



## The Tache Goes

### THIS MONTH

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His last work - p.7

#### PLUS

A letter at fucking last (p.6), News in Brief, all the cartoons you love and some you hate.



**IT'S FINALLY OVER.** After an incredible week of impromptu and exhaustive fundraising by UCL students on behalf of *The Cheese Grater's* campaign, the Provost, Prof. Malcolm Grant (CBE MA LLD) finally shaved his moustache off (with a cry of "Why am I doing this?") on Friday 11th March, Red Nose Day, as it was revealed that his demand to raise £1,500 for Comic Relief had been exceeded.

The ceremony, which took place in UCL's Front Quad, was heavily attended despite last-minute arrangement.

Richard Bridger, *The Cheese Grater's* assistant editor, who masterminded the campaign and himself performed endless fundraising, said that about £1,800 had been raised.

*The Cheese Grater* would like to thank the following for their tireless fundraising work with the blue buck-ets:

Fiona Stewart, Helen Weston, David Hing, Matthew Phelps, Christina Lathway, Dot Fallon, Meherzad Bilamoria, Sian Roddy, Daniel Redwood, Sam Steddy, Frankie Roberto, Jon Fisher, Jon Heppenstall, Becky (surname unknown), Rhian Davies, Nicola Harris, Charlotte Riley and Nick Cowen.

We would also like to thank Prof. John Foreman, the Dean of Students, for sterling work charming large sums of money out of the pockets of academics (no mean feat), Rare FM for their coverage, Frankie Roberto for his press releases (one of which got into *The Times Higher Education Supplement*) and the UCL Union sab-batical officers for their support. And of course, all you students. We've been surprised and delighted by your generosity and backing.



# News In Brief

Now why didn't we think of this before?

X. R. Stoaatgarotter et al

## 1 Tube seat changes

Tube companies today announced plans to institute radical changes in the seating arrangements on trains. Companies voiced concern about the fact that many passengers pay the full fare only to spend the entire journey standing up. Mike Mountebank, chief executive of *CrapRail*, said "This is clearly unfair. Therefore, we are getting rid of all the seats so that everyone is equal." Rival firms have suggested that, to provide provision for the elderly or disabled, some carriages would have one seat, which would have the added benefit of providing Tube workers amusement as they could watch crowds fight over it.

## 2 Cod returned

A batch of cod caught by trawlers in the Channel has been thrown back in the sea on the grounds that it was trying to unfairly claim asylum in the UK. Terence Shepherd, the president of the Grimsby Waterfront Residents' Association, said: "We don't want any smelly foreigners trying to take all our jobs, even if they haven't got any hands and can't live outside water. And cod

aren't living under a dictatorship, are they?" Further comment was curtailed by a spate of bad jokes about the 1960s animated TV series *Stingray*.

## 3 Playwright arrested

A man claiming to be William Shakespeare was arrested yesterday after his play *Henry V* (in which the king's famous speeches about patriotism hide the fact that he went to war over a personal disagreement with the French king) was deemed to be inciting religious hatred. The Prime Minister made a statement last night saying: "He's lucky that he lives in a democracy where he can say such things.....he'll be shot tomorrow."

## 4 Police Initiative

Concerned about the number of incidents where unarmed people have been shot, the Home Office announced today that it was taking steps to deal with such problems. Now, all criminals suspected of carrying a weapon will be handed a short questionnaire to fill in, aimed at removing all doubt and thus preventing future tragedies. A sample is reprinted here:



with thanks to Scary Boots

Which of these best describes the object you are holding?

Home Office

Please tick only one box

Gun	<input type="checkbox"/>
Water pistol	<input type="checkbox"/>
Novelty lighter	<input type="checkbox"/>
Table leg	<input type="checkbox"/>
Baguette	<input type="checkbox"/>
Dachshund	<input type="checkbox"/>

## Clarification

Last issue contained some adjustments done in biro at the last minute after a meeting with Alex Walsh. Since they weren't very clear, here once again is the clarification. On page 5, we said that *Pi*, as a Union society, was in no danger of suspension or disaffiliation. The Union (Walsh) denies this, saying it gets no special treatment. Decide for yourself - Ed.

