

THE
GOAT
POST



Winter/Spring Edition



FITZ UP! WOMAN UP!

Editor's Note



The Editor-in-chief and her secretaries.

I was running late for a 9am Greek reading class, (hurrying down the stairs at 08:52), simultaneously juggling my phone, pass holder and keys whilst trying to pull my mustard snood over my head with my free hand. I temporarily blinded myself, dropped my things and was left scrambling on the floor to recover them. Why was I late? The Goat Post.

Welcome back Goat Post readers! This issue was really fun, (if ridiculously time-consuming) to make. We have some really good content and the team of editors working on this have been flawless, so a big shout out to them, (see the next page for their beautiful faces)!

We have a word from our lovely new president Fenella, a feature on our Goat Post: Beer Bash magazine party from earlier on this term, (watch this space for an exciting event next term!), a long interview, a 'short review and even shorter biography', pieces on people being away from Fitz, and stuff showing how much people love it here.

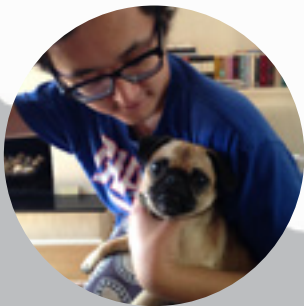
Happy reading!

Danni x

Photography: Emmy Ravenshaw
Composition: Emma Ansell
Men: Sourced responsibly



Daniella Briscoe-People:
Editor-in-chief.



Bekzhan Sarsenbay: Deputy
Editor, (who is lost without
his trusty assistant Best
Dog).



Natasha Clegg: sub-editor
and production designer.

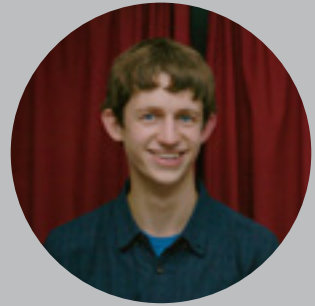


Fae Clark: sub-editor and
production designer.

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THE ART ST

Tom Merry: sub-editor.



Jack Wearing: sub-editor
and art director. He doesn't
even go here!



Jake Choules: chief font
adviser.



Zoe Walker: sub-editor.





word from the president

Fenella, our fabulous new JCR President talks about her new job, the infamous Ron and the new team.

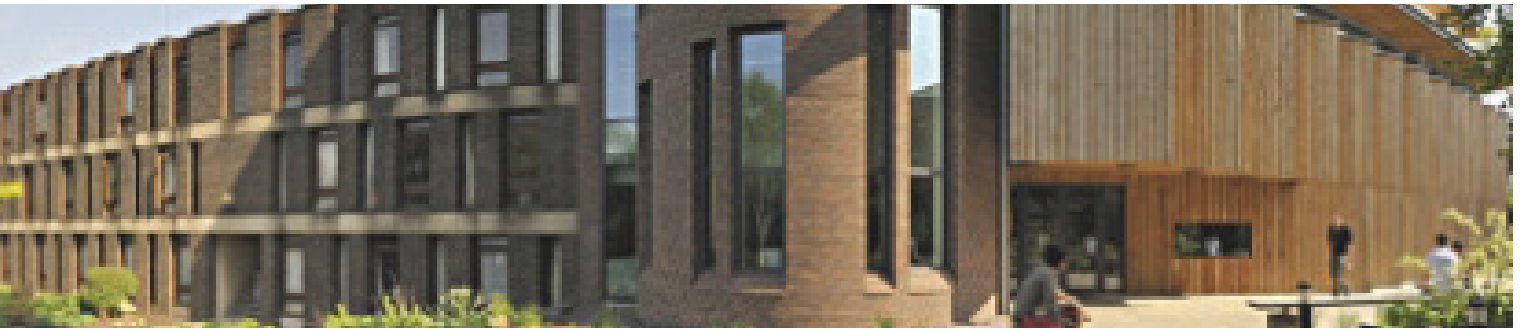
Firstly a big thanks to everyone who didn't vote RON! Even I will admit it was a very appealing campaign – I almost found myself voting RON purely for the photo-shop skills (see right).

Hopefully I won't let down those of you who actually voted for me, following the #InCicaleWeTrust reign (it's tough act to follow)! So bear with me whilst I get to grips with the role.

For me, over the past year and a bit, Fitz has become a second home: everything from the people, staff and fellows to the café, library and gardens- even the darkest of brick buildings- I've come to love it all. I'd really like to be part of the college's continual drive to improve life here for everyone, and if there's one thing I've realised over my time here so far, it is that YOU are the ones with the amazing ideas and suggestions about how Fitz can improve.

My aim for this year is therefore to carry on the hard work Alex and Damiano began in involving all of you. I would really encourage you all to bring your ideas forward to us - we want you to be heard! Come along to a JCR meeting, email me, email someone on the JCR, stalk us down in the café, submit a form on our website: give us your complaints, critiques, suggestions and most importantly ideas and we'll try our best to respond to them and/or realise them. If you don't tell us, we can't help you out!

