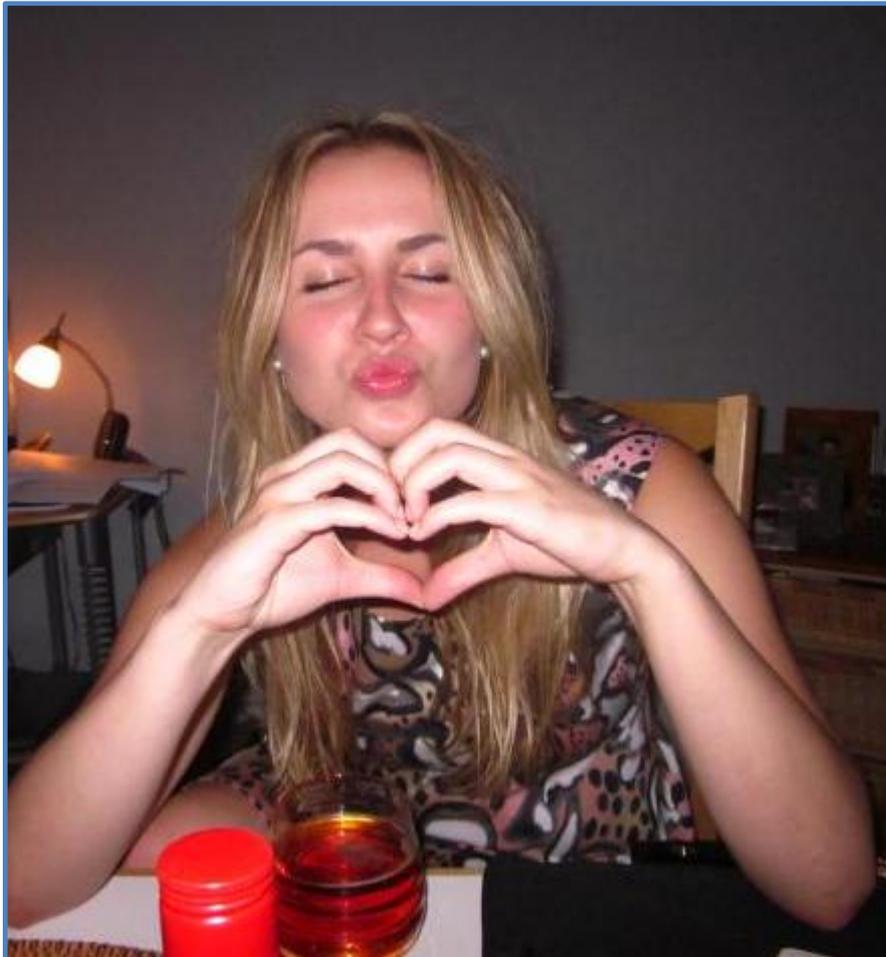


Issue Five

The Brick

Joe Pritchard & Alex Marshall



Romance in Robinson

The Essential Guide to Finding Love at
Robinson College

Robinson Life

News Flash

- ❖ Welcome to the new freshers. You seem a friendly bunch, so don't fuck it up.
- ❖ Controversy this summer as Robinson College unwittingly hosted the infamous summer scheme run by Taryn Edwards from America. Dozens of Cambridge students are still owed payment for their work the previous summer.
- ❖ Sad news as Alan, a beloved face of the Porter's Lodge, has taken an early retirement for reasons related to the tutoring scheme-scandal. The Brick has been contact with Alan and he wishes all of the college the best, as he begins what can only be called a socialist crusade to save western society.
- ❖ During the summer a serious flood damaged the party room and equipment inside. Thankfully the floor has been replaced in time for the bop season at the start of the year.
- ❖ Rumours have it the two editors of this fine publication, as well as the two Ents officers, Toby and Will, are set to write the panto this year. Theme? Batman.
- ❖ Instagram causes diarrhoea.

Five Questions

A quick check in with two generic freshers, Karndeeep and Luke

1. Best part of Robinson?

The way the morning sunlight dances off the brickwork, and the birdsong echoes through the perfectly proportional pathways as you embark on another splendid day. The bar's pretty good too.

