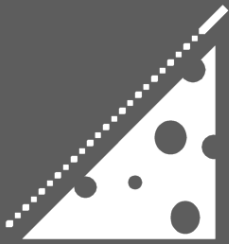


The Cheese Grater

The Other Student Magazine of University College London Union



No. 8

February 2006

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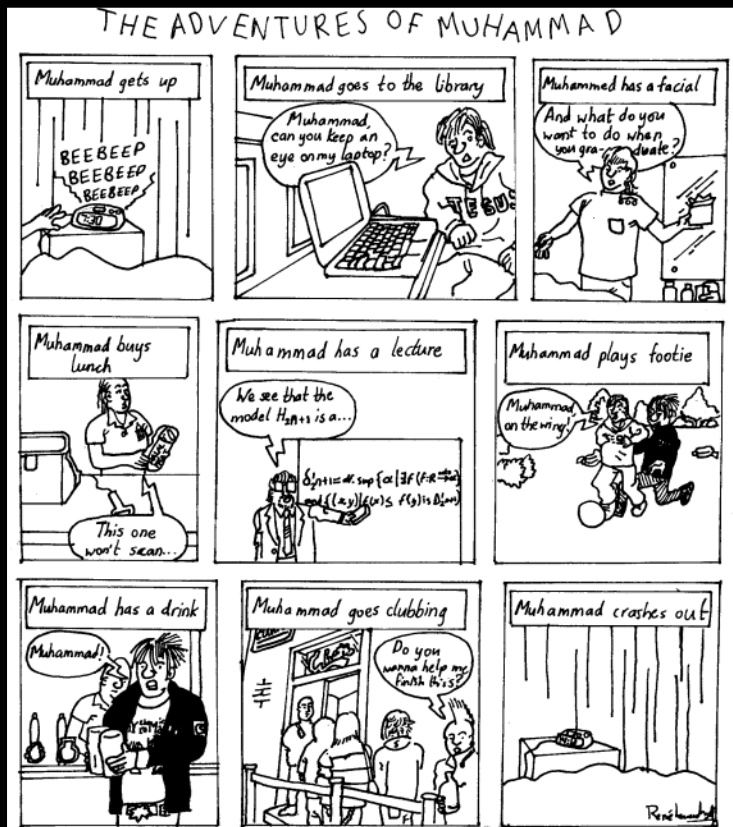
Election Bitch

Yes! Election time is here again. As the swingometer vacillates wildly from Boring Wankers to Amiable Fuckwits, we couldn't help overhearing, and sharing.

Slim, attractive *Pi* music reviewer Nick Barnard has never been very good at making friends with other student media, viz, 'No-one reads *The Cheese Grater*', 'Rare FM is gay,' and more. But he was noticeably more conciliatory last December on Rare FM's Clubs and Societies show - hell, he turned up. The reason was not long in doubt: he is, of course, running for Media and Communications Officer.

It would be nice to say 'don't vote for him', but his rivals promise little. Paul McGarity is a cheery archaeology student who has not run any media soc, while though we hate to speak against our dear contributor David Hing, he is surely too nice to do the job properly (see Alan Gardner) and he doesn't seem able to administrate his way out of a paper bag.

Too late in getting his nomination for M & C in was Jules 'Skater Boi' Mazowiecki, who tried, and gave up, getting nominations for Finance & Admin reopened on the questionable grounds that sole candidate and Fencing Club fellow member Mark Littler is rubbish.



Down Your Union

Dex Torricke-Barton No Platform For Idiots

IN RECENT weeks, UCL Union officers have debated whether to introduce a 'No Platform' policy, which would bar racists, homophobes and various other evildoers from being able to voice discriminatory opinions in any Union function or office. But without getting into a discussion on the merits or faults of the No-Platform, the Union has been remarkably ham-fisted in its approach to the policy.

Charged with reviewing motions for accuracy and legality before debate, Governance Committee proved a stunning display of the Union's glaring faults: timewasting, political cowardice and a profound absence of any intellectualism. After receiving the motion, GC felt compelled to seek lengthy advice on the *legality* of implementing it. This is to ignore the fact that the legality of the motion is perhaps the least credible of any potential objections to a No-Platform. It is *already* an offence under Union regs, the UCL anti-harassment code, and section 18 of the Public Order Act of 1986 to incite racial hatred, whilst any other offences relating to discrimination are similarly enshrined in code at one or more of these levels of legislation. Loads of Unions have got No-Platforms, all without having to make court appearances because freedom of speech under the Education Act (No. 2) of 1986, only safeguards freedom of speech "within the law."

