

THE TITBIT



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Issue 12
THE FENUGREEK OF THE
MASSES...

NO.

Get back to class!

Some have called them "squirm-inducing"; others, something that only the love-child of Nigel Farage and Beyoncé could have come up with. Either way, Tit Hall's latest batch of Freshers had to take some time out from the cocaine-fuelled orgy that is Freshers' Week to attend a 'sexual consent' class for a timetable-wrecking hour.

Students were lectured on the complex meanings of "yes" and "no", being careful to take into account Merriam-Webster, Collins and OED definitions. No stone was left unturned, *The TitBit* has been informed.

Controversy has been caused by what is seen to be the bureaucratic stage-management of sex. Cue misinformed Orwell references aplenty. What next: compulsory sex contracts signed in the presence of a priest? No kissing without a signed and dated prenup? Video-recording head-cameras distributed at Cindies in case you end up going home with someone? It's political correctness gone mad! (*Or maybe just sensible. Ed.*)



Gratuitous condom picture: original, spunky, edgy (with a message).

It's an issue that has attracted national media attention. Brendan O'Neill at *The Spectator* wrote that turning "sex into a contractual engagement is to make it similar to prostitution". Yeah, and turning sex into a non-consensual engagement is to make it similar to rape. Well done, Brendan, we can all do that party trick.

"I thought it was an unwritten rule that sex-ed stops after secondary school. We didn't come here to be *educated*", commented one Fresher who wished to remain anonymous

(but was dressed in a fetching blazer straight out of Durex's winter season at the time).

One thing that commentators have worried about is that the classes reinforce the

premature sexualisation of our society. Students' parents have expressed concern that their children will be encouraged to have unprotected sex with multiple partners simply as a way of trying out new consensual chat-up lines (see below).

Concerns have been raised by the Centre for the Development of Present and Future Lad Culture (a.k.a. The Pitt Club), who say that the classes will give a bad name to 'sharking', that totally non-predatory pastime.

The furore, however, has remained in proportion. Only three Oxbridge colleges have had buildings torched by protestors, and 117.5 Freshers have made fools of themselves by opposing the classes before even setting foot in their JCR.

The TitBit has just one (serious) question to ask about consent classes: what harm could they possibly do?

"Let's get it o-whhhhh-n"

What to say to your coital partner pre-coitus (remind me, did I say the word 'coitus' already?):

"Would you like to engage in coitus with me?"

"Insert here."

"Will you be the scabbard to my sword?"

"Doth the lady/gentleman protest too much?"

"Can I interest you in penetration tonight?"

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"I'd rather smoke crack than eat cheese from a tin."

-Gwyneth Paltrow

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Hello from Poitiers! POST CARD

As you might imagine, there's been a lot to get used to out here.

The contact hours are much more intense here than at Cambridge. Lectures are up to three hours long, and on three days a week my lectures finish after 7pm.

Aside from work, it's so cool to be able to take a trip to the beach whenever I want. I recently went on a surfing trip with the Uni. Although I've got sunburn on top of mosquito bites and jellyfish stings, it was absolutely incredible. Who doesn't love toasting marshmallows at midnight on a bonfire on the beach?

As for French culture, obviously an education in wine, cheese and pastries is essential. (Dangerously, there's a patisserie five doors down from my apartment.) Almost everything is closed on Sundays, even the guys kiss each other hello and to say "bonjour" after 5pm is to introduce yourself (loudly) as a foreigner – that should be "bonsoir".

An Erasmus year really does open your eyes to other cultures. At least, I reckon so after I saw my Colombian flatmate cook hot dogs in Coke and ketchup... Even though I've been here for over a month, I'm meeting new people every day, from all over the world.

It's weird to think that a new term at Cambridge is underway, with last year's freshers now second-years; everyone in my year preparing finals (ahh!); and, of course, there's a bundle of wide-eyed freshers only just discovering the hundred-miles-an-hour bubble. Good luck! Missing you all loads, and will be back to visit soon – before the FOMO gets way too much. Love xxx



30/09/14

From

Abbie Harvey,

Third-year Lawyer,

Poitiers,

France.

A Guide to Dysfunctional College Families

The TitBit diagnoses some of the most common familial issues...

1. The smothering parent

This problem is often difficult for Freshers to understand. Your parent is either transferring their first-year anxieties onto you, or trying to make up for a youth wasted in the dark corners of the Jerwood by living through their child. Our official advice? Be sympathetic and suffer in silence.

