



# **MOSTLY HARMLESS**

issue 11, summer 2010

## **FAREWELL TO THE SS DEGREE**

NEWS // FEATURE // COMMENT // MISC // 16 PAGES - SPECIAL ONLINE ISSUE

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BALANCE AT FESTIVAL**

**JO BRAND WINS AWARD FOR  
GROUNDBREAKING/COMEDY**

## SHAKEAHOLIC'S SECRET INGREDIENT REVEALED

MH has uncovered the reason for Shakeaholic's incredibly moreish quality. Our undercover investigator has confirmed the milk is lined with vast quantities of grade A crack cocaine. In a written statement, the owners defended their unorthodox choice citing greatly improved customer loyalty and satisfaction. They went on to state that at the end of the day their milkshakes taste amazing, and that achievement is nothing to snort at.



"Come on buddy, just a sip"

## YUM RUNS OUT OF CARDBOARD, FELLS SHERWOOD FORREST

Yet another controversy hits Yum after contractors chopped down 96% of Sherwood forest to produce cardboard for coffee cups.

In response to cries of hypocrisy regarding recycling Yum replied: "Well it is recycled. From trees. We don't see what the problem is, it's not like it's a rainforest or anything". This news comes only weeks after the revelation that Yum's coffee brand relied upon underage enslaved Ugandan workers, eliciting an apology: "Oh come on now, we're very sorry and everything but do you have any idea how much money fair trade costs?".



Resident made homeless by  
the recent demolition

## WMBCs FOUND ABOARD THE HAMAS HATE FLOTILLA

Cement, wood, nails and other Weapons of Mosque Construction (WMCs) have been found on the Mava Marmara, according to the Israel Defense Forces, who conducted a commando raid of the ship in the dead of night, killing nine humanitarian activists in international waters. Other items which are banned from being imported into Gaza include material which has the potential to educate Palestinians above their station, such as A4 writing paper. "Israel has done nothing wrong whatsoever!" claimed Israeli president Benjamin 'Bibi' Netanyahu, who also pointed to kitchen knives found onboard in

the ship's kitchen as evidence of the aid workers' murderous intent.

## PROPOSED REFERENDUM ON WHETHER OR NOT THE DSU SHOULD STAY AFFILIATED TO DURHAM UNIVERSITY

Proponents argue that the university is unrepresentative of the vast majority of students, and is no longer relevant to DSU students in 2010. The referendum is supported mainly by a group of past and current students, who have set up the website notodurham.org. We asked the leader of the group on where the DSU should live if not in Durham, and were told "well, I've personally been living up my own arse for years now so surely we can find somewhere".



## STUDENT TRAPPED IN DURHAM BUBBLE PRESUMED DEAD

Jonty Mellor was last seen campaigning for DUCK and taking part in one of the many, many regattas. His rowing captain told us "He just took it too far. Formals every other night, rugby socials to boot and hours spent preparing sharp questions for the weekly debate". Friends and family have all but given up hope, and fear even if he is found he'll be unable to be integrated in the real world and may have to be put down.

## IDENTITY OF FIT REVEALED

The intra-university celebrity known only as 'Fit' has been located. Dozens of universities joined in to close in on the elusive figure via a dedicated website 'fitfinder'. At its peak there were over 150 sightings of Fit a day, stretching out across the country. The website has since been disbanded, and although for legal reasons we can't reveal Fit's real name her spokesman commented she's been forced to hiding as "people want to do some very, very nasty things to her".



A censored photo of Fit

## FATHERS4JUSTICE MEMBER VOWS TO APPEAL IN CUSTODY BATTLE

Fathers4Justice member Jake Lee is appealing the court's decision to award him custody of his only child. He told MH, "I don't want this little shit. I mean I told the court I was a drunk and don't work and have no money and I'm actually gay and they were having none of it. It's just yet another example of legal discrimination against the father and it's got to stop."

His ex-wife Helen, 32, stated she was happy with the decision: "I mean I feel so vindicated. I explained I

was a terrible mother what with my drug habit sexual promiscuity and violent tendencies. I just wasn't fit to look after this child". We asked both parents why they didn't simply hand the child over to social services, Mr Lee replied "Our child is 5 years old middle class and healthy. Nobody wants him. It's like he's got the plague or something. Actually, maybe I should try that".

## DURHAM ALL COMPLETE WANKERS, STUDY CONFIRMS

A new report by the Cambridge University Neurology Team has reaffirmed previous findings that University of Durham students are almost universally complete dickheads. The study, led by Peter Role, found that 98% of Durhamites scored at least 8 or higher (of a possible 10) on the Glasgow Twat Scale. The GTS is the standard test for assessing levels of self-righteousness, irritating accents, lack of real-world awareness and use of the word "banter". The confidence interval given was 95%, and the report concluded that one possible solution would be for Durham students to "just fuck off forever."

## STEPHENIE MEYER 6TH EVER FEMALE AUTHOR

After years of searching, Waterstones has announced that Stephenie Meyer has been officially recognised as a female author. Following in the footsteps of Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë (who also went under the names Emily, Anne and Beatrix Potter), Virginia Woolf, Anne Frank (also known as Enid Blyton) and J.K. Rowling, Stephenie will have her works read by more than "those feminists who hang around near the cooking section". The search for

a 7th female author has begun, but isn't expected to conclude until at least 2050.