So the most credible objection to the No-Platform would have been to suggest that there are already safeguards against bigotry. Not for the Union. After accepting the mind-boggling advice of College that the No-Platform was illegal, Governance Committee voted not to allow the motion to be debated. One can only infer that political cowardice and legislative laziness was to blame for this decision, and a desire simply to prevent the motion being possibly imple-

mented. But the most damning thing about the whole episode was the fact that the Union had *already* (erroneously) decided in previous years that a No-Platform was illegal. A quick search of uclu.org brings up a Fingleton-era document from the 'How your Union works section' of 2003, which includes "This Union believes: that this (No-Platform) policy is a violation of the Education Act (No. 2) Act (Section 43) and the UCL Union Constitution." Duh.

Keep Whatever Free

Continuing with the theme of timewasting, perhaps you will have noticed a garish banner plastered across the front quad of UCL, featuring the interminable slogan 'UCL students do it 24/7.'

The slogan has a lot of students rather flummoxed. Of 39 students polled (including our unusually clued-up editorial conference), less than half knew what it meant. Void of any other information, the banner stands as another outstanding testament to the vacant minds behind Union campaigns. It transpires that the banner is actually part of some genius campaign to get UCL libraries to open for 24 hours during the summer term. [Actually, not for 24 hours, just extended hours. The slogan is just there for...er... -Ed.] How do I know this? Because a rather timid looking girl came up to me outside the Cruciform and asked me to sign her petition to College.

The campaign is a project of Education & Welfare Officer Maz Young. I can't recall if 24 hour libraries was one of her

policies during the election campaign last year (I can't recall if she had any policies), but I certainly recall it being a central plank in my bullish manifesto. [Despite which Maz beat him - Ed.] The idea is, after all, a splendid one. But I would certainly not have pursued it in such a lazy, incompetent manner.



Petitions are means for groups which are excluded from the decision-making process to attempt to acquire mass support for their pet projects. They are frequently carried out by wackos, and seldom succeed. So to use a petition to support 24 hour libraries is a ludicrous waste of time when sabbatical officers have a plethora of institutional and informal methods for dealing with the college administration. Hell, they meet with the Provost every term! They sit in endless committees each month, surrounded by the people who have the power to change the way UCL works. To resort to petitions is to completely miss the point! And does anyone seriously believe students will decline the offer to have later opening libraries if all they have to do is sign a bit of paper?

Intrepid Clubs and Societies' Officer Natasha Davis did explain that they only have an hour with the Provost, and he is more interested in talking about

ULU. We suggest that the Union's officers do their job and try to steer him towards the required topics.

In the permanent tragedy-comedy that is UCL Union, there is only one more campaign that is more idiotic. The 'Keep Wednesdays free' campaign is proudly trumpeted on the Union website, and has been allocated a £1500 budget out of the campaigns budget of £6750 (the figure was hard to find, since Maz's predecessor David Renton didn't supply it, with customary incompetence (CG 4)). But at the very beginning of the year, every single student at UCL received an email from Vice-Provost Michael Wornton which specifically noted that the college supports keeping Wednesday afternoons free! The fact is that there is no sudden rash of evil scheduling, that almost everyone, everywhere at UCL has got a free Wednesday if they choose to have one. To waste money on posters, badges – and yes – individually wrapped wristbands is to neglect the real issues that require real campaigning effort.

But hey, it must take a lot of effort to run a fucking petition.

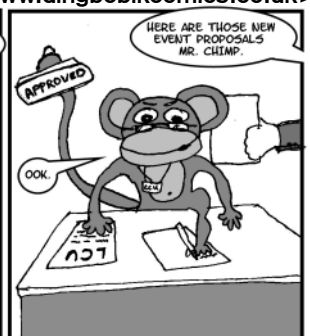
MSSWho?

Pity the invisible Medical Students and Sites Officer (MSSO). A poll was posted on the UCLU website by the MSSO, Luke Yahanpath asking if anyone had ever heard of him. On the first attempt, he managed to vote that he hadn't heard of *himself*. On the second attempt, he decided he actually had. In the two weeks since this slightly schizophrenic behaviour, not a single response from people who know who he is.

It's things like this that I'm going to miss about UCL Union. Or not.

Student Squad

What Next?



Exclusive strip from DingBobik Comics

<www.dingbobikcomics.co.uk>



Anatomy of a University Murder

As the Provost sharpens his knife and looks to Senate House, Mr Chatterbox in the third part of his report explains that we still need the University of London

Mr Chatterbox

AS OUR beloved leader, Professor Malcolm Grant, goos-esteps towards his own Night of the Long Knives - I refer to his intended vast cuts in UCL's academic budget - it also seems he is determined, with all the relish of an undertaker, to put the final nail in the 170 year-old institution that is the University of London.

