

mostlyharmless

durham's latest satire and comment
issue 2, epiphany 2007

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Welcome to **Mostly Harmless**. This is the online version of the recently launched satirical magazine, and an entirely web-based article system. Users can read and browse comments themselves. 'Blog' comments are sorted by date order in the centre column newspaper in the left sidebar. You can find out more about **Mostly Harmless** here but

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VICE CHANCELLOR SELLS OWN MOTHER

Magnus Taylor

Durham University's Vice Chancellor Sir Kenneth 'terrifyingly efficient' Calman has reportedly sold his own mother to an American consortium to fund the construction of a new science laboratory. The new venture will be charged with solving the nagging question of just exactly how great university Vice Chancellors are. It is believed that the unnamed US buyers have paid a six figure sum for Mrs Eileen Calman, an 86 year old from Croydon. According to sources, Mrs Calman seemed quite happy to participate in the transaction although witnesses suggested that a shifty looking Sir Kenneth had told her that she was merely being moved to, "a nice big, bright, happy

retirement home in Devon."

As a self respecting, disgustingly cynical satirical magazine, MH originally thought that the new 'Sir Kenneth Calman Department for Vice Chancellor research' was an enormous waste of time and student funds. However upon the realisation that we are in fact an impoverished student society and in league with those nice people at the DSU we saw that Sir Kenneth is a wonderful man. He's just great. If he wants to sell the entire History department to make room for a giant Tesco or move Law to outer-Mongolia then he must know best. It's probably far too complicated for our undeveloped minds to grasp and it's certainly none of our business what the chap does with his own mother.

Semi-detached cottages, terraced hovels and leaky barns all return to the city from their holidays in the Costa del Sol in the hope of finding someone to call them home.

Sadly, upon returning from their well earned breaks in the sun, these houses find themselves under the brutal regime of rabid estate agents whose only purpose in life is the extortion of vulnerable students and the splurging of these ill gotten gains on international terrorism,

women and the BNP. Few find true happiness and a loving family of conscientious students.

The rumoured risk of a housing crisis has lead to savage students battling with each other to land that perfect tenancy agreement (see picture). The fear of homelessness grows so great that local shopkeepers have been forced to place locks on their bins as students scramble about town like rodents seeking shelter.

continued on page 6...



Clarice Holt

DOWN AND OUT IN DURHAM

The DSU's official website themselves caught up in mysterious "Find a House" desperately urges you to fend Durham's traditionally month is a time during which of the urge to secure a roof explosive house hunting hundreds of previously hidden for next year until "Find a atmosphere. abodes suddenly appear in a House" month. Despite this, MH's intrepid number of convenient, yet many freshers still find researchers can reveal that this affordable, city-centre locations.

From St. Lads to St. Chavs

MH's Hill Affairs correspondent, Will Shanks, takes a look at Mary's boy trouble...

Will Shanks

Nearly eighteen months after first admitting male students, the ladies of St Mary's college are disappointed with the results. "We thought admitting blokes would improve our sports results, yet we still languish at the bottom of most inter-collegiate leagues"

says JCR Sports and Lesbianism Officer Martina DeGeneres. Rather than the strapping sporty lads they expected, Mary's has only received weedy, effeminate wusses unable to compete on the sporting field. Similarly, the new male intake has proven useless at mechanical repairs, skills that are in high demand

at a college where seemingly no-one can park properly and every other car is damaged.

It had been hoped that the inclusion of hard-drinking 'men's men' would precipitate the improvement of Mary's notoriously awful bar facilities. However, it remains a badly decorated and invariably empty cupboard better suited to the storage of mops and buckets than urbane and cosmopolitan soirees.

