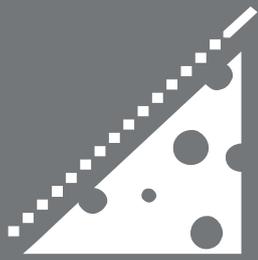


# The Cheese Grater

The Other Student Magazine of University College London Union



the guardian

STUDENT MEDIA AWARDS 2006  
BEST SMALL BUDGET PUBLICATION

Freshers' Fayre Issue  
September 2007

CGMG647

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Aged to perfection but still ripe for the plucking.

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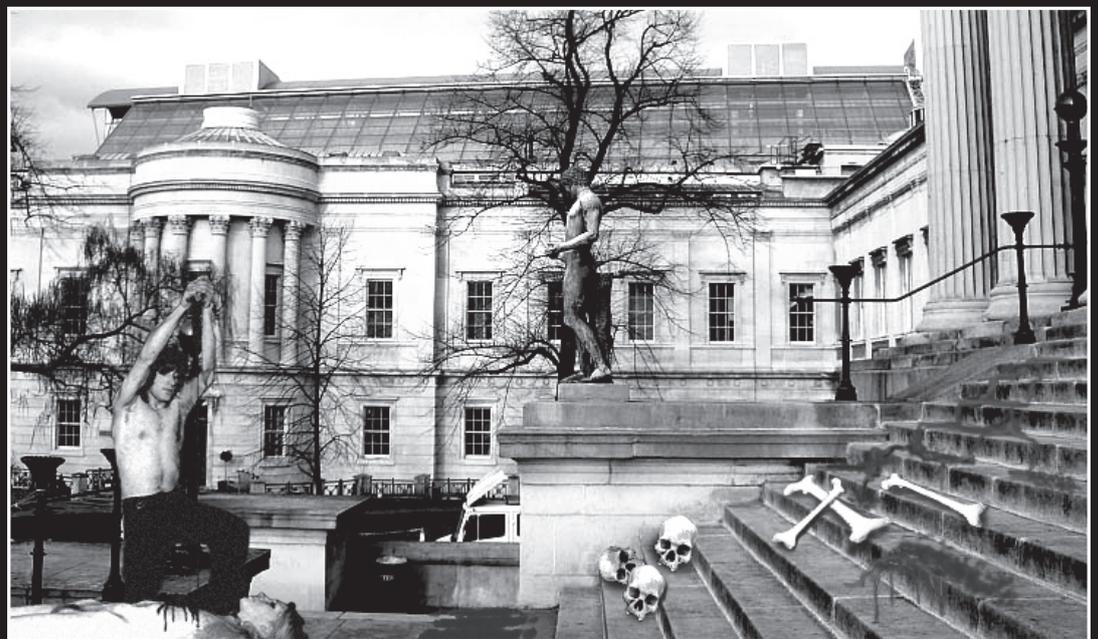
Student Dormitory Art Through the Ages

What that cannabis leaf poster says about you...

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## UCLU GENOCIDE WEEK

Don't like Freshers' Week? Grab a machete and join in the fun! ► p.2 for more details!



## Pol Pot - My Freshers' Week Hell!

Mass murderer revealed to be union hack and unsuccessful with opposite sex

### Ho-Ho-Ho-Chi-Minh

NEW EVIDENCE unearthed in Cambodia last month suggests that Pol Pot had a stressful time whilst starting at university. A series of diaries written by one of the most despicable characters in history during his first year at Phnom Penh Polytechnic offers a unique personal insight into the psyche of the former Khmer Rouge leader who described himself as "nervous with girls".

After doing well in his A-levels, Pot elected to study

Philosophy, Politics and Economics but he was soon mortified by the decadent nature of Freshers' Week ice breakers. He quickly became withdrawn and failed to attend any pub crawls, and after a botched initiation involving shrimp paste he wasn't picked for the Hockey First XI. Lon Nol, a fellow (and only surviving) resident of Pot's halls recalled the dictator's unwillingness to drink snakebite or have promiscuous sex with strangers. Instead Pot preferred to sit in his room reading Maoist doctrine whilst listening to Belle & Se-



Pol Pot, former Education and Welfare Sabbatical Officer bastian.

