

A man with long blonde hair, a goatee, and sunglasses stands in a grocery store aisle. He is wearing a light brown bathrobe over a white t-shirt and sandals. The aisle is filled with shelves of products, and a sign for 'Kroger's first Southern California' is visible in the background.

niche

AN NCH STUDENT CORONAZINE

issue

01

prompt: isolation

APR 2020

ISSUE 01

niche

AN NCH STUDENT CORONAZINE

01

isolation (n.)

the process or fact of isolating or being isolated without relation to other people or things. to remain alone, apart or separated from others.

APR 2020
ISSUE 01

a note from the editor

DEAR STUDENTS, STAFF, READERS,

I AM SO IMMENSELY PROUD AND DELIGHTED TO PRESENT THE VERY FIRST ISSUE OF **NICHE**. IT WAS DEEPLY MOVING TO SEE HOW, IN LESS THAN TEN DAYS AND DURING TIMES OF EXTREME STRESS, THE NCH STUDENT BODY CAME TOGETHER TO PRODUCE SUCH A BEAUTIFUL COLLECTION OF ART, POETRY, WRITING AND MORE TO SHARE WITH ONE ANOTHER. I WOULD LIKE TO THANK EVERYONE WHO CONTRIBUTED THEIR BEAUTIFUL WORK, AS WELL AS THOSE WHO OFFERED HELP WITH EDITING, FORMATTING, PUBLISHING AND MORE. I ALSO THANK OUR STUDENT UNION AND OUR PRESIDENT **MARIA PAYRO**, NOT ONLY FOR GIVING ME THE GREEN LIGHT TO START **NICHE**, BUT FOR KEEPING SUCH A COOL HEAD DURING THESE TRYING TIMES AND KEEPING THE STUDENT BODY UPDATED AND INFORMED. **LIZA BELOZEROVA** HAS ALSO CONTRIBUTED TO THE ONLINE SPIRIT OF NCH CORONA-COMMUNICATION WITH HER BOOKCLUB *BOUND BY STORIES*, FOR WHICH I THANK HER IMMENSELY AND AM DEEPLY LOOKING FORWARD TO. I ALSO THANK THE NCHSU SOCIAL MEDIA TEAM FOR HELPING ADVERTISE **NICHE** TO THE STUDENT BODY.

A PARTICULARLY SPIRITED PREACHER NOTED IN 1603 THAT “**THE CAUSE OF PLAGUES IS SIN, AND THE CAUSE OF SIN IS PLAYS.**” I ADMIRE THE ANTI-MODERNIST SENTIMENT, BUT PREFER TO VIEW THE EXCELLENT WORKS PRODUCED FOR **NICHE** AS A CONSEQUENCE RATHER THAN A CAUSE OF THESE TROUBLED TIMES. THE PROMPT OF **ISOLATION** IS PERHAPS AN OBVIOUS ONE, BUT I HOPE IT ALLOWS ALL OF US TO THINK ABOUT A PARTICULARLY CHALLENGING ASPECT OF THE AGE OF CORONA VIRUS IN A NEW LIGHT. HISTORICALLY, MANY GREAT WORKS AND DISCOVERIES HAVE BEEN MADE DURING TIMES OF QUARANTINE: FROM SHAKESPEARE TO NEWTON, THE ISOLATED ‘ANNUS MIRABILIS’ INCURRED BY VARIOUS OUTBREAKS AND PANDEMICS HAVE GIVEN BIRTH TO SOME OF THE MOST STRIKING AND SIGNIFICANT LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC AND ARTISTIC WORKS THE WESTERN WORLD HAS EVER SEEN. I DOUBT THAT **NICHE** WILL CHANGE CULTURAL LANDSCAPES IN THE SAME WAY THAT *KING LEAR* OR THE DISCOVERY OF GRAVITY HAS, BUT I DO HOPE THAT IT WILL PROVIDE AT LEAST A LITTLE BIT OF COMFORT, DISTRACTION AND RELIEF AS WE TRY OUR BEST TO STAY SANE, HAPPY AND HEALTHY.

STAY CONNECTED, STAY CREATIVE,

Victoria Comstock-Kershaw

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Prose & poetry





Dear Zine,

ANON.

dear Zine,

How are you? I am fine. The weather here is nice. I ate a chicken sandwich for lunch. It was good.

No, honestly though, it's lovely to write to you. It's lovely to hear your voice. It's lovely to write something right now. I was about to say that it's nice to do something different; that there's only so much masturbation one can do whilst locked up in a flat. However, I realised that for a history student, writing a letter in a time of crisis and isolation is, in itself, an almost masturbatory act. In one hand it's thrilling, yet in the other you know that the mark you leave on paper is unlikely to make a real difference. It's a brief pleasure, and I know that what I leave has the power to grow and live independently. But it won't. Masturbation implies waste. Certainly, that's the basis for its biblical rejection. The basis of teenage reprobation. The waste is why it is a sin. I know this because my grandma had a budgie called Onan. She called him that because he always spilled his seed upon the ground. He also shat a lot, but she couldn't find testimony old or new to support that. My point is that these letters won't grow into anything. They are wasteful. Nobody will read these and wonder about the time in which they were written. But what of when we are young? When we are told not to waste. Then, surely, is the least wasteful period of our lives? Now, a wank is just that, a wank. Forget blooming rose-petals, small deaths and the taste of lightening. It's bim bam, thank you Sam; a minute well spent, leaving a trail of warm sleepiness with a tint of shame in the corner. But when I was young, it wasn't just a wank. It's The Wank. The archetypal spaff, both formative and summative. Those first wanks shape romantic attachment, jealousy, work-ethic, smoking habits, eating habits, showering habits and the order in which you answer a cross-word puzzle. There is nothing wasteful about those. They were not sinful. I was not sinful. I'm going crazy in this flat.

I miss you all.