OK, so he has been helped by Imperial College's decision to vote itself out of the federation and by the recent QAA lukewarm assessment of the University's regulation of its degrees. Essentially the report by the QAA concluded that it had "only limited confidence" in its oversight of our degrees.

Now, while the University actually awards our degrees, it is the colleges of the University who are responsible for awarding and grading your degrees. Indeed the same QAA expressed "broad confidence" in each of the individual colleges' supervision of its degree - even King's - and the criticism by the QAA seems to be because of the fact the UoL did not know about QAA criticism of a foundation course at Birkbeck College. Sir Graeme Davis, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, responded forthrightly that the QAA did not understand the checks put in place and has said that it would be unacceptable for the federal university to interfere too much in individual college's affairs as set out in the University of London Act 1994. In doing so he is protecting the structures for supervising degrees set in place and more generally the federal structure. Generally he has been supported by the head of University of London colleges.

It has to be admitted that



Andy Macdonald <www.zardoz.net>

all this is damaging publicity for the university and Professor Grant would be foolish if he were not to consider University College's position. It has already been noted that while the other colleges have rallied round the University, Professor Grant has been more reserved and circumspect: he has commented that he regrets the decision by Imperial College and that the move could only harm the federal University. However he went onto to say that said UCL is not proposing to follow suit "for the moment". With friends like these, Sir Graeme, who needs enemies, eh?

Professor Grant also went onto to say that now was the time for the University of London to review its functions and cost-effectiveness. I must say that coming from Malcolm "15% Cuts" Grant that is rather like being lectured on population control by Josef Stalin. Furthermore how much does membership of the federal university cost UCL? A mere £2 million a year. Perhaps Professor Grant would prefer to spend the money on a new stone for UCH?

He must also resist the temptation to go for a takeover of some of the smaller colleges,

such as SOAS, as Simon Jenkins recently suggested and whose points Mister Chatterbox countered in the last issue of *The Cheese Grater*. For a start University College simply cannot afford it. Part of the reason why the Provost feels he has to make drastic cuts in the academic budget is that University College has been operating a £7 million annual deficit. Any further, drastic takeover would just exacerbate the problem.

Furthermore he should remember that universities are about students, not buildings and names, and in a straw poll which Mister Chatterbox took at the SOAS bar a few weeks ago, he found no enthusiasm for becoming part of University College. The reverse in fact. As they've seen SSEES ("merged" with UCL in 1999) lose their identity and school bar, they've been given a warning about what might happen to them. The anger amongst former SSEES students at how their old school has been treated by UCL since the takeover is fierce indeed; some of this anger is mirrored by academics within the school (*Read more on SSEES's identity crisis on p. 4 - Ed.*).

At present the University of London is one of the largest concentrations of academic material in the UK. With over 125,000 students, innumerable libraries and an international presence which UCL cannot at present match, the University of London still has a great claim to be at the centre of UCL's future. It is important that we remember that Imperial College has for a long time been an independent college within the University structure. For some time it had had its own degree awarding powers. The smaller colleges within the university benefit from being part of a larger body with an interna-

tional reputation. But University College benefits as well. As a science-based college, Imperial did not benefit from the federal, resource sharing structure to the same basis as University College. By remaining within the federal structure, those students whose departments are facing cut-backs, who are not part of the Provost's central ambitions for the university, students of classics, history, philosophy, politics and languages, can enjoy the benefits of the Senate House library - which alone benefits from 3 million volumes - as well as the use of other college libraries.

On top of that, the University of London is committed to maintaining the breadth of academic work across all fields; the danger for universities at the moment is that in their aim for immediate research points and good research grades (based purely on the number of papers published per year) important and unpopular research is cut back, neglected or stopped. Academic freedom is under fire from cold-blooded accountants and the University of London is one institution that can act as a buffer against their bloody ambitions.

Finally the University of London is an historical institution; established in 1835 after the foundation of King's College and University College, it is the third oldest university in England. Its loose federal structure is a benefit to its students - after all, aren't Oxford and Cambridge also federal universities with independent vibrant colleges and different, but not dominant, specialisms?

"A university is one of the precious things that can be destroyed" - perhaps Professor Grant would remember that for longer than a moment.