2. What do you make of Cambridge nightlife so far?

As we're from Birmingham and Newcastle the vom on the floor of Lola's on Sunday night made us feel right at home.

3. How attractive is your year group?

From what we've witnessed, we score a solid 9 on the schweff-o-meter.

4. Do you think freshers are treated as an underclass?

No, absolutely not. (Your laundry is washed, ironed and outside your door as requested, Mr Marshall. We even managed to get that persistent white stain out with some vanish oxi-action. xoxox)

5. Splendid. Any goals for first term?

To remember a swap in its entirety.

Freshers' Week

It's that time of year when the college welcomes in the latest batch of intellectual backwash – Fresher's Week has been and gone, and by God, was it a brilliant three and a half days. This is how the hedonistic orgy played out:

- ❖ The opening night bop proved a huge success, with unprecedented levels of arteritic-venal banter-spillage in the bop toilets.
- ❖ Sunday was rest day.
- ❖ Monday saw in Matriculation, or 'MatricuLASHion' followed by another bop. This one survived beyond the 12:20 terminus to achieve maximum schweffing potential. The DJ was paralysed with hipster joy at having snuck in some early Chicago house tunes.
- ❖ Tuesday was the climax of this decadent process, putting the so-called 'party' universities, such as Manchester and Newcastle, to shame. The Bar Crawl may have degenerated into downing terrible vodka in market square, but gave the RCSA a certain measure of sadistic pride in ordering the freshers to perform menial tasks and swept away all memory of the awkwardness that comes with Boat Building.
- ❖ With Thursday came the onset of lectures and the dashing of our pretensions of having a nightlife.
- ❖ Saturday was the finale with a wildly successful Robstock, combining all the staples of the 1960s (tie dye, flower power and sandals), with the drug abstinence of the 1950s.



*Karndeeep and Luke
in traditional fresher
garb*



Fresher's Guide

The **Red Brick Café** is the hub of social activity this side of Jesus Green. Influential thinkers such as Decartes, John Locke and David Baddiel have pondered existence here whilst enjoying a damp panini. Take your friends, but leave your prejudice at the door. All are welcome to enjoy these waters. At eve, the beer flows for a minimal

fee and banter rears its profligate head.



Three times a day the **Garden Restaurant** throws its doors open to the students of this fine college. Make sure to taste the succulent salmon (rich in Omega 3) and the responsibly sourced pollack. One speciality is the ballotine of chicken, which is rumoured to contain over seventy types of herb and will leave you weeping for more. The staff are a friendly bunch, and should be treated with respect and overwhelming deference. Make use of the Restaurant, as cooking for yourself may lead to salmonella or self-sufficiency.

For the Cambridge student on the town at night, there are limited options. If you seek outdated chart music, shattered glass and have the attention span of a blinkered goldfish then head to **Cindies**. You will hear cuts of up to 16 terrible songs per minute from Now 53 and will be constantly reminded of your proximity to the nearest sweaty toff.

Otherwise, for a largely similar experience, try **Life**. This dungeon-esque tomb of taste is often the bastion of post-swappers; apparently the sweat dripping off the ceiling enhances one's post-Mahal libido.



Formal Halls are held on Tuesdays and Fridays. A wonderful way to enjoy a birthday or night with friends, they come with certain traditions. For example, it is customary to down your drink after the Warden's opening prayer, and it is absolutely compulsory to offer your meal back to your waiter before accepting it. For the men, a Cambridge-wide rule states that the diner with the lowest family income has to buy a round for everyone at the bar after the meal. For the ladies, the use of gerunds during dessert is prohibited. Breaching these rules incurs a fine whereby the offender must report to the Senior Tutor for flogging.



Cosseted in one of the darker corners of Cambridge lies **The Mahal**. An establishment dating back to the pre-Raphaelite era, this haven of bursting decadence draws the self-proclaimed 'lads' and ladies together on 'swaps'. Swaps are a ritual as British as corned beef and self-effacement. The two gender-divided groups intermix and discuss politics and the fancies of the day. Be aware you may be fined for an embarrassing story, such as having a Bounty bar stuck up your arse, having sex in your sister's playroom or defecating on Trinity Hall.