The Exec now claim to have identified the cause of the lacklustre results of co-education and intend to take steps to remedy the situation. "The reason Mary's men are all so useless is, to put it simply, because they are dithering middle-class twerps and public-school mummy's boys," claims JCR Treasurer/Anarcho-Feminism Officer Germaine Pankhurst. This damning assessment has led what was once the least-progressive college to adopt a radical admissions policy unprecedented in Durham University history - the acceptance of working class students. Continues Pankhurst

"It is not enough merely to open our doors to men. If we want a decent football team or a proper bar then we need to admit *the common man!*"

Historically Durham has resisted calls to 'get with the times' and allow mixed-class colleges. Instead, it has chosen to restrict its working class accommodation to centres at a safe distance from the city, namely John Snow and Stephenson colleges in Stockton, a decision that some have seen as an anachronistic echo of uptight Victorian morality. University officials argue in response that single-class colleges provide a haven for those who, for cultural reasons, are uncomfortable with mixed-education, such as practicing-Northerners and the aristocracy. The University's commitment to single-class colleges is demonstrated by its recent attempt to create a working class college in Durham City itself. The DSU building plays host to local representatives of working class youth every Thursday afternoon as part of the ongoing consultation

process in exercises that have been mistakenly reported as local discos and/or the distressing herald of the end of civilisation. The new college, tentatively named "St Chav's", is scheduled for construction in 2008.

The ladies of St Mary's College remain undaunted by the University's plans and intend to vote on a mixed admissions policy at the next JCR meeting. "We are confident that we can maintain the unique character and history of Mary's while entering the twentieth century and going mixed-class" said DeGeneres. She then attempted to allay fears of invaded privacy and inadequate facilities by promising separate bathrooms designed for the vandalism and drug-taking needs of the new intake. "Many of the necessary facilities are actually already in place from when we admitted middle-class men. They're just not being used" she continued, gesturing towards the condom machine.

St Mary's College

T 0191 334 5914 E stmarys.admissions@durham.ac.uk

St Mary's College is experiencing a historic period of transition.

In October 2005 we 'went mixed', admitting the first male undergraduate students after 106 years as an all women's college. You will therefore have a chance to

The College's reputation who value whatever economic students college to its more relaxed, atmosphere diverse ensure t

From the prospectus... Quite.

Issue 2 - Epiphany 2007

Welcome to the 2nd MostlyHarmless of the year. We hope you enjoyed the first issue, feel free to write in with any comments, suggestions or articles.

This week, we're launching our new website, designed by Seb de Lemos (www.thermaldegree.com). We think there's scope for MH to have its say on more current issues, and get stuck into some slightly more serious comment.

It's because of this that the new site is divided

neatly into MH:Print and MH:Blog. With every new edition, you'll be able to read and comment on every article online.

More importantly, the MH:Blog half of the site is our attempt to provide an alternative forum for Comment and takes from MH writers on current affairs, both within and outside of Durham's beautiful bubble.

If you want to get involved, writing for either the print or web editions, get

in touch. If there's a current story you feel strongly about write in and you might see it on the site almost immediately.

We want the MH website to become a regular stop for Durham students as they roam around the web. It'll be the place for the latest satire and comment from MH, and will, we hope, provide a valuable addition to Durham's student journalism.

Enjoy the issue!

We're still looking for more people to get involved with the paper.

- Writers - especially writers interested in writing for the blog section of the new website, with some slightly more serious comment pieces

- Graphic Design - we're after people with expertise of Quark and/or Photoshop/Fireworks and other graphic design packages

Produced by:
www.quotemepint.com
0845 1300 667

Editors :
- Siddharth Khajuria
- Magnus Taylor

Deputy Editor:
- Tom Walker

Marketing:
- Ian Chapman
- Ed Mason
Subeditorial and Copy:

- Lucy Davies
- Ben Grafton
- Richard Hadden
- Anton Lazarus
- Tom Rosenthal
- Will Shanks
- Jules Shipway

Cartoons:
- Clarice Holt
- Hannah Yadi

Christian Union Saved!

Holy holes in the ozone layer

Andrew Tickell

That the alleged link between global warming and the hole in the ozone layer is erroneous has been proved beyond dispute. The Bellamy Report of 1612 concluded that global warming was not simply a scientific reality, but a real reality. In contrast, the existence or non-existence of the ozone hole has proved a point of contention among scientists for generations.

Some have argued something must have an edge to have a hole, and since ozone is a chemical, it doesn't have an edge, so can't have a hole. Others disagree with the whole hole-based analysis altogether. They haven't provided a reason.

Last week, however, Professor Pullman, a prominent member of the controversial Polytoyn-B Research Institute, confirmed the existence of a hole exclusively in the Mostly Harmless. Uncovered in his dialectic research, Professor Pullman has employed his 'amber spyglass' techniques to identify "dust" particles in our atmosphere.