Fuck the Paint Away

The Slade is let down...by its students. E. V. Datta explains



FOR DECADES, the Slade School of Fine Art has held an eminent position both within the arts education system and the wider art world. Boasting alumni such as Richard Hamilton, Rachel Whiteread and Tacita Dean, it is unsurprising that competition for entry at undergraduate level is fierce. Studying art at HE level is without question, largely vocational; but there is no one particular career a student is trained for. The question remaining, then, is whether or not the Slade prepares its students for life beyond art school.

The Slade School was the vision of Sir Felix Slade, who wanted to form a school where art was studied as a serious, stand-alone academic discipline and not purely as a production line of students to service the

needs of the industry. The functions of higher education have changed somewhat in 127 years and perhaps now the Slade's main attention should be upon how to integrate their students into today's job market.

Arts education went through radical reforms during the 1960s and 70s, mirroring the changes in art practice of the time. Traditional areas of study such as painting, sculpture and the life drawing class were no longer the main focus, as artists began exploring sound, performance and digital media. Arguably, the prototype for this new teaching model was the Bauhaus, Weimar Germany's infamous school of art and design. The core ethic of Bauhaus was to create *Gesamtkunstwerke* - combining all aspects of visual arts

to create an end product that had both form and a tangible use value. On arts education, Bauhaus director Walter Gropius stressed that creativity wasn't something that could be taught, however, technique and to work, was something that must be studied and improved.

Since its foundation in 1868, the Slade has changed a lot to adapt to this need for art to root itself in social function. Although there is no outlet for sound, performance or design, the school hosts the Centre for Electronic Media and printmaking, film, video and photography facilities. Students are expected to specialise within a subject area of their choice and supplement studio time with tutorials, History and Theory of Art modules and trips to museums and galleries. The school frequently arranges visiting lecturers, ranging from artists to theoreticians, to speak upon topics of relevance for the practising artist.

Seemingly, the Slade does offer many opportunities to acquire skills outside simply creating objects. Alarming, these are not taken up by a significant number of students. Many see little point in the contextual studies, preferring to spend time in the atelier than write. The turnout to the lunchtime lectures and optional seminars too is shabby.

When questioned about alternative career aims after university, provided that they could not work as practising artists, some responded with either: (a) they did not know and something would "turn up" arts-wise, after all, they're Slade graduates and it will be ok, or (b) work in a gallery. Sadly, unbeknown to those particular students, most will be unqualified for gallery work, not having the appropriate specialist written theory areas and mandatory minimum two years working in exhibitions. And point (a) seems too painfully naïve to comment upon.

Contrary to what seems to be popular belief, acceptance to an institution like the Slade is not a fast track to celebrity. The onus falls on the student to develop a body of work and relevant skills to equip them for life after university. In many ways, an art student is at a disadvantage compared to other arts and humanities students who perhaps gain stronger writing and more varied research portfolios. However, any student wishing to pursue art or design is, or should be, fully aware of this from the outset and be prepared to do the extra-curricular work involved to secure some sort of future, in the art market or elsewhere. But maybe, as some art students claim, they were pursuing art for love and not for money. In that case, I guess there's always the secure career of baggage handling at Heathrow.

Goodbye Lenin! Dex Torricke-Barton demands a new community at SSEES

EVERYONE AT SSEES is a communist. Or at least anti-Western. If you were to meet a typical student at the school, expect to find a hulking eight foot-tall Russian chap sporting a beard, a hip flask and an AK-47. The hip flask is the most important component of the entire outfit - because all SSEES students are drunkards. Without a shot of vodka each morning, and maybe a couple of bites of black bread, no student would be able to muster the energy to storm the citadel of capitalism that is UCL. And oh my God! How much ef-

fort does it take to write that crazy Cyrillic script? ЁѠѠѠѠ!

Difficult as it is to believe, this is precisely the kind of nonsense that some people would have you believe SSEES is all about. Sure, I'm exaggerating a little. You could probably replace the AK with a T-34 battle tank. But seriously, if you've ever caught sight of one of those godawful SSEES site committee posters advertising the Monday night events at the Dent Room, you'll know what I'm talking about. Hammers and sickles, red and gold imagery, pictures of

Lenin! For the almost three years that I have been a student at the school, this stuff has been the bread and butter of a distinct group at SSEES. A group that is very keen on SSEES-ness, and often sceptical of closer integration with UCL. After all, we need to preserve our 'special identity.'