No matter how hard you try to resist, trips to Life and Cindies will be your foreseeable future as a fresher. However, the more intrepid first year may venture to **Lola Lo** or **Fez**. The former is laid out over three levels of mediocrity, whilst Fez is a seedy Moroccan escape for those with a more specialised taste in nightlife. As a final tip, avoid the local nights (Friday and Saturday); the regulars look down on us as the privileged squibs we really are.

Romance

As we all know student life is about independence and growing up. An essential part of this experience is embracing your romantic side. What follows is a guide to how to excel in romance at Robinson with all the must-have tips from experts in the field.

Are They Interested?

So you've got your eye on that frisky little NatSci but you're unsure if he/she reciprocates your affection. Tell-tale signs that they're interested include regular texting, smiles across the room and laughing at your terrible banter. Other signs are more obvious, such as when your potential suitor turns up at your room at 3am, drunk, for a heart to heart, or if they look you dead in the eye while ladling gravy over their enseamed crotch at dinner. On the other hand, if they writhe in disgust at the mere sight of you, they're not interested.

Your First Date

The first date sets the tone for the relationship, so make the right choice here. Choose the cinema if you're worried about the flow of conversation or he/she doesn't speak English. Good film choices are easy to find. Any blockbuster or comedy is usually a winner, but try to avoid hard hitting documentaries about sexual transmitted diseases. If you're feeling more confident, take them out to dinner. Sushi and oysters are a hit, but avoid haggis or KFC Krushems. The more trendy romantics will rely on cocktail bars or specialised coffee houses. But beware: this option risks awkward silences. Whatever the occasion, make sure to try and hold hands within the first thirty second. You actually *have* to. Otherwise they'll think you're frigid and lack the rudimentary sexual impulses that sustain our race.

Romantic Escalation

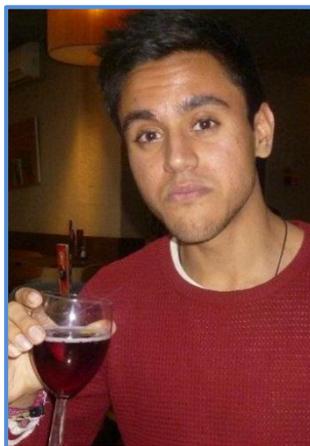
If by some miracle you find yourself faced with the prospect of post-date consummation, fear not. Sex is nothing to worry about; it's quite simple. What one must do is follow this simple legal definition of intercourse. Firstly, the woman must be deeper than 12 inches and the man must maintain an erection for at least 55 minutes. Don't worry if it isn't enjoyable, society will still appreciate the sentiment and bestow respect upon your sweaty loins; legally sex doesn't have to be gratifying for it be sex. Make sure you're clear on consent, have considered 4 contraception and above all else, avoid being Shipley.

What to say

- ❖ You look really pretty/handsome tonight.
- ❖ No no, I'll pay. I regularly tip 25%.
- ❖ Those jeggings are very flattering.
- ❖ I really did enjoy that Adam Sandler film. Good choice.
- ❖ I'm a big fan of contraception.

What not to say

- ❖ The last time I took a girl/boy here...
- ❖ I'm kind of a big deal.
- ❖ Amritsar was a massacre, not a genocide.
- ❖ I can only couple with someone at the end of each lunar month.
- ❖ My genitals are riddled with crabs.



Casanova

Being lucky at love is about confidence, and there is no better example of this than Mr Casanova himself, Aakash Patel. Behold his luscious visage and his expression that slyly requests your nudity. In conversation, Aakash

seamlessly disarms the lucky subject of his affections whilst placing a gentle hand at the nape of their back. He then plies them with wine as only a gentleman can and before they know it his inner charm is fully realised all over their bedspread, walls and diary.



