

The Back Page

Rounding things off in style

Following the adoption at Sunday's Open Meeting (yes, there was an Open Meeting and you missed it. You were probably on Facebook or wanking) of Simon & Garfunkel's classic 'Mrs Robinson' as the official song of the RCSA, The Brick invites you all to learn the lyrics so you don't look like a tool in moments of College pride.

We'd like to know a little bit about you for our files.

We'd like to help you learnt to help yourself.
Look around you, all you see is red-brick paradise
Stroll around the grounds until you feel at home.

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson,
College loves you more than you will know
Wo wo wo
Guild bless you, please, Mrs. Robinson,
Warden holds a place for those who pay
Hey hey hey, hey hey hey.

Hide it in a hiding place where no one ever goes.

Put it in your pantry with your cupcakes.
It's a little secret, just the Robinsons' affair.
Most of all, you've got to hide it from the kids.
CHORUS

Sitting on a sofa on a Sunday afternoon,
Going to the candidates' debate,
Laugh about it, shout about it,

When you've got to choose, every way you look at it you lose.

Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?
A nation turns its lonely eyes to you
Ooo ooo ooo.

What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson?
"Joltin' Joe has left and gone away"
Hey hey hey, hey hey hey.



The Gossip Queens

Reigning supreme over the 'Binson scene; the Michaelmas round-up

"Celebrity tennis player has been reportedly "causing some real (lady) damage" recently. Rumour has it he scored 4 in 2 weeks - that's quite a record. Guys keep your little sisters away, he shows no bounds."

"There have been reports of various incidents of streaking around college by various members of college. Sightings have taken place of girls in thongs running round the back balcony doing a kind of tribal dance. They are yet to be identified."

"Ex RCSA Vice-President in scandalous love web, albeit quite an enjoyable tangle."

"Certain Canadian mistress has been spotted examining fresher Mr Anderson's mouth rather frequently. Speculation says she's been using some of those excellent ball skills she exercises as captain."

"Dr Mary Stewart might not be a stoner after all."



Mary Stewart: probably doesn't 'smoke the herb'

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TheBrick

Making Christmas come early

Ents ace feels the heat in Gardies inferno

Staff assault students in late night pitta-rage incident

Sam Goff
New to the job

On Thursday 16th November, a group of around 8 Robinson students on their way home from cultural hotspot Fez decided to visit Rose Crescent for a bite at infamous 'Grecian' diner The Gardenia. They didn't go into Gardies that night looking for a quarter pounder of rage. But that's what they got as the mood soon turned sour.

Michael Brown, Ents Officer (described by Liz Guild as 'a ray of sunshine in my life'), spoke exclusively to The Brick about the ordeal. Approaching owner Vasilis Anastasiou, he requested a "double bacon cheeseburger, cheesy chips and a diet coke". It is not clear whether this was misconstrued as a racial slur by the usually amicable Mr Anastasiou.

Trouble arose when Mike, unable to pay in full for this greasy treat, tried a bit of diplomacy. "That's when I said, 'Do you know who I am?! I'm the Robinson Ents Officer!'", he told us. "To be hon-



est, Sam, it was a bit of a faux pas".

"That's when it got really heated", says Mike. "I don't know why". Blows were exchanged between staff members and 'Binson freshers. As if this weren't bad enough, racial tensions were cranked up a notch when a falafel burger, flung in disgust by an undisclosed fresher, missed its intended target of a Gardies heavyweight's face and flew instead into a group of Chinese patrons. With a multicultural shitstorm on their hands, the 'Binsonites did the honourable thing and fled into the night.

The incident has put a severe strain on the previously strong relationship between Robinson students and the restaurant. "I used to feel safe there", one student, who wished to remain nonexisent, told The Brick. "Now it literally

feels like the whole world's been flipped upside down. If I get a third cos of this then I'll sue Gardies".

A boycott has also been instigated against the restaurant, spurred on by that mainstay of student protest, the Facebook group ('i used to love gardies but they spat in my (girl)friends face'). On the group's website, Mike says; "I don't even like looking at the word anymore. They've put me off takeaway". It is unclear whether or not he will be suing for mental anguish caused.

"I'm worried, Sam," he concludes, "that the whole thing made me look really silly."