I have to admit that when I was first asked to write this article I was concerned. I'm not a tab journalist (shout out to all the fresh ones starting out those journalistic careers). I certainly don't know how to write anything with my own ideas – give me some maps, books about trees or a journal article with something on gender binaries, that's my comfort zone. So I



guess, naturally, I'll chat about the only other thing that consumes my life other than Geography, the JCR: reflecting on what we've already done and what we're planning for the future.

Ents

Your new Ents team (**Katie McCoshan, Jamie Arnett** and **Jack Maloney**, led by **Viktor Kewenig**) has already been ridiculously busy this term with their own brand of (admittedly edgier) organised fun for you all. Kicking off with Re-freshers' week you were all swept off around town for some pubs and pool before ending up in Cindies. You took part in a fiendishly difficult quiz designed by our very own **Academic Affairs Officer, Sandeepa Welgama**, before rounding off the week with a Funky Fitz Sessions (event coming again soon).

You were lucky enough to have two Burns' Night formals with a matching ceilidh, 2nd years celebrated making it halfway through their degrees by dancing the night away to S-Club and Drake, before all the first years took their first step in creating a new generation of college families

by dressing up as famous couples and heading to the JCR to sign the historic Fitz JCR Marriage book (kudos for the outfits guys, you've raised the bar). Fitz Up was yet again a success – next one coming up in Freshers' week, so be excited.

From what we've seen so far your social calendar is in good hands. Look out for more traditional Fitz sessions, funky Fitz sessions and comedy nights in the following weeks.

Welfare

Welfare's reins have been taken by **Becca Tomlinson** and **Oli Taylor**. Following last year's ambitious welfare calendar, this is yet another tough act to follow. However, already we've all enjoyed finding week 5 pick-me-ups in our pidges as well as the drop-in sessions they have put on. Look out next term for massages, a bouncy castle and even more events to help you de-stress.

Both Becca and Oli are working on increasing awareness of mental health at a College level, and are always there to talk impartially and confidentially about anything that may



be on your mind. If they can't help, they definitely know someone who can.

The rest of the welfare team, including **Jacob Lipman** (LGBT+), **Robert Walsh** (Disabilities Officer), **Marie Moullet** (International Officer), **Kayathrie Atputharajah** (Ethnic Minorities Officer) and **Annabel Cleak** (Women's Campaigns Officer) have also been extremely busy this term, and all plan to make a variety of important changes to college life. This ranges from increasing the awareness and celebration of cultural and religious events to holding a celebratory women's dinner in Michaelmas.

Highlights so far have included the first FemSoc documentary and discussion evening and the first LGBT+ social, but keep your eyes peeled for further events and please get in touch with any of the officers for support, to share ideas or make them aware of issues in college that are currently unaddressed.

Target and Access

Your Target and Access team, made up of **Amy Faulkner** and **Sarah Collins**, and led by **Ilona Szabo**, have already successfully coordinated the CUSU shadowing scheme and will soon be launching the Fitz Shadowing scheme for its second year.

Ethical Affairs

The Ethical Affairs team, **Tasha Pick** (Green Officer), **Rebecca Marchant** (Charities Officer), and their leader **Hana Gudelis**, have held a successful film night, showing a documentary on fracking, hosted a Pink Week formal,

Fitz Sessions and the recent Fairtrade formal, with more events in the pipeline for the next two terms. The team are working especially hard to improve options in the buttery and café for vegans, so please help them out by providing lots of feedback!

Communications


Our (partially) new communications team have already been hard at work, with our Secretary and Communications Exec, **Niveditha Yalamarathi** continuing Zoe's legacy of punny Billy Bulletins and precisely accurate, up to date JCR meeting minutes. Our two returning officers, **Tom Merry** (Website Officer) and **Daniella Briscoe-Peaple** (Publications Officer) have followed swiftly on their own good work from last year. Our sparkly new JCR website is continually updated and the team have already been working in sync to promote the new era of the Goat Post!

The JCR also couldn't be complete without our Treasurer, **Helen Fishwick**, who has been instrumental in putting together and getting our JCR budget approved for 2016, and my right-hand man, VP **Carl Martin**, who has already been busy making key changes to the housing ballot.

Please make sure to check out the JCR website if you haven't already (fitzjcr.com) and get in touch with us!



P.S. check out our new logo! (Designed by our Publications Officer)



Does my butt
look big in this?

THE
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The Goat Post seeks Fitzbillies to pose for Exam Term stress relief +topless (or nude if you're up for it !!??? ;p) calendar.

There are 8 weeks, so we need 8 models!

Interested? Email: jcr.publications@fitz.cam.ac.uk

Half of the proceeds will go to charity and half to fund The Goat Post social next term.

RAW



RTTY

THE GOAT POST: BEER BASH





After hours of busying away in the oubliette of Fitzwilliam College that is the library basement, after mishaps and misprints, after successive beers, coffees and cookies, The Goat Post finally celebrated the exciting launch of its autumn/ winter issue with an evening of beer, snacks and journalism in the third week of term. At The Goat Post 'Beer Bash', the college bar was filled with the scents of blood orange slices and wasabi peas, people were carousing with swigs of Blue Moon, Pilsner Urquell and Brooklyn Lager, flipping through pages of the magazine, bobbing their heads along to the wavy beats that we had pumping through the bar speakers. Unforgoatable.