Despite his social problems, Pot quickly became involved in student politics. One of his diary

entries proclaims Union officials to be "toothless paper tigers" and "stooges of the Yankee Imperialist Lickspittles". However his attempt to pass a motion at the Union AGM suggesting that the Indie Night be reorganised as a peasant-led agrarian-collective was met with howls of derision. Such was his unease at university life that once he assumed power he had the entire student body of Cambodia liquidated and turned the ancient library square into a labour camp.



# UCL GENOCIDE WEEK

**Bringing people together, in a mass grave!**



**UCL IS SO CULTURALLY** inclusive and diverse it hurts. While this diversity is obviously great, it means that Freshers' Week is unsuitable for at least three of our new students. Fear not! Thanks to thorough consultation with the Anthropology Department this potentially sticky problem has been avoided. We discovered that the only things common to all cultures are 'coming of age' and death rituals. And so, this year, we present our final solution: to augment Freshers' Week with a secondary week... just for slaughter! But wait a minute! We're UCL, a global university, so we won't just be executing one race, we're going for the record! We won't be settling for "mass slaughter" à la Virginia Tech, it's multi-culti-genocide or bust! Our indiscriminate killing of all races will ring through the ages carrying the name of UCL along with it. This is Genocide that will go down in the genocidal history books (i.e. all of them). Together, Let's Make Genocide History!<sup>TM</sup> But how can I help, we hear you cry? Read on!



## Before the Big Week!

**BE SURE TO** research likely victims, after all, we need someone to decimate! Clues may be a good command of English, a preference for tasty food or a vague sense of discretion; but don't let these restrict you, it's by no means an exclusive list! Identify what part of Efnia they're from and note any unusual beliefs or physiognomical features. We want to make sure to get a diverse selection that accurately represents UCL's cultural milieu! So get cross-referencing, Dewey decimal fans!

**THESPS MAY LIKE TO** try out for the UCLU Drama Society production of 'Genocider with Rosie'. A post-modern dramatisation of the classic novel, the play beautifully depicts a young, idealistic Hutu during his transformation from boy to man set against the backdrop of a pastoral village in the Cotswolds as well as meticulously detailing his efforts to begin ethnic cleansing of the local squirrel tribe.

## During Genocide Week

**GET CRAFTY WITH** some blood painting on the doors of known infidels. The best sigil, as judged by the Angel of Death (who we are lucky enough to have presiding over the competition), will be reproduced on places of worship all over London. The winning artist will also receive a book token.

**SPORTY?** Why not join the baying mob? UCL will supply the pitchforks but be sure to bring your own flaming torches and yokel mentalities. Remember, these people are animals so do make sure your jabs are up to date! If you feel in need of a bit of practice to sharpen up your victimisation skills, there are a number of flagrant homosexuals who are only too happy to be chased out of the toilets before being brought to ground by a number of well-muscled, sporty young lads. Do contact the relevant societies for help and be sure to fill out a risk assessment form.

**THE BLOODY MAYHEM** of Genocide week culminates with a ball in the Quad. Ride the dodgems over the freshly dug surface of a mass grave, and swig skrewdrivers before the final prize giving. Our guest speaker, President Robert Mugabe will be giving out awards for the most enthusiastic lynching before revealing the number of obscure ethnic groups eradicated during the course of the week. The ceremony climaxes with the removal of the live heart of the 10,000th victim by Mr. Mugabe on stage. As the blood washes down the Portico steps, you can dance the night away to an exclusive set by Prussian Blue. There will be chocolate fountains.



Prussian Blue

## Confessions of an English Philosopher

Our man in the Cloisters bares all



"ALRIGHT DARLIN'?"

Looking for a bit of company tonight?" If you know where to go, you might hear those words being muttered in the backstreets. If you know where to look, you might see luscious, living skin and bountiful breasts peering at you from the phoneboxes lining Tottenham Court Road. As a young man, there are plenty of sights for you to see in London. But you won't find me in these places, I'm a speciality; some might even say I'm an institution...

I've dealt with your kind aplenty; you walk past at first, flashing a glance in my direction, hoping to catch my unseeing eye. I love that initial, virginal curiosity. Yes poppet, I'm your forbidden fruit. I may be a lot older but you're dying to have me. I know what happens next, you'll tell your friends you're off to the library and then you'll skulk around, you'll look and you'll even try to touch.

