

The Goat Post





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THE GOAT POST

As winter creeps up on Fitz, it is with great pleasure that we present to you a marvellously summery Goat Post. It abounds with articles and artwork for your mind to escape to the long-lost months of freedom. We have published accounts of everything from gruelling Nairobi to Mexico City, from a hectic new-wave London kitchen to an apology for radio drama, all within these precious pages.

The new school year comes with a new generation of Freshers— as you avidly revel in the luxuriant smell of magazine paper and devour this issue (i.e. as you procrastinate)—think long and hard about joining the future Goat Post team.

A year ago, I read the e-mail title “An UNLOVED GOAT in need of adoption...,” scoffed, and clicked on the next e-mail. Little did I know that the Goat Post could be so rewarding. However, by no means has it yet reached its summit. The Goat is slowly but surely climbing the mountain of magazine success. But to do so, he needs your help.

I am a firm believer that Fitz harbours plenty of talent and voices to be heard. Make your voice and other voices heard. The college is a microcosm with its own internal politics, populations, and mysteries yet to be elucidated.

So when we'll start passing on the torch, open the Goat Post e-mail, and click “reply.”

Sarah Anne Aarup
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The State of the JCR

Phil Hart, JCR President, *on a successful year for the JCR*

This year's newly restructured JCR has been a resounding success - we think we've made changes that will truly benefit Fitzbillies in the long term, and we hope you agree. Undoubtedly our headline achievement has been the refurbishment of the Walter Grave room into a new social space dedicated to undergraduate use during the full run of the academic year. We're thrilled to see that people are enjoying the pool table and the sofas, and we hope that future JCRs can continue our good work and make the room the social hub of the college.

We're also proud of the launch of a brand new website designed by our webmaster, Will Marks, and we hope the website continues to function as the top way to find out more about what is going on in College.

Nick, Annie and I have headed up the committee this year as well as attending college meetings to ensure the students have their voices heard. Of particular importance were the rent negotiations in which we saw IT charges being almost completely abolished giving a better deal for 90% of students. This was done in conjunction with the MCR and is just one small way in which the two committees are working together. Nick did an excellent job standing in as President over Easter term and the Summer holidays and oversaw the JCR refurbishment into a dynamic, homely space accessible to students 24/7. Rob Machado, the academics officer, has been focussing especially on opening up more study spaces in college during the exam season as well as organising a graduate studies fair to help undergraduates in deciding how best to continue their studies- after all, the JCR are here to improve students' lives as they go about their studies.

“WE’VE MADE CHANGES THAT WILL TRULY BENEFIT FITZBILLIES IN THE LONG TERM, AND WE HOPE YOU AGREE.”

Eleanor Costello leads up the welfare team who have been focussing on ways to tackle student welfare issues more effectively. This has been helped by the unfailing work of the international officer Matteo Mirolo. He has so far been able to produce an international freshers guide for new entrants to college, campaign to have international students distributed across fresher accommodation in their first year instead of confined to P block, and has forged greater links between the JCR and MCR international communities through cultural evenings and social events. Meanwhile, Emma Ansell has continued representation of disabled students to the college, in particular focusing on the refurbishment of the original Lasdun side of college. Women's Officer Alice Hobbs has been working closely with the CUSU women's officer to improve awareness of social inequality within Cambridge and beyond, including putting on a sexual consent workshop in the early days of Michaelmas Term. Eleanor has been invaluable in leading up this sub-committee, as well as providing a friendly face and much needed support to students at new weekly welfare drop-ins in the cafe.

Anna Kaye's re-formatted Billy Bulletin provides an informative yet entertaining means by which students can be informed about wider university life as well as career and volunteering advertisements.



Fitzwilliam JCR

Fitzwilliam College's Junior Combination Room

“THIS YEAR, THE JCR HAS BEEN ALL ABOUT RE-INVIGORATING STUDENT ACTION IN COLLEGE AT ALL LEVELS.”

The new ethical affairs sub-committee sees Kiana Thorpe heading up a three-person team including Paul Bowman (Green) and Annika Matthews (Charities). As well as past favourites such as fair trade superhall (wear your own recycled hat!) appearing in their lineup, new events such as chocolate tasting and the introduction of ethical affairs vlogs on the website have given this side of the JCR a new energy. A particularly important addition is also the buttry's "table talker" tripod aimed at increasing student-staff communication relating to environmental and ethical issues.

The target and access team, led by Carl Plane, have continued to increase Fitz's reach in state schools across the UK. As well as our designated region, Carl, Pan, and Daisy have encouraged Fitz students to return to their old schools to promote the college and increase knowledge about applications. Their new section on the website, featuring Rosalie Warnock and Alex Houlding's (JMA Target and Access 2013) alternative prospectus, is definitely worth a look. The shadowing scheme back in Lent Term also threw these three in at the deep end as Fitz played host to a large proportion of those state school students on the scheme—truly supporting Fitzwilliam's standing as an access college.