One of Stephenie Meyer's many writing apprentices

## SHOCK AT DISCOVERY SUBWAY SERVE NON- MEATBALL BASED SANDWICHES

"Bullshit", said one Mildert student, "there's no way this place wait. What the fuck. Is that place open right now? It's not Tuesday it can't be Tuesday I could have sworn it was Friday. I need to go", a Castle student was similarly shocked; "Now I know you're lying. I know the meatball shop, I go to Studio then meatball shop. That's how it works, 50p entry then £1.99 meatballs, then home to cry".

## Clarification

Many readers have suggested that we cover "Everybody Draw Mohammed Day", however we'd like to remind readers that MH is a non-prophet organisation.





# HERE TO FOUR MORE OF LABOUR

...ieves  
...tain's on  
hope is to  
support Labour  
in the  
election.

If they lose, we're done

## Labour



## MORE HOT AIR IN THE MIDDLE EAST

TOM DUDLEY LENDS HIS EXPERT ANALYSIS TO THE CONFLICT

The UN Secretary-General was said to be “blown away” by events in the Gaza strip this week. After months of talks, Big Bad Wolf construction has commenced building work on several new settlements on a heavily disputed piece of land.

**“They huffed and puffed and then used armoured bulldozers to evict us”**

Wolf is using building standards legislation to justify the destruction of several porcine communities already on the land. At a press conference yesterday they

defended their actions, claiming “some of the properties were real pigsties” and were “extremely flimsy.”

Old Major, a spokesman for the community said “this really is the last straw. They huffed and puffed and then used armoured bulldozers to evict us. There’s nothing worse than being in constant fear of Wolf at the door.”

International condemnation will not be far off, although the United States has recently attacked the Porcine Authority for allowing militant elements to freely raid Wolf’s forestry reserves. Its position follows a gaffe from the Middle Eastern envoy who described the current

incursion as “a right dog’s dinner”.

The paramilitary group Sus Scrofa issued a statement on its website stating that “we cannot be deceived for we know our enemy well and all the Wolf’s plans will go to pot, our war chimney is smouldering with rage”. Negotiations are under away, but Wolf insiders describe the talks as constantly hitting a brick wall.



Community in a huff

# LEGAL HIGHS AND LOWS

POTENTIAL 'STUDENT JOURNALIST OF THE YEAR' NOMINEE ED RUDOLPH TALKS DRUGS

Near the end of last year my girlfriend left me for another man. We'd met during Fresher's Week, so naturally I assumed we'd be together forever. Unfortunately, I hadn't accounted for the possibility of outdoor pursuits one day defining manliness more than magazine journalism. I was inconsolable.

But then I remembered: Glastonbury. Booked in happier times, those tickets cost like £200. There's no way she could drop out of that. With this in mind I formulated a plan to win her back: drugs. Glastonbury is full of drugs, everyone's doing them. And everyone always looks so happy on the telly. This was my one chance – four days alone with her before she moved away again. We'd see some bands, take some drugs, and then just as The Edge was striking those final chords of 'Where the Streets Have No Name' she would forget about all that other stuff and fall back into my arms. It was foolproof.

A week later, Bono broke his back. Undeterred, I resolved that the plan should continue. Living in Durham, obtaining the drugs before the festival was obviously not an option. Stockton's a long way, and I'm afraid of needles. I wasn't worried though. I'd heard about Glastonbury; shrooms basically grow wild there, and every second person's a dealer. Sorting out a few pills should be no problem.

I've since spent hours trying to work out the exact point at which things started to go wrong. It's hard to narrow down, but I do think that camping in the family area significantly reduced our chances of scoring a successful drugs deal. Far from the utopian visions I had of free love and cheap drugs, I had an angry father of three explaining in detail what he would do to my man bits should I ever set foot near his gazebo again.

With drugs nowhere to be found and the fields awash with unwashed white middle class yuppies, I was getting desperate. I'd considered Rohypnol but that seemed to cross a line of some sort. But then again "just being myself" clearly wasn't getting me anywhere.

I mean, it was myself she dumped. Desperate people call for desperate measures, so I improvised and turned to the only thing available to me - a brightly coloured stall next to the dodgy anoraks. Legal Highs. Worth a shot right?

Two hours later and I'm nodding along awkwardly to some electro beats, painfully sober, at a silent disco. Taking off my headphones I have a look around, and suddenly everything becomes clear. I'm not on real drugs, and I'm not at a real disco. I'm standing in a field having spent 8 quid on plant fertilizer. I wanted to play knock down ginger with the doors of perception, and I found a club without music and some pills without a high. I'll tell you what's behind the curtain, Dorothy: 200 morons going ape-shit to the latest Now CD in a semi-noiseless tent.

**"just being  
myself" clearly  
wasn't getting me  
anywhere. I mean,  
it was myself she  
dumped**

I didn't sleep that night and spent the next 10 hours concluding that perhaps the human body might not be designed to have that amount of caffeine introduced to it in one go. I usually start to lose the plot after two skinny lattes. With the trial run a failure, I convinced the ex to give the bands a miss the next day and come and watch some comedy acts around the Circus Field. I felt my offering of fake drugs and men who are funnier than me would remind her what a catch she let slip away.