You're doing it wrong

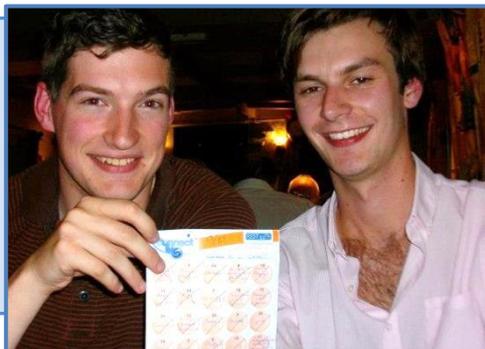


I've been here for a few years now and I'd like to impart my wisdom. Romance can be a little too easy to find sometimes so make sure you keep hold of those standards sister. Make him work for it. Don't slip into the same old boring routine, spice things up with varied locations and racy fore-play. Most importantly, don't overthink things. Passion is natural, as fiery as the red hair on my head. –Sarah Pamenter



Having followed our tips no doubt you're already in high demand, but it's worth keeping in mind how awkward college can become if you are constantly bumping into last night's conquests. Plan ahead, try to go swaps with other colleges and above all else never look directly into the eyes of someone you got with.

During your time at Robinson you will no doubt encounter and off-shoot of traditional romance: the "bromance." Pictured here are two ardent bromantic activists, Jonny and Alex. They've been involved in a quasi-spiritual union since their meeting at Matriculation. Activities between a bromantic couple can range from watching sport together, exchanging advice on clothing or even light petting. Anal sex is not a concomitant of the bromance, but forever underlies the bond.



Eligible Bachelors on the Market



Josh

Likes: S&M and gravy
Dislikes: Swans and the south

Favourite

Likes: Privacy and intimacy
Dislikes: Easy women



Ewan

Likes: The United Kingdom
Dislikes: Poor grammar

Henrah

Likes: Walks in the countryside
Dislikes: Lady boys



Toby

Likes: Sunsets and clichés
Dislikes: Syphilis and tuna

Justin

Likes: Fisting
Dislikes: Women's lacrosse



Shiplah

Likes: Rowing and chopping
Dislikes: Covering up my legs

Harry

Likes: Football and rugby
Dislikes: Mushrooms



Top Ten Places For Sex

1. In your overly small college single bed.
2. The college library, where rumour has it one alumnus explicated his worth over a spiritual text.
3. The canteen after-hours.
4. Fez on a Monday.
5. The hidden recesses of the University Library.
6. Take the welfare cupboard to its logical conclusion.
7. Have a trouser party in the Party Room.
8. The Games Room for some exotic back passage action.
9. Robinson Gardens are the most beautiful in Cambridge. Don't just walk on the grass, commingle.
10. The Porter's Lodge between shifts if you're embarrassingly rapid in your discharge.



We wish you all the best of luck finding romance in this barren cage of fetid prudishness. The most important thing is to be yourself and put down those of a lower social standing while conforming to the basic cultural norms of the college. Only once this has been achieved will you have your pick of the 10% of college who leave their rooms on at least a periodic basis and have the necessary organs.

Ask Robinson

Your favourite part of freshers week?

"I like how there was food on the first Sunday in the canteen" [Heather Holland](#)

"Having the excuse to let out the raging hippie inside of me that has been lurking for many years" [Mimi Hewitt](#)

"Watching the failed sharking attempts" [Curtis Bonnell](#)

"Sophie Smith's nipples" [Aakash Patel](#)

"Ben Hancock playing the bagpipes. He was good bagpipes" (*direct quote – Ed*) [Katy O'Neil](#)

"I can't say Shipley!" [Camilla Rooney](#)

"In between the couple of mares I did have I enjoyed the brightness and life of youth in and around the red bricks of Robinson" [Josh Lomax](#)

"I liked Truly Medley Deeply, but not as much as Sarah Pamerter" [Will Nyere](#)

"The pub crawl" [Star Tong](#)

"Cleaning the sick off the walls with make-up wipes" [Emma Naughton](#)

"Waking up in pink fluffy handcuffs" [Kate Fairhurst](#)

"Gashin'!" [Josh Scholes](#)

"I didn't do enough sharking" [Richard Slade](#)

"When Tom Arneil acquired his new nickname" [Sam Brooks](#)

"How surprised I was that the bops were good" [Prince Jonathan Stevenson](#)

"Alex and Joe reading Fifty Shades of Grey" [Katerina Pascoulis](#)

What's your most memorable date?