Finally, the newly re-organised ents team of Alex Cicale, Aran Shaunak, Matt Kellett and Zach Freud have been busier than ever this year. As well as all the usual bops (marriage, halfway hall, Halloween, Freshers, to name but a selection!), they have also organised concerts in the bar for musicians from Fitz and afar to come perform in a relaxed setting allowing students a chance for a drink and catch up with friends while watching their peers perform. The two

ents of the year, situated in the auditorium following the move here last year, have run smoothly and been very entertaining. The freshers week ent also featured "Itchy Feet" a well known party organiser across the UK that will have Fitzbillies and all those who flock to the auditorium dancing to vintage 50s and 60s tunes—a sell out for sure! An exciting timetable for Freshers' week and the rest of term hopes to continue proving that this re-structuring has been very advantageous.

This year, the JCR has been all about re-energizing student action in college at all levels and we hope that the elections in November will reflect the increased presence the committee plays in undergraduate life in Fitz. Thanks are certainly due not only to the JCR committee themselves, but also to the Fellows and staff in college who not only listen to our views but also help and encourage us in our endeavours. We are particularly grateful to The Master, Senior Tutor, Bursar, and Domestic Bursar for ensuring our views are represented and heard across all college meetings as well as the executive trustee for guiding and supporting us through our actions. The committee and I would also like to thank Nick Fox for his untiring efforts in heading up the committee for one third of the year in my absence.

Stay up to date with all the latest Fitz news, and find out more about what's going on in college at FITZJCR.COM

Generation XXX

James Sutton *speaks to Carlene Firmin about sex, the Internet and its effect on children.*



Image Credit: BarrowCadburyTrust

“I THINK WE’VE NEVER REALLY CHALLENGED OURSELVES TO THINK PROPERLY ABOUT SEX OR GENDER.”

When looking at the venerable lists of colleges’ alumni, it is easy to overlook the achievements of those who have passed through in more recent years. However, an MBE and other equally impressive accolades ought to catch your eye – particularly when you look at the work which has gone into earning them.

Carlene Firmin MBE, who matriculated at Fitz for Philosophy in 2002, has gone on to pave the way in influential campaigns and academic research into gender equality amongst children and young people – all of which earned her an MBE in 2011, and appearances on the Black Powerlist for the last two years running.

She also served as the Principal Policy Advisor to the Office of the Children’s Commissioner’s Inquiry into child sexual exploitation within gangs, and last year, with the help of The International Centre at the University of Bedfordshire where she is a Research Fellow, Carlene founded the MsUnderstood Project to support young women against gender inequality. She writes an often provocative column for The Guardian which seeks to tackle perceptions of young offenders, domestic abuse and child sexual exploitation head-on.

Carlene discussed the experiences of eleven and twelve year-old girls who had suffered rape and other forms of sexual abuse at the hands of members

“INQUIRIES SUCH AS OPERATION YEW TREE HAVE ENSURED THAT WE’RE TALKING ABOUT IT MORE”

of their own peer groups. Although this is by no means an easy topic to discuss, speaking privately after the talk, Carlene expressed the importance of her work, both for her personally and for the victims of abuse. “It’s just about everyone being interested in what is going on,” she explained, and pointed to inquiries such as Operation Yewtree as having ensured that “we’re talking about it more.”

Carlene, despite her passion and fierce campaigning, recognises the scale of the problem of sexual violence, noting that “it’s always been the way, probably. I think we’ve never really challenged ourselves to think properly about sex, or gender, or masculinity, and what that all means.” Whilst her work has centred on the experiences of British young people, she remains conscious that “every country in the world suffers from sexual violence”.

This global aspect to the sexual abuse of children has been linked to the growth of the internet – connecting potential abusers with vulnerable young people anywhere in the world. However, there are now fears that online pornography may be inspiring abuse within young peoples’ peer groups. Following her talk, when asked by an audience member about the role of the internet,

Carlene refused to be drawn into the common misconceptions about pornography, explaining that “The vast majority of children, based on the research we’ve got, will be exposed to pornography before they’re sixteen, and the vast majority of children will not rape their friends. Therefore it’s not a causal issue. Is it an exasperating issue? Probably.”

Carlene pointed to a lack of communication from adults, which she believes prevents children from coming to terms with the sexualised culture around them. She also criticised the current approach to sex education, which is “like sending children off on the walk to school without explaining to them that you look left and you look right and that’s a traffic light, you just send them off and hope that they make it to school without getting hit by a car.”

Carlene’s powerful message about young people’s relationship with sex, and how easily it can go wrong, is very impressive, and whether or not you agree with her open-minded approach, it would be remiss to overlook her as one of Fitz’s most up-to-the-minute thinkers.