Love,





Capsicum

"BIRTHDAY BOY" (ANON.)

"Open a bottle of red, will you," I shout from the kitchen.

Halfway down the stairs: "What we having?"

"Red."

She looks beautiful. "To eat?"

"I haven't decided, something standard."

"Okay?" She holds up a bottle of Coop Chianti from the cupboard.

"Pass it over, I'll open it."

She tuts and goes back upstairs. "Give me a shout if you need anything."

"Whoa," I snort.

What am I gonna cook, I think? There's tomato sauce from the weekend, and tuna. Not much pasta (you can't find it anywhere). Plenty of rice. Olives...

I open the fridge and pull out the salad drawer. Green pepper. That'll do it. Fishy, prawny, olivey, casseroley, red winey... green peppery...

I pull the cork from the wine and pour a glass. £7. DOCG. Value.

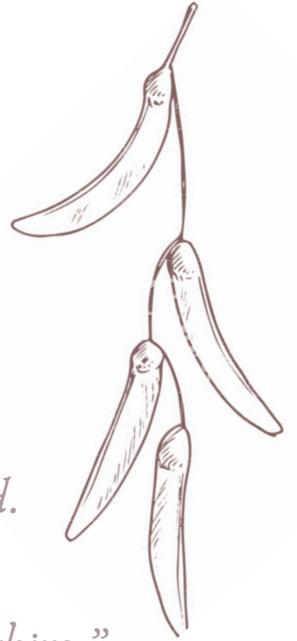
I sniff but don't taste; I fancy myself a bit of a wine connoisseur. Well, not really, more of a wine ponce. I blame my mate who got me into the Wine Society. Let it breathe.

I take ingredients from the fridge: pesto, sundried tomatoes, capers, anchovies (we're running out; can't get those, either), tupperware box of sauce, and the pepper. From the cupboard to one side of the fridge I take onions and garlic, and from the other side, the sliding pantry as it's called in middleclass domestic suburbia, the jar of rice. I place it all on the worktop next to the hob, and turn again, to the freezer. Tuna, prawns – I put them in warm water to defrost. I should have thought of it earlier, I shake my head. I turn back to the pantry. Olive oil. Back to the fridge. Olives.

I am sixty today. My memory is shot.

The wine tastes good; three minutes makes all the difference. Back to the pantry, balsamic.

Now to the other side of the island: herbs, paprika; it's a gastronomic dance.



I slide the big drawer beneath the hob, take out the heavy frying pan and a small one for the rice. A splash of oil. Water in the pan, a cupful of basmati. Salt. Smash and chop the garlic, chop the onion. Turn the oven on (not sure if I'll use it). Change my mind before the noisy fan starts. The light on the extractor above the hob. Back to the fridge, parmesan. I think we're good to go.

I put Radio London on. I like Eddie Nestor. Shall I clap at eight? Of course. I did it out the window last time . . . seemed cheap, like I couldn't be bothered to go downstairs.

Things are sizzling, it all looks fine. I top-up my wine, tip some into the sauce, and wash the pepper. I smile to myself. "Capiscum." For years that's what I thought they were called. I think a posh girlfriend put me right.

With my heavy-duty cleaver in one hand and the shiny veg in the other I prepare for the final ingredient. I raise the blade six or seven inches and, letting-out a kung-fu cry (in the evening delight of a quiet house I'd watched Kill Bill 1 and 2 back-to-back earlier in the week. Uma Thurman, that Superman-Clark Kent philosophical bit, David Carradine, fantastic.) I prepare to slaughter the innocent.

"What's going on?" my wife shouts down.

I stop before chopping.

"Grasshopper: when you can take this pebble from my hand..."

"Outside."

"What?"

"Look." She comes downstairs, shaking her head with a look of bedazzlement. "Outside."

We go together to the front door and open it. Our jaws drop. Two metres from the threshold, in a neat line (though close together, tut tut) I count them. One, two, three. I stop. Ten, twelve, green peppers. Capsicums.

My wife puts her hand in mine. "What's happening?" I think of the solitary pepper, still whole, on the chopping board.

"I don't know. . ." And then, I have no idea why, I suddenly wonder if we have any mushrooms. Something weird is happening. Is this a symptom? "Are we dreaming?"

"I don't think so."

The peppers remain in their place, at a safe (safe?) distance from our door.

"What do you want?" I ask. I can't believe it; I am talking to a row of vegetable produce.

"Can we come in, please?" the front pepper asks, politely, in a soft-spoken, quite respectable almost received pronunciation tone. I think of Brokenshire at my front door before the second-last election. Have I drunk too much wine?



“Can we come in, please?” the first pepper asks, again. I think I see a small, anthropomorphic mouth outline the words on its little pepper face.

“What for?” Giulia asks, doubting her own sanity.

We notice some doors opening, it must be nearing eight. I wonder if the peppers want to happy clap. “Come in?” I wonder.

“Too see him before he goes.”

Giulia looks at me and me at her. She squeezes my hand. “Who?”

“On your board. By the big knife.” You can see into our kitchen from the front door. “Before he goes.”

They mean the capsicum? I frown to myself. “Goes?”

“Yes. To the capsicum garden. Back to where the others have gone.”

“Giulia,” I say. “Wake up.” But we are not asleep.

The clapping starts along the street. The boy next door, Josh, hits a saucepan with a wooden spoon. They seem to ignore – perhaps not even see – our visitors.

Giulia and I stand aside as the capsicums (capsica, capsikeye?) file past and slowly form an orderly semi-circle on one side of our island.

The rice has overflowed. I turn off all the heat. I notice that the peppers are uneven shapes and sizes. A farmers’ market, I think.

“This?” I pick up the pepper.

The other peppers rock slightly from side to side. Weebles wobble but they don’t fall down.

The one who spoke earlier, nods.