Within twenty minutes the tent started spinning and I found myself unable to breathe. Unbeknownst to me, I was having an anxiety attack. Never having had an anxiety attack before, I mistook this for the onset of death. One major flaw of the anxiety attack as

a physiological reaction to fear is that the sudden inability to breathe tends to make one feel rather anxious. In fact, as I fell to the floor, noting a rather unusual lapse in motor functions, I would describe myself as "really very anxious".

Lying there, trying to ignore the fact that pins-and-needles had spread to my actual face, I prepared for my exit from this world. *So this is how I die; in the cabaret tent at Glastonbury. Not raving my nuts off at the dance arena, or shooting up in the hospitality area toilets, but lying on an embroidered rug, in a circus top, while Marcus Brigstocke reads from the Sunday papers in a sardonic manner. This wasn't the plan.*

Fortunately, my ex was on hand to get me to the medical tent. Less fortunately, an ex-girlfriend ranks just below your dad and the guy who used to bully you in school in a list of people who you don't want as witness to a paramedic explaining what you believed to be the final few minutes of your life was in fact just you getting a little nervous. "Look mate," the driver sighed, producing an indemnity form and a pen, "I can take you in if you really want me to, but by the time we get there I'm betting you'll be fine." Shit. Can he say that? He's making me choose between my natural instinct not to look like a fucktard in front of the woman who callously threw me aside, and an overwhelming fear of death. I signed the form, and stumbled off to watch the England match.

Later, left with a lonely 5 hour train journey home, I thought back over the trip. I was sleep deprived, acutely aware of my own self-worthlessness and experiencing an overwhelming urge to cry in broad daylight. Essentially, legal highs have managed to simulate every aspect of genuine recreational drugs, except the bit where you are actually on drugs. They are not a legal way of getting high, they are just legal. They charge you close to a tenner for what is basically just a massive caffeine rush, and no one needs that much caffeine. Honestly, it's fucking criminal.

# FITTEST FRESHER SUFFERS EXISTENTIAL CRISIS

BY TOBY NEWSON



Many have been saddened to hear of the plight of one of last year's winners of the prestigious 'Fittest Fresher' award, Bethany Matthews. The 19 year-old Castle student, once admired university-wide for her charm, radiant beauty, and capacity to drink her own weight in alcohol is no longer the vibrant part of the college's social scene she once was. Increasingly she is only to be seen in public aimlessly wandering the streets in the early hours, dressed all in black.

"After I won FF, I must have been very happy," Matthews begins, in her exclusive interview with MH. We are seated in an inconspicuous corner of a coffee-shop; on her lap is a dog-eared copy of Sophocles' Ajax. "I mean, I smiled a lot", she goes on dispassionately, "and people around me seemed very pleased, so I suppose was. I was invited out to so many parties, so many nights out. And

there were a string of one night stands. It was all so easy given the circumstances; the world suggested action, and I, in response, acted. But however involved I tried to become with anything, there was this growing feeling of numbness that I couldn't shake. Nothing gave me solace."

## "It was vertigo at the array of choice before me"

"Feelings like that came on more and more. Wherever I went, I could feel the burning gazes of other people dragging over my skin; their tacit judgement of my attractiveness. The faces of those around me seemed mask-like, grotesque, unrecognisable. Similarly, my body felt thing-like, a puppet I awkwardly operated from afar; or else it was this great pristine marble block I was encrusted within, frozen in time". We are outside now, and she pauses to take a long drag of a cigarette.

"I'd scrutinise myself for the 'real me' so in some small way, I could communicate that to someone, feel a spark of true human connection. But the whole effort was in vain; I always eluded myself." She looks down at her

palms, "I found only void, emptiness. And staring into that void gave me a kind of vertigo. It was vertigo at the array of choice before me; what was the right thing to do? There were so much people judged me to be: attractive, a student, a woman; How was I to how whether these roles reflected me or not, and what could I do that would ever truly act them out?"

"And now? I watch and wait. I have given up on most things. But I am not without hope." Her face brightens a little, her voice lifts. "If we take freedom itself as our goal, find meaning in the meaninglessness; if we do not hide behind the masks society gives us, but respect our freedom and that of all humanity, and really choose, then, I think there is reason to have hope."

Matthew's college are obviously very concerned about her state of mind. "This sort of thing is not uncommon," said James Phillips, Castle Chaplain. "It's so sad to see a once promising student raving so incoherently like this. But rest assured we will be taking all necessary steps to return her to health. University counsellors have prescribed a comprehensive program of lash and banter to get her back to her old self. She'll be feeling right as rain in no time."

## Apologies & Corrections

- The previously advertised article on time management has been pushed back to the next issue
- In the Issue 10 article 'Stop him before he kills again' we stated that VC Chris Viggins was raised by wolves and privately educated in the Fletcher Memorial Home for the criminally insane. This was a typographical error, and we apologise for any confusion caused.
- We have, on multiple occasions, used the words: Maddie, Immigration, Paedophile, Diana, and Blacks. These words are copyrighted by The Daily Mail and we apologise for inadvertently including them.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MORE LETTERS WE STOLE FROM RANDOM SOCIETY PIGEON HOLES (SORRY WINGMAN SOC)

Dear MH,

What the fuck has happened to Bob Hoskins? He's my all-time favourite actor, but I haven't seen him in anything since that dinosaur thing several Christmases ago.