The Master with Carlene Firmin
Image Credit: Dr. John Cleaver

Abroad in Cambridge

Cristina Garcia-Bermejo Gallego (left) and Clara Molina-Blanco (right) give an Erasmus student's view of their time in the bubble.



When the plane landed a few hours later into a rainy London, I felt more expectant than scared. Most of all, I couldn't believe that I was finally there! My arrival in college was smooth, and I soon felt warmly welcomed by the university. I enjoyed being included in all the freshers' activities, such as matriculation dinner. I was able to meet like-minded people, some of whom, just like me, had embarked on the experience of going to university abroad.

All the events in which I took part at Fitz made me feel in one way or another just like any other college student, irrespective of my nationality, language or age. Some of my fondest memories are matriculation dinner, where I felt terribly excited about all the gown-wearing, and Fitzmas, which enabled me to get a fun glimpse of how Christmas is celebrated in the UK. However, I have to admit that living separated from the rest of the freshers could be quite inconvenient, since sometimes it made the integration process much more difficult and lengthier.

In any case, after my year at Fitz I am grateful for the even more open-minded and positive outlook on life that living in college and mixing with people from different backgrounds has given me. You learn to experience life from other points of view and realise how your own way of doing things doesn't have to be – and in fact, is not – the only valid and possible way, let alone the best. Taking this premise as a starting point, the welcoming atmosphere and the international community at Fitz contributed to turning my year abroad into a truly unforgettable and enriching experience. The one thing that I regret about my Erasmus year is that it didn't last longer. I'm already thinking of coming back!

Image Credit: Kosala Bandara

My experience in Cambridge was quite different from anything I had envisioned, yet, looking back on it, I would not change a thing. Academically, it was incredibly demanding. I didn't believe I was good enough. I knew everyone else was more intelligent, more prepared, and simply had better ideas than me. I even considered returning to Spain at one point. I genuinely believed that my presence in seminars disrupted the rhythm of the class. There were a few reasons for why I decided to stay. The most important one was my DoS, Kasia Boddy, who was supportive, wise and extremely encouraging. Another reason was the Fitz community. I love Fitz.

Fitz was home from the beginning 'till the end of my stay. I've made friendships in college that, hopefully, will last a lifetime. I had the chance to meet, spend time, and become friends with some of the brightest minds I've ever had the chance to encounter. I was inspired every day by the work and ideas of those around me. I cannot really wait to see what some of them, of you, will do in the future, and I'll always be grateful I had the chance to spend some time among you.

Fitz was the first place I have ever been told I could do sports; I joined the rowing team just so I could say I had rowed in Cambridge, but I ended up loving it. I was also given the chance to do theatre, which was one of my greatest sources of joy whilst in Cambridge, so much, in fact, that I now plan to keep on doing it for the rest of my life.

I guess that if I had to summarise the experience in a sentence, and given how important college life was for me even if I was only there for a year, I could very well say: "once a Billy Goat, always a Billy Goat."

A City of Two Tales

Mihir Bhaskar and Phil Mead explore inequality in the Kenyan capital.

Our time in Nairobi can only be described by a series of uncoordinated snapshots. Our first impression after landing was formed by the chaos of the city— twenty people packed into buses realistically meant for six, rogue vehicles trying to jump over ditches to avoid red lights, and pickpockets searching us as we naively scrambled through the crowds. There was a sense of risk to the whole trip: given the recent terrorist threats by Al-Shabaab, few outsiders were left. Everything from walking home to a large plume of smoke next to our house to hearing sounds of gunfire outside at night made us constantly cautious of our surroundings.

We lived and worked for a month in a Nairobi slum, helping low income groups manage their savings via microfinance and investment. Our host insisted that we were safe, only to eventually reveal how he himself had been mugged outside our residence. He was thankful that the muggers were kind enough to leave him money to return home.

The next morning, we found ourselves helping to put out a house fire rapidly spreading throughout the slum using buckets of sewage water. We left Nairobi on the weekends, travelling by matatu, the Kenyan term for a metal shell of a 1970s minibus, packed with far too many people and zipping through the streets like a fly on methamphetamines. When one of these crashes, no one survives. We saw one such horrific case on our journey to Lake Naivasha. We visited Hell's Gate, the inspiration for The Lion King set, and spoke to the Maasai people about their tradition of being sent out as fourteen-

year-old boys to kill a lion and live in the wild.

Our time in Kenya was one of incredible contrasts. We could walk in less than twenty minutes from our slum to the Nairobi Golf and Polo Club, where the wealthy Kenyans and descendents of colonialists reside. Once we had navigated Dagoretti corner— Nairobi's market place filled with rival gangs — we hopped the sewer to be presented with a mosquito-infested shack. Stray goats ambled past the tables as we ate a meal costing less than fifty pence.