The source of these articles appears to be the hole itself. Describing the phenomenon, Professor Pullman said: "Fucking Tolkien, Catholic certainty makes me sick. La de da. Who's that bastard. Lewis? C.S.? What sort of man sends Susan to hell, for make up - I wear make up - I'm not going to Hell. Lucy? Dirty wee fanatic. Lyra could so take her. Oh yeah? Yeah! Oh, and there is a hole in the ozone layer. Suck it up, God-Botherers."



Durham's last line of defence?

Clarice Holt

Tom Walker

Durham Intercollegiate Christian Union (DICCU) became the latest victims of the city's rapidly escalating crime spree in an assault by the riverside last night. In what is believed to be an unprovoked attack, members of the society came under a fierce hail of fluffy devil horns and red plastic tridents, leaving some with severe grazing. It was not until the intervention of the Atheist Society, who were passing on a late-night existentialist stroll, that the onslaught was halted. The perpetrators, described by Durham Police's PC Barkers as "suffering from a Halloween hang-over", are still at large.

The attack has raised concerns over the failure of Durham societies to take sufficient defence precautions

for their members at a time of mounting civil unrest. Ignoring warnings against straying onto Prebends' Bridge after the recent spate of attacks, DICCU had elected to hold their annual social at the very centre of the ancient crossing. "Any evangelist worth their salt knows that there's a nest of rabid heathens there," their Conversions Officer told MostlyHarmless, "and we needed to up our conversion rate - it's been dropping off a little this year.

"I blame the DSU. They've slashed our helicopter funding. How are we supposed to inflict our beliefs on...um, I mean...spread the good news to the ignorant hordes when we don't even have airborne supremacy?" DICCU's Apache has indeed been noticeably absent from the

skies of late following its successful deployment in several evangelical offensives during 'RESCUE Week' last year.

Newly deprived of both funding and air cover, the congregated members found themselves defenceless as satanic paraphernalia rained down on them from all sides. In response to the assaults, Crusades Secretary Melanie Gibson has announced plans to issue all members with armour-plated stash. Such extreme measures have not been seen in Durham since the hiring of bodyguards by the Tea and Biscuits Society to protect its members from the widespread public hatred provoked by their antisocial café crawls.

The attack has been recognised by local authorities and the tabloid press as the

final sign heralding Armageddon for the fair shires of the North-East. A well-informed pedestrian told MH, "Thank God for the congestion charge - without it the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse would be galloping up and down the Bailey all night."

In a statement, PC Barkers commended the Atheist Society for their bravery in thwarting the attackers, noting the advantages that cynicism gives when faced with the wrath of the Anti-Christ. MH was, however, surprised to discover a lack of gratitude within the DICCU membership in return for their salvation by AthSoc. "We all found it rather embarrassing, actually," said one Christian soldier. "We're usually the ones that do all the rescuing."

Where the colleges got their names

Thomas Addinall-Biddulph gives you an MH take on collegiate history...

Thom Addinall-Biddulph

Castle

Named after an obscure 16th century expert on a certain variety of parsnip endemic to Sunderland, and not, as is generally thought, after the fact it is in a castle, which was just a happy coincidence.

Hatfield

The founder of Hatfield was a graduate of Hatfield Polytechnic in Hertfordshire (since renamed the Royal and Ancient University of Hatfield-on-Thames), of which this college was once an offshoot. It later attracted a posher set of students owing to its bowling alley, which they mistook for a rather elegant chapel (a misconception that survives to this day).

John's

The 'saint' is in fact an anomaly, as this college was, until 1996, the property of John 'Johnny' Vegas, hence its location equidistant from the bars at the DSU and Gregg's pastry shop.

St Cuthbert's Society

Originally established by a homeless man claiming to be the reincarnation of St Cuthbert (but who was, in fact, a man from Hull called Dave). He intended the society as a bold experiment in social engineering, having it admit only girls and penguins. He gave up after residents complained of being kept up by the noise from the BBC camera team and David Attenborough's around-the-clock narration. The penguins briefly took up residence in the Cathedral

cloisters until game hunters from Hatfield shot them.

Grey

Grey College was founded to provide the nation with its next generation of bank managers, civil servants, quantity surveyors and John Major. They were all sent down after the first fireworks display, as the university felt they had failed to show the lack of imagination required of them, but the name stuck.