2. The distant parent

More damaging, if anything, than the above. Leave endearing notes in their pigeon hole to instigate a more meaningful bond. If all else fails, find a surrogate parent, but beware: given their desperation to add to their brood, this person may well suffer from disorder 1.

3. The estranged sibling

Estrangement can begin at a very early stage. Unable to find your brother or sister on Facebook, you may only find the faintest traces of your sibling's existence in college: a room key signed out in a strange scrawl, their name on a sign-up list

for an obscure society at the Freshers' Fair. Reach out to them; venture into their room if you must. Don't let exam results be the next you hear of them.

4. Incest

This problem is known to be rife within college families. Oedipal and Electra complexes and desire for siblings must be repressed at all costs. On the other hand, grandparents, uncles and aunts, and cousins, are certainly not out of bounds.

5. 'Dual family' complexes

Don't expect your 'real' parents, alone in their empty nest, to respond breezily as you casually drop the words 'mum' and 'dad' into conversation, referring to people they will in all likelihood never meet. But equally, when somebody starts discussing your 'mum's' drunken Cindies antics, take a moment to calm down and remember: it's not your actual mum.

Tamsin Ireland

The Winter Pool (as it happened)

16:47 TRINITY HALL EXPRESS INTEREST

Anyone from Pembroke? Ok fine, Clare will do.

17:32 ROBINSON SEEK HELP

Seriously, what are they smoking over there?

19:40 CHRIST'S SNAP UP MML STUDENT

In a last-ditch attempt to branch out, Christ's have pinched Spanish superstar, Lola Mento, from under Pembroke's noses.

19:46 CHRIST'S RENEGE ON MML DEAL

After deciding that having an MMLer in their ranks would simply make them "too wild", Christ's have placed Lola Mento back in the Pool.

21:09 TRINITY OFFLOAD GEOGRAPHERS

In order to comply with Financial Fair Play Regulations, Trinity have decided to dump all their Geographers in the Pool. Who needs them anyway?

22:14 JESUS FILL QUOTA

Jesus have finally filled their annual quota of 'obnoxious rugby lads' after an Historian pooled by St John's strawpedoed at interview.

22:30 QUEENS' OFFER PART EXCHANGE

A tentative approach from Queens' for a solid NatSci pooled by Churchill has turned into a potential part exchange deal, with a cab ride home and a Twix going the other way.

22:49 CAIUS MAKE PLEA

Gonville and Caius have made a last-minute plea for attention. Nobody cares.

23:00 THE WINTER POOL IS NOW CLOSED!

beyond the bubble Sick Bucket Challenge

People are dying of ebola in Africa, Hong Kong's people are protesting for democracy and party conference season has just finished, but George Clooney got married so none of that rubbish matters!

Kim Jong-Un is thought to have been taken ill with gout, although *The Telegraph* recently reported that he had become "so fat he has fractured his ankles". A heavy smoker and drinker, the Supreme Leader is also fond of Swiss cheese. He reportedly castrated a man who served him some emmental without enough holes in it. Ah, the stresses and strains of one-man dictatorship.

Nick Griffin has been kicked out of the BNP for his divisive behaviour. Who knew?

Last month, Reeva Steenkamp was found guilty of going to the bathroom late at night without her partner's knowledge.

The British Parliament agreed to air strikes against ISIS. The vote was passed by a majority of 481, which means that there will only be 43 people in government who can complain without hypocrisy if it all goes to pot.

Scotland's still here.

A new craze has hit Trinity Hall's latest cohort of Freshers. Denounced by some as "vile" and "inhumane", the TCS Sick Bucket Challenge has taken the college by storm.

Second-year students were particularly unhappy at this latest turn of events, feeling that their status as Trinity Hall's wildest year group is slowly being undermined. When approached for comment, Paul Duncan shook his head sadly and expressed his disapproval in no uncertain terms: "Baiz, baiz, baiz. When will they learn?"

The challenge has taken place on multiple nights since the start of term. Students nominate the drunkest

members of their groups to vomit repeatedly in a JCR-approved sick bucket, before pouring the contents over their heads.

The clandestine activity has tended to take place in Avery Court, a savage hinterland out of the reach of college authorities. "It's a jungle out there", reported one confused Freshener, who had arrived back at college one night to find a paste of vomit, cheesy chips and curry sauce smeared across his window.