The day before, we had been to a sushi restaurant on the balcony of a nearby shopping mall and spent over twenty pounds. A friend of ours lived in the Westlands of Nairobi, the wealthy district. The houses there were an entirely different world; hers had six bedrooms and three floors, all within a

gated community containing luscious open gardens.

Within our work, we tried our best to contribute more than what we gained through the experience of our trip, which was not easy. At the end, our boss Mr. Abel, invited us to his house for dinner. He told us that he sleeps only from 11:00 PM to 4:00 AM every day because he had so many commitments to different volunteer groups across Nairobi. He had told us a week earlier that since his work is self-funded, he would be unable to take his daughter to see her grandfather in a town six hours away during the summer. As we left, we presented him with 4000 KES (about £28.00) each, an equivalent sum to our dinner bill the previous evening, a present he was eternally grateful for.

Image Credit: Mihir Bhaskar and Phil Mead

Retracing the Conquistadores

Clinton Teh *follows the steps of Cortes and Raleigh in modern day Mexico*

During my first term in Cambridge, I was fortunate enough to study European encounters with the 'New World' during the early modern period, a topic which fascinated me no end. For the conquistadors who arrived in Central and South America, the land quickly became shrouded with a cloud of mythical glory as they uncovered the indigenous cultures that thrived in a world apart from their own – one only needs to think of the various fabled 'cities of gold' which became an obsession for the European seeking wealth and glory. Even the English explorer Walter Raleigh got in on the act, failing twice to reach the legendary 'El Dorado'.

Half a millennium or so later, for the many of us who have never been to this part of the world, myth and legend still pervade the collective imagination about the region. In the case of Mexico, the media has fed the world with a narrative of drug related violence, with the infamous Cartels ruling their virtual fiefdoms within Mexico. As much as people think of the Aztecs and their predecessors, they also think of guns, narcotics and crime. I have no doubt that there are plenty of the latter in Mexico, but in discovering and uncovering Mexico for myself, I have found a culture that is vibrant, fascinating, and utterly beautiful.

"MYTH AND LEGEND STILL PERVADE OUR COLLECTIVE IMAGINATION"

I was lucky enough to spend my summer working and wandering in Mexico City, and during the weekends I had the chance to explore the city's gems. There are hundreds of museums scattered around the city, and whether one wants to see the famous collections of Frida Kahlo and Diego Riviera or Aztec artefacts, there will be a museo for you. A short bus ride out of the city will bring you to the magnificent Teotihuacan pyramids, a place which certainly cannot be omitted from any itinerary. Mexican cuisine is also severely misunderstood. There are no massive burritos or chimichangas here, and the tacos and quesadillas that we know are completely different from the Mexican originals, which consist of small tortillas filled with various meats, vegetables and sauces. The streets are filled with various street vendors who serve quality food at great prices, a full meal often costing less than £2.

Numerous neighbourhoods have popped up as districts emblematic of a new and vibrant artistic/restaurant culture, such as La Condesa and Roma. A visit to the centro historico, the old colonial heart of the city, made me feel like I was in Europe all over again. The colonial-era buildings are fantastically preserved and have been adapted to modern commerce, much like the great cities back in the continent.



On one of the weekends off from work, my colleague offered to take me to her hometown of Morelia, in the state of Michoacán – an offer which I accepted with enthusiasm. Michoacán is perhaps the state which has been over-sensationalized in the media, with the war against the Knights Templar cartel the most common association. We took a three hour drive through the beautiful Mexican landscape, the numerous hills and mountains caressing the highway on our way. When we finally arrived, what I was greeted with was a stunning place of tranquillity and peace. The colonial centre of the city was a picturesque scene of laid-back charm, with a pervasive sense of serenity as I watched the many locals enjoying a lovely day in the park or at the numerous cafés nearby. In the words of my colleague's mother, 'many of us live in peace here' – she couldn't have been more correct.

Hernan Cortes and his rival conquistadores certainly found plenty of gold in their conquests. But what they failed to realize was that the very culture they had encountered was golden in itself – a culture which lives on today, intermingled with that of Cortes's own. A culture which is still golden and even more vibrant than before, waiting to be explored and discovered by those who dare to tread into a new world, different from their own.

Returning to Radio

Radio plays second fiddle to TV and film - but why? Alex Cartlidge on why it's time for us to stop seeing and start listening.



Marthe de Ferrer and Alex Cartlidge created Cambridge Shortlegs Presents... Every Sunday from October 19 - December 14 at 5pm on Cam FM. With special thanks to Executive Producer Tom Spence for his support so far.