“Do you want him back?” Giulia asks. I think she has a tear in her eyes. “We don’t need him.”

I momentarily think of saying we can use a red one. “No, we don’t need him. Honest, you can...”

“We don’t need him either. He’s dead,” the leader says. “There’s no point. He’s better here. We just...” he pauses. “We just wanted to say goodbye.”

I turn off the radio and we all stand in silence.

The clapping outside has stopped by the time the peppers march in an orderly manner from the kitchen along our hallway to the door. It is slightly open but, without disturbing it further, they disappear into the April evening. The last one turns and gestures thank you.

I push the door. It clicks shut. I raise the handle to the locked position.

Neither Giulia or I speak as we turn off the lights and go upstairs to bed.



Animal Crossing

"TOM NOOK" (ANON.)

*Oh, to be a small animal
on a deserted island
eating peaches and making friends,
paying back mortgages with fish and fruit.*



Isolation

ELLIOT RILEY

*Poetry is hard
"Isolation" is too long
To write a haiku*





i remember you

ADAM PAGE

*i've got to leave you now
there's food in the cupboard
watch out for the cat
maybe read this
you can have any body you want, it says
but i have to go and i'll be back when this is over*

*are you ok
you're ok
please tell me you're ok*

*these long hours
like the fingers of a piano player
touch but no sound
all I hear is me now*

*but we will be ok
we'll be ok
tell me we'll be ok*

*can you even hear me
i remember you.*





Villanelle (Ecosystem Coup)

"TZ" (ANON.)

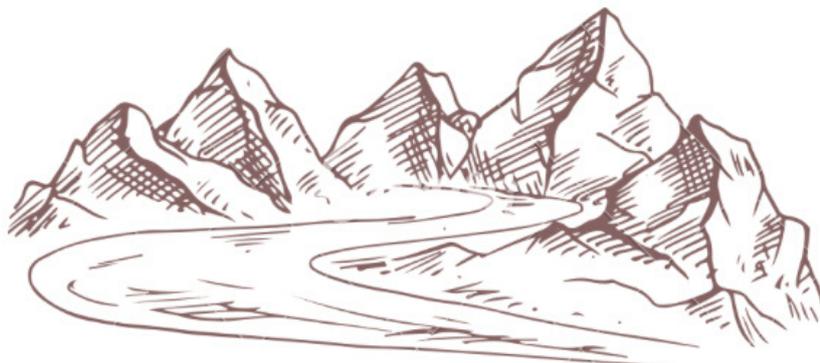
HOME is our ecosystem which starts to
bloom acetone mountains and treacle leaves.
At HOME everything is transformed and new.

Stored snacks with warning notes in glitter glue,
awfully conscious of roaming thieves;
HOME is the ecosystem which debuts

the wild sibling's colossal sweet tooth,
there are no fair limits to what she craves,
in this ecosystem so transformed and new.

Certain public mannerisms, such as 'chew
with your mouth closed' seem to be obsolete
after HOME performed the ecosystem coup.

When we leave, we do in order to queue
outside the packed food shops, hoping to reach
before they sell the last bottle of shampoo.
Strange, how everything is so transformed and new.





An Isolated Cogitation

(ANON.)

I am alone, yet I am not.

There are shadows in my mind.

I am fighting, struggling, clashing.

Not with another being, but with myself.

I ask myself questions. I stare into the darkest corners of my heart.

Am I docile or intractable? Arrogant or shy? What of it?

I ponder the future and reflect on the past.

I reflect on who I am, where I have come from.

Is my past regrettable and forgettable; where to from here?

I reflect on who I am, where I have come from.

Who have I become? A shadow of my former self, or a giant?

I pass the time to forget this reality.

A reality of angst and xenophobia.

I read, binge, drink, masturbate.

And it feels good. To escape.

Oh Bacchus, deliver me from this time of trial.

Let this deafening isolation end.



The Return of the Student

SUBMITTED BY A STUDENT'S MOTHER, A. MERE
(ANON.)

Where have all my bath oils gone?

Long time passing.

Chanel, Radox and Jo Malone,

Long time ago.

And the charger for my phone?

The student's 'borrowed' every one.

When will they be returned?

When will she ever learn?

Where have all the hours gone?

Long time passing.

Since she went to bed at one.

Long time ago.

Now it's three and lunch is done.

The student's slept through every one.

When will her door open?

When will she ever learn?

Where has all the fitness gone?

Long time passing.

The promises of morning runs

Long time ago

In the kit from Amazon.

The student's broken every one.

She'll never feel the burn.

When will she ever learn.

Where has all the term-time gone?

Long time passing

The weeks of calm are done

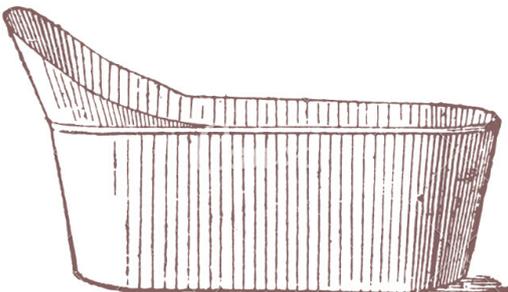
Long time ago.

Holidays go on and on,

The student filling every one.

And if college never returns,

When will she ever learn?