Gardies have not commented on the event, mainly because we didn't ask them to. Mafia involvement is yet to be ruled out, or considered.

Paedohouse?

Sam Goff
Resident rumour mill

Following leaked reports from an anonymous 'Binson source, The Brick has learnt that Robinson students have attended an infamous 'gay gourmet' in a Cambridge college. The event, hosted by a semi-secretive society and comprising of a six-course meal by candlelight, is one of Cambridge's most exclusive nights out. Tickets are reputed to cost up to £40, and undergraduates may attend only by invite from one of the more elderly members of the club. It is said that freshers are hand picked from the throng by established members of what must be the poshest gay clique in England. Eat your heart out, Pitt Club. Pizza Express? You can keep it.

Our source reported how those present were lavished with a selection of silverware and free

wine the likes of which Glenys can only dream of during their dinner, which lasted for six glorious courses. Those present seemed almost exclusively to be rich (bordering on the aristocratic), gay, and wasted. There was, however, a darker side to the evening. Literally. Our source reported how after the dinner was cleared away, the lights were dimmed and the candles blown out, in order to ensure anonymity as those present began to express their gay pride in the most physical way. Bravely dipping his toe in the paddling pool of depravity in the name of investigative journalism, our reporter and a certain ex-CUSU officer retired to the cloakroom for a quick chat.

There is, of course, nothing wrong with any of this. If anything, it is to be praised. However, The Brick understands that rumours abound regarding the sexual practice of club members. It is reported

that younger men see the meals as an opportunity to perform sexual favours for older members in return for social advancement. The Brick is loathe to use the term 'blow for dough', but if the cap fits... More disturbing is the serious speculation amongst members that an unnamed member of the club, one of two priests who were present at the meal in question, has engaged in sexual activities with underage boys. Our reporter claims he was told this by an established gay diner. The college in question apparently has something of a reputation for sordid goings-on amongst resident students, though whether this extends to paedophilic clergymen is unknown.

Of course, The Brick, a humble college newsletter, cannot prove or disprove any of this. We don't intend to. Just watch your back, 'Binsonites. Watch your back...

Senior Tutor's Scaremongering

Liz Guild, Robinson College's Senior Tutor and part-time French supervisor, issued an official warning last week, stating that employers are now checking students' Facebook profiles to vet 'unsuitable' candidates. This follows on from her recent warnings of sexual assault and harrassment in the area and letters warning students not to get poor exam results or else. Rumours that Guild is trying to foster a climate of fear so that students are too afraid to voice dissent were made up by us just now.

Look-a-like

Scrapng the news barrel



Bill Nolan
Chemistry DoS

Simon Bateman
Poor dancefloor etiquette

The Brick Investigates

Going to any lengths to fill 8 pages

"We're mad, we are..."

Shocking revelation from celebrity alumnus prompts Brick probe

Sam Goff
Concerned citizen

It seems the lefty national press can't get enough of Robinson at the moment. Following the college's mention in the Guardian last month, 'Binson has again reared its ugly head in the world of proper newspapers, featuring in an interview with comedy duo Mitchell & Webb in The Independent this week.

Webb, who studied English here at Robinson in the golden age of yesteryear, related how, on first arriving in Grange Road, he was accosted by a "rather attractive second year" who told him "We're all mad here at Robinson. I bet you're mad too"; the girl turned out to be "a Christian trying to snare me".

This set us Brickheads wondering. Is our beloved college really in the grip of a mental health epidemic,

and if so, what are college authorities doing to tackle it? A detailed (read: fictional) poll of 'Binsonites revealed that 0% of them consider themselves mentally ill. We then set out to find out how college planned to deal with this inundation of craziness.

First we hounded college Nurse, Patsy 'Specs' Glazebrook, for her professional opinion. After making us take our shoes off and taking our blood pressure, she told us that she was only trained to deal with hangovers and that schizophrenia was "probably best avoided".

Next was appropriately named Librarian Lesley Read; we thought she might have some books on being a mental for any students in need. She didn't. Asked to comment on the situation, she said this: "Shhh".