Radio is an underrated medium for storytelling. It's seen as old fashioned, outdated - which maybe it is - but that doesn't diminish the fact that it can still be a platform for highly effective and innovative storytelling. There's no real money in the industry sadly, and yet many people who go into TV, film and theatre all work in radio - either at the beginning of their careers or midway through as an experiment.

Without trying to sound too much like a cynical nineteen year-old complaining about the benefits of modern society, the problem (for radio) is that the world has become too visual, it's too centred upon sight and upon filling our eyes as well as our ears, so with the rise of TV and film, radio plays declined and became looked down upon as some sort of artistic wasteland. People need to be watching something, and with radio, all you can watch is the radio itself, or stare into space. But that is what is so brilliant about it, the fact that you can

“YOU CAN CLOSE YOUR EYES AND LET THE WORDS AND SOUNDS ABSORB YOU.”

let yourself go, you can close your eyes and let the audio wash over you, let the words and sounds absorb you. It pushes your own visuals, your own imagination, and it really lends power to the voice and to intelligent usage of sound. There's a real nostalgia to doing it, harking back to the days when this is what people did for entertainment, before the other mediums became more popular and accessible. I remember watching Woody Allen's "Radio Days" and being completely charmed by the innocence and beauty of an American family united around their wireless, listening in to a weekly radio drama. It may have been a time of depression and interwar uncertainty, but the radio seems to have had a special impact, a domestic importance to so many people that it can never have now.

It's no coincidence that Orson Welles was the man responsible for Citizen Kane, and The War of the Worlds, the greatest radio drama of all time. He understood both mediums and valued them equally. He saw the merits in them, and along with theatre too, he created some outstanding pieces that really pushed the limits in terms of ideas and of conventions. When I listen to Welles's radio adaptations of Heart of Darkness, Dracula, and The Count of Monte Cristo, I see what our show has to aspire to, where it has to take its inspiration from. It's very American in that respect, it owes a lot to Orson Welles in its concept. He's an absolute inspiration, as a cinematic genius and an innovator of radio and theatre, and even though The Mercury Theatre on Air was on the American airwaves over seventy five years ago, it is still just as magnificent to listen to now, and I implore anyone to seek the episodes out and listen to them - to let them absorb you.

Even 'The Master of Suspense' Alfred Hitchcock, the greatest director of all time, directed a radio play in 1940, an adaptation of his film The Lodger. And if radio was good enough for the man who directed Vertigo, Psycho, and North by Northwest, well, then it's good enough for anyone.

Image Credit: Marite Toledo

Inside Hell's Kitchen

Zach Brubert *is disillusioned with the secret world of fine dining.*

Two grilled artichokes, one chilled pea soup, two pork belly, Working in a busy up-market London restaurant is, on first impression, exactly how one would expect: a mixture of chaos and order which somehow unrelentingly repeats itself day in and day out. As in most restaurants, the kitchen was hidden away from the comparatively calm dining area, and for good reason. It was rare to get through a service without someone “fucking up” and a plate or two ending up smashed across the kitchen floor. The only advice I was given before my first service was “make sure you’re ready, cause when that storm hits you don’t wanna be in the shit”.

The kitchen bursts into a maelstrom of activity as service begins, and the head chef calls out the first order to the kitchen. Everyone replies “oui” in synchrony. The French haven’t just provided us with some of the fundamental cooking techniques, even their language has infiltrated kitchen jargon. “Mise-en-place” (i.e. preparing ingredients), “sous-chef,” or “plongeur” are the standard regardless of the cuisine.

With the orders now flying in, I glimpse a main dish being plated. Sprigs of dill elegantly emerge from smoked tomatoes, a swipe of pomme puree across the plate, grilled artichokes lean against quenelles of goats cheese, and, as if that wasn’t enough, a piece of seared pork belly is placed between it all. I stop my work to admire the head chef’s dexterity before the dish is whisked off to a table, leaving a mess of ingredients and mixing bowls— four for just one dish— which are tossed across the kitchen into the sink. The plongeur doesn’t stop scrubbing at the sink, a task unimpeded by his

lack of English, and the bowls continue to pile up. With sweat pouring down my face, and my legs just about holding on, service is finally over three hours later.

But it is actually when you look beyond the manic rush of service that you really get a sense of what the restaurant business is all about. It’s a twenty-four hour process that starts with the food markets opening at around midnight. At the fruit and vegetable market, an endless stream of lorries brings produce from across Europe. I’m told that if you want good produce, you buy the cheapest; if the crop is growing well, there is a large supply of it, so the price drops. Once the food has been sold at the

market to distribution companies, deliverymen then spend the next ten hours couriering it to top restaurants across London. In the kitchen, we arrive at seven to find a dozen crates already there for us to start work on.

Then its grueling work till midnight when the kitchen finally closes for those chefs on the dreaded double shift, who then must face an equally grueling hour-and-a-half journey home, having long ago been priced out of central London. And it all starts again back at the market.