## Student Squad

from our members at DingBobik Comics  
<[www.freewebs.com/dingbobikcomics](http://www.freewebs.com/dingbobikcomics)>



Read My Mind

Contributors: Nikolai Morofski, X. R. Stoaatgarotter, Ding and Bobik, David Hing, Rance Randolph Randylin, bird, Joseph Wass, Rusty Wood, Dex Torricke-Barton, Scary Boots

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

# The Joke of The Year Show

## UCL UNION **ELECTIONS05**★

The elections just ended are free and fair, if last year's aren't anything to go by...

**DOS AND DON'TS**

**DO:**  
Plan your campaign and create your own inventive publicity

**How to use inventive publicity to get someone disqualified**

1. To be two hundred, determined and equally hypothetical criminals.  
Adam Donen, Stephen Fingleton  
(Hypothetical time: last year's elections)
2. Put up unauthorised posters with victim's name on them.
3. Suddenly discover unauthorised posters.  
Sweet smelling pudding! This poster's not stamped!
4. Blame victim before Elections Committee.  
I'm innocent! Believe! You're worse than Nixon, you shit!
5. Don't let them get away with a smack on the wrist.  
We find you guilty, how don't do it again!

**How to write off an election you've failed to rig**

1. Take two desperate, unfulfilled and equally hypothetical criminals.  
ALRIGHT! Let's dis-embly the fucker!
2. Get one to send out a mass e-mail telling people to vote for the elections.
3. Use this departmental mailing list. They'll never know who sent it!
4. Discover the e-mail in an incriminating place.  
You see... I hacked! A mass e-mail! How did it get in here?
5. Persuade Elections Committee of a conspiracy.  
These candidates had a helping e-mailing from behind a pretty troll!

**DON'T**  
Send out mass emails. Join campaigns with other candidates

Oh dear. Nobody takes any notice of this one. Last year, Stephen Fingleton, Olivier Usher and Adam Donen all collaborated...and Fingleton helped shore up Justin Bukspan's dismal campaign by supplying posters.

## Bruised Ego Count '05 - Winners and Losers

Rumour has it that Kelvin Sheikh, candidate for Finance and Administration Officer, polled 500 more votes than victor Lucy "spreadsheet with a pulse" Gould. But he campaigned in a gorilla suit, didn't declare it...and got disqualified. Just like disqualified Shama Rahman last year got more votes than Steven Healer...funny that.

Gould, however, might encounter trouble with general secretary-elect Luca Manfredi, reputed to dislike her. Manfredi gets on well with his opponent for Gen. Sec., Waseem Alim...so well that they were recently overheard in the refectory planning to 'stack' various committees and Union Council in their favour next year, to push their policies through without the sabbatical officers' approval.

Members of Rare FM are bitter over their man Frankie Roberto losing out to Al 'I don't listen to Rare FM' Gardner for the Media and Communications post. Given their brooding hostility, can we expect friction between the new officer and the cash-strapped radio station?

# The People vs Luca Manfredi

Is the next General Secretary a joker or a bigot, and does it matter?

LUCA MANFREDI, a failed candidate for Academic Affairs Officer last year, ran as General Secretary this year, and won. His success was controversial, on account of some inflammatory posts he made on the UCL Union message board. In them, he said women were not equal partners for him in marriage, and that he wouldn't tolerate having gay children. Read about it in the next *Pi* - or see the 'Remember Luca' post on the board. They make for colourful reading, which, as Luca says, is the point: he was provoking his opponents.

Last term, then Campaigns and Equal Opps Officer Alex Coles (now resigned) circulated a motion to Council of no confidence in Luca as a member of Welfare and Equal Opps Committee (to read one of these committee names is to read one too many, isn't it?). The motion said that Luca's views



Luca Manfredi and Alex Coles

were bigoted and homophobic, and as such he could hardly be on the committee. Anyway, the motion didn't make it to being presented, because all the sabbatical officers refused to sign it. Services and Events officer Steven Healer expressed fears that there was a vendetta going on. Coles denies this. While, he admits, Victoria Green was justified in refusing in virtue of her position, he is unhappy at what he calls a 'block mentality' among sabbs: if one doesn't do it, none can. But then, he has never seen eye to eye with them, not least Healer, whom he shouted at and called

a 'wanker' at Council last year. Coles is also unhappy at David Renton's refusal to consider adding his name to the motion; as Education and Welfare Officer, he says, it is his remit. Renton, however, said he had to maintain impartiality.