But what exactly is the SSEES identity? If you listen to the large number of students I polled on this subject, then there is no such thing as SSEES identity. Other students referred to the historical legacy of Tomas

Masaryk, who founded the school in 1915 before going on to become the first president of the Czechoslovak Republic. A clear majority of students however simply referred to the raison d'être of the school (easily more helpful than simply name-dropping Masaryk). "SSEES is a specialist institution. It is one of the world's leading research centres for the study of Russia and Eastern Europe" claims SSEES committee president Jo Jenner. "This is what makes SSEES special."

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SSEES' junior common room, which has no bins. That's right.

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But this academic conception of the school's identity doesn't square with the form of

community projected by the SSEES site committee, Masaryk Society and their ilk. For whilst the two groups have on occasion held vaguely academic functions, such as the recent and now standard discussion panel featuring Eastern European ambassadors, the fact is that most of their events revolve around rather generic student activities. Drink nights. Pub crawls. Wine-tasting. Any activity involving the gratuitous consumption of alcohol. Why is this identity so special?

Prophetic vision

Hannah Hudson inhales the Provost...

LOOK AROUND YOU and marvel at the university of the future. Flags unfurl in the Quad to reveal the newest university logo – a cardboard box filled with aborted squirrel foetuses – as the Jazz society (now known as Jazzverein) display their horns proudly. Row upon row of culturally diverse students march past, all stepping in time, turning their heads to the paragon of virtue sitting in his provost-mobile. His arms are raised masterfully as if commanding the waves to dance to his provocative tune. Sodden with ecstasy, the students throw flowers and salute as they parade by.

The man in the mobile puffs on his Cuban cigar and nods graciously to the parade of obedient, diversely cultured students. This is Herr Grant and this is his Global University (or Unipolitik as it is now known). The realisation of his achievement causes a stirring in his loins. Artists among the crowd note that with his moustache gently wafting in the breeze, he is the globalised, culturally aware version of Michelangelo's David – retaining the naked Classical glory whilst contributing his own brand of hairy modernity.

Historically the UCL ideology has been infused with the goal of becoming the 'all-conquering-pimp-daddy-of-British-universities' with room only for people of pure cultural diversity and money, lots of money. Conspiracy theorists did not believe this could happen whilst vegetarians still enjoyed civil liberties, but fortunately, the fantasies of

one man and his funny little moustache did not stand still. After months of planning in the newly renovated provost-cave, Malcolm Luther Grant stood in front of assembled crowds, dressed in a white rhinestone studded jumpsuit and told them 'I have a dream', it was the first step towards the realisation of a true UCL – Uniformly Culturified Limited 'cleansed' of superfluous, mono cultured elements.

Likened to the pubescent Charlie Chaplin, the Provost's sense of fun has always been balanced by his ambitious world view and ability to kill a man with his thighs. Popular posters proposing UCL as not only a global, but rural university have appeared bearing the logo, 'Your Provost needs Ewe' with the authoritative image of a man in green tights pulling a sword from a sheep. The armed chimp patrols caused consternation at first, but it has only been students with undesirable velvet blazers who have felt the effects of the well lubricated machinery of mass murder at the provost's disposal. All that remains of the hundreds purged are pillars of salt and laceration marks on the wall, depicting a flaming 'P'.

Blessed or not, the Provost has survived 27 assassination attempts in the last 3 years, one of which eventually led to the Vatican denouncing corn on the cob. But most are willing to forgive the man who creeps down their chimneys at night, as long as he keeps plunging UCL ever deeper into the steaming pile of progress.

It isn't. It is surely impossible to refer to a single, coherent SSEES identity and misguided to elevate one identity over another. Institutional identity is always complex, and although I for one subscribe strongly to an academic identity, it is by no means certain or even likely that the default position for most students should be similar. For instance, SSEES students should not automatically be involved in political activism - but there should be a chance for us to *try*. We don't need a 'special identity', but a vibrant culture to foster any identity we want. Not easy, given the decline of student activism and the site committee's ability to get College and the Union to endorse its monopoly on SSEES' identity. Alternatives have no breathing space; poor integration between the postgrad and undergrad community, and limited interaction between different departments influence even

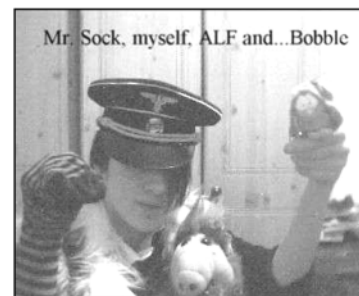
the simplest of activities. Witness the absence of key researchers from non-social science departments when NATO's director of policy planning lectured in January – despite the obvious relevance to their areas of research.