There is a curious dynamic at play here: nocturnal deliverymen, chefs who work sixteen hours yet

can’t afford to live near the restaurant, and kitchen porters who can’t speak English – all to serve some investment banker a nice dinner. But it’s fine, because all the banker sees is a delicious seared pork belly, and all the plongeur sees is the washing-up at the end.

Zach Brubert worked at “New Toms” in London for two months.



Image Credit: New Toms



*Illustration by
Caitlin Mackridge*

Escape the Bubble

Sarah Anne Aarup *finds the best places to stay sane.*

Sometimes you just need to escape all the necessary and unnecessary stuff haphazardly crammed into term time. Home is too far, and you only have one slim hour sandwiched between the frenzy. Here are my favourite places to keep sane, all within a 15-minute cycle from Fitz, going from nearest to furthest away.

4 minute walk: Histon Road Recreation Ground

As well as being a shortcut to Aldi, it is our closest public park. The grass and shrubbery are not primly trimmed; a feeling of normality and calm pervades the atmosphere. Step out of university and into the real world within four minutes.



7 minute walk: Castle Mound

This almost 900-year old mound is currently used for such varied activities as egg rolling, drinking (just be sure not to fall from the mound, as a current student has done), and college proposing. Just be patient with the tourists and visitors—between Russian words, a cute couple’s selfies and kids yelling repeatedly like a broken record “It’s raining tacos” (a PG version of “It’s raining men”), you may not get as much meditative silence in as you had hoped for. Sunsets on Castle Mound with books, thoughts, or strawberries are restorative. Weekend or holiday sunsets may be marred by the “It’s raining tacos”-type kid. be warned.

8 minute walk: Ascension Parish Burial Ground

“The limits of my language are the limits of my world.” This was said by Wittgenstein, who is buried here. Try to find him—you’ll spend a good couple of hours searching, which will surely take your mind off of your deadline. Meditate about real deadlines instead.

9 minute walk: Kettle’s Yard

Who would have known that a revolutionary museum concept was waiting for you near Fitz? When you rush by Kettle’s Yard to head into town, all you may see are a few conceptual works behind a glass wall. Break the fourth wall in the museum experience by entering the house behind the traditional gallery. It’s free, first of all. Second of all, art dialogues with interior design, even in the bathroom.

13 minute cycle: Grantchester Meadows

Why study in the library when you could study (or not) in the tall grasses by the Cam with cows grazing beside you? Or punt in pirate costume and sing Pirates of the Caribbean tunes at the top of your voice (yes, this has been done). After all of the studying/revelry is over, be sure to have tea and scones at the end of the meadows. This was one of Virginia Woolf’s favourites, too.

The Ten Commandments

A Fresher's Guide to Becoming a BNOC by Allan Emmett Hennessy

Dearest Freshers,

I write to you in a bid to soothe your anxieties about starting at Cambridge. With Freshers' week just around the corner, you're bound to feel overwhelmed and nervous – the last thing you want to do is render yourself friendless in the first week. Fear not, m'dears: this guide will guide you through the dos and don'ts of Cambridge life. You will be a BNOC (Big Name on Campus) in no time.

1. Don't ask someone what they are 'reading' at Cambridge – it's just not cool. I asked a girl in Fez – a club you will drunkenly stumble out of (do it, it'll get you some points) – and she responded with: 'A Facebook message that ain't none of your business'. But she was a...well...an Anglia Ruskin student, and that's a whole different story altogether. (Just a warning – for your own safety, if you see a 'Rusker', put your head down, and keep walking. And do NOT ask them which College they are studying at – they'll ask you if you're taking the piss and will probably deck you.)

2. If you want to be a BNOC, don't sleep with a second or third year because you think they are one themselves. You're playing a dangerous game, believe me. Everyone is fronting, everyone is putting on a façade. If it transpires (and it will) in Week 5 that you slept with the second-year Mathmo who tried to play footsie with all the girls at matriculation dinner, consider yourself ruined. That's right: ruined.

Granted, social pressures may tempt you to make a name for yourself by doing a Monica Lewinsky, but have the gonads to say 'no'. You're clever, that's why you're here – bullshit your way out of it. Lie. Say you're in the Christian Union if you have to. (It is hard, I concede – I know someone who

fell at the first hurdle.) Also, don't let anyone seduce you with talks of fame – the guy in Lolos who tells you he plays an active role in The Union is probably just a steward every fortnight. No one sleeps with stewards or Mathmos – please don't go there.

3. While on the topic of Mathmos, here's some advice for you Euler-loving geeks. Don't use maths pick up lines. Seriously, don't. You will not get anywhere by asking a girl if she wants to observe the growth of your natural log. Remember, not everyone is as clever as you, and you'll probably just get nervous laughter from a Geographer or Anglia Ruskin student (same thing) who didn't get your joke.