Lots of Love,

Sarah Bridges

*Ed: According to the Internet Movie Database, Bob Hoskins is currently shooting a decade-in-the-making biopic of his own life, in which he plays every member of his family.*

\*\*\*

Dear MH,

Please, please, please publish this letter so that I won't technically be lying anymore when I tell girls that I am a published writer.

Yours Beggingly,

Anonymous Man  
St Bernard's College, Durham

*Ed: Glad to see we have some readers in Stockton, although how to do you expect to prove it's you when you've sent it in anonymously?*

\*\*\*

Dear MH,

I found your review of Coldplay's latest album rather lacking. Specifically, it lacked the words "lame", "uninspired" and "samey". That is all.

Neil Foelding

\*\*\*

Dear MH,

I was eating porridge when I saw the face of Che Guevara in the maple syrup, and have sent in this photo so you can see for yourselves. Sceptics will say it is just a random conglomeration of maple syrup, but I believe it to be a sign. Of what, I cannot say; probably of revolution or something. I need to Wikipedia him first.



*Ed: We've googled him and he appears to be some kind of merchandising mogul, so we're guessing it was Che branded syrup.*

\*\*\*

Dear MH,

Is the machine that's currently collaborating with Florence the same one that Rage Against The Machine is raging against? It would certainly explain the difference in musical styles.

Professor Weetos

*Ed: Indeed it is. Interestingly enough, the Machine got its start when it collaborated with Pink Floyd on their album Wish You Were Here all the way back in 1975.*

\*\*\*

Dear MH,

My friends and I have been having a religious debate. If you were out on a walk with Jesus and you came across a massive puddle, would you be more impressed if he jumped it without taking a run-up, or if he walked across it?

Yours devotionally,  
Rev. Christopher Bacon  
Parish of St. Gggggg's, Wilton

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**In response to several forceful letters the editor would like to make clear that Allison Gardener did not, as had been implied, go the whole way with him. But, in fact, "had nothing to do with that weirdo"**

## POETRY 'CORNER'

SHORT POKÉMON THEMED POEMS BY ANT CULE ([HTTP://HELLOBISCUIT.BLOGSPOT.COM](http://hellobiscuit.blogspot.com))

Pikachu wakes up.  
Next to Jigglypuff.  
'Well, that's a mistake I won't be repeating,' he thinks.

—————  
The Snorlax slowly scarpers.  
Lazy fat bastard that he is.

'Please don't let me see her,' thinks  
Bulbasaur.  
He sees her.  
'Bulba. Bulbasaur,' he says.  
She leaves.  
'Stupid, stupid, stupid, why do I  
always say the wrong thing?' he  
thinks, as he watches her go.

Everyone was very sad to see  
Farfetch'd go. But this was one  
mission he'd have to conduct alone.

—————  
Ash sits, gently stroking Pikachu.  
Too gently, if anything.





DURHAM PROSPECTUS 2010 COVER SHOT: “DIVERSITY, TOLERANCE, QUOTAS”

Thanks to Matt Smith and (left to right): Tim, Emma, Chad’s African Drummers, Steph, Hisham, Daisy, Iain, Matt, Rob, Alex, Andy, Alan, Ghassan



# MOSTLY HAZARDOUS DATING

CHECK OUT CAITLIN FULLER'S LATEST CONQUESTS

THIS WEEK CASTLE AND USTINOV WERE TAKEN FOR A RIDE...

**Name: Anonymous**

**College: Castle**

The editor received an email from this guy, who wished to take part on the condition we don't reveal his name so his girlfriend wouldn't find out.

He was an obvious rah (you could have stewed his accent and made a fibre rich supplement from it) with brown wavy hair, rowers arms and a wardrobe straight out of Jack Wills. We started with an introductory chat, he's from a wealthy family, has completed the 3 gallon challenge and has an 8 inch cock. So far, so good.

During the meal at Fabio's we chatted about music, it turns out he likes all the same music as me, especially the Disney soundtracks. What a sweetheart! He even bought all the drinks, and a bottle of wine and three trebles can't have come cheap.

After that we headed off to his place stopping at the door for a kiss. I give this a 7/10 as he lead in expertly but went for the tongue a tad too early. His house was a nice find on the Avenue. Standard 4 room gig (though he'd made sure the house would be empty), I give it a 6/10, mainly because of the double bed and clean sheets.

Part-way through The Notebook and smalltalk he pounced. Timing good though spoiled when he went for hand-on-breast before going for the neck; a fairly amateur mistake. He had good hygiene and his boxers were surprisingly risqué which were later justified by the true-to-word 8 inch.

Before I knew what was happening he was hitting every sweet spot and it was clear I was far from the first pair of legs on those shoulders. He has a weird football fetish and made me wear an Everton tshirt which I don't quite

understand but I've seen much worse. He also kept telling me how much he loved the fact my eyes were different colours but that was more cute.