These problems and more must be transcended if SSEESness is to thrive. But in this limited space, I have only been able to begin revealing the most basic issues that must be addressed by student politicians, by the SSEES administration – and most importantly, by the ordinary students of the school. Crucially, I have not addressed the means to carry out this transition. But I am firmly convinced that with more debate and a little organisation, things can be put right by the efforts of a vanguard of students dedicated to revolutionary change.

Ah. That's starting to sound a bit Communist. But hey, old stereotypes die hard.

Talking: the new myspace?

Sam Steddy on a strange phenomenon



Yeh, Bobble. The newest member. Yes. Cool. Rock on.

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YOU'D THINK that publishing your sexual preferences, address, mobile number, and philosophies would be an open invite for stalkers to stand outside your window crying and posting body matter through your letterbox. But perhaps you're wrong. This being the space year 2006, social recluses and self-loathing bed-sit dwellers have for a long time been expressing emotion and reaching out to people via the affable mask of the internets. Sites such as 'facebook' and 'myspace,' have long offered an undying link back to mother's teat. How else am I meant to find

out Matt's viable opinions on terrorists? Or that Martin used to model lingerie for the Next catalogue? Or perhaps that Starbucks's mother is the Vicereine of India and that he wishes his parents would spend more time in this country? Oh look, Matt's also got some pictures of him holding a semi-conscious girl down on a bed.

Rumours have recently emerged though that someone from campus has made friends with someone from their course 'just like that'. As is commonplace with a technological breakthrough of this size, idiots do however encounter some teething problems. We have already seen the case of special Rare FM DJ Adam Freedman being presented with a restraining order for 'poking' ex-*Pi* editor Holly Falconer in the Phineas Bar. One exciting aspect of this new idea is that of 'glotticising' the keys one would normally stab into the laptop keyboard as one sits in bed weeping and eating Sara Lee

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chocolate puddings. This involves moving the slab of flesh in your mouth, normally reserved for shovelling food, to produce what are known as 'phonemes' which when strung together can create sentences

such as 'Hi, how's it going?' During the next few weeks then, please don't be surprised if you see swathes of lithe beauties outside Flat 1 on 18 Tavistock Place wailing after Jim Hunkin, who promises that he's 'conservative and damn sexy...'

surprise the public opinion of opiates is so low.

Clearly far too few people have felt the hit one gets after loading up and injecting, the high quickly reassuring you that that chunk on your front teeth was there *before* you gave your dealer a blow job in order to get a few quid knocked off your share. Indeed heroin is certainly very sociable; cooking up a wrap can create new friendships, sharing needles can verily intertwine the flailing destinies of two young people. There is truth in the old saying 'You don't know someone until they've given you hepatitis'.

The actual high itself is a unique experience, the floor gives way, your feet no longer touch the ground, you *are* flying. All the synapses in your brain are firing at once, the euphoria, the bliss is all consuming, the niggling pain, a blood clot, haemorrhaging, you ignore it all as the junk consumes your soul. Of course, like all drugs, the low

comes next, a horrible, slow realisation as the truth dawns upon you, you're going on the game to feed your habit. With blisters on your genitals, matted hair and yellow teeth, you may feel like a member of the UCL Social Forum Society, but fuck you'll *feel* great. For ten minutes.

Heroin isn't necessarily as harmful as the mainstream media would have us believe; if you factor out the risk of HIV, the possibility of overdosing, choking on your own vomit whilst on a high, increased chance of mental health problems and collapsing veins it's actually no different to having a sly fag or drinking alcohol. Furthermore, the old myth that drug use damages developing nations is precisely that, a myth. By helping to fund the cartels holding these countries in a vicelike authoritarian grip, you're helping someone teach those dirty natives how to be civilised. Perhaps if they too knew the joy of nose diving into a pile of pure coke, they wouldn't spend so much time whining about the rainforest either.

Donlon Stundet The Love That Sold Your Soul

An honest picture of hard drug use

Carlos Hussein

Coke, ecstasy and crystal meth may well be some of the most fashionable drugs available to the student media, but few can match the intensity of squeezing a syringe full of heroin into the soles of your feet.