PARTY TIME





The sun is trying to
break through
and the parakeets are
chirping at the Moncloa
university campus. And
ten days ago, I was still
living in St. Petersburg-
Peter for the initiated.

In Russia

By Sarah Anne Aarup

When I think of Russia I think of...



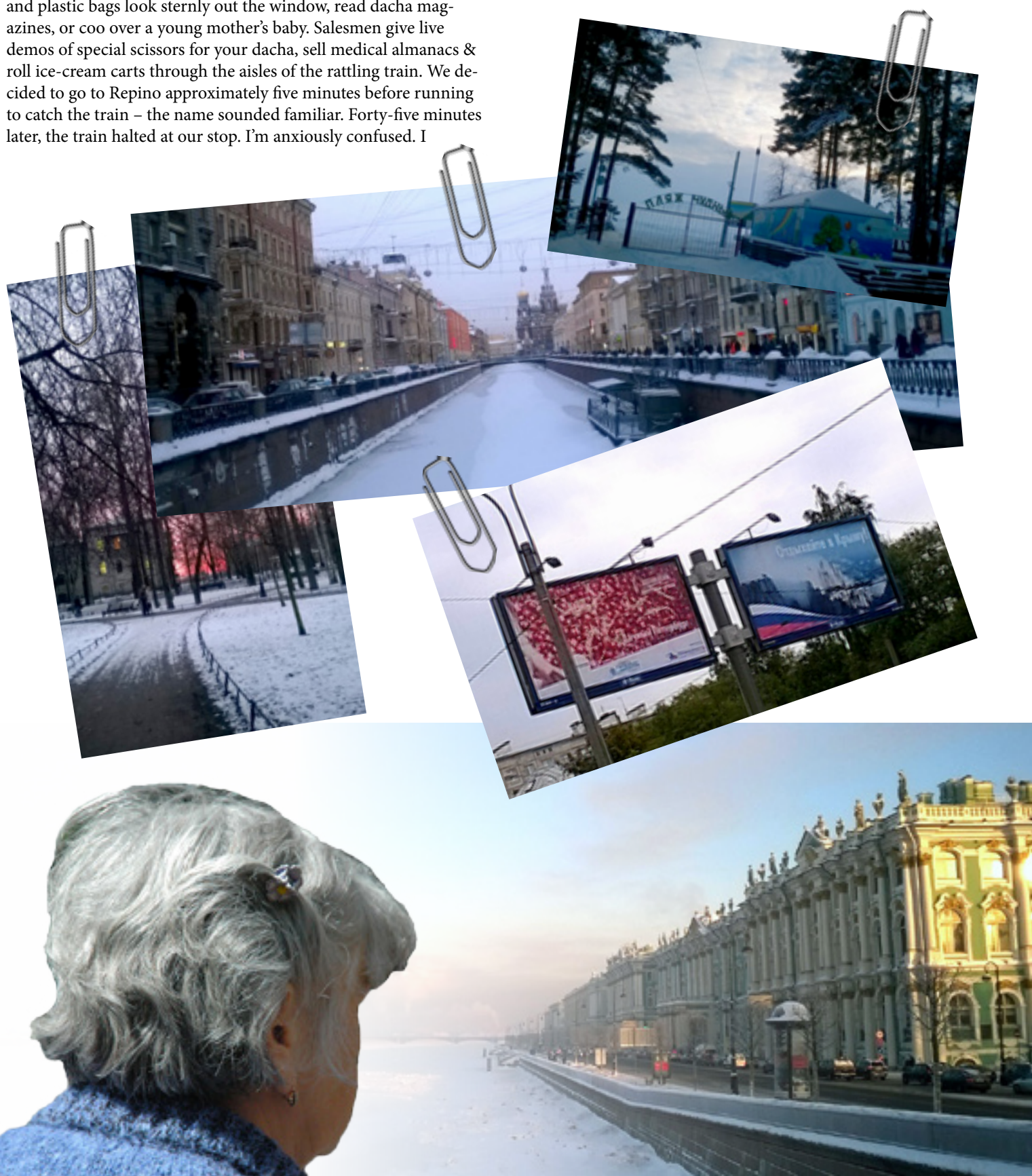
...that time a friend and I decided to see the Academy of Fine Arts' temporary exhibition. The exhibition itself was unmemorable, so we decided to go through the permanent collection. My gaze floated over the rookie works of classical painters until I noticed the seated woman. She was 1m50, because of her hunched back. Her white hair was pulled into a bun, and a delicate crocheted white shawl was folded in a grandmotherly way, with a triangle in back. She must have felt that I was looking, because she walked up to us when we were standing in front of a Soviet painting of a joyful crowd at an outdoor circus. She pointed towards two young people smiling at each other whilst walking towards the circus arena's fence and said, laughing, "See how they're in love and looking at each other, but aren't paying any attention to where they're go-

ing?" We nodded chuckling along with the other visitors, partly because she was so endearing. We turned around to the opposite wall and she walked as fast as she could to the class photo of the young artists we were looking at. "You see how they have their legs up like that in a silly pose? Students will always be students. Do you study?" A short conversation ensued, and it ended with the guard warmly inviting us back to the museum. We were moseying out of the gallery when we heard footsteps rush towards us. "Young people! Take a look here!" Pointing at a verdant Shishkin painting, she exclaimed, "Here you can take a walk in the countryside!" and turning around to a still life of luscious fruits and vegetables opposite Shishkin's painting, she triumphantly stated "And here you can eat anything your heart desires." Mine melted.