Luca is now (a) running for ULU Council Chair and (b) running scared of his posts being misinterpreted (as he sees it). Anticipating the *Pi* article, he wrote to us to say that "I decided to outrightly provoke you [his opponents]and inflame the debate with provocative...statements...which couldn't even by far represent my opinion or feelings." Is this an Italian Fingleton we see? (See issue 2). Furthermore, Luca suspects Coles of sending an e-mail to the whole of ULU's executive, urging them not to vote for him. This Coles denies. But this second election will be worth watching. RL

# Down, not out in Pi, reps and London

Dex Torricke-Barton looks back at his bid to be the next Education & Welfare Officer of UCL Union – and explains why he's celebrating



Dex and some of the dreadful people he associates with (not our staff)

WHEN I ARRIVED at UCL in September 2003, I knew that I wanted to serve my community. But more than that – I wanted to take the lead in representing and defending the interests of my fellow students. I've always had great ambitions, and when I decided to run for first Ramsay Hall Representative and later the Executive Committee, I felt I had found the perfect forum to display my talents and prepare for the future political career I aspired towards.

But student politics is a nasty business, and from my very first Council meeting I found that those who remained silent and feigned friendliness to all would inevitably be the ones rewarded. And although I swore to remain true to my idealistic goals, I convinced myself that real change could only be accomplished if I was actually *elect-ed* in the first place. And to do that required certain sacrifices. I chose to stay quiet and do nothing. The end justified the means.

Like all good stories, this one involves a girl. My girlfriend and best friend came with me to UCL, and although she wasn't political, she supported me every day in my quest to change the union. But the more positions I notched up on my CV, the less I appeared to care about meaningful poli-

cies. "When I'm a Sabbatical, I can change things all at once," I promised her. "You're a hypocrite," she said, and our relationship ended soon after.

It took six months and the loss of many more friends before I had a change of heart. And so in September 2004, I took up the post of E & E Officer with a vengeance, and abandoned pragmatism. My colleagues found a new officer in their midst – a radical advocate for major reform at UCL Union. With just 10% voter turnout in the latest elections, and barely a quarter of all elected positions filled, our union is no longer the voice of students, and I wanted to change that. And I wanted to fix *Pi Magazine*, a publication I had served for a year – because it was so unintellectual, so inadequate for our community. But most of all, I wanted to tell the truth at last – even if it would cost me my job as Environment & Ethics Officer.

Even if it would cost me my future as a Sabbatical Officer.

I made many enemies for the things I said and did. This undoubtedly contributed to my defeat in this election. My opponent did little campaigning, and lacks the policies necessary to tackle the underlying political and cultural problems facing our union. She did not win because of her strengths,

but because of my crippling weaknesses. The forces of mediocrity combined to stop me. The *Pi* editor, Holly Falconer, was overheard telling people in the Bloomsbury Theatre to vote Al Gardner for Media & Communications Officer – and against me for E & W. My campaign materials were rejected by Elections Committee for using the word 'mismanagement'. "It could be interpreted as a breach of Staff-Student protocol," said Victoria Green. Never mind that I was referring to student politicians.

And so I lost the count. But in a way, I still won the election.

I have remained committed to a vision of excellence, not just at UCL Union but in every part of my life. I have told the truth, and have nothing to be ashamed about. My defeat is not an indictment of my present character. Last year I did nothing – and was able to win elections. This year, I fought for what I believed in. For that I was soundly defeated. But would I rather have might or right? If this election were to set the standard for my life, then I shall be satisfied. For I have provided a vision of UCL Union where cupidity and mediocrity have no place, and integrity and ambition always define the road ahead. And so it shall be with my life.

UCL Union is lost. But I still have everything to fight for. And most importantly – utterly belatedly – I hope that my ex-girlfriend will forgive me for my Machiavellian past.