As a regular user, I'm often asked "What does it feel like?" Provided I'm not smacked off my tits, I tell them it starts off feeling

like fucking an angel only to wake up halfway through and realise you've been copulating with a rotting corpse. Known on the street as shit, dope and skag, the narcotic has certainly earned itself quite a reputation. Whatever you call the drug, there is no escaping its tremendous misrepresentation in the press. With front page spreads of bloated, dead teenagers lying in various bodily fluids it is no



Valentines' Poem

You weren't the first. (Of all the naked bodies that I have laid in this room, you were maybe the fifth, I think... certainly the fifth complete one, cos #48593/1 had major bits missing even before i took him out drinking with me. ellipsis. Back to you.) You came to me on Valentine's- I knew You were Special then. The tag around your toe said 'STD'; I suspected bitter calumny. We share a union greater than many, Though others mock us, you will always be, Forever mine; each vein and artery. My dear, you wait, so cold outside, yet inside, your ripe and valvy heart awaits. Forever mine; whenever I smell formaldehyde; I Think Of You. scary boots

Rachel Stevens loses bra

Al-Qaeda bomb nursery school, shit happens all over your face urgent



WORLD EXCLUSIVE by Rusty Wood

MASS HAPPENINGS happened yesterday somewhere. The bungle-bra protection squad was called to an oaten-coffee warehouse when Pamela Bundock slipped on her own piss whilst trying to teach her partner how to giggle dance with a french fry. Chaos struck this totally normal

event when the french fry decided to launch potato jihad, declaring *Libertines, Eagles, Franz Fraternity*. The extraordinarily normal services were stretched to working point when a simultaneous bra bang-bang coodely-oot occurred on the Northern Line around Victoria Circus causing the drivers to walk out citing threats to their abnor-we-won't-eat-vitalite-ality. Having discovered butter really does taste better than flowers the firearms squad responded magnificently by launching an assault on the unknown hamster stronghold of Preston Manor High School. 63 children were dead before the police had even emptied their Readers' Digests. The FTSE finished up.



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PHALLIC SHADOWS

Queer Symbolism and the Cowboy Movie

jawed men stare into the camera, and "howdy partner" is an ill disguised come-on.

Welcome to the world of the gay cowboy movie. Welcome, in fact, to the world of cowboy movies. "Go West" was a gay an-

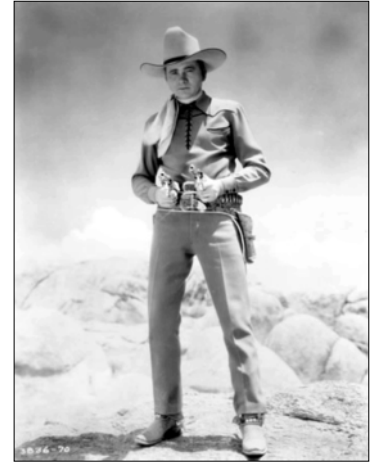
them, and it's easy to see why. All "westerns" throb with homoerotic subtexts, as my deep and penetrating analysis will show. There are those who decry my analysis as nothing more than an oversensitive deconstruction of a slightly camp but ultimately harmless cinematic genre. I advise them to look harder.

From the very beginnings of the 'western' cinematic genre, homoeroticism and *homosexueller symbolismus* has been woven into the characters' linguistic subjectivity. A complex *netz* of meanings and sub meanings was devised, with hidden implications which both provide succour to secret initiates to the gay symbolism, and induce subconscious homosexuality in the unsuspecting viewers. For example, cowboys have tended to call each other "partner," a clear reference to the favoured term of address between homosexual men.

The visual and spatial landscape in which the cowboy movie takes place is awash with phalli, both real and imagined. The classic western takes place in a sparse, macho environment, (*ein macholandschaft*) the horizon of which is interrupted only by thick cacti, standing *aufgerichtet*, and by the tall peaks of Monument Valley. The cowboy takes upon the role of *phallus-extremis*, manfully penetrating this landscape thanks to his manly virtues.

Now let us consider the cowboy himself in greater detail.

Picture the classic cowboy, as depicted by Gary Cooper in *High Noon*. He stands, a slightly knowing smile playing around the edge of his lips. What secrets does that



smile conceal? Note that his face is obscured by shadow, signifying the hidden nature of his homosexuality. He faces the screen, his hips pushed slightly forward, forcing his penis upon the viewer. He fires from the hip. He carries two guns, signifying his two testicles. Note also that the guns are identical, signifying the ideal homosexual union between two individuals of the same sex. The phallic nature of the guns themselves of course needs no elucidation. Furthermore, the dip in the top of the cowboy's hat subtly but obviously recalls the division between the two halves of a bell end (*The rest of Prof McNab's paper can be read online through www.gaystor.org - Ed.*)

Professor Claude McNab
University of Connectthedots

Recent media coverage has suggested that the film *Brokeback Mountain* is in some way a "gay cowboy movie." I have not seen it myself, but I find this a surprising claim, given that it seems to imply that a *gay cowboy movie* is a departure from the norms of the genre, when in fact *homosexuellergeschlechtunpfunkt* is a feature of every cowboy movie ever made. I happen in fact to be preparing a paper on this very subject, the first draft of which I present below.