Growing desperate, we tracked down Domestic Bursar, the infamously fierce Wing Commander PDG Milloy, for some



Robert Webb: he's famous, dontcha know

militaristic advice. He wasn't in. The Brick has been forced to conclude that the girl in question did not in fact speak for the college as a whole, as she claimed. The Brick has also been forced to conclude that Christians are more prone to mental illness than normal people.

The Brick: because we care.

Love in Front Court?



Every now and again there's a very special sight to be seen in the 'Garden Restaurant', a scene of love, a vision of adoration. "Don't you want some custard on your pudding, Colin" I could imagine the librarian saying lustfully, before they strolled, silver-haired, towards an empty table by the window. They sat there for almost an hour, coyly gazing at each other as they masticated together. "I don't do twenty-four hour opening, but I'll make an exception for you" I could imagine the conversa-

tion continuing. What would happen later? The images of him late at night: "Time for a safety check" he'd say rolling a condom down over the truncheon he'd kept from the days when he was a copper were too much for me to deal with as I was still trying to eat some slowly congealing lasagne.

I went on a scouting mission, to get a closer look. I suppose the result of some perverse desire to understand what most disgusts me. Unfortunately my findings were inconclusive. I cannot say whether there was any

footsie going on under the table, but I have my suspicions. It may seem like this whole issue has been invented, but I suspect that it serves as a rather apt explanation for why the library photocopier has been out of order. Did he accidentally break the glass one night as he thrust excitedly? Has college money really been spent on photocopies of this sordid repulsive act, of two individuals out of the prime of their lives and looking for some thrills away from cataloguing books and writing fire safety sheets?

Freshers' handbook

Your indispensable guide to your new life at 'Binson'

Get to know your...

New RCOSA

With your first term at Cambridge drawing to a close, we take a look at your social betters, the newly elected RCOSA. This week we're profiling the BIG HITTERS; President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary. Because power is sexy. Mmm...



James Mott
PRESIDENT

Runs the whole damn show. A NatSci with a penchant for facial hair and faux German army jackets, 'Motty' hails from Harrow but has never been shot. Judging from his Facebook, Motty's interests include 'The A-Team', 'Philip Schofield', 'stubble', and 'meat'. As Men's Officer he displayed an unhealthy fixation with testicular cancer, which thankfully now seems to have passed.

Jonny Young
VICE-PRESIDENT

An instantly familiar face around college, Jonny is everyone's second favourite gay lawyer (after that guy in Ally Macbeal). Is famous for his (apparently medically impossible) ability to lick his own elbow, which he feels really aids him in the Vice Presidential role. Likes nothing better than to kick back in the evenings with his copy of 'Roman Law II' and Charlotte Church on in the background.



Russ Tannahill
SECRETARY

An Essex boy come good, Russ overcame formidable opposition in the form of Jacob and Brandon in the Secretarial elections. It is unknown whether his 'involvement' with former RCOSA President Victoria Jenkins had anything to do with his appointment. Yet another Romsey lad, this shy, retiring Historian is rightfully proud of once having egged Dan Craig AND leaving his mattress outside in the same evening. He also enjoys Bob Dylan.



Peter Thompson
TREASURER

Peter, or 'King Chav', is the RCOSA's resident Northern Irishman (hailing from the cultural landmark that is Derry), who spends a lot of time drunk in order to conform to national stereotypes. A Land Economist with a penchant for suddenly becoming very, very blond, Pete is an avid follower of manly programmes such as Desperate Housewives and Footballers' Wives. Another Romsey lad, he self defines as 'incredibly lazy'.



Features

Fighting formal hall injustice

Crime and Pennyishment

'The Eagle'

Having a moan

Why can't I go to Caius formals? Cambridge is weird. I've seen the idiots in stripy blazers, I've been hassled about saving the whales or something, and the other day I saw about 20 children walking down the street wearing top hats and dinner jackets. One tradition, however, which I cannot understand is Caius' refusal to let us into their formals.

I expect that most of you are aware of the 'Hawking Incident', but to summarise for those of you who aren't: upon one evening, two Robinson students were attending a formal at Caius, with celebrity physicist Stephen Hawking also in attendance. During the course of the meal the students decided it would be funny to 'penny' the brainy invalid's dessert. Hawking was unable to see the funny side, perhaps not being programmed to, and the Caius hierarchy were similarly nonplussed. The result of this innocent, if misjudged prank? A £50 fine for the students (fair enough), but more importantly for you, dear reader, the banning of Robinson from Caius formal for the next 400 years.

