

# The MH Ladies' Page

## MostlyHarmless accused of sexism

Jules Shipway

Recent reports reveal that a white female, aged between 15 and eighty-two, yesterday attempted to submit an article to hugely-popular, male-dominated student newspaper, MostlyHarmless. This shocking news left members of the editorial team reeling. Said one irate copy-editor, who asked to remain anonymous, "This is outrageous. MostlyHarmless was founded by men, is edited by men and upholds male values. Furthermore, we discourage women from attempting to express their opinions via this publication in future."

The offending article is

thought to have contained material of a distinctly feminine ilk, and, according to a leaked report, included references to kittens. It was seized and destroyed by an unknown party in the early hours of this morning.



Magnus Taylor  
misogynist-in-chief?

When quizzed about the actions of his editorial staff, Magnus Taylor, co-Editor-In-Chief of the publication, initially declared that the only choice left to them was to track her down on Facebook: "We bombarded her with unsavoury sexual suggestions until she revoked said article." Under pressure from feminist activists and his publicist, he later withdrew these comments.

Anna Budashevskaya

Oh lordy, it's the end of term and everybody's on the town, on the vino, on the pull, in the sack, back on the horse, off the wagon, up the duff, possibly even up shit creek, except me. I am all static and mundane and working on an essay that I didn't speed through specifically so I wouldn't have to think up a perfectly good reason to tell myself about why I'm not going out tonight. I am a sloth. I can feel myself congealing.

Bridget Jones was really quite cool. She had sexy media friends. She had a job in a publishing house. And a nice flat in Borough. And Colin Firth. And she didn't, did not, did not, have Facebook. Every now and then, successfully slowing my work on this essay ("To what extent is secondary quantitative data useful in killing off your youthful embrace of life?"), I have a little check on Facebook. Adam Grabo. No activity. Jefferson Orkney. No activity. Yes, that's right! Because they're on the piss! How can you be doing things on your Facebook if you're on the piss? But I can see that little twerp, who I'm sure is very nice in real life, Carla di Fauza, is back, putting kisses all over Jefferson's wall.

Carla di Fauza is from Venice, speaks Italian, English, Mandarin and German, and resembles a younger and more vivacious Salma Hayek. Her dad is a count or something. She wants to know if Jefferson's going out tonight. He doesn't reply. I feel weird and sort of guilty looking at their wall-to-wall conversation. This has gone beyond. It's wrong to be looking at other people's wall-to-walls. I'm sure she's a really lovely girl and a good human being, and I'm just casting

## The Diary of Esther Rudolph

a desperate voyeuristic eye over what could be a beautiful, blossoming romance. They'll probably start dating and be really supportive of each other. Aah. Back to quantitative data. The trouble is, I quite like quantitative data. I'm worried this says something about me. Maybe I'm not a real human being.

I'm out! I'm out! I'm out in Klute! This is good! I'm not looking my best, but when I take my glasses off, I can sort of see that I'm a blurry Audrey Tautou. When the glasses are on again, I look like Nick Robinson. Jonathon and his strange friends were on their way out when I thought, fuck it and threw on a dress. And now I'm here, and half the world is here, and I'm really supposed to be with Jonathan-

Strange Friends are scouting for some girls who will block them on Facebook next week. Look, there are some people who are dancing like they're having sex. And suddenly, there they are. Jefferson and Carla.

No, not the sex couple, at the bar! I do a little slidey-out-of-the-group thing, and unfortunately find myself sliding between the sex couple, which is something I will never do again, and I go get a drink, next to Jefferson, still feeling slightly violated.. Carla gives me the kind of smile that says she has no idea who the hell I am. Aha! But I know who you are! I know all about you! I know that my sense of triumph is resting on the vast sea of my own private knowledge that I am very pathetic!



and-strange-friends, but am really looking out for Jefferson Orkney and Carla di Fauza.

For a bunch of guys who are out in a club to drink, have a laugh and hound girls, Jonathan-and-strange-friends couldn't look less tragically uncomfortable. Maybe I'm cramping their style. Surely they don't think that people could think that all five of them are my boyfriend? They're all scouting like meercats, we're all scouting like meercats. I'm scouting for Jefferson, Jonathan is scouting for some girl of equal beauty and intellectual achievement to Carla di Fauza and who he will never get, and

Jefferson is very pleasant, buys me and Carla a drink, introduces us. I genuinely wish I could stop staring at the graphic dancing lady on the plasma screen, but I swear that she's not wearing anything. Gosh, she dances so well. And she's so svelte! Must concentrate on Jefferson and Carla. I don't want to look like a strange anti-social sexually-frustrated Sapphist. Some boys go for it, but I think Jefferson's got some sense of self-respect, and therefore probably some standards...

Read Part 2 of the diary at [www.mostly-harmless.org.uk](http://www.mostly-harmless.org.uk)

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