Facial expressions. In my first days in St. Petersburg, August was still shining. My inside smile must have been showing when I went for a stroll because I garnered unwanted attention, including an elderly man who grabbed me firmly by the wrist at a cross-walk and told me that I was “the most beautiful young woman.” Smiling or looking somewhat happy means that you’re in a silly or flirty mood, so I learned to walk the walk and bite the inside of my cheeks when I got the urge to indulge my good mood with a smile. I am now master of the serious, unsmiling, sometimes gruff manners of the respectable person.

Sitting on the hard plastic train bench. Old ladies with baskets and plastic bags look sternly out the window, read dacha magazines, or coo over a young mother’s baby. Salesmen give live demos of special scissors for your dacha, sell medical almanacs & roll ice-cream carts through the aisles of the rattling train. We decided to go to Repino approximately five minutes before running to catch the train – the name sounded familiar. Forty-five minutes later, the train halted at our stop. I’m anxiously confused. I

thought that there would be houses, but all I see are snow-covered trees – it’s late January and the temperature is about -20°C . We cross the highway and my heart rate returns to normal when we spot a small, new-looking shopping center with an antiques shop, a high-end restaurant and a supermarket. The roadside restaurant is empty save for a few large men dressed in black at a table. Yes, this is an oligarch roadside hangout. From the restaurant’s bay windows, we see their Mercedes four-wheel drives in the parking lot. The food was delicious. After lunch we follow a fisherman, from afar, down a path through the snow-laden woods. We wander onto the snowy beach and step onto the iced-over sea to watch the sun set.



Life After Fitz



Yasmin Omar tells us what life is like once you leave the bubble.

What they don't tell you about life after Fitz

Hi, I'm Yasmin. I graduated in 2015, meaning very few of you will know who I am anymore. Cry. College moves on callously quickly when you're no longer there, be warned. With the exception of a few tentative visits to the Careers Service, I never really considered what my life would be like after Cambridge. All I knew, as I carefully descended the steps at the Senate House last June - having ever so slightly stumbled when bowing to Nicky a few minutes prior - was that I was free. I was absolutely untethered for the first time in my life. The scroll of my existence lay unfurled before me. It was exhilarating. And terrifying.

In case it's not already flagrantly apparent, I didn't have any concrete plans when I graduated, merely an idea I had been stubbornly clutching onto since infancy (my grandparents will provide lispy home video footage of me saying so in alphabet spectacles upon request). I'm chasing the artistic life: I'm a writer. Since renouncing my student status, I've been published in national newspapers you've heard of and artsy magazines you haven't. I've done editorial internship after editorial internship after editorial internship, hounding my elusive dream. The Goat Post's editor, darling Daniella, has asked me to cast your eyes forward to life beyond the Bridge. Here are some observations/tips to prepare you for what's in store.

Returning to the mother ship

I studied MML at Fitz, which I adored in the most superlative of terms. But it is (objectively speaking) a weird course. You get a taste of the real world on your Year Abroad before being thrust back into education. All of your friends are gone and you must latch onto your college children for companionship. I (un)wisely befriended a handful of younger students as a fourth year. Now they're turning 21 – bless them – and I can't bring myself to reject their invitations to attend perspiring screaming sessions at Cindies, especially since my not-even-quarter-life-crisis-sufferer friends from home prefer to talk about council tax and bin collections as of late. I wish I were kidding.

NUS cards

When you graduate, the porters ask that you return your Cam card before you tearily head home. This baffled me. Why do they need a blue slip of plastic with my 17-year-old face on? Regardless of the logic, you'll lose the 10% student discount you've been flashing around on the high street for the past 3+ years. The way to bypass this, young ones, is to order a three-year NUS card just before you leave. This ingenious forward thinking will allow you to prolong the cheaper prices because, let's face it, unless you're in banking/consultancy (which most of you will be, having thought about it), your budget is going to suffer without the gleaming wedge of student loan deposited into your account every term.

Uncertainty

There will be doubts. And that's perfectly natural. If you're not one of the conventionally successful people, hearing your peers croon about their six-figure salary, their flat in London, their engagement ring (apparently 22 isn't too soon), is quite excruciating. Even if you do manage to grip into the bottom rung of the corporate ladder, you may still question the path you have chosen. Unfortunately, being a freelancer is a lot less living-young-and-wild-and-free like Jack Dawson in *Titanic* and a lot more sitting-engulfed-in-your-crusty-duvet like Hannah Horvath in *Girls*. C'est la vie, I guess. Just know that, to differing extents, everyone else is thinking this too.