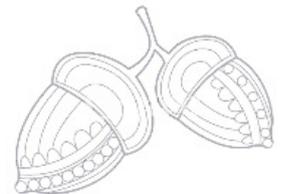




things to do in Self-Isolation

VICTORIA COMSTOCK-KERSHAW

Take a bath.
 Read a book.
 Light a candle.
 Watch a classic film.
 Paint a picture of yourself.
 Treat yourself! Have a glass of wine.
 Okay, maybe three.
 Play a new video game.
 Cook a very complicated meal.
 Burn a very complicated meal. Ruin Mother's le Creuset.
 That's okay! Treat yourself! Try your parents' expensive merlot.
 Try a little more.
 Stand naked in front of a mirror.
 Stare at your body. See how she glows?
 Finish a jigsaw.
 Do a nice face-mask.
 Have a little more merlot.
 take a bath.
 watch the scarlet drip over the bubbles.
 imagine what it would be like to drOwN in the pearly red.
 crY a little.
 Call a friend.
 hear the dialtone.
 Stare at the ceiling.
 Think of an ex-girlfriend.
 Wonder what she's up to these days.
 Does she still think of you? Does she still wear red?
 does she still Press the sickening damp of rotten Deathflowers To her Head?
 Take a bath.
 Smoke an entire carton of cigarettes.
 Become weirdly enraptured by the American city of Spokane.
 Pour over images of long-dead Starlets and Count the Moles on their Shoulders.
 Brush your thighs with the blue-soft of Lavender sprigs. Build A temple of twisted twigs.
 Remember the stash of LSD your weird uncle left in the fridge.
 Treat yourself! Slip two tabs beneath your Wet red tongue.
 Go to the old woods behind your fathers home. Settle among the moss.
 See the carnival shapes of beasts oF Old form among the trees. Hear the banshee crY of a crotchgrass'd Mothers seep. slip
 below the damp earth As you Rest upon demeter's hipbone and weep. Can you hear Them? The yellow-Bellied wolves? the
 ancient rootknot? How they shreik and writhe? Bathe in brackEn. Beckon the Nub'd well springs to outstretched your crawling
 fingertips. The virus cannot Hurt you if you are besunker between The depths of her creators hips.
 Breathe once with the topsOil. Become One with the moss.
 ReturN to your home.
 You are cHanged.



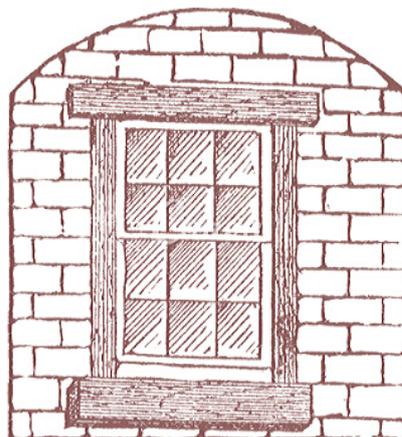
Take a Bath.



Notes Against Insanity

ISABELLE CHAUZY

- *check in with yourself*
- *check in with someone else*
- *make a good coffee (if you drink coffee)*
- *smile at people + say hello on your social distance walk*
- *sit in the sunshine*
- *dance to music*
- *write a gratitude list*
- *take some time to do something you love just because you love it*
- *start something you have been meaning to start but were too busy to*



Drink water. Meditate. Write gratitude lists. Read the news - but know when to stop. Moisturise. Eat fruit + veg. learn to cook something new. Take a shower. Paint your nails. Listen. Reach out - connect. Laugh. Stretch + Breathe. Take a walk. keep learning. Make a to-do list and finish everything on it. Sleep more. Tell someone that you love them. Write them a card. Dream. Reflect. Read good books. Be kind.

Know that this will come to an end.





Drunken Rant Against Houseparty

ANON.

I hate houseparty. I think it's a horrible app. I don't even like real houseparties, but at least if you don't get an invitation to one of those you can just pretend it's not going on. With houseparty i feel more alone than ever. I get to watch my friends hang out with cooler people than me what an honor. Every couple of hours it sends me a notification that that so and so is online n i log on hoping they'll chat but they're always already in a room with someone else. And so i get to watch the list of people chatting get longer and longer, until their names turn grey and they lock the room. I feel like i'm standing at a real life house party where the host has told you it's totally cool for you to come, but you're standing outside with your nose pressed up against a window watching your friends chat and laugh through the fog your breath has made on the glass. And the worst part is i could totally join before they lock the door, i could totally walk through the door and laugh and chat but i don't. I'm not sure why it is I don't join, maybe i'm scared if i join suddenly things will be awkward and the party will stop and suddenly everyone has to go n make dinner. But then i just get more upset at myself for not having the courage to join. I don't know man, i just really hate houseparty.