St Mary's

Nothing to do with Jesus' mum, or his lover-if-you-want-to-believe-Dan-Brown-which-if-you-do-you-should-be-at-De-Montfort-not-Durham. Mary was an especially well-liked sheep who used to graze outside the library until the day a passing butcher with a penchant for

danger decided to make away with her. The college - named in her memory - is the only educational institution in the world to have actively promoted 'woolly thinking'.

Collingwood

Obvious really. It stands on the site of a wood where the ancient practice of 'colling' occurred. Colling was a pagan ritual involving two unemployed men, an irascible goose and a large amount of Worcestershire sauce.

St Aidan's

Named after a saint called Aidan. Well, what did you expect? Life isn't all parsnips, penguins and Worcestershire sauce, you know.

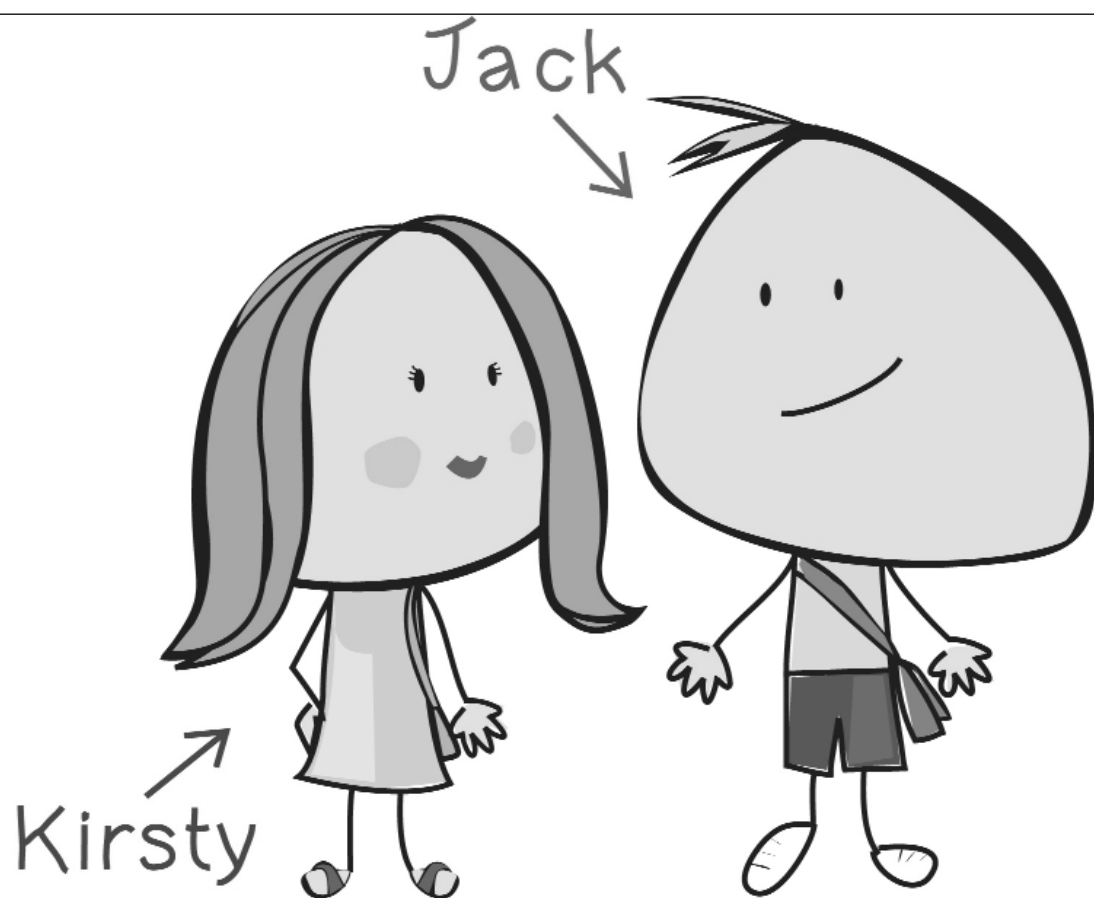
Ustinov and Josephine Butler

Neither of these colleges

actually exists. The claims that they do stem from a rivalry between two professors, one of whom made up a college in order to claim that he was its principal and thus clearly more popular than the other. Not to be outdone, the second professor invented a college with an impressive foreign name and claimed its principal-ship. Both paid their students to say they lived in these colleges. Anyone you meet who claims they have been to one of these colleges is either lying or misinterpreted the question 'Have you been in Josephine Butler?'.