You probably never saw anything like me back home. Else where you had to dig to get hold of my talents. Well not me; my wares are on full view to anyone who walks past. I love being on

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*The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of UCL Union or the editor.*

# Panic! In The Bathroom

**Forget Rohypnol and illegal minicabs, when you're clubbing in London it's the toilet assistants you need to worry about**

display, giving the punters what they want. You try to peek between my thighs, but I'm pressing my knees together to tease you. You love the way I dress, it's more authentic and I do it all for you. You don't want any of that fishnet nonsense, a wicker hat and white stockings is more your style. It'll cost you extra sweetie, but it'll be worth it.

You're embarrassed aren't you? A nice boy like you with something like me; what would your parents say if they knew? Well of course you've got a girlfriend, you all do. It's none of my business if she can't give you what you want. I see all kinds Mister, I'm an agony aunt to some, a plaything for others. Even the big wigs like me near to their offices; I sit in the Cloisters, all for them. I believe in the greatest happiness for the greatest number, I'm open to anyone, regardless of race, creed and gender. Just so long as the price is right.

Oh, exhibitionist are we? You want me here, in full view? Well it'll cost you extra and you'll have to open up my cabinet. No, I do mean that literally and you'd better watch out for my plaque; my head too actually, it's prone to coming off. I suppose I'd better introduce myself. A long time ago, before times got hard, I used to be known as Bentham. Never mind that now sweetheart, you can call me Jerry...

**Jenni Hulse**

**TOILET ATTENDANTS,** the Purveyors of The Piss; the Sentinels of The Slash. In London you'll find them an inevitable accompaniment, and often obstruction, to your natural excretions. Whether in the dizzying social heights of Chinawhite or in the authentically grim working men's clubs of the East End, the hand-towel harpies will be there. They'll be offering you the privilege of pissing freely whilst sucking on a Chupa Chup, with the opportunity to have your pubes backcombed afterwards. And all this for the miserly cost of some loose change. Well, all your loose change. Well what have you got? Don't worry, I've got change for that Twenty...

## Pay as You Piss

The intricacies of toilet tipping are enough to make you wish taking a leak in your friend's pint was more socially acceptable. So, how to approach this delicate art? What'll get you a handful of Haribo and a variety of sexual favours in some places will only get you spat at in oth-



**And you thought the dancefloor at that indie club was bad...**

ers. Assess your surroundings intrepid urinators, for they are your key to success. Do you see high-class hair products and double ply bog roll? Does the bathroom smell of gladioli and make you wonder how long you could get away with living there before

## "Assess your surroundings intrepid urinators,"

somebody noticed? If so, you may want to consider digging deep into your coin sack or have the rest of your night ruined by having to endure the disapproving stare of an attendant who, despite their job amounting to little more than heckling people from a small stool in club toilets, manages to maintain a surprising

degree of authority.

## Discoloured Smarties

Of course, if you find yourself in a place where the walls are smeared with human DNA, where you hop from one Converse-clad foot to the other to prevent permanently sticking to the floor and the attendant offers you a stained towel and a bag of what might be discoloured Smarties, don't bother. You probably couldn't squeeze any coins into those skinny jeans anyway.

**"You probably couldn't squeeze any coins into those skinny jeans..."**

Toilet attendants seem to be one of those unavoidable irritants that come with living in London, like tube delays or the homeless. But why should we feel compelled to tip? Surely it's wrong to profit from our God-given right to defecate? It's a tax on bodily functions for Christ's sake! Sod social decorum! Save your slash for the dance floor! *[Only on UCLU Sports Nights - Ed]*

## Do you want to get involved?

If you're anything like us, you'll know that there really isn't any need to take everything so seriously. If you think you're funny and you're interested in writing humour or drawing cartoons then The Cheese Grater may be for you. We were set up in 2004 and we are currently UCL Union's only unofficial, editorially independent magazine. As you can tell, we print humour and satire but we also produce thorough investigative stories on news that rarely gets reported elsewhere. We also run the odd cartoon too, and some pretty good ones at that.

Even when we're revealing the malpractices of authorities around College, revealing how the Sabbs misbehave or digging up dirt on the Provost, we try to get a laugh in the process. We may be a small, photocopied (and often not too well...) publication but so far we've won two UCL Union Arts Awards and even recieved an honour from those muesli eating hippies at the Guardian. We're passionate about what we do and if you think you might be too then we want to hear from you.

