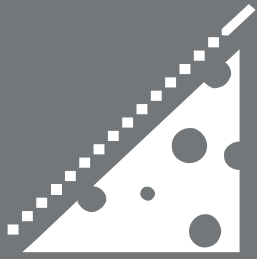


# The Cheese Grater

The Other Student Magazine of University College London Union



FF Issue  
Sept 2006

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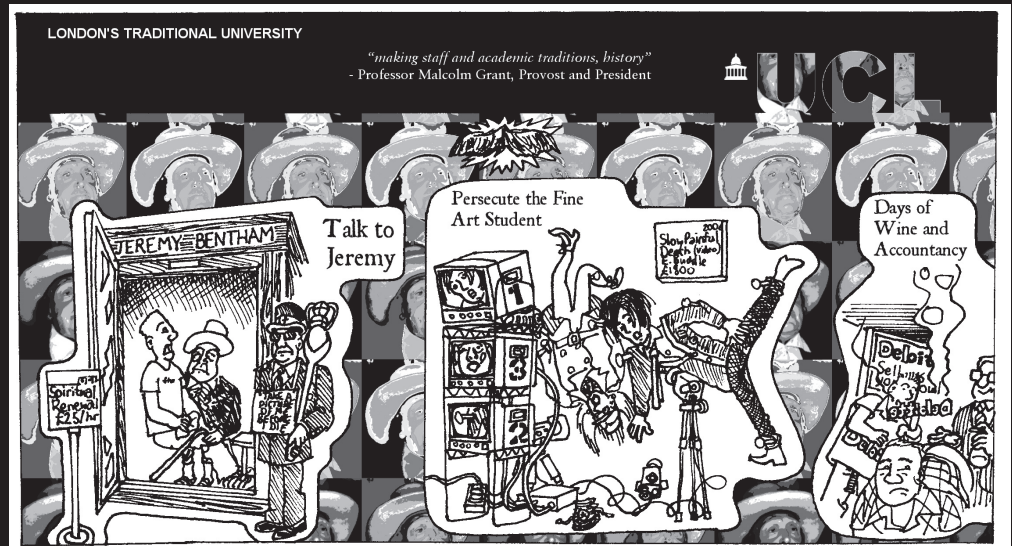
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You deluded bastards

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## Dear Freshers™ Welcome to the jungle...

Hannah Hudson

It is our deepest regret to inform you that in arriving at the Freshers Fayre today all your personal and most intimate details have been entered into the UCL student database and linked to other global indices including the FBI's Most Wanted list and the National Sex Offenders' Register. Everything from projected genital scans and childhood phobias have been processed.

You probably thought you were here to find out about the 'Friends of Medieval Chess Playing Japanese Society' or to pick up free condoms from the transsexual dressed as a squirrel loitering near the Investment Society stand. Unfortunately, Freshers Fayre™ is in fact the brainchild of some of the world's most evil (but rich) men, including Rupert Murdoch, Bin Laden and that chap off the Halifax adverts.

### Renditioned

When you skipped gaily across the Quad, your artfully scuffed converse trainers tripped a wire, disguised as a common grass snake, marking you out as PUS (Potential Union Sucker). We are afraid it may already be too late for you. Any moment now, UCLU will rendition you from your halls, bundle you into a corporate branded Cessna and

only release you after you've sobbed, sweated and pissed every last fluvial ounce of joy from your pitiful, broken body. This is not a metaphor.

Well the Cheese Grater is right behind you with the training manuals, semtax and anonymous bank accounts to attack a Union who would laughingly blow cigar smoke into your consumptive face and send you away with a greasy pizza box full of lies, deceit and probably herpes. The Cheese Grater is your duct tape, your glock and your unassuming white van.

### Grate this

The time has now cometh

comrades. Grasp this metal triangle in your clammy hands. Ignore the sweat stains under your arms and hold it aloft, without shame. Let a battle cry escape your lungs as you plunge its geometrically pleasing surface into the faces of your enemies. Feast upon their grated skin and bone. Consume their souls. Stand tall, the wind in your hair and the rain on your cheeks.

We at implore you to suckle at our multiple teats of knowledge and remember; the mouse does not always get the cheese, but the cheese always gets raped somehow.



# The Gap Year Wars

Africa was fun, Brazil was a laugh; now make it all worthwhile and use your gap year experience to maximise your popularity writes Claude McNab

THE BEST WAY to make friends at university is to show everyone *you're* better than them. The gap year is the most effective way of gaining this kind of kudos. *You've* swam with the dolphins, cured the AIDs orphans, shagged the Australian barman and worn the fisherman's trousers. It wasn't for *your* CV; it was for *your* street cred. Now it's time to make the most of *your* gap year. Maximise your potential.