"With a boy I'd fallen in love with two summers before. I ordered a pizza to line the stomach, he ordered a salad and I was sick in his bed" [Heather Holland](#)

"It has to be Valentine's Day when I persuaded Brazzers that some squid was chicken and he came out in crippling stomach cramps for two days after" [Kate Fairhurst](#)

"An ex got me a couple's photo-shoot for my birthday once. It was in a really grimy studio that looked like it was used for pornos. Just an awful experience" [Mimi Hewitt](#)

"I went to a comedy show at a classy casino, but it was incredible cheap. I learnt about a sex position: the petrified seagull" [David Sparkhall](#)

"I went cycling with a chick, it was memorable because she fell off the bike and bruised all her arm. But I didn't get a blowjob or anything like that" [Kendrick To](#)

"The first date I ever went on when I was 15. I tipped half a Nandos rice down my top. It was even in my pants" [Emily Dean](#)

"I had a nose bleed all over my turkey sandwich" [Toby Hayward-Butcher](#)

"All my dates have been really messy and not appropriate. Not like fun messy" [Chris Halcrow](#)

"1815 because it defined modern Europe" [Ewan McGregor](#)

"I groped a girl in the back of the cinema" [Richard Slade](#) "Did you know her!?" [Ros Old](#)

What is the most beautiful thing?

"Date three" [Aakash Patel](#)

"Mitt Romney" [Kate Fairhurst](#)

"We call her the Promised Land. Many have tried to make pilgrimage to her, but few succeed" [Favourite Frizell](#)

"Watching somebody obscenely hungover try and make it through a land law lecture" [Katerina Pascoulis](#)

"Nothingness" [Viv Sharma](#)

"David Sparkhall's thighs" [Jonny Miller](#)

"Justin Shee doing a topless lap dance, singing Jerusalem" [David Sparkhall](#)

"Happiness" [Luke Martin-Fuller](#)

"Peter Hall's cock or ball" [Emily Dean](#)

"Guy Smith's guns" [Sam Brooks](#)

6 "Disney!" [Camilla Rooney](#)

"A sunset hitting a beautiful lake or canyon. Failing that, a vagina" [Toby Hayward-Butcher](#)

"Eating chicken off a girl's back" [Pete Hall](#)

"It's got to be between the slowly reddening trees of autumn and a shaved scrotum" [Josh Lomax](#)

"Being in a James Sandow and Justin Shee sandwich in the middle of life" [Kitty Somerville](#)

"The moment after the person you've be sleeping with leaves the morning after" [Will Nyere](#)

"Obviously Robinson" [Matt Simpson](#)

"A first" [Abi Li](#)

"It's like porn, vagina" [Jimmy Campbell](#)

"Being drunk and in a swimming pool" [Rachel Burd](#)

"Muffins" [Lottie Reinbold](#)





Agony Aunt

One's naughty and the other's nice, your two favourite agony aunts give their advice!



Hi Agony Aunt, I'm a fresher at Robinson. Everyone here is really friendly and I've a lot of friends, but I'm worried people don't realise just quite how cool I am. They clearly don't appreciate how much I have going on for me back home. How do I establish myself as THE name in college?

Kate: My first advice would be to not put any pressure on yourself and have fun. However, what I actually want to say is get over yourself.

Dickie: Recount your loutish drinking habits at every possible opportunity.

Agony Aunt, I have a terrible confession to make. A week or so ago I had a heavy night of drinking and woke next morning to feel a strange dampness creeping down my leg and up my midriff. Suddenly I realised I had expelled mine urinal shame upon my virgin skin. Imagine my disgrace: my cheeks flushed red for days. I'm in second year for God's sake. How can I live with the embarrassment?

Kate: Drunken mistakes happen to us all and my advice would be to drink less, take some responsibility and use the toilet next time.

Dickie: If someone laughs at you, piss on their face.

I'm having a slightly sinister problem, Agony Aunt. It started at the beginning of term. I've been feeling a strange presence in my room and Aakash Patel isn't even on my staircase. At night I can hear weird whispers and last night I was certain I saw the shadow of someone leaning over my desk. Is my room haunted by some poltergeist or am I just paranoid?

Kate: Beliefs about the supernatural vary although the chances are it just is Aakash Patel standing over your bed. If this is the case mention "initiations" and he'll leave.

Dickie: Short term, try and make wildly offensive or prejudice comments in the middle of the night to drive it away. If that doesn't work, exorcise the ghost by flinging poo all over your room.