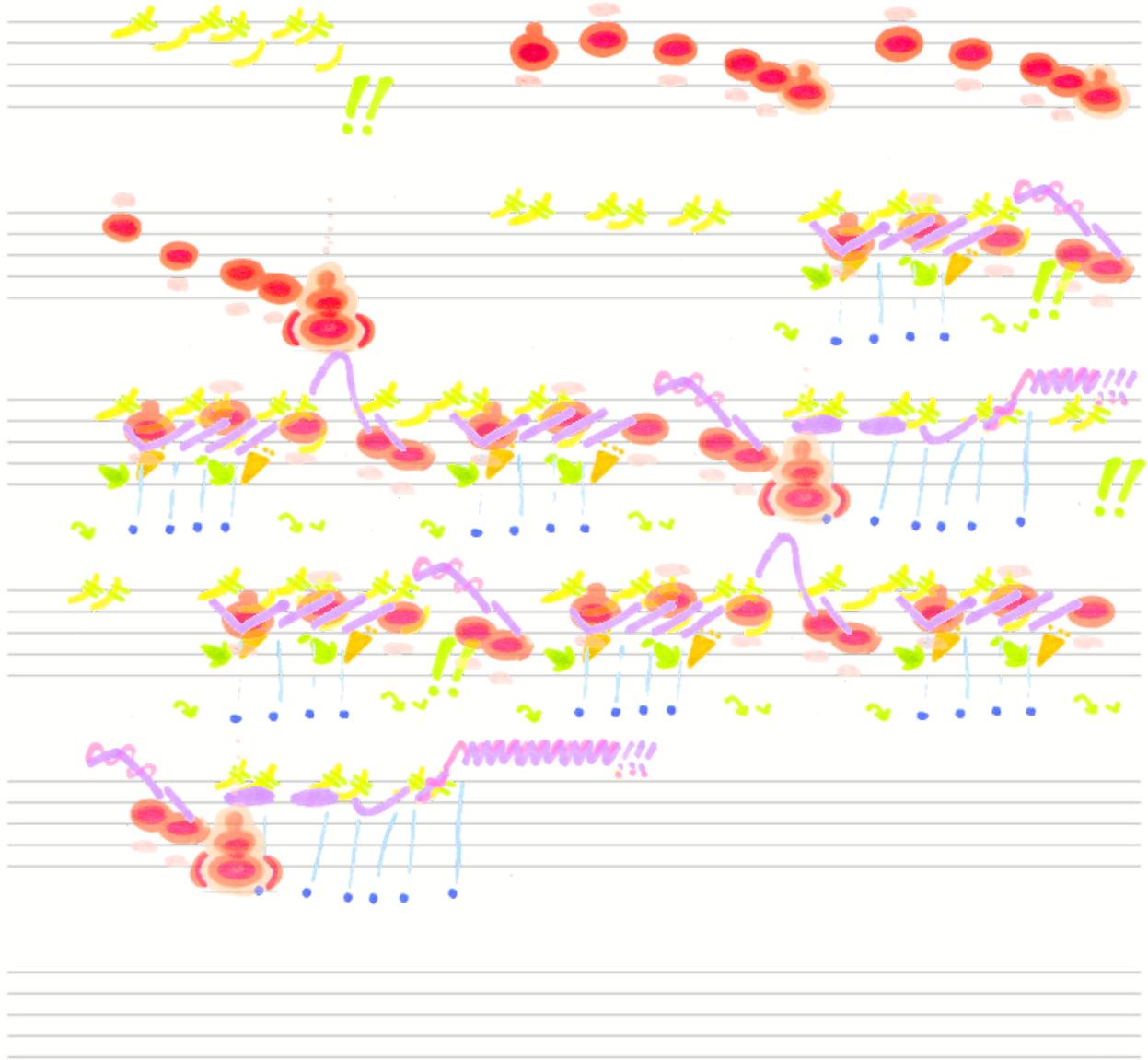
Art. & music





Jazz in Absence

ROBERT SYKES



2m
(6 feet)



2m
(6 feet)



Waves

SHAHIN CORNELIUS



EDITOR'S NOTE: A BEAUTIFUL PIECE FROM AN EXCEPTIONAL SOUL.
LISTEN AT: [TINY.CC/SHAHCORNELIUS](https://tiny.cc/shahcornelius) (ALL LOWER CASE)





Reasons You Will Be Okay

ISABELLE CHAUZY

YOUR WORTH
DOES NOT LIE
IN YOUR
PRODUCTIVITY
(you are already
enough, ok?)



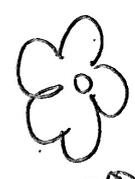
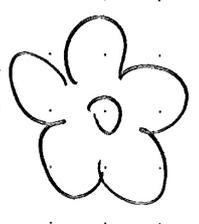
THE THINGS WE CAN'T CONTROL:

- GLOBAL PANDEMIC
- MASS HYSTERIA IN THE MEDIA
- GOVERNMENT POLICIES

THE THINGS WE CAN CONTROL:

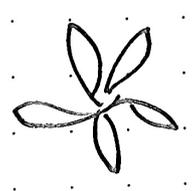
- HOW WE TREAT OTHERS
- HOW WE TREAT OURSELVES
- THE SENSE OF COMMUNITY WE BUILD AROUND OURSELVES
- YOUR ACTIONS RIGHT NOW IN THIS MOMENT

Take time
to
REST

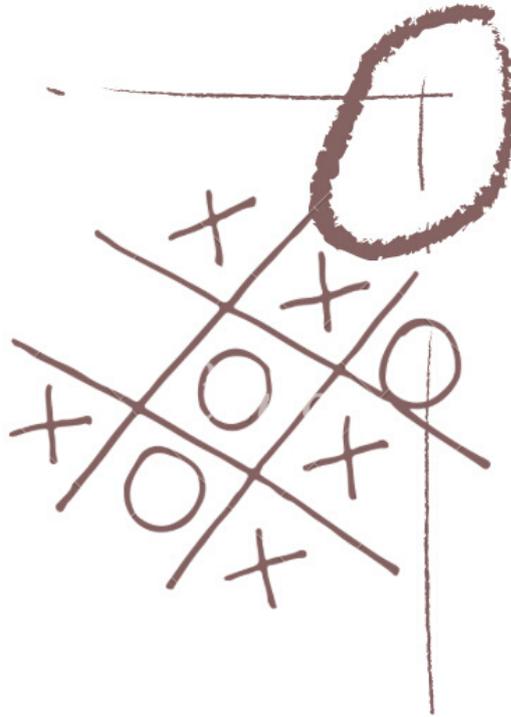


producing

Don't feel guilty for not always



THERE IS A POWER IN
CREATING A SPACE FOR
YOUR OWN THOUGHTS
THAT WILL NOT BE SEEN
BY OTHERS. A SPACE FOR
PROFOUND HONESTY + COMPLETE
REST - A REST WHERE YOU
CAN PUT DOWN THE BAGGAGE
OF SOCIETAL EXPECTATIONS
AND JUST BE. WRITE WHEN
YOU DON'T WANT TO WRITE.
WRITE WHAT YOU HAD FOR
DINNER. WRITE ABOUT HOW
ANNOYED YOU ARE. WRITE
YOURSELF BACK TO YOURSELF -
AND DON'T BE AFRAID OF
WHAT YOU FIND IN THAT PLACE.
OWN IN, BE COMPASSIONATE,
GET TO KNOW YOURSELF.
- THAT IS TRUE CONNECTION.