## Remember...YOU

It's important to start the day in the right frame of mind. Look at *yourself* in the mirror. Breathe tantrically or yogically. Try to remember what the Sri Lankan shaman showed *you*. Check *yourself* out. You're pretty sexy in that hemp dress aren't you? Well Bruce obviously thought so. This kind of arrogance is an important tool. Exploit it.

Swagger or sway (depending on *your* sex) into the kitchen,

preferably rolling a cigarette. For maximum coolness, make this a joint. Remember a truly successful gap year wanker shows a working knowledge of illegal drugs.

## Chaff

Cannabis is acceptable as a minimum, but the outstanding individual will show a willingness to try smack [*"like fucking an angel,"* CG No.8]. If weed is all *you* have, then it must be referred to by a name no one else uses, like "chaff." Try to pronounce it in a funny way. It's what they call it in Nepal, dontchaknow?

To fully utilise the opportunities a gap year offers, one must be ready with an anecdote at all times. Don't worry too much about the contents, no one will listen to *you*. The key thing is the way the story is introduced. Good phrases to use are "that reminds me of when I was on my gap year," "when I was in \_\_\_\_\_," and "it was so funny..."

The greater the variety in *your* use of stock phrases, the more stories people will think *you* have, and the cooler *you* will be.

Other 'gappers' must be approached with caution. They can be a useful foil for the manipulative individual, helping him to turn the conversation onto the subject of gap years, and thus establishing social superiority. Such conversations and reminiscences are also a great way of ostracizing non-gappers. However remember that every other gapper is a rival. When conversing with a 'fellow traveller', *you* should try to hide snide remarks and barbs in every comment. Try, for example, to 'accidentally' describe a rival as a 'tourist'. This is merely the simplest of countless ploys that are available to the Machiavellian young adventurer.

## Cocaine and mud huts

Be flexible. Remember that there are several types of 'credible' gap year, from the altruistic

to the super hedonistic. The important thing is to demonstrate that *you* belong at one extreme. Either you built *your* own mud hut, caught grasshoppers for dinner and cooked them on a fire which *you* made by rubbing sticks together, in between teaching (don't bother to specify a subject) orphans in Soweto; or *you* clocked up the world record for shagging Thai beach boys, and had a memorable cocaine-fuelled night of passion with the President of Cambodia (and his entourage.)

In certain circumstances it may be advisable to change *your* story to suit the audience, as long as due care is taken to ensure that inconsistencies go undetected.

In general however, it's probably best to stick to *your* story. Remember, you swam with the dolphins, wore the trousers, *cured* the orphans and shagged the barman. Try *not* to mix these up.

# Facebook Essentials

Joining Facebook groups make your cock larger and your looks better; shun the social side of Freshers Week and enhance your online personality...

Kumiko Toda

THERE IS NOW no need to leave your rooms for an active social life. As university virgins it is time you were told going out and talking to people is considered downright antisocial. Welcome to Facebook where "to friend" is a verb, where the act of "poking" has allowed humanity to reach new levels of pointlessness and where you can find out people's interests without having to talk to them. So take your new UCL email and sign up to a never ending online addiction to checking your "wall" for new posts.

You will need a profile;

litter it with 'LOLs', several ';-)' and plenty of 'errms' to let others know you're a chilled kinda dude. Make sure you put up a photo of yourself throwing up with a beer in hand (it shows how, like, hardcore and up for a laugh you are) and don't forget a few illuminating quotations like "Feel and be felt, see and be seen, love and be loved, hear and be heard... remember we are all equals"

## The top five

To achieve true cool status however, you need to join at least 92.5 groups. This is a selection of the best...

1) The Hottest and Sexiest Girls and Guys from UCL.

*"Don't bother requesting unless you're shit hot"*

President Susi Wiseberg, the cleavage with a blonde attached, helps you on your way to Body Dismorphic Disorder.

2) Your Mum

*"Your mum's so fat because every time we have sex, I give her a cookie"*

For those of you who miss primary school.

3) Deep Thought Quotations

*"A place to get out some quotes while in deep though (sic)"*

So far the only quotation here is

from Lord of the Rings.

4) UCLs 20 Hottest Women

*"...let's not forget that as much as girls hate chauvinism, they also, without fail, love a good compliment!"*

It's ok, really, it's like post-post-feminism, yeah?

5) Name - There'S (sic) No Nicer Place To Live Than Surrey

*"For those priveleged (sic) individuals fortunate enough to live in England's most pleasant county."*

Not 'priveleged' (sic) enough for correct spelling and grammar

# UCL Traditions

University is not just about beer and books, it's about ritual abuse, selling your soul and worshipping facial hair

## Scary Boots

UCL HAS A great history, with many traditions and a lot of time, there are plenty of engaging rituals you can perform that will help you fit in and feel at home.