Disaster struck when his phone rang. Ignoring it and hoping it goes away tops the list of preferable options, but I can settle for stopping to turn it off for a second. Picking up without stopping on the other hand is beyond the line. Worst was to come when it was clear the girlfriend was on the other end, who convinced him to "be there in 10". He hung up, pulled out, and reenacted the ending of every porno since the dawn of the internet before telling me he had to go and would I mind letting myself out.

It all started well but as usual the hot guy turns out to be a bastard. Overall rating: 4/10



**Name: Malcolm Stone**

**College: Ustinov**

I didn't know anything about this dater, only that we were hitting the G-Spot at 8pm sharp. After about 5 minutes of waiting around I was approached by a guy who was composed entirely of tweed and must have been pushing 60. My date turns out to be a history lecturer, and whereas I assumed a

Ustinov date would be a slightly older man I was thinking more student than faculty.

Not to be deterred, I composed myself and entered with him. The meal was surreal in that I felt more like a nightline operator than a date. The meal funeral marched on and whereas I was interested, Malcom's story was an upsetting one. Feeling quite depressed myself I suggested we hit Klute because well, why not?

Klute wasn't nearly as bad as I thought; most people were too drunk or tongue tied to even notice Malcolm. He bought the drinks, quaddies all round. We left early and he invited me back to his but I just couldn't - he was a wreck. Instead, out of pity I led him to under the bridge and decided to give him a parting gift.

It stands as the weirdest blowjob of my life. It were as if I was doing a public service and not an intimate sexual act. I tried to ignore the age difference but I had a profound thought that in a way the spermatozoa I was ingesting were older than me, it was a philosophical moment. His quiet sobbing didn't help, usually they don't cry until after I'm done.

This date was too weird to rate, although it taught people of all ages need love.



## Facebook pages we'd like to see

- The awkward silence when someone invites you to yet another awkward silence group
- Sally lost her phone whilst drunk in Bristol. So we killed her.
- This group will be worth joining LOL jk I'm a massive twat
- That sickening metallic sound when you let the library door swing into an innocent girl's face

# DURHAM ALUMNI 2010

A MOSTLY HARMLESS GUIDE TO THE DURHAM GRADUATES OF 2010

A special message to the graduates of 2010 from Durham Chancellor Bill Bryson, best know for his work as Chancellor of Durham University: *"Please, please get more famous than Jeremy Vine"*.

## ONES TO WATCH: FIVE GRADUATES WITH THE DURHAM INDIFFERENCE

Name: Tarquin Saunders  
College: Hatfield, Course: Politics

Tarquin is one of few public school boys to genuinely not be gay. This is evident in his renowned talent of blurring the line between drunken consent and rape.

As President of the Union Society he booked an array of middle class right wing guests, all while avoiding being overtly racist for a good 3 months.

He hopes to follow the Durham tradition of never being heard of again.

Name: Miles Smith  
College: St Mary's, Course: Philosophy

One of the most promising philosophers in the UK, Miles will soon achieve what most of the Durham student population have been aspiring to since their early teens, and study at Cambridge.

On his move to Cambridge he notes "It's onwards an upwards really, it's well known Oxbridge make the news, and Durham well...Durham reports it".

Name: Jenny Hanson  
College: Grey, Course: Social Sciences

As an active member of DUCK, SCA, Amnesty International and ActionAid Jenny perfectly embodies the Durham spirit of taking part in fucking everything in the dim hope of some recognition.

In 10 years time she sees herself balancing being a dispensible and overworked charity worker and a vacant, unloving mother all while battling an addiction to prescription anti-anxiety medication.

Name: David Jackson  
College: Van Mildert, Course: English

Having produced over 40 plays nobody's ever seen, to being an integral member of several comedy troupes; David was born to be a star.

His ability to make thinly veiled sexual innuendos and critique Durham's class divide means Palatinate will surely write a profile chartering his mediocre media career in the coming years.

## SO, YOU GOT A 2:2...

THINGS MAY LOOK ~~HERE~~ BAD NOW BUT WE'RE HERE TO ASSURE YOU THAT IT'S NOT THE END OF THE WORLD AND OFFER YOU OUR TOP FIVE TIPS FOR MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR ~~FATE~~ LIFE.

- 1) Have you considered falling over for money?
- 2) Don't include your degree in your CV, just claim to have spent the last 3 years working for McDonalds.
- 3) Lower your expectations for a career, there are many rewarding jobs available in TV scheduling.
- 4) Stay on as an ITS technician, no experience considered a plus.
- 5) Become a religious leader

Name: Susannah Watson  
College: St John's, Course: Maths

Susannah's skin colour, working class background, and comprehensive school education make her Durham's premier box ticker and us all more diverse.

She is one of few that have reached beyond the pale of Durhan notability and can now be referred to by name and not with an awkward look and "you know, the erm...the black one".

## WHAT TO WEAR UNDER YOUR GOWN

MOSTLY HARMLESS'S ESSENTIAL FASHION ADVICE FOR LOOKING GREAT ON GRADUATION DAY



First up is Rosie with a risqué outfit that'll knock 'em dead.

Skimpy and stylish, if the translucent corset doesn't get the looks nothing will.

