment, and- thankfully- there is no stigma attached to struggling to cope with it. Once something starts affecting your enjoyment of Oxford, and your ability to make the most of the opportunities here, it's worth talking about. There is no such thing as a trivial problem. Come and have a chat: Peer Supporters are here to be spoken to.

Emily Wayne

Peer Support Co-ordinator for  
Trinity Term 2013

# Snapshots from Paris

By Emily Comer

So many people I have seen today.

A homeless man along the River Seine. His dog had just had five puppies. One was black, the other four the same soft brown as their mother. Somebody asked how old they were. "Cinq jours," he replied; five days.

The owners of the green-painted boxes that line the River. They sell used books, posters and postcards, magnets, and other paraphernalia. Because it is Lundi de Pâques, a national holiday, only a handful had bothered to open for business. The boxes look identical from the outside, but their contents are unique.

At the Jardin des Tuileries, men carrying large rings from which hang metal Eiffel Towers in every size and colour imaginable. They swarmed around me – albeit politely. The replicas were so similar, I wondered how I would choose even if I did want to buy one. But the men carrying them are individuals, each with his own past, hopes and fears, perhaps a family.

The children riding the carousel and jumping on the trampolines.

The artists, portrait painters, and cartoonists who fill the streets of Montmartre. No two have the same style. One lady with crooked teeth paints storefronts: a chocolaterie, a boulangerie, a marionette store. The last was so pretty I came back to look at it again, so she offered to sell it to me for ten euros less than the normal price. "Je voudrais," I told her; I wish I could. I think she knew I was a student, and so she understood.

The attendant of the toilet that I finally found after following signs all the way around the basilica of Sacre Cœur. She shooed people inside surprisingly aggressively, but laughed profusely whenever anyone tried to tip her.

The street performers that surround Sacre Cœur: a man kicking a soccer ball while climbing a lamppost; a smiling violinist sitting right on the steps of the basilica; a puppeteer who performed the story of Noah's Ark; a mime.

The basilica sits on a hill, its white stone almost blinding in the sunshine. On this holiday afternoon, the hill and the steps and the neighbouring streets were a great patchwork quilt made by the faces of children and picnickers.

After walking through the inside of the basilica, I climbed the belltower. The bells began ringing when I was halfway up, and stayed with me the rest of the way. From the top I could see all of Paris spread out below me. I tried to imagine how many people live in Paris, how many people have lived here over the centuries.

So many people. And each person is a story. The homeless man and his dog, the Eiffel Tower peddlers, the storefront painter, the toilet attendant, the soccer ball acrobat, the cheerful violinist, and the children everywhere.

If only I could listen to their stories, instead of just taking these snapshots.

# SPORTS NEWS

## SUMMER EIGHTS

The glorious sunshine on the final day of Summer Eights reflected the shining performance of 7 Worcester crews. Winning Blades glory (for those of you who don't row, that means successfully bumping into the boat in front on all 4 days of racing, an outcome not generally considered desirable outside the rowing world) were both M1, who worked themselves into the top division over the course of the week, and W3 (a boat close to your editor's heart as the one she rowed in last year). Similar glory was denied to M2 by an ill-timed klaxon earlier in the week, while W3 bravely rowed on as the two boats ahead inconsiderately knocked each other out in the final race, denying them Blades. The punningly named MEng also bumped 3 times, leaving M3 alone to relish their long-awaited Boat Club dinner with only a spoon. Highlights of the week included W2's victorious rendering of 'Stronger' on Day 2 following sweet revenge on the boat that bumped them on Day 1.

## BADMINTON

Worcester badminton has had an incredibly successful year so far with the women claiming their third 6-0 win in division 1 last week, and claiming a 4th on Sunday. With only Hilda's to play after that they're looking good to top the division to add to their 3rd place in cuppers

last week.

The new mixed team is also winning all their games and anything but a 6-0 defeat to Pembroke on Tuesday sees them winning their division and earning promotion. I like to think that these excellent results reflect the originally completely inept sharing of Hugh's training night, which is now up and running smoothly and shall be continuing next year. Two of the girls in the ladies team had never played before uni, so I really do encourage anybody to come along and try it out, we really need a few more girls playing.

## CHARITY FIVE-A-SIDE FOOTBALL

A lively crowd came out to enjoy the stunning sunshine and Pimms at Sunday's charity five-a-side football match. Six teams from all years competed for the coveted prize of a free cinema trip for the whole team. After a couple of gripping semi-finals involving a sudden death penalty shoot-out, the final commenced. It was decided by a golden goal with the team consisting of Ben Sloman, Jon Hunt, David Huggins, Tim Moore, Adam Titchen, and Jonny Payne taking away the prize. The ultimate aim of the tournament was achieved as lots of money was raised in support of Worcester's four charities: Against Malaria Foundation, Action for Young Carers, MIND and OxPat!

# The Puzzle

Fill all empty squares using numbers 1 to 9 so the sum of each horizontal block equals the clue on its left, and the sum of each vertical block equals the clue on its top.

No number may be used in the same block more than once.

First correct answer e-mailed to melissa.russon@worc.ox.ac.uk wins a chocolate prize (or pidge me your copy and send me an e-mail to let me know when you do).

Congratulations to Sarah Payne for being first to complete the 1st edition's Sudoku, and to Sam Lee for winning the prize for last week's Hitori!

Source: <http://www.menneske.no/>