If for instance you have a problem, telling it to Jeremy Bentham's bones is always helpful. Perhaps, hypothetically, she seduced you, swore she was 16 and turns out to be crying 'Mummy! Mummy! He hurt me in my dirty places!' to the courts; spend a quick half hour with Jezza, relieve your repressed anger and spermatozoa, and lift the average age of your conquests to a comfortable, mature, and most importantly a legal level. Sorted!

For the more studious amongst you, a favourite occupation of UCL denizens, or 'Poncy Twats' (as they are affectionately known) is 'Doing It'\* in the library 24/7. Try it, with or with-

out your mobile phone! It's got to vibrate mode for a reason, you know!

The university mascot is 'the moustache', and it is considered irreverent to not make obeisance when one is sighted. A first offence usually incurs a stint organising a night to raise awareness of the lower classes, to include a number greater than one but no more than five hours wearing Burberry. Repeat offenders may be made into Turkey Twizzlers™ for the canteen (vegetarian option available.).

For those among you pinning for a spot of foxhunting don't miss the annual 'Art Student Routing'. The infestation that has built up over the year is killed off using appropriated methods of devastation in revenge for the destruction wrought by their hive! Recent years have featured crushing by newspaper wrapping and nailing to any nearby bits of wood, before leaving decorative-

ly around the quad to expire in a slow, lingering sort of way.

In the summer months, UCL plays host to a variety of exciting cultural events, such as Accountant Recruitment Day, No Matter What Your Subject You Too Can Be An Accountant, and the biggest spectacle of the summer, Deloitte Owns Your Arse. Gaze as rows of eager, pink cheeked youngsters perform a synchronized trou-dropping display, shuffling round information before the splendid finale of a light branding and a promise of employment for a couple of years.

Don't just stand here reading about it- jump in! UCL will probably adopt your ideas as traditions in its quest to gain as much, if not more history than Oxbridge, and climb to the top of the Guardian league tables.

*[\*in this context we think 'It' is playing solitaire on your laptop. - Ed]*



## 2 for 1 Meal Offers with your Student Oyster Card!

**FOR A LIMITED time** only, Transport For London is offering a meal for two for the price of one. Simply turn up to one of the listed restaurants and present your Oyster Card to claim.

## MORE

More is the answer to all those seeking a fast, convenient, and artfully presented but barely nourishing meal. Inside the décor is classic 'workhouse chic,' with seating provided on long wooden benches (watch out for splinters), and the staff in period costume. The menu is a delight, with several kinds of gruel available. Custom-



ers are welcome to ask for a second helping, but do try to phrase the question in an original manner.

**Nearest Tube: Shoreditch**

## LondONE

Londoners are always trying to get one up on pesky terrorists and this quaint place is no exception. The gutted tube carriage theme works well, smouldering adverts, blackened seats and charred

plastic limbs offer an authentic experience. Waiters too are dressed appropriately with a range of outfits, from rescue workers in breathing apparatus, shaken City gents in torn suits and dark skinned men with suspicious beards and large rucksacks. Service varies and is subject to severe delays. Most noteworthy is the steak which is washed down well by a couple of Cobra Committee beers.

**Nearest Tube: Aldgate**

Final 23rd September 2006

## Parents paying your rent? Think having to pay fees yourself is that one step too far from the nest?

Follow our easy guide to getting a sexy Italian ~~sex slave~~ exchange student to pay it for you!

1) Cut out the following notice advertising a spare bed in your ~~sex~~ ~~dungeon~~ room!

2) Sellotape 400 copies to and any surface around college where you think you have a fairly good chance your number will be seen by fellow students and not sex offenders!

-NOTE: Suitable places to post your notice include the gutter outside UCLU on a Friday, the Provost's ego, and all over Facebook

-NOTE: Take a tip from the local pimps' tart cards and fix your adverts up with acidic gum and/or razorblades!

3) Wait for a sexy Italian to phone you offering to live on a stained mattress under your desk in return for complete sexual submission/ outlandish sums of money

-NOTE: Remember if you ask for your rent in cash you can easily throw them out when they reach puberty AND avoid paying any tax. NOTE: Andrea, although ending in an a, is a MALE name

4) ~~Drive yourself under a train if your captive escapes~~

## AFFITASI!

£500 al mese

Posto letto in camera doppia - ampia e luminosa.

Solo a Ragazze belle e serie!

Per dividere con ragazzo bello, serio, e lascivo

Deve amare il bukkake!

Only maxseriousness need apply!