The pink lace thong peeking out from the short shorts are currently on sale in La Senza.



Emily is sporting a more mundane little number.

It's worth noting the Sarong can be bought in a variety of styles and colours to suit your needs.

The rhinestone bra works also works well in combination with a tube top.



Here's a cheeky option for the lads.

Joe is sporting a tasty Jack Wills maroon tank top, with a Ralli-quilt waistcoat.

As you can see, the fluorescent yellow Chinos are for the more adventurous dressers only.



# THE MAN UPSTAIRS

A SHORT STORY BY DONNCHADH O'CONAILL

*'Sarah Robinson?'*

That was when she had the first inkling that something unusual was happening. It wasn't unusual for callers to try to connect with her on a personal level – indeed, it was pretty much unavoidable. All the operators were instructed to give their names, it being easier for suicidal people to get things off their chest when speaking with a named individual, rather than an identikit bureaucrat. It wasn't a novelty to have an intimate and sometimes terrifying conversation with a complete stranger. What was new was this person's knowing her name before she had a chance to say it.

*'Yes... how did you know?'*

*'I can't help it. I know everything.'*

Ok, she thought, this one's a real fruitcake. Not that it was unusual for callers to be a few cucumber slices short of a full bucket of Pimms, but thinking they were omniscient, that was a new one.

*'I am omniscient. And I'm not a fruitcake. Although, sometimes...'*

Suffering shish kebab. Now she was weirded out.

*'No need to be weirded out. There's a perfectly rational explanation.'*

*'You say that... but you know my name, and you can, apparently, read my thoughts.'*

*'No apparently about it. Try me. Think of something.'*

She did.

*'Mark in Year Ten. Turns out he was gay. Sorry about that.'*

Sarah didn't know what to say.

*'I suppose I'd better introduce myself. I'm God.'*

Like most people she knew, Sarah used to believe in God. In the years between Santa Claus and true love, He served as a moral compass and repository of her hopes for life. Sarah

never had a very detailed picture of God, but at a push she would have described him as being a little bit like her parents, with a dash of her great-uncle Horatio, a man who was addicted to snuff, managed to behave in a manner both louche and dignified, and seemed to have been on first-name terms with every great author from Graham Greene to Sophocles.

There had been no single moment when she realized that there was nothing else. She had never been particularly passionate about the issue, one way or the other. Thinking about the meaning of life or why we existed at all struck Sarah as the kind of questions one had to ponder, and Sarah was never cut out for pondering.

*'The God?'*

*'The original and best. Accept no substitute.'*

Wow. No, make that wow squared. Or wow to the power of n, where n stood for any number larger than she could think of off the top her head.

*'Should I call you God, or Mr. God, or...?'*

*'God is fine.'*

*'Right...'* Sarah's training kicked in, hotwiring her incredulity. *'Is there anything in particular you'd like to talk about?'*

*'There's a procedure you go through, isn't there? A checklist of questions, to see what category I fall into?'*

There was, although it was considered neither polite nor helpful to bring this up in the conversation. Suicidal people, even in the depths of their despair, tended to get quite irked at the idea of being points in a statistical breakdown.

*'Well, yes, but you presumably know which one you belong to. If you belong to any. So... if you don't mind me asking, why are you calling?'*

Sarah had volunteered for the

helpline partly out of a vague sense of responsibility, partly from a dislike of going to nightclubs, and – to a minor but still discernible extent – because it would look good on her cv. All better reasons than her friend Boris, who had signed up in order to meet girls. Having said that, he was still with that girl who had phoned in last Christmas, and here Sarah was, with the same vague sense of responsibility, a sneaking feeling that nightclubs mightn't be as bad as they seemed, and pretty much the same old cv.

*'I'm just curious as to how people are finding things.'*

*'Things?'*

*'Life. The universe. The whole shebang. How is for you?'*

*'Right... but, why me?'*

*'The other guy is a bit boring. Not meaning to offend, but he saves lives just because people fall asleep before they get a chance to pull the trigger. I suppose everyone's got their MO.'*

Sarah would have liked to stick up for Jim, but, perhaps not surprisingly, He was right. Jim was the most boring person she had ever met – more boring than a plain water biscuit, garnished with water and served with a side dish of H<sub>2</sub>O.

*'And I'm interested in what you'd have to say. You are, and please take this in the best possible way, a pretty typical human being.'*

No-one likes to think of themselves as typical. Sarah was typical, in that respect. She had put in the requisite hard work to achieve effortless individuality – deleting music from her iPod if it became popular with the wrong people, not admitting to reading Harry Potter books, carefully matching her clothes for that just-fallen-out-of-a-charity-shop look. She wasn't neurotic about it, like some of her friends – like Julia, who crushed

mint leaves into her coffee, or Max, who usually wore nothing except a barrel, with a bow-tie on special occasions. That kind of thing was too close to being outright atypical for her liking.

'I suppose, things are ok. I think. I mean, I haven't thought about it recently... I suppose there are bad things... but there always are...'