The TitBit advises Avery Court residents to arm themselves with fly swatters and turkey grease to keep the offenders away.



Destination: Learning

Second-year English student Rianna Croxford comes up with a comprehensive list of college's top study hubs...

The Jerwood

Brimming with wildlife, from ladybirds to frantic law students, the Jerwood is the ideal second-home: it's open 24 hours a day, all year round. For the unsociable, you may prefer to reside in the Reading Room; if you consider yourself a hermit, the dungeon; and if you need a reason to remain sane, the 2nd floor showcases Cambridge at it's finest.



The Jerwood: learning's never been so good.

The Café

For those who like their books bien cuit, head to the café adjacent to the Aula Bar for a

dose of coffee, cake and Chaucer. Al fresco studying is also available.

Latham Lawn

Occasionally a bit wet, the Lawn provides the perfect playground for all your creative or physiological needs. However, tread with caution: your academic work has low life expectancy in the outside world.

Tit Wall

For all you photogenic demi-gods, Tit Wall is the perfect abode to pose for photos, mostly likely taken by over-zealous tourists from orgasm bridge or the flailing punters below. Pensive expressions are a hit, and holding a book may be useful.

Your room

Enough said.

However, the best advice would be to get out of college! You know the old saying, "never mix business with pleasure"? Well, it's clichéd but true. There's a big wide world of libraries out there just waiting to be explored.

words of wisdom

Step One: Sleep. Eat. Procrastinate. Repeat.

Do the above until 30 20 10 hrs (max!) before your deadline. Then watch the clock and shiver with suspense.

Step Two: Convince yourself that disorganisation and poor time-management is a genetic disposition.

Loving yourself is key.

Step Three: Raid Sainsbury's

You've got the stash: a 12-pack of Diet Coke, a pack of Pro-Plus and copious amounts of chocolate, sweets and cookies that you're prepared to spend all night hiding from the porters. You like to live on the edge, you know? Now: who's ready to party?

Step Four: If you've missed this step, prepare to fast and tell yourself it's a religious experience.

Follow this by the joke: "I will learn from my mistakes."

Step Five: Do your laundry

Prioritisation is paramount.

Step Six: Oscar Wilde once rightly said that "it is what you read when you don't have to that determines what you will be when you can't help it."

Yup – and that would be manic and disorganised. (And if you haven't noticed already, stealing other people's ideas instead of using your own will become a habitual comfort. Embrace it.)

Voilà! You've now made your brand new college persona!

You wanted to reinvent yourself at uni and now you have – congrats! You're known as the one who can't meet deadlines – so suck it up and commit. Your social interactions will increase tenfold: it makes for the perfect conversation starter and your self-deprecating wit will be a hit during dinner-time banter.

Rianna Croxford



Poetry Corner with Magdalena Slash

Summer is one of the many things that Magdalena thinks of as a social construct, as well as sequoia trees and asparagus. Here is a poem to welcome Tit Hallers back to college after the long winter.

SHENANDOAH

ॐ ॐ ॐ

this is all taking place
(in brackets)

as me and you
siT

talking at me in c0-0rd1nate5

SHHHHHHHHHHH

grey skies like molten tobacco
lighT sliding through Coriander clouds
a spring dawn
ushering in a warmer cold

stranded in your Canticle
more whimside than romanticle

rewound supRemacy of the left-hand
margin
words like → clay pigeons
rising from earth
unshot
sky-suspENDED

andyour**clenched**voice
a sKintight accent
serrated

s(tr)inging sea shanties
of
fuschia pandemics

*by the smile that unziPs the corners
of your liPs*

this refer**END**um where
winning
is just losing
but Slower.

they rain**bow** into view

Forget it!

What to leave at home when you come to Cambridge...

- 1 Hopes of a normal university experience
- 2 Hopes of finding Dumbledore alive and well
- 3 Hopes of finding your husband/wife here
- 4 A sense of self-entitlement
- 5 Your favourite signet ring
- 6 A diet that doesn't include two carbs per meal
- 7 Weekends

Free Cut-Out-&Keep Map of Cambridge

Put it in your back pocket wherever you go...



WARNING

IRATE SCOTSMAN AT LARGE ON COLLEGE PREMISES

George "Barracuda" Bruce
Current Crescent
Future leader of an independent Scotland
Pamphleteering at a swap near you!