Marco

555-887-542

## Loans? Debts?

You lazy little bastard! Get a real job! Don't sign up to those silly



# Freshers say the funniest things

**Any reference to persons living or dead is purely factual**

Tom Cooling

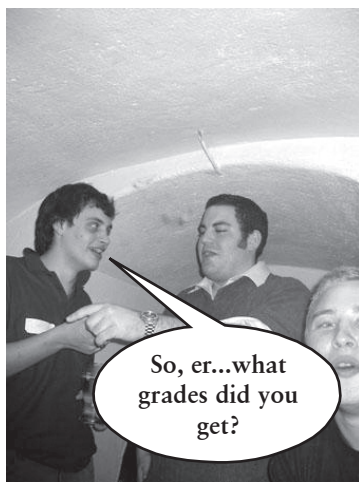
IN LONDON, OFF the leash, and on the razzle it comes as no surprise that freshers are prone to verbal diarrhoea. Is it desperation to impress? Is it desperation to seduce and shag? Or is it just plain and simple desperation? Either way, we're sure you've heard the following several times already this week...

5. "Everyone is just so friendly, I mean there is no-one nasty here at all." Just wait until she's using your tampons, eating your food and stealing your make-up. The IDF will look restrained.

4. "I've met my best friends." Truth be told, you are statistically more likely to hate these people in a year's time. If you don't then that means you haven't changed at all, which is even sadder.

3. "It's not just a Freshers Fling, he really loves me." Chances are he's a third year, experienced and moderately attractive. His ex-girlfriend floats in the background, having been put 'on a break' in anticipation of the unbroken hymens he could smell like a hot Christmas dinner. Trust us, by the time you've had the customary pregnancy scare, stopped wearing make-up and started looking shit in public, he'll have moved on 'before this gets too serious'.

2. "I just can't believe how diverse UCL is!" Scratch beneath the surface of over 100 nation



When all else fails...

alities at UCL and you will find a pyrite mixture of the middle class and mundane, laced with a deluded crust of upper class. If it were a car it would be a battered ten year old Mercedes estate, the kind driven by second rate cab drivers and destitute private school mothers.

And the winner – the number one blooper ushered by Freshers at UCL and pretty much everywhere is ...

1. "This is the BEST week of my life!" In terms of pleasure the average Freshers week ranks somewhere between doing poppers and having a root canal. How can it be the best week of your life? You don't even know these people! The best you can hope for is to sail through with a few friends and hope that rash doesn't itch in a week's time.

## Think you could do this too?

The Cheese Grater is published twice per term and contains satire, wit and investigative journalism. Although this issue is purely satire we regularly publish critiques, news items and reports.

Voted the Student Publication of the Year (2006) by UCL Union, the Cheese Grater is always keen to take on new staff.

If you are interested in writing for us, come to our introductory meeting in Room G02 in the Windeyer Building on Tuesday 3rd October at 5pm.

Alternatively you can email the Editor at: [cheese\\_grater\\_magazine\\_society@ucl.ac.uk](mailto:cheese_grater_magazine_society@ucl.ac.uk)

# How to be original

**Got A-Levels. Got some freedom. Got some money. Got laid. Get a clue.**

Carlos Hussein

YOU ARE NOW a university student. Regardless of whether your family has a coat of arms, a £300,000 semi-detached five bed house in Maidstone or a court summons for benefit fraud, one thing is certain – you are a living, breathing, walking cliché.

It isn't exactly your fault. Since finishing your exams you've been drowning, stuck in a vat of toss fed to you by everyone you know. You could take that Che Guevara t-shirt and garrotte yourself with it, but that would get off lightly. Flaying yourself alive is the only way to remove every last fibre of stereotype from your whimpering young body.

Run back to your halls and tear that Quentin Tarantino poster from above your bed. Everyone hates being rich at UCL, so buck the trend and mount a bear head on the wall. Complete your image by hiring a small Indian boy to wait on you; then and only then will you be able to get

roaring drunk, wave your cock in your female friends faces and still be dignified

Drug taking is a pitfall of banality. Be original and try really hard. If you do choose to pursue chemical highs, avoid popular drugs like coke – try peyote instead. For the really daring, lick the scrotum of a nearby tramp, alleged to harbour hallucinogenic properties. Round it all off by proving students aren't wimps and put the boot into the fucker – don't stop kicking until his left eye bursts.

Sex is expected of students. Boys and girls all over UCL will fucking and sucking throughout Fresher Week, so strike a pose and stand out. Have a mastectomy, lose your testicles and declare yourself sexually null and void. If self mutilation still isn't extreme enough, commit harakiri on the steps of the Portico and let the Slade students use your blood for an installation.

Just remember, joining BALLS does not give you an edge.

UCL Union Cheese Grater Magazine Society

[www.cheesegratermagazine.ucl.ac.uk](http://www.cheesegratermagazine.ucl.ac.uk)

Student Publication of the Year - UCL Union Arts Awards 2006

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