4. Music. You love Eminem, 50 Cent (not pence), Dr Dre, Rihanna and the like. If someone asks you what your favourite Eminem song is, it's Lose Yourself – not to be mis-cited as Get Lost, please – and if you forget that because the hot Lawyer you're staring at has amazing biceps, just say 'the words just won't come out' and laugh. If you are trying to court a wacky Art Historian, you love the Woodstock era and the blues – Janis Joplin, Credence Clearwater, Pink Floyd, and, remember, you're 'too high' to remember the rest – nor do you shower, and you definitely shop at second hand shops (Oxfam's a safe bet). You do not like Duran Duran or Tina Turner, and you certainly do NOT listen to Cyndi Lauper. I was filled with shuffle shame when 'Girls Just Want to Have Fun' permeated the freshers' block. If it's on your iPod, spare your blushes and delete it now.

5. Gap-Yah. Cambridge has a disproportionately high number of students who took gap-years – you're not special. No one cares about your wild nights in Vietnam, the person you're talking to probably got ripped off by the same person you did, and you're



not Mother Theresa because you taught in India. You're not Dora the Explorer for doing the Inca Trail, and you certainly did not live on the poverty line because you lived off instant noodles for a week. But if you are really desperate to win that Art Historian's heart, don't tell them about the time you went elephant riding in Thailand - that's just cruel. Gap-Yah boasting is annoying and gets you nowhere, unless you have something really cool to say – for example, when I was on my Gap-Yah, I got smashed at a full moon party and, like, oh my god, it was just so epic.

6. Politics. Being on the left is trendy, even more so if you're at King's. You are a socialist, your grandma was a feminist who interviewed Mao, you've got a Cambridge Bursary, and your sister is on Job Seeker's Allowance. Keep your right-wing sympathies to yourself, never wear a blue tie to formals, and wear your hammer and sickle necklace with pride. (If you haven't got one, you can purchase one from my nana's market stall in Waterloo – you know, the one who interviewed Mao.)

7. Lie about how much work you do. No one likes a hard worker around here. You're naturally a genius, and you did your A-Levels with only a night's revision. As such, you are the fastest reader you know, and you can easily get through 15 books in an afternoon – the fact that you read a page from each is irrelevant. You simply can't spread out the exhaustive reading list because you've got far too many commitments at the ADC, and the CUSU election is coming up, too. Leave the library as early as you can and go out with The Vikings (Cambridge's infamous male drinking society). In fact, if you're really looking for BNO status, tell people you've never been in the library for the whole year, sneak in at 3am to borrow the books you need using self-service, and lock yourself in your room at ridiculous hours of the night writing your supervision essay. Everyone does it, and if you don't, you can join the footsie-fanatic Mathmo. You know, the one you slept with in your quest for BNO status? Just don't let anyone wrongly think that you've come here to study and quench your thirst for knowledge. You would have gone to Durham to do that.

8. Durham jokes – make them.

9. Food. Firstly, don't steal other people's food – some of them will have to pay interest on that block of mature cheddar cheese you're about to leave

your teeth marks all over. It's not nice. Imagine how you'd feel coming home after forcing yourself to go out with the Vikings, resisting the temptation to tell a las about your natural log, walking all the way back to Homerton because you don't know where your bike is, only to find that some other BNO-wanabe has brought back his group of friends and made them cheese toasties with your cheese. It's just rude. I know a friend who licks her cheese, so that she can be comforted by the fact that thieves have wolfed down her saliva. Be warned. Instead, take your group to the Van of Life – honestly, their burgers are to die for and it'd make a great story if you could tell people you pulled at the back of the Van of Life.

While on the topic of cheese, don't buy Cathedral's cheese unless it's on sale at Aldi and you leave a sticker on it saying it was reduced. Even though you can probably afford to shop at Waitrose, pretending to live the 'student life' is quite cool – it doesn't matter that you're living off Aldi ham for 49p, you'll buy a couple of May Ball tickets because you're so poor, and the food's great there. All in the name of BNOhood.

10. Saving the best for last – be yourself. I know it's cheesy, but it's true. Tripos is tiring in itself; you don't need to waste energy pretending to be someone you're not. There are thousands of students studying here – if you feel like you don't click with someone, don't compromise yourself. You are coming to study here because you deserve to be here, regardless of your background or schooling. You will find some people annoying, some people will find you annoying; you will like some people, some people will like you. Having said that, the present writer is looking for girls who are interested in a well-educated, naturally intelligent socialist BNO who seldom works, with musical interests ranging from Janis Joplin to Eminem, has an affinity to Aldi bacon, and will share my stories about Vietnam with you over some tap water at Costa. Only feminists or Marxists, please. No fascists. Your pic gets mine.