Jump in

I won't say "work hard, play hard" because that expression makes me want to be violently sick in my mouth. What I will say is that it is incredibly useful to try and gain experience while at Fitz that can be translated to the job market. In my case, writing for *The Cambridge Student* and Year Abroad blogging have been instrumental in getting my foot in the door in journalism. If you know which career path you're going to pursue, try and churn out some useful CV fodder through the ADC/volunteering/language courses... get involved.

Bursting the Bubble may be daunting, but don't you worry 'bout a thing, lovelies. You've laid the foundations for life-long friendships and have amassed a wealth of skills over the course of your degree. The promise of greatness lingers within reach. Besides, we'll always have Fitzwilliam.

“We'll always have Fitzwilliam.”

WHAT WILL BE IN NEXT TERM'S



DRAW FOR IT!

TAKE PICTURES FOR IT!

WRITE FOR IT!

EDIT IT!

BE IT!

For more information, e-mail me (Danni) at jcr.publications@fitz.cam.ac.uk



‘Area man looking to freeload’

Bek and Danni interview Patrick Brooks, a second year English student, lapsed journalist and former editor of the Tab, filmmaker and new co-president of Cinecam- the Cambridge student filmmaking society.

Bek: So, What do you think of the Union?

Patrick: I have very mixed feelings on the union, I think a lot of what they do is really interesting, and it'd be difficult to get anywhere else, but I find that the atmosphere of self-aggrandizement, where they take themselves so seriously, is quite... sort of... vomit-inducing.

B: Right. Is the vomit-inducing part why in Ivory Tower...?

P: Yeah, although saying that I almost got involved last year.

B: What stopped you?

P: I just got too busy, but I...

B: Haven't got the gag reflex?

P: *pause* (I hope you write the little pauses in... 'Patrick pauses to take an overly large bite'...) I just think you sort of have to become obsessed with it and then it takes over your life, running this million pound charity... but, I've been to a lot of incredibly interesting debates and seen some great speakers, so I can't really complain, I think I've definitely got my money's worth.

B: So, you didn't get involved with the union- is that because you were

busy shooting films?

P: Well, funny you should say that.

B: Yeah, funny. That segue.

P: I basically finished with journalism, and I was like: well, I need to find something to do now, so I don't do my work, and I've always enjoyed making terrible short films, so I thought I'd continue doing that here.

B: What was your first?

P: First one ever was called *The Fajita Fatality*, which was about a murder involving a fajita. Throughout my

entire teenage years, I would only ever make films about food, which was weird, really. There was *The Enchilada Elixir*, *The Avocado Anomaly* and *The Crumpet Conspiracy*.

B: I really see why you became an English student!

P: And then I made a black and white feature film about my Sixth Form years, called *Warm Satin Sandwiches* which was incredibly existential and pretentious.

B: Is there anywhere we can see those?

P: Erm, no- I've removed them from YouTube... truly terrible! Appalingly bad!

B: Do you ever go back to watch them?

P: No!

Danni: Better to leave it in the past?

P: Uhuh.

D: So why are you not writing more things about food?

P: I think I realised that I can't write everything about food, as much as it's a very big part of my life. I just think that putting stuff in our bodies is so wierd, kind of like normalised with food... I find it quite... telling.

B: You're saying this, like, eating a hotdog.

P: Well, exactly! Exactly. It's wierd. If you didn't know what food was and you were just like: oh, put this thing into yourself, like, if you didn't have a mouth, it'd be really difficult! *Awkward giggles* This is getting wierd...

So, I'm sure if I ever make a magnum opus it will be about food.

B: You think you're close to that? Your magnum opus?

P: Erm... who can know? It'll be for the critics looking back on my life to judge.

B: Have you had your films re-viewed?

P: Yeah, in TCS!

B: How was that process?

P: It's weird, very weird.

"THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEWING SCENE IS AS CORRUPT AS IT GETS."

B: Because you were a journalist?

P: It's nice. It's weird [because the person is] now on the CineCam committee, I'll never forgive him for the three points he took away. But he was very nice. Probably not a coincidence that he applied for a position.

B: Certainly ethically it's very dubious, that he gives you a positive review and gets a-

P: Well the Cambridge reviewing scene is as corrupt as it gets.

D: *chuckles uncomfortably*

P: This is all on the record, isn't it, this is terrible.

B: Yeah.

D: Yup!

P: Does irony come across in print? Like, people won't be able to tell if I'm being sarcastic or not?

D: Depends how we write it.

B: Incoherent mumbling.

P: Yeah, that kind of thing is why I don't want to be a journalist. Ever.

B: You say this as former editor of the tab.

P: Exactly, exactly! So I sort of did it accidentally and quite enjoyed it, but I do not want to go into that industry at all. Because it disconnects you from reality; you can always spin things- you can't not spin things, everything is a spin. And so you forget what you're doing, really.

B: Do you think film is more grounded in reality then?

P: No, not at all. I think film is not pretending to be an accurate depiction of things that are real to people, necessarily.

B: Have you seen *The Revenant*?

P: No, I don't want to.

B: Why not?

P: It looks awful.

B: Shouldn't you give it a chance?