The first thing I have to say is this: 400 years! There are convicted rapists whose sentences are far less than this. I sincerely believe that whoever passed this sentence was pissed and/or senile, because it's surely impossible to ban an entire college for 400 years with a straight face.

And to burden an entire college



Stephen Hawking: never saw it coming.

because of the sins of two people is grossly unfair. In the Bible Adam and Eve screwed things up for the rest of humanity, lumping us with 'original sin'. Caius punishment here is strikingly similar, but with one important difference; Caius are not God.

I wonder whether this problem would exist if the victim hadn't been Hawking, perhaps the most famous and respected living Cambridge graduate. What I would ask is, why is he too important to fall victim to a harmless prank? It's not like they gave him a puncture or anything malicious like that. I fear for the future of Cambridge if colleges like Caius are guilty of such a gross lack of a sense of humour. Let's put things into perspective; Saddam Hussein

was responsible for the deaths of thousands of innocent people, and to my knowledge Caius have no rule banning him from formal halls.

(Shortly before going to press, The Brick learnt that the whole incident is no more than urban myth. We acknowledge that Caius College, Stephen Hawking and all his friends are awesome and we would happily open-mouth kiss any of them. To celebrate this new found love of Caius, The Brick team will be attending a formal there and reporting on it in the next edition.)

Gay Watch

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Robinson Anthem

Page 8

Dear Jacob



The Brick's very own agont aunt solves your welfare woes with Marxism and rude words

I have a problem. I cannot for the life of me get into the Christmas spirit. Every year, when the decorations go up and the late night shopping starts I'm filled with a sense of dread. I have to run through Market Place because the gaudy lights make me feel nauseous; and as for advent calendars... don't get me started. My friends think I'm weird and an emotional cripple who'll probably die alone. Am I normal? Please help.

Yours Unfestively, Harold.

There are loads of things to celebrate about Christmas. If you're into a bit of bestiality then you can dress as Mary and get ridden by a donkey. Other than this, all I can suggest is getting yourself called up to Academic Committee and turning up with a Santa hat to put on the warden, as you sit on his knee and ask for a 'present'.

Comrade,

During my first term here at Robinson I have met a guy who is funny, sweet, and good looking and I think he likes me too. However, I

have reservations about 'making the move' because he is a raging Tory capitalist. I'm sure you'll agree my worries are well founded. How can I expect him to be a considerate lover when he gets off on exploiting the poor and dispossessed? What would Trotsky do?

One must address this question dialectically. Your attraction in itself is merely a matter of a false consciousness bestowed upon you by the hegemony of language and the illusion of culture. In this sense, if one is to accept reality as it is presented, that is, uncritically, then such a relationship is entirely justified. If on the other hand, one is critical of society as it presents itself then one must also accept this guy as being of the dominant element (unless you're into S&M, not a good thing). He is, at best a prostitute, and at worst a pimp. You should not engage with him unless you happen to be holding a Kalashnikov to his head and there's a revolution going on. He is responsible for starvation in Africa. That being said, if you can make starving children sexy, then good on you.

Brick's marijuana faux pas

An official apology

"In the issue of The Brick published 18 October 2006, a doctored picture of Dr Mary Stewart, a fellow at College, was printed depicting Dr Stewart passing what was interpreted as drugs to her supervisees. The image was altered from a photograph taken

of one of the large pictures hanging in the Cafeteria, in which no such activity was occurring. The Brick's former editor, Andy Nowacki, would like to apologise for the unauthorised use of the images of Dr Stewart and her supervisees, and would like make clear that Dr Stewart does not encourage drug use amongst students."

SOCIETIES CORNER

In a world where any old nutter can turn up at an Open Meeting and form themselves a society, how is the discerning 'Binsonite to choose which mailing lists are hot and which are most certainly not? Each issue, we'll have an item from a different society to keep you in the know.

This time, **David Grundy** tells us about the fledgling Robinson CheeseSoc (Saturdays, 6:30 in the bar).