NEXT TIME:

The surprisingly tragic origins of the name 'Lake Titicaca'.



The
A-Z of
student life
in Durham

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Immigrants ate my Children!

Magnus Taylor

Mass immigration into the United Kingdom is threatening our very existence as an island fortress of rain, bad food and sprawling faceless suburbia. MH has received a series of startling reports describing how hordes of spics, wops, degos, micks, krauts and many of a more dubious ethnic persuasion have been roaming the streets of the home counties, seizing our young children and indiscriminately baking them in huge, gravy filled pies.

It has been reported that one particularly ravenous group of Polish immigrants has taken to setting up camp outside school playgrounds complete with rudimentary cooking utensils. Having enticed the little kiddiewinks into their lair, they proceed to roast, boil, poach or fry their catch to be served with a well dressed side salad or selection of boiled vegetables.

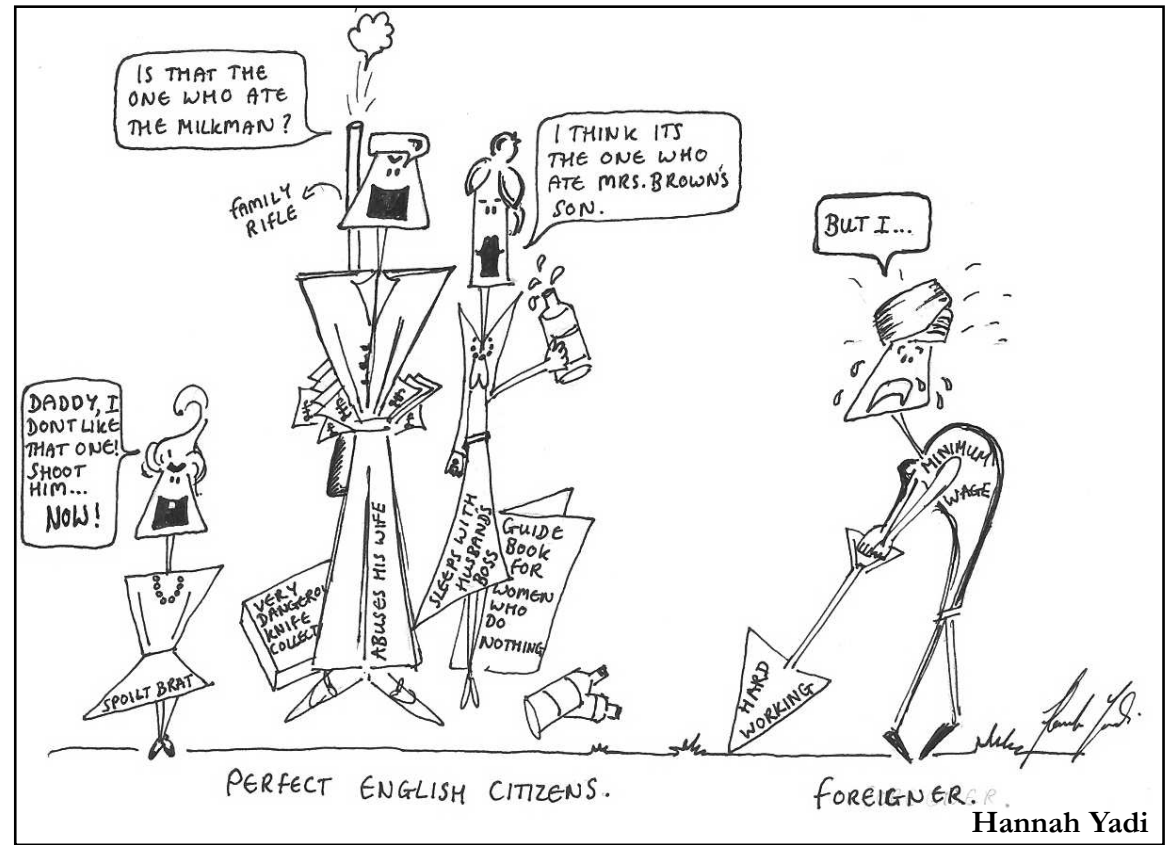
MH interviewed a

local Guildford resident, Mrs Angela Bigot who told us that she is 'afraid to let little Harry and Jemima leave the extensive grounds of our mock Georgian mansionette.' She said she fears that they might be gobbled up by 'deviant foreigners with slitty eyes and webbed feet.' MH's intrepid socialist liberal fair-trade supporting reporter naturally pointed out the important labour force these deviant Poles provide to the local community. A moment later he was seen being chased from the house by an irate Mrs Bigot brandishing an imitation silver candlestick and threatening to set Eddy, her miniature poodle, on him. As you can see, the good people of Surrey really, really love their children.

Conversely, MH believes the immigrants' taste for human flesh may have its benefits for the overcrowded south-east. Escape from random acts of immigrant cannibalism should provide a

healthy source of exercise and an initiative test for the region's youth. A sort of 21st century Darwinism might develop. It clearly takes talent to reason with a rabid Romanian as he's about to rip your flesh from the bone. Those who are too slow and stupid will inevitably perish leaving only a race of super intelligent demi-Gods remaining.

Mostly Harmless will be continuing this expose of Britain's immigration crisis with further investigations including 'Immigrants raped my wife, shat on my lawn and fiddled with my kids.' Look out for the free collectors' edition of Enoch Powell's masterpiece 'Rivers of Blood' speech. We have produced a limited number written on the skin of a group of Sudanese refugees who agreed to sell us their womenfolk in return for letting economically productive members stay in our green and pleasant land. How kind.



Omitted Tapes