Essays & articles





The Isolated Woman: Some Thoughts on Third Wave Feminism

ANON.

There is a quote by Medium author Tom X Hart: 'the sexual revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race.' The phrase has become somewhat of a meme among millennial neocons touting a less extreme version of its message, as well as young liberals mocking the original sentiment, oft-parodied by the neo-Marxist 'the industrial revolution and its consequences etc.' Hart's thesis is that great social damage was caused by the Sexual Revolution, and that resulting cultural turmoil has escaped criticism for the sole reason that we are unable to reconcile pre and post-revolution values, and this in turn has led to a generation of men and women that are socially disillusioned and culturally orderless. Of course, the credibility of his claim runs dry the moment he reveals that his argument hinges on the fact that the real fault of the Revolution lies in the encouragement of women to reject their God-given duty to pump out a small factory's worth of children. There is, however, still something to be said for the consequences of the sexual revolution not being as great as we like to pretend. I do not believe that women have been left angry, disenfranchised and desultory because (as Hart argues) of the rejection of pre-Revolution ideas about the woman and her role in society, but rather because we are ashamed to admit we have still not fully isolated ourselves from them. I proffer the following thesis: that, if we regard the aim of the sexual revolution as being the isolation of the modern woman from the expectations, mores and standards of the non-permissive society, it has failed - and, more importantly,

It goes without saying that the permissive society will always argue that it is better than its outdated alternatives, mostly because that is precisely where its value lies: in its modernity.

The Western world prides itself on its treatment of women and their role within the family nucleus (or reinvention thereof) for the simple reason that it has managed to construct a (relatively) functional society without relying on a familial structure utilised by the vast majority of cultures for the vast majority of history. Women, therefore, find themselves in a position of rejecting pre-Revolutionary values not because they view them as being inherently inferior to permissive ones, but because they are a result of an inferior time. The dissonance of the modern woman lies in our attempt to reconcile these roles, mannerisms, expectations and characteristics with the knowledge that we are,



supposedly, isolated from their architects. We justify behaviours birthed of misogynist and sexist societal ideals precisely because we feel like they are no longer associated with these antediluvian cultures: we strip and wear makeup and forgo careers to be housecarers not because a man is telling us to, but because we - apparently - feel as if we want to. That is seemingly good enough for many liberal feminists: if you want to pile on sexdoll makeup and take your clothes off and let men slap you around in bed, that's sort of the end of discussion. We feel this way because we have convinced ourselves that the Sexual Revolution has worked, that we have successfully isolated ourselves from the women that came before us, those who were forced into prostitution and motherhood because the alternative was social outcast at best and death at worst.

However, I argue, why bother justifying these behaviours if they are indeed removed from the supernatuated societies they were both born of and thrived under? Surely if their wellsprings have to hide behind dichotomies of empowerment and emancipation, it is for more than to simply satisfy our own obsessions with appearing progressive: it is because we are still very much aware, whether we admit it or not, that we have not separated these roles and habits from their architects. We don't question whether it is a good or a bad thing for a woman to conform to pre-Revolutionary ideals, not because (as most libfems would argue) we are satisfied with the answer "it's her choice to", but because we know that sexism probably accounts for most of it - subconsciously or not. Much to any Hoppeans disappointment, it's nobody's place to tell a woman not to shave or strip, but I believe it should be encouraged to understand why we apparently so eager to do so despite knowing they are exertions created by and for men. While we are more than ready to hide behind ideals of empowerment and her-body-her-choice-isms when justifying behaviours inherited from a pre-permissive society, the truth of the matter is that simply because it is a woman making a choice does not automatically make that choice beyond reproach. Traditionally female roles and standards are not inherently inferior, but the post-Sexual Revolution system that created, upheld and justified these roles certainly viewed them as such. Women want to shave their legs because they've been told men find it more attractive, women strip and become voluntary sex workers because



they have been told that a sexually active woman is desirable, women stay home to birth and raise children because they have been told it's acceptable to rely solely on a mans income, women wear wigs and cowls and hijabs because they have been told by male-centred (and dominated) religions that this is the only way for a woman to show faith. It doesn't matter that we feel as if we want to, because ultimately we are still subjecting ourselves to roles created and upheld by a society that viewed women as being worthy of nothing better. It's no secret that patriarchal and capitalist societies are experts at making their populations believe they want something ultimately detrimental, so it's not exactly a stretch to accept that said population - male and female - suffer from the same notions.

A classic rebuttal to this argument has always been, but what about the Lesbians? To which I answer: the reasonings behind the modern woman's reality have little to do with the simple search for sexual male approval; lesbians wear makeup and make porn just as much as straight women. It goes much deeper and further back than that: we have been told (and shown) that men fare in society far better than women (both pre and post-Revolution), and so - as dictated by the theory of Memetic Desire - we adopt what we have deemed to be the ultimate behaviours of the *summus cannis*. We have come to loathe the role of a woman under such a society so deeply that we assign pity to the feminine, contempt to the traditional, opprobrium to the womanly in both men and women even today. We reject and mock perfectly admirable traits - gentility, compassion, emotional expression, tenderness towards children, a desire to nurture those close to us - in all genders because we still see them as associated with roles created under a pre-Sexual Revolutionary society. And yet the modern woman is unafraid to bend over backwards to submit to fantasies of sexual submission, social complacency, even physical alterations under the guise of choice. This, in my opinion, is a clear indication that we have not isolated ourselves from their origins (or at least, not the good bits.).