The next issue is out in October and YOU have a chance to contribute!

**If you're interested, come to our welcome meeting!**

**Wednesday 3rd October, 5pm**

**The Windeyer Building , Cleveland Street**

**Don't know where that is? Meet outside the Union at 4.45pm - we'll lead you there!**

Any questions?  
cheese\_grater\_magazine\_society@ucl.ac.uk  
Read every issue online at  
[www.cheesegratermagazine.org](http://www.cheesegratermagazine.org)

# A Rush of Blood To The Head

## Ramsay Hall's most famous residents speak openly about their Freshers' Week

HAVING SOLD OVER 30 million albums and achieved commercial success across the world, there is little doubt that Coldplay are one of the most popular British bands of the last decade. The band met, formed and began their career whilst studying at UCL, a fact the institution is keen to remind students of. Here they speak to *Lester S. Thompson* about their Freshers' Week.

**CG:** So we all know the official version of how you all met up playing guitar in a stairwell, but what really brought you together during that eventful week in late September?

*Johnny Buckland (Guitar):* "Well I was walking down the corridor offering to make cups of tea for people, when this douche [*motions to a grinning Chris Martin*] pokes his head out of his doorway and offers me a speedball. How could I refuse?"

*Chris Martin (vocals):* "The rest of the evening is a bit of a blur

but we spent most of it listening to Throbbing Gristle and discussing Middle-Eastern politics whilst playing Resident Evil."

**CG:** Do you have any particularly fond memories of your Freshers' Week?

*Will Champion (Drums):* "Probably when my 2nd year mentor introduced me to the world of hard drugs. Until then I'd only sniffed the odd marker pen or two so I had some doubts. But I thought, 'Hey, what would Nikki Sixx do?' It didn't take me long to shoot up after that and besides, it would have been rude not to." [*laughter*]

*Guy Berryman (Bass):* "Oh yeah, we used to play this game where we would challenge Tim Rice-Oxley [*a fellow Ramsay Hall resident and vocalist of Keane*] to do a shit in every shower of Rome block. Good times, man, Good times."

*Johnny Buckland:* "Maaaaan... some of those hangovers. It was quite an experience to sit through an Amnesty meeting on



**Coldplay:** Not as grey and bland as this photo

the politics of East Timor knowing that when you got back to your room there was a whole tarpaulin covered in blood, shit and Amyl nitrate bottles to dispose of."

**CG:** Sounds wild, so do you think Freshers' Week influenced your sound in any way?

*Chris Martin:* "Other than bringing us together in a Bacchanalian orgy of drugs, women and money, I think the only thing it really made us do was drop the heavy metal umlaut from Cöldplay."

*Coldplay's next album, Sniff Glue and Worship Satan is out later this year on EMI.*

### Interested in becoming part of the Student Media?

With our indentikit Facebook article, it's easy. All you need to do is fill in the blanks, cross out where applicable and submit to any of the following publications; Pi Magazine, Pi Squared or London Student.

#### WHY I LOVE/HATE FACEBOOK

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

**FACEBOOK**, the ubiquitous student networking website really is rubbish and pointless/full of fucking weirdos/absolutely fantastic. Since signing up I have thought about nothing but leaving/been inundated with requests for nude photos/been catching up with all my old school friends! I have decided the real world/cyber world is far better than the real world/cyber world. Whatever the case, Facebook is helping [*insert name of publication*] fill up precious column inches! **Word Count - 69**

### Student Dormitory Art Through the Ages - No. 215

#### Clinton Le Card - The Cannabis Leaf

IT TAKES SOMEONE with a special understanding of the world to buy a 3'x2' print of a cannabis leaf. You don't listen to The Man, and by God, you're going to Blu-Tack your poster to the wall without prior written consent. Tonight you're going to invite everyone round to your room to listen to your Essential Bob Dylan CD and nonchalantly refer to your tutors by their first names. Remember though that they've got special smoke detectors in the rooms which can differentiate between pot fumes and burnt pop tarts, so put a sock over it first, or the halls will be telling mum and dad before the week is up.

BELLEND SEBASTIAN

#### Our Divine English Summer

Richard Soames