*The author is Union Affairs Editor of The Cheese Grater*

Comments on this for publication are welcome at our e-mail address



bird <[www.angelfire.com/nd2/bird](http://www.angelfire.com/nd2/bird)>

# Gaming Granddaddy

To rival Pi's up-to-the-minute coverage of 6-month-old games, The Cheese Grater strikes back...

**Pong (Arcade) (plans to be released for other systems late next spring)**

Taking the video gaming world by storm this century is the radical table tennis simulator, Pong. The aim of the game is to outwit your opponent in one-on-one tennis-style combat and emerge victorious with the most points. This game has everything. The graphics are outstanding and the gameplay will have you glued to the screen for literally minutes. Being both multiplayer and single player, with an AI paddle that will have you convinced that you are playing a real person, Pong earns so much respect that there is already a film, "*The Chronicles of Pong*", planned to be released early in 2010. Early rumours suggest that Mel Gibson is to play the lead roll of "Player 1".

**SCORE: 5/5**

**Pac-Man (Arcade/Sinclair ZX Spectrum)**

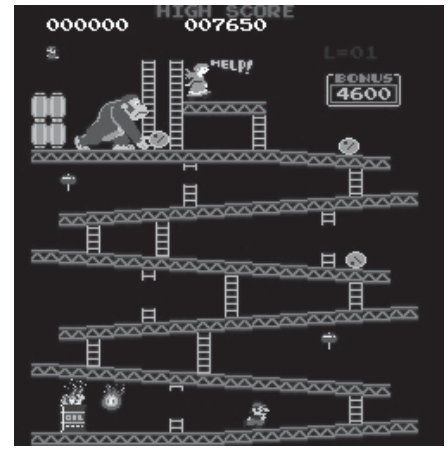
Capturing the hearts of even the most hard-hearted arcade patron, the ever-starving, ever-eating, anti-dieting, yellow ball of fun that is Pac-Man has the nation hooked on its addictiveness. The aim of the game is to guide the Pac-Man around a maze, eating every small dot and avoiding the enemy ghosts that chase after you. However, in a cunning twist to the game, you can eat the pulsating dots in the corners to make the ghosts turn tail in fear and chase

after them instead, turning hunter into hunted. This game has not only captivated the attention of video gamers the world over, but it has also sparked heated discussion in the media over whether or not it is suitable for young children, and an 18 certificate has been considered, as it encourages children to eat and face their fears by taking behaviour-altering substances which will make them think that they can eat ghosts. Whether Pac-Man will go down in history as a piece of pro-drug propaganda remains to be seen, but there is already a film, "*Pac-Man Begins*" entering pre-production. Early rumours suggest that Mel Gibson is to play a supporting role as "Yellow Ghost".

**SCORE: 5/5**

**Donkey Kong (Dragon 32)**

Game developers, ever trying to push the boundaries of computer games, every now and then make a mistake. Donkey Kong is one of them. In this game, you play a small man in overalls and a moustache who must rescue a princess from a giant gorilla by climbing to the top of a level and avoiding barrels and fireballs. The random mix of game play leads us to the conclusion that Donkey Kong is just too complicated and has sacrificed playability for superior graphics, which, although impressive, are no consolation. Although we acknowledge the effort put into



**Donkey Kong: too much sophistication in one game**

Donkey Kong, it is fairly safe to say that games will never get more complicated than the industry standard. Also, to have a small man with a moustache who looks like a plumber as the lead in a game is absolutely absurd and will never be a success. It would be like a Japanese company having as their mascot an Italian called "Mario". Mel Gibson came forward earlier this week and publicly denounced the game as "Not Very Good", and has quashed mutterings that he is planning a historical biographical film of Donkey Kong going by the working title of "*When Apes Get Horny*".

**SCORE: 2/5**

## How to make a million (or £300m)

How are we to solve the funding crisis? Joseph Wass reckons he knows...

Universities aren't what they used to be. Gone are the days when they could be funded through a sheer ignorance of financial reality. Suddenly, massive losses are 'not profitable'. Consequently, below are a few suggestions that should change the way UCL is funded for many, many years/days/hours to come (or until bailiffs take Mr. Bentham's replica head for Tussaud's model of Kylie Minogue's arse).