The formation of the Robinson College Cheese Society provides evidence, as if it were needed, that the college is not merely a conference centre made entirely from red brick, but an educational establishment which contains a student community with a wide and varied range of interests. Where else in the country would a bar be filled with a large amount of high-quality cheese on a Saturday night? And where else would that amount of cheese actually be eaten?

Reports suggest that eating too much cheese leads to what has been called 'cheese-drunkenness' and has an effect similar to that of a hallucinogenic drug. Timothy Leary supposedly wrote, "a psychedelic experience is a journey to new realms of consciousness...the ingestion of psychedelic drugs such as LSD, psilocybin, mescaline, and DMT, and through eating cheese."

Comment & Opinion

Leading Article

Welcome to the first Brick with Matt and Sam as Editors. You may notice that it looks remarkably similar to the old Brick; bear with us. This software isn't as easy to use as Andy promised. We'll get there.

In this issue we've covered the whole journalistic spectrum, from gossip through to irresponsible speculation. There are contributions from all your Brick favourites, as well cutting edge new material and comment. Hopefully you'll enjoy it; if not, then email us and tell us why we're rubbish. After all, this is your newsletter. We just do all the work.

College is now firmly into the festive swing of things (or as festive as Cambridge gets, anyway). There's Christmas Hall to drink at, the Christmas Bop to drink more at, and the Warden's mysterious 'conference trip' to Lapland. Happens every year...

But, for the Cambridge student, Christmas is sorely lacking. We leave before things become properly festive, we are plagued by work throughout our time off (remember, it's not a 'holiday' - it's a 'vacation'), and we return in time for the distinctly un-festive (and bloody freezing) month of February. So let's make sure we make the most of these last few days together. Buy some mince pies from Sainsburys and eat them with some eggnog. Go on. You'll miss it when it's gone.

Merry Christmas from The Brick.

The Brick is produced in Robinson College and is an independent student publication. mk527@cam.ac.uk, sg466@cam.ac.uk

Gay Watch

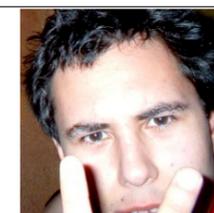
RCSA Gaylord Tom Reekie Tells it like it is



I am writing this article against my will. The purpose of it is to offer a gay's eye view on college affairs in between issues of The Brick (a gay guy's opinion being infinitely more perceptive, intelligent and stylish). However, this term has been virtually without gay interest. Corruption was jungle not musical themed, there was one 6 hour long budget meeting and no roller dis-

Less Jesus, more MC Hammer

Carl Marincowitz Better than you. Fact



Cambridge is fucking plagued by a series of meaningless wank words that are employed by girls with long hair and flowing skirts and blokes who have carefully stylised hair that is designed to look a bit like they've just woken up. TWATS. Words like postmodern, deconstructionist, post irony, social construction, agency, political aesthetics etc. They are used in stupid contexts in order to boost these poor pretentious c**ts sense of intellectual superiority. If you hear anyone using such words (except for me, 'cause like when I do it, it's iron-

cos. Cher did not crash hustings.

The gay community thrives on gossip. Without a reliable supply of unreliable information, we wither and die. That is why I send out my plea; sordid events of interest must be happening behind the closed doors of this college, and the gays must be informed. Gay Watch needs your help, so please write in with appropriate information. 'What's in it for me?' I hear you ask. Well, nothing.

The big news is that I have consulted the Gay Oracles and they have shocking news which should have a big impact on Robinson. The signs are indicating that the arrival of the four queer horsemen of the acockalypse is nigh! Expect Armagayddon in Robinson next term...

ic and shit) give them slap in the face and tell them to get a hair cut.

Also I feel that the Christian union should offer free lunches without like the attached preachy boring bit, as at first glance that's what their cleverly disingenuous notices seem to suggest is available. That is unless of course they get MC hammer (what a song hammer time was) to do the conversion wank in the style of Mick Jagger while wearing back to front pants, Criss Cross style, as that is an appropriate level of brevity.

Big up the new RCSA, I didn't bother voting, I don't especially care, but I would prefer it if our new president had bigger tits. Something to work for in the future? SAFE. Solidarity and shit, Yeah?

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