The reasons behind why we as women - no matter our sexuality or gender presentation - find these behaviours and roles to be acceptable, normal and even desirable are murky only because we like to pretend they have nothing to do with men or the society they created and dominated before the Sexual Revolution. Of course we can choose to cover our hair, or spread our assholes for men for cash, or stay at home and pump out children in order to forgo a career and submit to your husbands every whim. But that does not make said choices any less damaging: just like white people crying out 'that's not racist!', the underdogs do not get to choose what is or isn't empowering. That is solely the oppressors role: modern women may well tell themselves that the burlesque/strip/rap show about anal sex they attended last week was empowering or that their hijabi-wearing neighbour who chose to raise children over getting a degree is a feminist icon, but the reality is we are still submitting ourselves to ideals and mores created by a society that deemed women as worthy of nothing more. We claim to adopt these roles - of housewives, mothers, strippers and whores - because we have isolated them from their origins. But if this is the case - if we do indeed strip and wear heels and hijabs and slap on makeup and make porn for ourselves - why do we so fervently deny their inceptions, if not because we know they are not yet separated from their architects?

To those would claim that we truly have isolated ourselves from the apparent antedelivianism of pre-Revolutionary society, I have but one thing to say: *acta non verba*. I will believe that the Sexual Revolution has been a success only when I stop witnessing - and experiencing - guilt for forgetting to shave, shame for embracing the feminine, commendation for the adoption of submission, and admiration for women who sell pictures of their feet online. If we are to believe the Sexual Revolution is a good thing, we must also believe it has not reached its peak. I cannot say whether there is anything to be gained from viewing roles inherited from a time before it as being redundant in our age, because while I am just as guilty of shaving my legs, supporting voluntary sex workers and defending the female religious garb as the next 21st century feminist, I cannot say that I am any the happier for it. It is unlikely that an answer to this conundrum will be formed within the next few years - or, indeed, within my lifetime - but I do stand by the idea that the only way of reaching it is by questioning why such behaviours are still glorified by those that they harm the most.





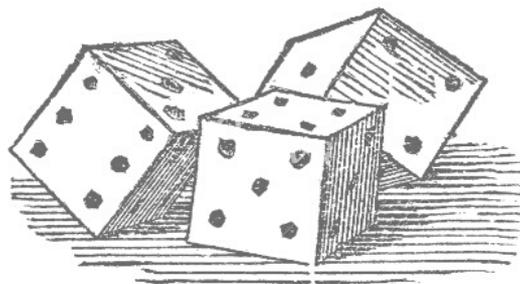
NICH Bingo

AGNE SLUSARSKA



NCH Bingo

AGNE SLUSARSKA



Ran to Pret during a lecture break	Had a nap in the JCR	Got too wild during a bar night	Skipped a lecture to go for a pint	Had the Bricklayers vs Jack Horner argument
Skipped Critical Reasoning	Cried because of an essay	Spent all day in Senate House	Tried to count the number of graphs in Pinker's lecture	Had to explain what NCH is to a friend
Dancing with Grayling	Had a lecturer buy you a pint	NCH	Campaigned to be on the SU	Baked for an NCH bake sale
Borrowed an umbrella from the airlock	Forgot your key card	Followed Grayling on Twitter	Shopped online during a lecture	Bought a mystery shot
Lied about having read something during a tutorial	Complained about the JCR sink	Pulled an All Nighter for an essay	Got tipsy during a Subject Social	Written a summative in less than 48 hours



NCH Bingo

AGNE SLUSARSKA

NSFW!



Smoked weed in Bedford Square	Cried during a bar night	Thrown a bottle of wine at a wall	Skipped lectures because of hangover	Skipped lectures because of a come down
Been to Mohsyn's	Dated someone from uni	Had a crush on a faculty member	Gossiped about Grayling	Walked into a tutorial not fully sober
Done drugs during a bar night	Been to an afters at 19 Gowers Mews	NCI	Voted to RON someone	Overheard juicy gossip in the JCR
Stolen an umbrella from the airlock	did a smelly poo in the JCR toilets	Lied to faculty to skip a lecture	Didn't pay any attention during a lecture	Had a one night stand with someone from uni
Had the Callum vs Christoph argument	Had sex at NCH	Used drugs/alcohol to finish an essay	Gotten flirty with faculty	Did Class A drugs on a week night



the subjects. during quarantine

VICTORIA COMSTOCK-KERSHAW

ENGLISH

- SAYS THEY'RE GOING TO TO READ THAT MOUNTAIN OF CLASSICS THEY'VE HAD LYING AROUND SINCE 2016 BUT THEY KNOW THEY WON'T
- STARES LONGINGLY OUT OF WINDOWS
- CONVINCES THEMSELVES THAT IT'S FINALLY TIME TO START WRITING THAT COLD WAR EROTICA NOVEL

HISTORY

- FRANTICALLY STARTS A DIARY IN CASE SOME NERD IN 200 YEARS WANTS TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT LIFE UNDER CORONA WAS LIKE
- DEEP INTO VARIOUS CONSPIRACY THEORIES ABOUT THE VIRUS
- "I COULD TOTALLY HANDLE THE APOCALYPSE, I'VE SEEN 12 MONKEYS"
- USES THEIR EXTENSIVE MILITARY KNOWLEDGE TO BUILD A BARRICADE

ECON

- TAKES A SHOT EVERY TIME THE DOW JONES GOES DOWN
- DELETES AND REINSTALLS THE ROBINHOOD APP EVERY FEW DAYS
- SO MUCH ONLINE SHOPPING
- BECOMES AN INSTAGRAM SELF-HELP GURU
- "WELL, GUESS IT'S TIME TO DOWNLOAD TIKTOK"