*'Exactly. People go on about wars and famines like I planned it all. All things considered, I think I've done a pretty good job. I mean, nobody's perfect, right? Sure, there are problems, but where are you going to get anything better? You should have seen the universes we drew up in the planning stages – complete nightmare. Let me tell you, there was blood on the floor when we rejected the Infinite Tower of Turtles blueprint.'*

God was silent for a moment. Sarah noticed that His silence seemed a lot more profound than other people's.

She wondered if this was a perk of being a deity, or something of a minor curse.

*'But, there is a lot of pressure... I knew how difficult it would be when I took the job, but there are times when I look in the mirror and I ask myself... is this it? Is this what I was expecting being God to be like?'*

One of the difficulties of operating a helpline is that at times Sarah found it more or less impossible to empathise with the particular problems of the caller. This was one of those occasions.

*'Don't you have those days when you ask, can I hack this? I know you do. Well, I have them as well. And sometimes I don't know if I can.'*

Neither did Sarah.

*'Well, you did send Jesus, right? Couldn't you send him back again?'*

*'Oh, no. The Second Coming, Apocalypse, End of Days - can you*

*imagine the paperwork?'*

Having spent the previous summer doing work experience with her local council, Sarah actually could.

'Is there a hell?'

*'Yes. It's actually a nightclub. It was the worst thing I could think of.'*

Sarah felt relieved, and somewhat vindicated.

The silence after God had hung up felt like the longest pregnant pause in history. Sarah didn't know quite what to do. Other people to whom God spoke tended to found religions, or cults if they couldn't afford proper PR. She doubted whether what she had just heard could form the basis of a new belief system, and in any case it didn't feel like God had been calling her, except in a rather quotidian sense.

The phone rang. She answered, hoping it was just someone feeling suicidal.

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# MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES: AN UNDERCOVER REPORT

MICHAEL MACINTYRE INVESTIGATES THE DARK SIDE OF DURHAM LIFE



Picturesque, renowned, inspiring—these are just some of the words used to describe Durham University. However, under this veil of reputation lies a world of corruption, deception, and mitigating circumstances.

The false claiming of mitigating circumstances or claimin' as it's known on the street is affecting a large number of students.

Kevin, a recent graduate who was ensnared in the vicious cycle of addiction and despair, talks to MH openly about his experience and for the first time sheds light on this murky subject. A claimant since Christmas of his first year, Kevin's life was torn apart by his addiction leading to him being awarded an Ordinary Degree and taking a job as a English teacher.

It all started with an essay. Kevin had got drunk, pulled and by the time he made it back to his house he only had half an hour to finish the essay and submit it. Alone and afraid, Kevin turned to his college father. "I've got just the thing" he said, "don't worry. Just tell them your pet died. Everyone does it all the time so it's no big deal". With those words resounding around Kevin's head, he took the form.

Kevin had almost forgotten about the experience until a fortnight later when he got his marks back. "20% dispensation which brought me up to way into 2:1 territory, I couldn't fucking believe it. It was just easy it

meant a 1st was an option and after that maybe even a BBC internship. With this I could be a newsreader in 5 to 10 years".

Before long Kevin was doing anything to get his next hit; deliberately falling down stairs, taking up Judo, poisoning relatives. He was trapped in the seedy underbelly of Durham academia, only thinking of ways to score his next claim. Things escalated when a student (who we can't name for legal reasons) put Kevin in contact with a professional claiminator. He would ensure a valid claim, no claim no fee. His methods were frightening: deliberately injuring friends of the claimant, drugging drinks at bars to trigger a public collapse - nothing was beneath him. "I just needed the claim I'd have paid any cost. I mean I couldn't do it without help. What the fuck can you say about F. Scott Fitzgerald for christ's sake".

**“With this I could  
be a newsreader in  
5 to 10 years”**

Things fell apart when the contact was caught artificially inseminating the sleeping girlfriend of a claimant. He quickly gave up names for a reduced sentence and Kevin was disciplined. All the mitigating circumstances were revoked and he was forced to write about authors people have actually heard of for his finals.

There will always be addicts and impressionable minds who will be led astray. What's new here is the alarming rise in cases stemming from peer pressure to take part. One third year Mathematician told us, "all my friends were doing it. I felt I'd be disadvantaged if I didn't. Plus

my nose really itched during my last exam and the heating was at least two degrees too high".

Kevin hopes his experience will be a cautionary tale for others, and sees his job as an opportunity to give back: "I mean I feel I can undo some of the damage by helping others. I see kids telling me the dog ate their homework or their mum died of cancer and I can just see where they'll end up. I guide them to make the right choices because nobody deserves to end up like me. What even is onomatopoeia anyway?"

## MH WEATHER ANDY CARTHY BRINGS US HIS 5-YEAR ECONOMIC FORECAST

The 5 year forecast shows they'll be a heavy downpour of repossessions through Newcastle. Surrey will be relatively clear due to it's vain shadow, however Cornwall may burst its banks and become fully submerged by the finance sea within the next 10 years. They'll be brief spells of prosperity around the Brighton area next year, though this gay affair will surely be forgotten with the orgy of poverty that follows.

Finally, The Cayman Islands are due an extended period of affluence so good news for the bankers then. I've been Andy Carthy, your destitute weatherman coming live from the roof of a tall building, good night.