P: There are so many things that I know will be good that I haven't given a chance, don't want to waste my time with terrible-

B: Do you think that applies to student films?

P: Student films are fun to watch,

because they're never three hours long. There's nothing better than a bad student film!

B: What makes a good student film?

When it's just stunningly bad. If it's just mediocre, you're going to feel sad. If it's incredibly good then obviously you love it, because you think: 'wow, this is amazing!' If it's stunningly bad, then it's the best thing ever- it's the middle ground... I hate it when people almost do well and then fail at the last hurdle.

D: Do you think about how people are going to respond to your work, or do you tend to follow a more personal project and then just see what happens?

P: It's difficult. Because I think you can't write for a market- or like, you can, but it will be terrible. I also think the whole 'just write what you want to write, the people will come' thing is just narcissistic; you have to be aware that you're communicating with people, because otherwise why not just watch it yourself on private YouTube



or something? Why are you making it to show people if it's for you? And I do

think an awareness of the contract between the audience and you is important, because you are taking people's time and saying: 'you're gonna sit still for ten minutes and stare at something I made', so I'm not gonna bore you for no reason.

B: Where does a scene where someone (*spoilers*) shits down the Union President's mouth fall into that contract?

P: I think it's playing with that contract, but I don't think it's boring. Whatever you say, I don't think that scene is boring.

"THERE'S NOTHING BETTER THAN A BAD STUDENT FILM!"

B: But is that the culmination of your own vision for that movie?

P: Obviously it's open to sensationalism and gives the film a hook that would get it seen maybe, but I think that if I wanted controversy, and to get tens of thousands of views I wouldn't have made it twenty minutes long, I wouldn't have hidden it within the film- there would have been a lot of ways to shock and to get views. Obviously there is something fun about doing things in films that are shocking, because it is fiction.

D: So what are you working on now?

P: I'd like to balance my work with smaller projects, so I want to make films that are only four, or six minutes, because people just don't watch twenty minute videos.

B: Why do you think it is that people will go to the ADC for an hour and a

half to watch something that they've paid £9 for, that isn't that good, but won't sit down for twenty minutes to watch a student film?

P: I think that people don't enjoy doing that, I personally don't and I think a theatre has to be really good for me to not get bored, or think that I'm just wasting my money. The best ADC theatre is good enough, because it's at an absurdly good level. But, especially plays that go on for an hour and a half, with no interval, that are badly directed trash, I don't think people do stand for that. But I guess theatre doesn't let you leave, so it can steal your attention like that, whereas on YouTube you have to actually justify every second, because they can just turn off. I don't think that's a bad thing, it just means the filmmaker has to be less lazy, you know? You can't have a ten minute opening section unless you're engaging your audience. And if your film isn't more interesting than Twitter, then probably don't make it.

B: Would Patrick Brooks do vines?

P: Yeah, I think vines are fascinating. I watched 900 of them in a row once... because they're just storytelling. The best ones feel like twenty seconds, because they pack so much storytelling into six seconds. The vines of the community do all build on tropes and achieve some different ideas and all have this language that builds up with different vines- taking ideas from other vines, doing twists on them... all that is amazing. I'm a big fan. Like Snapchat, I think Snapchat is the new art form.

D: Do you think in the way that Instagram art has become more of a thing, so for instance artists such as Amalia Ulman have used Instagram to make their work, that a similar

sort of thing will happen with short films and vines?

P: I wouldn't be surprised if a vine section in film festivals started happening, I don't know is that a thing? It probably will be soon. Just because something is a really short film, doesn't make it not a film.

B: Do you think you'll go to film school?

P: I'd like to, but I also feel that that's saying: 'oh I'll escape the real world for another couple of years,' and I've been in full-time education for around twenty years now, maybe I should get some actual life experience.

B: What would that life experience be? Are we going to see Patrick Brooks: lumberjack?

P: Could do! But getting a job scares

me... Ideally, what I want, is to find just at the end of fourth year, a really rich friend whose parents will buy them a house in London and I can just live there for free to keep them company, that'd be good. So if anyone wants to volunteer..? Calling all Goat Post readers! 'Resident artist looking for bed.'

B: 'Area man looking to freeload'. Ha, we've got our title.



Patrick's films *Ivory Tower* and *Last Night* are available to watch on YouTube.

BEK IN SOCKS AND BIRKENSTOCKS



Daniella Briscoe-People

The story of a man, his sandals, and his socks.

"Rocking soccer socks and sandals like yeah bro"

My Amazon purchase history, like that of most millenials with disposable income, is a hollow and stupid place. From a book called 'Pet Photography Now!' (abandoned since my pug turned out to be the least chill dog in the world), to a cool looking cardboard radio which turned out to be as durable as you would expect a cardboard radio to be, it is a cacophony of bad decisions. That said, in all the crap that I wasted my mother's hard earned cash on (how could I lose that many USB cables?), there is one sensible purchase. A pair of black Arizona Unisex Birkenstock Sandals.

I came across Birkenstocks via a recommendation from my mother. I wore them three months after getting them, after my only laceless shoes fell apart. The purchase changed my life, which is an indictment of how boring my life is, but is in no way an exaggeration. As a lazy student who rarely cooks or goes to a library that isn't in Fitzwilliam, they have become my main, if not only choice of footwear.