Cacti shimmer in a heat haze phallicly, lassoes encircle man and beast, dragging them into a sweaty embrace, hunky square



retard's advocate ()

Stop Com-planing, Womun

A recent report has found that, in rape cases across the country, courtroom juries funded by taxpayers' money are systematically prejudiced in favour of women, with a massive 6% prosecution rate. Indeed it seems that, instead of judging each case on the basis of the facts, courtrooms are succumbing to social stereotyping and women are sending innocent men down by using their naughty, seductive

may tantalisingly pretend to not want it.

Other shocking recent statistics have not only shown an increase in so-called 'rape' due to an increase in drinking - no doubt due to many more (lying!) uninhibited women and not due to male drinking which in no way shape or form makes men more violent or aggressive, but also that a marked increase in female



Not even young men in boiler suits can escape a woman's charms

Indeed non-rapists are waking up in the morning next to their last drunken 'conquest' and finding themselves labelled with the term rapist for their whole lives. A term which drags them down with the weight of the metal chains I'd use to tie you to my bed and kitchen sink if only you weren't running quite so fast and screaming quite so loudly.

Now, I would like to reiterate that I am NOT a chauvinist, and this NOT a personal vendetta (look it was consensual, ok!) I agree that rape, sometimes, does happen, with big macho bosses fulfilling their personal urges at the cost of indelphensive young women in the workplace. However, along with over a third of the Great British Public, I would argue that often the woman is to blame, especially if they were drunk (i.e. poor reflexes) or wearing provocative clothing like a, say, low-cut green top and thus showing that are well and truly setting their metaphorical traffic light to green for 'go', even if they

employment over the last decades has coincided with an equal rise in rape accusations. Now, though it may seem reactionary to suggest that women are responsible for

rape, the figures are clear. If women were to not work, and thus remain safely in the kitchen, under the watchful eye of their loving and doting state-sanctioned husbands, there would be many less rapes. Because, of course, rape doesn't happen in the bedroom (it's soundproofed) or anywhere else (bar the aforementioned workplace of course) for that matter - look, if it involved alcohol and dancing it's all a bit complicated for men. I mean to say, "No" can be used as a come-on, and actually as we all know, No actually means Yes in most cases. Especially if her eyes are green. (Green, green light for go, rhymes with no....all a bit confusing really).

Though all this may seem shocking enough, with innocent men being sent to eat porridge because of social prejudices, there is even more sinister play afoot. It has come to our notice that supposed human rights (bah!) groups have been infiltrated by the feminist Mafia,

who are using their position to further these lies! As mentioned above, any drunk woman is fair game (they all want it really, can't you feel their pulses pounding as they sweatily brush against you). But, now, with the feminist Mafia invention of Rohypnol, not only do they claim to have been raped in the morning, but they claim to have been drugged as well,

which is a blatant way of escaping responsibility for their inhibited fun (so what if they even remember what happened) the heady night before.

[Si - is this okay? Sorry but I can't polish it, my hands hurt too much from dragging my knuckles along the pavement.]

Mass grave found at Malet Place

UCL gay mafia fingered over 'hetero massacre' as Engineering building becomes even more revolting



The new Engineering building in Malet Place, under which the bodies were found

STAFF AND students at UCL were in a state of disbelief last night after a mass grave believed to be the work of the 'Gay Mafia' was discovered under a recently constructed building.

The new Malet Place Engineering building quickly became a scene of chaos after surveyors examining the structure uncovered a mass grave in the basement. There was little doubt as to the culprits, the so called 'Gay Mafia' having been a fearsome presence on campus within the last few months.

The alarming find prompted the UCL estates division to promptly restrict all access to the area until the proper authorities could arrive. Despite best efforts, the Model UN Society was unable to deploy a Peace Corps unit; unconfirmed reports suggested this was because both members had an essay to finish.

"No cheesy Europop, Take That or Britney Spears was discovered on any of the iPods found at the scene," stated a UCL spokesperson, confirming that the grave had consisted largely of heterosexual victims. None of the bodies have yet to be identified, although widespread speculation suggests that the grave contains Luca Manfredi and anyone else who may have remotely offended the LGBT in the last three months.

The head of UCL Union's LGBT Society and, allegedly, the largest player in the murky pink shadows of the gay underworld, Kate Rowley, was unavailable for comment last night. A source close to the LGBT told *The Cheese Grater* Ms. Rowley had gone into hiding at an undisclosed location, possibly somewhere in Brighton.

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