## HOW TO LOOK GOOD DEAD WITH GOK WAN

BY DEREK'S MIDNIGHT FEAST

Tonight sees the start of a new series from everyone's favourite anagram, Gok Wan. Having sorted us out in our primordial, animal state (i.e. nakedness), he now turns his fashionistic gaze to the second consequence of our naturalness; our mortality. Yes, so dedicated is Gok to the gentle art of Looking Good, he even believes we should be wary of what we wear when we're (try saying that aloud) no longer around.

"I believe that as your soul's moved on, so should your fashion sense!" he says in the opening segment, mincing his way breezily into the morgue at Milton Keynes. His first challenge is to spruce up a beloved 73-year old. "Don't worry," he assures the bereaved family, "I'll

have him looking as good in death as he ever did in life!" Black is definitely out ("It's classic, it's traditional, it's... so morbid, girlfriend!" he proclaims, flinging a heavy tuxedo over his shoulder); bright orange galoshes definitely in. "I can't believe what you've done to him!" cries The Deceased's daughter, bursting into tears.

Then we're off to Italy: "The Italians are way ahead of us when it comes to dressing up corpses," Gok snarls, before meeting up with a Tuscan undertaker who shows him how a bit of mascara can bring a corpse to life. The results look unnervingly like the toy clown on the old BBC testcard, but the presenter is inspired to give it a go himself when he gets back to

Milton Keynes.

There are a couple of genuine surprises during the hour, and it's difficult not to be swept along by the Gok's obvious enthusiasm for what is in fact a decidedly creepy enterprise. By the end I found I was almost welcoming death myself- not because the show is bad, but because I'd look great in bright orange galoshes.



## DAMIEN HURST'S "SEVEN COLOURS OF SIN"

PATRICK MCKELLEN TAKES A SCHLONG HARD LOOK AT THIS LATEST MASTERPIECE

It's been a busy year in the art world, with Tracey Emin's "Every Positon I Have Ever Been Fucked In" and Cornelia Parker's "The History of Scatology" dominating media attention.

Damien Hurst's latest exhibition "Erocative" which opened last week therefore had to have some serious balls, and his showcase piece "Seven colours of sin" (see right) delivers.

A thought provoking tribute to Caravaggio's "Salome with the Head of John the Baptist (London)", Hurst overlays the horse to symbolise escape: contrasted with the member which represents both constraint and sin.

The exact meaning of the work, especially the placement of the tip, is heavily disputed by leading art history experts. However, what's clear is this is yet another stunning example of Hurst's utter fucking ge-



"Seven colours of sin" is currently on display in the National Gallery as part of Damien's 'Erocative' exhibition



# GLASTONBURY 2010 SPECIAL

## GLASTONBURY 2010 LINEUP TO BE UNVEILED

Glastonbury is set to release their line-up for the 2010 festival this Monday. Always closely guarded until the last moment, the bill for the special 40th Anniversary concert will finally go public, 14 months after the 2009 festival closed its gates. Festival organiser Emily Eavis said it was all a matter of anticipation: "There has to be a build up. We want people to get excited for it. Glastonbury is about so much more than the music anyway - the bands are just the icing on the

cake. A very, very secret cake." Asked whether she thought that 300 journalists, 157 hours of live BBC coverage and 200,000 witnesses might already have let the cat out of the bag, Eavis stated that "we never comment on rumours."



## MOS DEF REVIEWED

An unsung hero of Glastonbury, Mos Def's sensational style and formidable stage presence makes him a titan of hip-hop.

Who couldn't be in awe of his phenomenal voice resounding on Gorillaz's hit single Stylo, him moulding the song - surely a guest appearance with them is a match made in heaven. But lest us not devalue his spectacular ability to put on a show.

It's been clear since his mind-blowing collaboration album Black Star (with Talib Kweli) that Mos Def is a force to be reckoned with. For my money 'Oh No' feat Pharoahe Monch and Nate Dogg remains one of the best rap songs of all time. But despite being an amazing collaborator, the solo work from Black on Both Sides to The Ecstatic is also formidable.

Unfortunately, Mos Def could not attend Glastonbury due to a family bereavement.

## MH Exclusive: FB Chat interview with Glastonbury headliner Stevie Wonder

*Mostly Harmless:* So Stevie, if I can call you that, how was headlining Glastonbury?

*Stevie Wonder:* erhu gdfjfgsdl dsfhj cshjl gdfjg fdsj

*Mostly Harmless:* Yeah we should have probably have done this by phone

# MEET THE TEAM & THANKS

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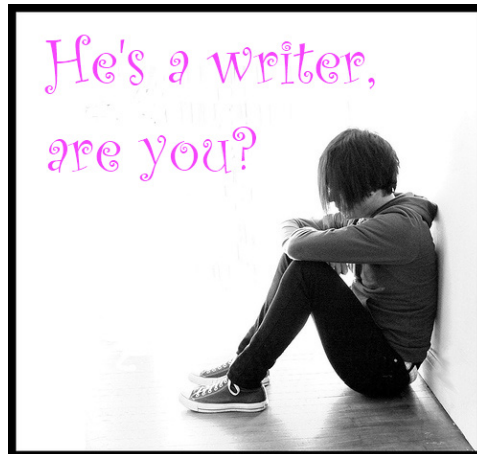
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