On a serious note (because, well, everything else I've said is bullshit), I'd like to leave you with the following advice. Do not live in someone else's world just because they don't want to live in yours. (Inspired by Gladys Knight's 'Midnight Train to Georgia' – 70s soul and blues, got to love it, right?)

DISCLAIMER: If, by this point, you haven't detected the sarcasm in this article, please reapply to Durham!

The Ghost Post

A Short Story by Eleanor Costello



Legend has it that Girton's halls are haunted by the tortured lost soul of the 'Grey Lady'. A past student, she is infuriated by the presence of men in her formerly-female college. Thus, she lingers in the rooms of the male students in order to make them uncomfortably chilly (rumours that there is a more nefarious reason for her visits to male student's rooms remain unconfirmed).

Cambridge is full of such legends and tales, which are clearly ridiculous. But what is particularly irritating is that Fitzwilliam has no such exciting tales. Often heralded as the 'friendly college', Fitz is seen as a relaxed and comfortable place to live.

Well, it is high time that someone revealed the terrible truth - Fitz is the most haunted college of all, with an appalling secret it in its past.

It was dark, cold night in 2013. Rain was pounding on the windows, and thunder was rumbling ominously in the distance. I was in my room in Tree Court, hard at work as per usual, when I decided to make some toast. Wandering down the corridor, I could hear someone shuffling around in the kitchen, clanging pots and kettles. Halfway down the corridor, my phone buzzed – it was a text from my mother. I paused to reply, then continued on my journey. But, what was this? There was NO

ONE IN THE KITCHEN. It was completely empty. There was only one explanation. It had to be a ghost.

I kept my suspicions to myself. But a few days later something happened that I could not ignore. A friend and I were studying together late at night with the door open. The light was off in the corridor because there was nothing moving to trigger the motion sensor. Suddenly, the lights went on. We called out, but no one was there. What on earth was going on?! I asked others if they had experienced any strange activity around college. One of my friends recounted a tale that will make your skin crawl.

“Once when I was sat in my room working, I heard a voice. It sounded like a Chinese man. He said ‘hello’. It sounded so clear, like he was right next to me. I was terrified. It really put me off my work.” At this point my friend broke off to try to do an impression of the ‘hello’, with a strong Chinese accent. The impression was really quite impressive. “At first I wondered if it was the Chinese doing experiments, and that they had somehow created a portal across the other side of the world. But then I wondered why they would choose my room. In the end I had to surmise that it was either a Chinese ghost or a ghost who thought it was funny to do a Chinese accent.” I nodded sagely. Ghosts are mysterious creatures that are tricky to understand. “Another time, I was making dinner in the middle of an essay crisis when the lid burst off my bottle of olive oil. It really put me off my work. The ghost always appeared just when I wanted to work. I actually wrote a letter to it. I explained that I did not resent their presence, but that they had to choose appropriate times to appear because they could be very distracting.”

It became clear to me that Fitz is being haunted by a bitter student who was kicked out for failing their exams. They clearly resented anyone who attempts to work. As one of the hardest working students in the college, it seemed obvious that they would choose to haunt me and my friends. I spoke to another English

student who had suffered a terrible night. “I was trying to sleep because I had a 9:00 AM tomorrow, and it was the only 9:00 AM lecture I had all term – I was determined to make it. In the early hours of the morning, I heard the song from Psycho when the woman is being stabbed in the shower. It woke me up, and went on for several minutes. After that I couldn’t sleep. Needless to say I missed my lecture. It could only be the supernatural that could get between me and a 9:00 AM!” The situation is clearly severe.

But this is not the only secret that Fitz holds. I heard another disturbing story. One current second-year left his fish in its tank in his room over the holidays. Upon returning, he was found (unsurprisingly) that his fish had died. He buried it somewhere in the Grove lawn. Ever since, every few weeks a student at Fitz will awake from a night of drinking only to find himself on the Grove. It is my theory that they are lured there by the fish-ghost, who wants them to feel the cold, damp, abandonment that he experienced in his final days.

Another terrifying part of my investigation was the sheer volume of people who said that they had heard creaking and groaning in the night. “Squeaking, banging, moaning, almost every night I hear this horrible noise. It’s like the whole building is shaking. Luckily it never lasts very long,” one friend commented. The source of this disruption can only be the paranormal, I informed them.

Given the title of the college, one of the most searched-for figures amongst students is that of Fitzwilliam Darcy, the famous hero from Pride and Prejudice. Disappointingly, no female student has yet reported finding a Mr. Darcy, or anyone resembling him, in the college.

Photography by Matteo Mirolò



The Goat Post

To get involved, e-mail: te260@cam.ac.uk

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FITZ TO PRINT