LAW

- CHECKS THE NEWS EVERY MORNING AND IMMEDIATELY WISHES THEY HADN'T
- GETS INTO ONLINE ARGUMENTS WITH STRANGERS
- IS SINGLE-HANDEDLY KEEPING DELIVEROO IN BUSINESS
- "I'M GOING TO SUE GOD"
- DAY DRINKS
- EITHER MISSES OR HATES THEIR FAMILY, NO IN BETWEEN



the subjects. during quarantine

VICTORIA COMSTOCK-KERSHAW

politics

- POSTS WAY TOO MANY ARTICLES ON FACEBOOK
- "ACTUALLY, UNDER [THEIR IDEOLOGY] WE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS SITUATION"
- TAGS THEIR FRIENDS IN OBSCURE POLITICAL COMPASS MEMES
- WRITES A MANIFESTO AFTER GETTING WINEDRUNK
- IS CONVINCED THEY'VE ALREADY HAD CORONA 11 TIMES

ART HISTORY

- DOES SOMETHING WACKY WITH THEIR HAIR
- TEXTS THEIR EXES, BECAUSE WHY NOT
- BUYS TWENTY HOUSEPLANTS AND NAMES THEM ALL AFTER IMPRESSIONIST PAINTERS
- 100% SURE THAT SAGING THEIR FLAT IS MORE EFFECTIVE THAN HAND-SANITISER
- CRIES, PROBABLY

philosophy

- GETS REALLY INTO YOGA FOR SOME REASON?
- TRIES TO APPLY THE PRINCIPLE OF FALSIFICATION TO THE THEORY "THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS TOO MUCH MASTURBATION"
- GETS HALFWAY THROUGH *THE MEANING OF THINGS* BEFORE GIVING UP

creative writing

- HAS ALREADY DONE 200 ONLINE COURSES
- STOCKPILED ON TOILET PAPER
- TRIES REDEFINING THEIR PERSONALITY THROUGH THEIR WARDROBE
- MAKES ONE BATCH OF COOKIES AND CONVINCES THEMSELVES AND THEIR INSTAGRAM FOLLOWERS THEY'RE THE NEW NADIYA

niche

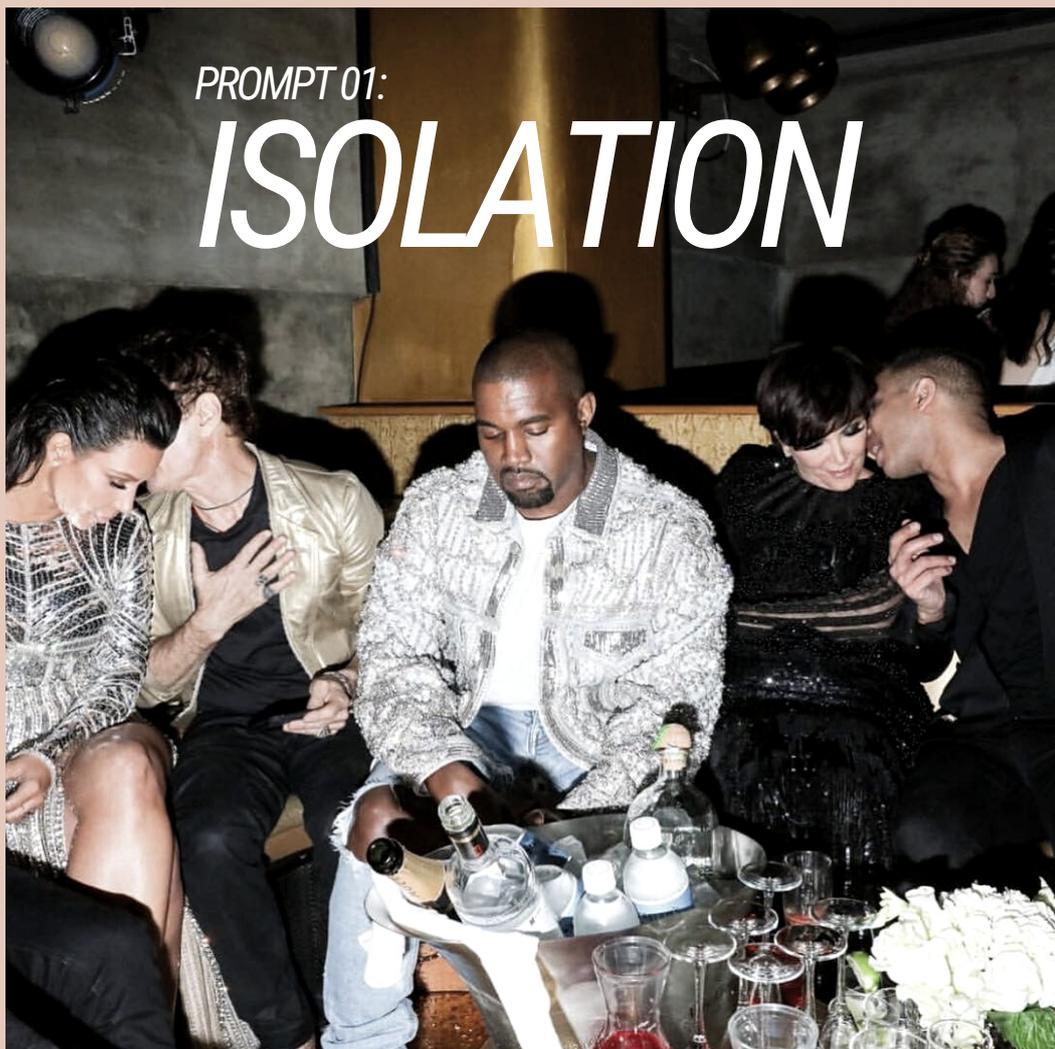
AN NCH STUDENT CORONAZINE

THE NEXT PROMPT WILL BE RELEASED ON 10/04/20. PLEASE SEND IN YOUR SUBMISSIONS TO VK1613@STUDENTS.NCHLONDON.AC.UK WITH YOUR PIECE TITLE. IF YOU WOULD PREFER TO SUBMIT YOUR WORK ANONYMOUSLY, OR UNDER A NOM DE PLUME, A LINK WILL BE PROVIDED, SO KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR EMAILS!

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