Thatcher was on to something with free-market economics, even if the political left maintain she raped the country (the mind boggles with what she had in mind for Cornwall). There-

fore, why not allow private companies to run the university? It could be renamed after some famous brand, like Coca-Cola or, even better, Panda Cola. Alternatively, the university could be used for advertising purposes, like turning the Cruciform Building in to a giant Air Wick Plug-in. Even better, *Pi* could become a sycophantic promotional tool for Coldplay! No, wait...

Given that a university education is priceless, why not apply that theory to running one? Teaching staff, by far the biggest waste of money, could be replaced. With bricks. Expensive subjects of little practical use, like medi-

cine and engineering, would have to be scrapped. Instead, there would be courses on coal mining and crazy golf course management. If cost cutting isn't enough, why not indulge in a bit of asset stripping? The college itself, for example. UCL could relocate to beautiful, downtown Beirut or Kabul and be renamed UCKFUCL, or University College Kabul, Formerly University College London.

Or, on the other hand, why not just raise tuition fees? [*Shut up, or next issue will just be letters from the NUS - Ed*]

# Police lead war on crime

AFTER initiatives against drug dealers, jobs and motorists edging over the speed limit, the new Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Sir Ian Blair, has announced an audacious plan to cut crime. In response to increasing public criticism from Londoners, Blair declared that “the time for timid measures is over. From now on, criminals out there must realise that we’re going to do our job. Maybe not that well, but we will do it nonetheless”. The new plans have been welcomed by the Home Secretary, Charles Clarke, who feels that every day we are all committing crimes that degrade our quality of life. In a speech to the House of Commons, Clarke commented: “I welcome the new initiative of the Met to aim to cut crime just before an election. For eight years we have dithered about punishment, released prisoners early and focused on superficial initiatives. From now on I intend to overhaul the criminal justice system and take away more peoples’ rights until I am satisfied the new initiative has succeeded in making attention grabbing headlines”. In response to a question asking exactly what the new initiative to cut crime was, Mr Clarke responded, “That’s just it. We intend to cut crime”. No further comment has been made, as it appears that Mr Clarke is under house arrest for being a danger to national security. RW

## Letter

Sir,

I am not going to launch into a dissection of your article about me [last issue, p.3], which I feel contains distortions of the truth and inaccuracies, mainly because of the sense of deflation and angst that I have experienced since I first saw the article.

Nevertheless, if there are people that are unsatisfied or aggrieved with how I have conducted myself in office, then I must respond to their complaints, both in terms of words and actions. In line with your comments in the final paragraph, I will attempt to redress any grievances that officers may have about me and to look myself as to where I may have gone wrong.

DAVID RENTON  
Education and Welfare Officer  
UCL Union



# Fundraisers stunned at UCL students’ gullibility

## Cash for the Tache? Nah, it’s a scam...

Rusty Wood

Following a week-long campaign based on a moustache and a red nose, the organisers of ‘Cash for the Tache’ have expressed their amazement at the gullibility of UCL students. “I can’t believe it,” exclaimed Richard Bridger, organiser of the event. “They’re so stupid. All we had to do was get a few buckets, put some posters up and claim that we’re going to shave some guy’s moustache and the money started flooding in. Who is this Provost, anyway? All I can say is I know my career path’.

As the realisation of their error dawned, students’ self-congratulation and moral fulfilment at raising over £1500 turned to despair. UCL Union responded by debating a motion to propose a motion to establish a new com-

mittee, the Donations Abuse Committee, to be aided by a ‘Committee against Fraudulent Depillatory Campaigns’. Administrators and lecturers are also fuming, with the Provost said to be devastated at losing his lifelong partner. Placing it on Jeremy Bentham’s face in the South Cloisters does not help, what with it being right outside the Provost’s office.

At the time of going to press, *The Cheese Grater* had learned that those running the collections had taken their valuables and gone to Heathrow. Word has it that they haven’t totally disregarded the efforts of donors, however. “They said they were going to choose where to go based on all the different foreign coins they received”, a source close to the fundraisers said. A worldwide tour awaits, with the next stop Guyana.