Now, I understand the argument against sandals and socks. I've subscribed to it for many years. It can be succinctly summarized as 'No'. Socks and sandals do not go together. They look ridiculous. Only German tourists wear them. Moreover, if you care about stuff like who owns the company that makes the stuff you consume, Birkenstocks are a no-no. The company, under the guidance of Karl Bikenstock (who inherited the company! late capitalism is bae!) has consistently targeted unions, and there have been over 100 successful court cases against the company. This is ironic since Birkenstocks are the choice of sandal for the American liberal, another reason to avoid them.

So, yes. Birkenstocks are gross and look ugly with mismatched socks, which are the only kinds of socks I seem to own. Yes, I look like a hobo. They are also kinda unethical. But let me let you in on a secret: they feel great. They are perfect for the post shower wet feet, the walk to the buttery. In the library, after an hour or two, you have to take off your converses in order to extend your toes and let your feet relax. I don't. I'm gross. One smooth move of the leg and my feet (socked, I'm not that gross) are free.

There is little truly political (every big company is a cesspool of corruption), social or spiritual about Birkenstocks. They were not passed down to me by my parents. They were not the recommendation of a friend. I did not buy them while discovering myself in Bukhara. They were an afterthought and they turned out to be a pleasant surprise. In the grand blah blah scheme of things, they probably represent independent income, a turn towards laziness, and being more comfortable with who I am. But none of those are good reasons, really. Instead, go to a shoe store. Slip on a pair that fits you. Trust me. It'll change how you look at open footwear.



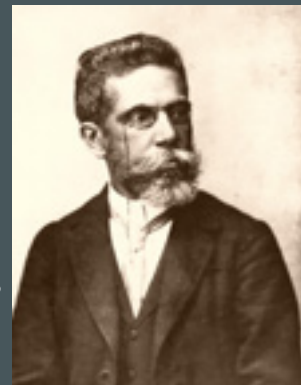


DOM CASMURRO

By Machado de Assis

A literary exploration by Connor J. Willmington-Holmes

Joaquim Maria Machado de Assis (1838-1908) was born to a washerwoman and a wall painter in Rio de Janeiro, capital of what was then the Brazilian Empire. His father, Francisco José de Assis was born to freed slaves, placing Machado in an unusual social position. Later in life, at the peak of his literary career, he gained the social status of a white author, despite his dark skin and social origins. In 1897, he founded the Brazilian Academy of Letters (ABL) in Rio (inspired by the Académie Française), becoming its first President and retaining that position until his death. The ABL continues to curate and promote Brazilian literary art to this day. Despite being state-independent, its authority on matters of the Brazilian language are respected through prestige alone; this is due in no small part to it having been founded by the foremost novelist in Brazilian Portuguese.



"If Borges made García Márquez possible then it is no exaggeration to say that Machado de Assis made Borges possible." - Salman Rushdie

Dom Casmurro (1899) - J. M. Machado de Assis.

The titular character and narrator, Bento 'Bentinho' Santiago, is ascribed the honorific "Dom Casmurro" for his haughty airs. Casmurro, as he explains with indignation, implies a "tight-lipped man, withdrawn within himself." The book, whose title is often translated as 'Lord Taciturn', is written as a fictional autobiography; it recounts the events of Bentinho's life with a particular focus on his childhood love, Capitolina 'Capitú' Padua.

While Machado is a naturalist and staunch realist, like his influences Zola and Flaubert, his protagonist Bentinho is a romanticist. Whilst the book describes the real events of life, the memoir contained therein is written with a frustrated attempt at romantic flair, which is never fully actualised. This lack of stylistic consummation is Machado's intention, deriding Bentinho. In the first few chapters he

invokes Faust's restless shades to hear out his final confessions, whilst he commits them to paper. His departures into metaphor lack relevance or continuity, added like excess garnish for the sake of display with no additional value. Much like his sweetheart, that which he adores most he can neither master nor command.

Bentinho's agenda becomes clear as we discover more about his central accusation and his training in rhetoric. The memoir is a final address to the jury of his readers, to convince them of his innocence and righteousness in all his worldly action. Machado uses this brilliantly as a stage to mock Bentinho's childishness, even referring to him by his diminutive childhood nickname.

Bentinho labours over details of his childhood with Capitú, filling two thirds of the work with a long preamble which serves almost as a story of its own. Their infant dreams of defying Bentinho's mother's promise to God that he should become a priest – and specifics of their schemes to manipulate the household to their benefit – are all described with startling inaccuracy. Machado's writing burgeons with sardonic humour, as the meaningless details of Bentinho's early years slip through his aging fingers. No one is left to care, so he entrusts his cherished memories to paper, with continuity errors aplenty. We see the quotidian tasks of the young Brazilian boy. We learn the idiosyncrasies of his neighbours and family. We hear of the deaths of relatives and friends, mourn their passing, and live out a child's romance with young Capitú – much as one might presume Bentinho does time and again in his old age. It is only as the lion's share of their life together begins to gather pace that Bentinho's attention to detail fades. He seems to care little about the intervening sixty years between the time of his childhood romance and his present reconstruction of it.