Robinson Fashion



Behold **Pete Hall** and his quilted majesty. Fly in the face of convention and wear a dangerously open polo-shirt underneath your knitwear and carry a yoghurt at all time at crotch to suggest your most private of chambers is still bountiful with man juice. The Aztec motif is popular with all the mods and rockers, and tells people you're a maverick.



Men of Robinson College take a moment to absorb this zenithal paragon of post-Recession fashion: **Favourite Frizell**. The jumper is weaved from intellectual ennui while the shoulder bag contains hidden capitalist disenchantment and stationary. Observe the palette of this outfit, as the faded colour reminds us of our mangled pensions and poor job prospects.

Sports & Culture

Rugby

Robinson rugby starts this season under a new regime of Jonny Miller and inspirational Director of Rugby Peter Hall. Thanks to a great intake of freshers this year, the Pegasus is far more competitive than we ever could have hoped for. Combined with powerful words of wisdom from our very own Ben Hancock, Robinson has done well thus far: drawing with Jesus 13-13, securing a 27-0 bonus point win over Homerton and tragically falling short 11 – 6 to Downing, the current league leader. This leaves Robinson sitting second, ahead of the mighty John's Boys. Man of the season so far: Ben Garner for his outstanding kicking so far. – Pete Hall

Football

It's been a fantastic start to the season for the Robinson first XI football team. Thanks to a near orgasmic influx of talented, handsome and lithe freshers the team has been infused with an insatiable lust for goals and glory. The team won both their opening games by a considerable margin (7-2 and 5-1) with players such as Martijn scoring almost at will. Other notable contributions have come from the addition of fourth year Nick at centre mid field with his tenacious tackling and commanding headers, and in an unprecedented twist we actually have competition for the goal keeping position. I'm so excited that I'm oozing. – Joe Pritchard

Ghosh's Film Corner



Star Wars IV: A New Hope ushered in perhaps the most memorable and famed film series in cinematic history, and is celebrated as a fantastic space epic and phenomenon of escapism. But to pause for a moment and reassess George Lucas's magnum opus is to discover a far tenderer and infinitely more epic tale than at first assumed. Luke Skywalker's journey to defeat the Empire and destroy the Death Star transcend and yet undercut the traditional narrative to portray a sensitive and thoughtful piece on adolescence.

This is the story of Luke's rise to manhood; the conquering of his personal, sexual frontiers.

When we join Luke on the desert planet Tatooine he is merely a boy stuck in quite literally an arid plain of sexual vacuum. His childhood is behind him; Mark Hamill's protagonist stares longingly at the horizon, imagining the immense possibilities of gratification and experimentation beyond the tedium of moisture farming with his Uncle and Aunt.

His encounters with Obi Wan reflect the classical traditions of Ancient Greece, whereby elder statesmen would teach their young male companions about the world, and how to handle one's lightsabre.

On the other hand, Luke's escapade in Mos Eisley represents the ceremonial dipping of a toe into the

wider world; to use a more contemporaneous example, a trip to Zante or Magaluf.

On escaping barren Tatooine on the Millennium Falcon he embarks on a journey to discover his own sexuality, coming to terms with his adult self not to mention further "training" with his lightsabre. He battles against the Empire, a force portrayed visually as being starkly asexual and yet martial, wishing to inhibit Luke's development and de-gender the galaxy.

Meanwhile, the Death Star hangs in space like a gigantic testicular deity, one which Luke is loath to confront due to his own insecurities. The interior of this labyrinthine orb reproduces quite obviously the challenges and misunderstandings of sexual maturity, in which one can quite literally fall into a chasm or be crushed by a massive mechanical vagina, disguised as a waste dispenser.

Yet the final set piece confirms his growth into manhood with a galactic portrayal of intercourse. The X Wings glide like sperm into the hostile reaches of the Death Star. Luke finally clears his mind of his prepubescent fears and allows 'The Force', that is, his masculine intuition, to flourish as he grabs his joystick and impregnates the Death Star with two bulging missiles.

The fact that the Death Star is then destroyed suggests George Lucas has a disturbing understanding of coitus.

More reviews at www.thefilmcorner1.blogspot.co.uk

Hope you've enjoyed our mediocre tenure writing the Brick. It's been a pleasure!