# Golders Green secedes

New Jewish state declared as Ken vows to defend city's integrity

Nikolai Morofski

**SHOCK AND INDEED AWE** was felt on Friday, when a sizeable area of North London declared itself independent of the UK. The territory extends over both branches of the Northern line, covering Golders Green, Finchley and the strategically vital Mill Hill. The new power set up borders and check points to prevent uncontrolled "commuter" immigration to the new republic from the UK.

The new nation's ambassador to London, UCL student Samuel Lebens explained: "We always thought there was something fishy about the original promised Jewish homeland. For a start it seemed both God and the British government had promised the land to different peoples at different times. The Balfour declaration early last century suggested Britain had the right to hand Israel over to whoever it wanted, but this was completely inconsistent with the property rights of the inhabitants. What's more, God promised us a land flowing with milk and honey. Not a desert. But now we have found a territory that Britain both has a right to hand over, and looks far more like a Jewish



Ken explains his stance as a Trident II missile makes for the new state (inset)

homeland anyway."

Ken Livingstone, mayor of London, reacted angrily to the surprise secession from his kingdom. Fortifying Hampstead from a potential sneak attack, he promised to "drive them [the rebels] into Edgware!" He then had to back down when it emerged Golders Green may have already developed nuclear weapons at a secret base in Victoria Park. The US State Department

advocated diplomacy when it learnt there were no known oil stocks beneath the new suburban superpower. But Ken fears a domino effect of secessions. Already, residents of Manor House have been spotted in discussion with Turkey over support for a potential rebel movement. Meanwhile, sources from Camden Town say the area may attempt to ally itself with the planet Mars, where its inhabitants claim their allegiance lies.

# Hunter S. Thompson's last work

Before he died, the great man was about to cover a story for us...

WE HAD TWO BAGS of Werther's Originals, seventy-five Sanatogen tablets, five sheets of bingo cards, a saltshaker half full of smelling salts, a whole galaxy of multi-colored arthritis tablets, incontinence tablets, vitamin tablets, haemorrhoid tablets; also a quart of Horlicks, a pint of pasteurised milk, a case of ginger beer, and two dozen Prozac. Not that we needed all that for the trip, but none of us are getting any younger, and that fucker Wenner says if I rupture another brain cell on this assignment, I'll be lucky to be blessed with one neural synapse to my n-

"Hunter!"

"What is it now, you perverted smack-whore of Satan?"

"Put the fucking tape machine down. It's time for your afternoon nap."

Hot damn! This never happened

in my halycon days. Oh no; go to the Kentucky Derby, Hunter; get your ass to the Nevada Desert, Hunter; we need you in the Congo, Hunter; *Hunter!* This calls for Immersive Reportage, and there's only one Doctor of Journalism out there who can crack this oily little adrenal gland...but now, the twin ugly brutes of Old Age and Premature Senility have driven their stakes into my shrivelled husk of a body, and I get sent to cover the 'UCL Union Executive Elections' for a greasy-pinko-faggot college paper called *The Knee Scraper* or something. This is the gratitude heaped on a world-famous sportswriter and deep thinker by his editors, who are all Good Ole Boys and slurp margaritas with their crocodilian wives on yachts moored off Miami Beach. No more running amok through Saigon

hotel ballrooms on the expense account after persuading *Rolling Stone* to crown me National Affairs Editor and send me over their, no more useful to informing the acid generation about rock than a tomato about Richard Nixon...but at least Jan Wenner got thrown out of the *Stone* for the Filipino boys in the stationery cupboard...

After my nap, Wenner confronts me. "Okay, Hunter, it's time you sat down and got drafting. Your deadline is already three weeks past." So, I asked, will you tape-record my every word and feed me whisky to finish the job? "No. I'll lock you in this room with a vicious 200-pound Stephen Fingleton till you've written it."

Holy shit! This was heinous...

*Norman Mailer will be resumed as soon as possible.*

# TOMMY THE POST-NUCLEAR CAT

FEATURING: KANT, NIETZSCHE, RUSSELL, DEATH & GENGIS THE CRACK BUNNY