Perhaps he is bitter, perhaps remorseful. Machado would have us ask a different question, as to whether he is deserving of pity or punishment for his actions. Has he been deceived by, or needlessly malicious to, Capitú? We are not certain, for the narration is Bentinho's. Only one side of the story is told.

Having read it cover to cover twice now, I'm firmly on Capitú's side. Interestingly, all scholarship on the book until about the 1960s considered Bentinho justified. Machado might turn in his grave to learn that sixty years of academics hadn't picked up on the pages of self-inflicted sarcasm he pens into Bentinho's memoir.

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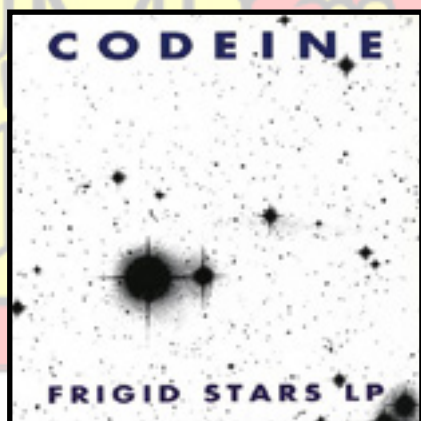
So, should you read this book? Probably. What is this "accusation"? Read and find out. It was entertaining at least, and of a kind I've never encountered before – the true author invites us to pass judgement on the fictional author. Since finishing it I've picked up *One Hundred Years of Solitude* by Gabriel García Márquez, which I strongly recommend. I've also been recommended *Quincas Borba* by Machado and *Love in the Time of Cholera* by Márquez.

With thanks to Louise Vincent, for introducing me to Machado.

SONGS THAT REMIND ME OF TRINITY:

Jack Wearing's playlists.

Feeling lonely and despondent.



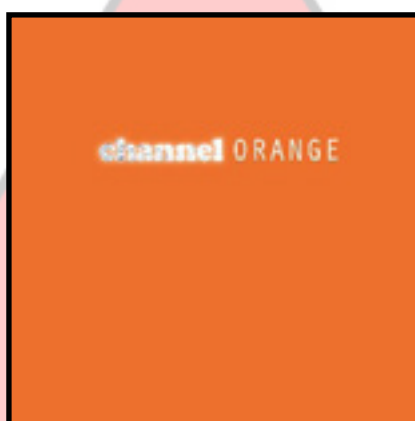
'D',
Codeine
(Frigid Stars LP)

Feeling lonely and ill.



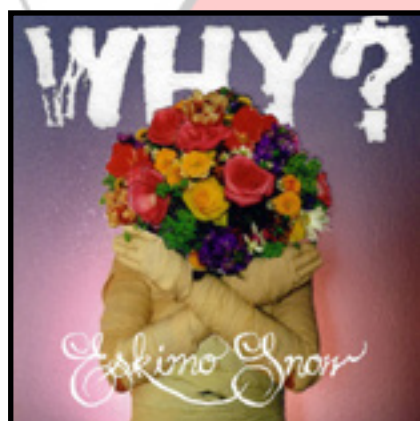
'Grief',
Earl Sweatshirt
(I Don't Like Shit, I Don't Go
Outside: An Album by Earl
Sweatshirt)

Feeling lonely and frustrated.



'Thinkin Bout You',
Frank Ocean
(channel ORANGE)

Feeling lonely and uncertain.



'This Blackest Purse',
Why?
(Eskimo Snow)

Feeling lonely and obsessive.



'Ian Curtis Wishlist',
Xiu Xiu
(A Promise)

SONGS THAT REMIND ME OF FITZ:

Cycling through the red lights on my way up Huntingdon Road.



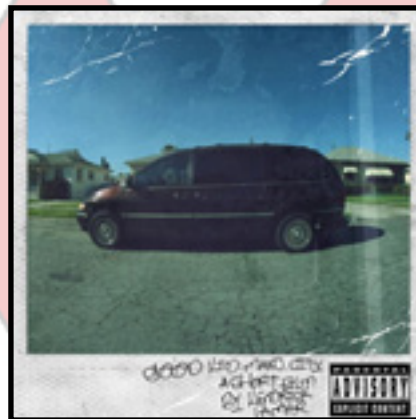
'Telegraph Ave. ("Oakland" by Lloyd)',
Childish Gambino
(Because the Internet)

Vaping and watching Planet Earth and realising Beach House are *actually good*.



'Other People',
Beach House
(Bloom)

Discovering how much alcohol is too much.



'Swimming Pools (Drank)',
Kendrick Lamar
(good kid, m.A.A.d city)

Rediscovering my love for Kanye at a BCD bop.



'Bound 2',
Kanye West
(Yeezus)

Realising that Fitz makes me a lot happier than any other place in Cambridge does.



'This Must Be the Place (Naive Melody)',
Talking Heads
(Speaking in Tongues)



Goat in a boat on a moat.

Each morning
when I awake, I
experience again a
supreme pleasure-
that of being the
editor of the Goat
Post.



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