MH reveals Blunkett exclusive

Tom Rosenthal

MostlyHarmless personified, on a customary foray in the field, was in fact walking through a large field when it stumbled upon a cassette tape. Through the coating of mud, the label read: "Excerpts omitted from the Blunkett Diaries, 03/12/06." MH was curious, so it ran as fast as a satirical paper can up hill and down dale to find the nearest tape player. Luckily for MH, it found a local farmer, aptly named Claudio Cassette, who was still breeding tape players to provide for his family and the surrounding community. All sat down around an open fire and the tape was played in the finest stereo Claudio owned. This is what MH and farmer Claudio heard:

"Woke at up at some point, rang the speaking clock, had a lovely conversation with her. In fact, we bonded over issues of time and space, and I arranged to see her later (not literally). It's been too long since Kimberly. Edwina, my guide dog, does her best, but it's just not the same as a real person.

"After Edwina made me breakfast, she took me into town to get a manicure. I'm more of a fan of chiropody, but I had to prepare my cuticles for turning on the Christmas lights that afternoon. I wasn't to know that I was in for the shock of my life. When I had finished my manicure I was asked if I wanted a facial! I couldn't believe it. These dodgy places are everywhere now - bloody eastern Europeans. I got up immediately, shouting: 'Listen, only two beings will ever give me a facial: one is Kimberley and the other one, at a push, is the dog.'

"Having recovered from my horrific ordeal, I was

soon faced with another disaster. I had decided to console myself with a peaceful lunch with Edwina in Macdonald's. It's the only place that serves Pedigree Chum, although Edwina isn't too fond of the new Healthy Chum with Salad. Edwina and I were walking along when I heard what sounded like an anti-blind rally. I just couldn't believe my ears - I thought these anti-blind rallies were a thing of the past! I decided to take action. I gave Edwina the code word for a full on attack and she duly attacked, leaving three of 'em dead. I didn't realise that they were just pro-curtain campaigners. I had made a right plonker out of myself again.

"Later that day, I had to turn on the Christmas lights in Luton. After the day I'd had, I was pleased to get a rapturous reception from the Luton crowd. They loved me, and kept shouting my name over and over again. They were saying a few things I didn't understand though - one chap even wished me well for my trip to Australia. Edwina hadn't told me that I was turning the lights on with the help of England cricketer Liam Plunkett. I gave Edwina the code word again. That Plunkett may be able to play in the Ashes, but he won't be having any children for a long, long time."



Mr Blunkett.



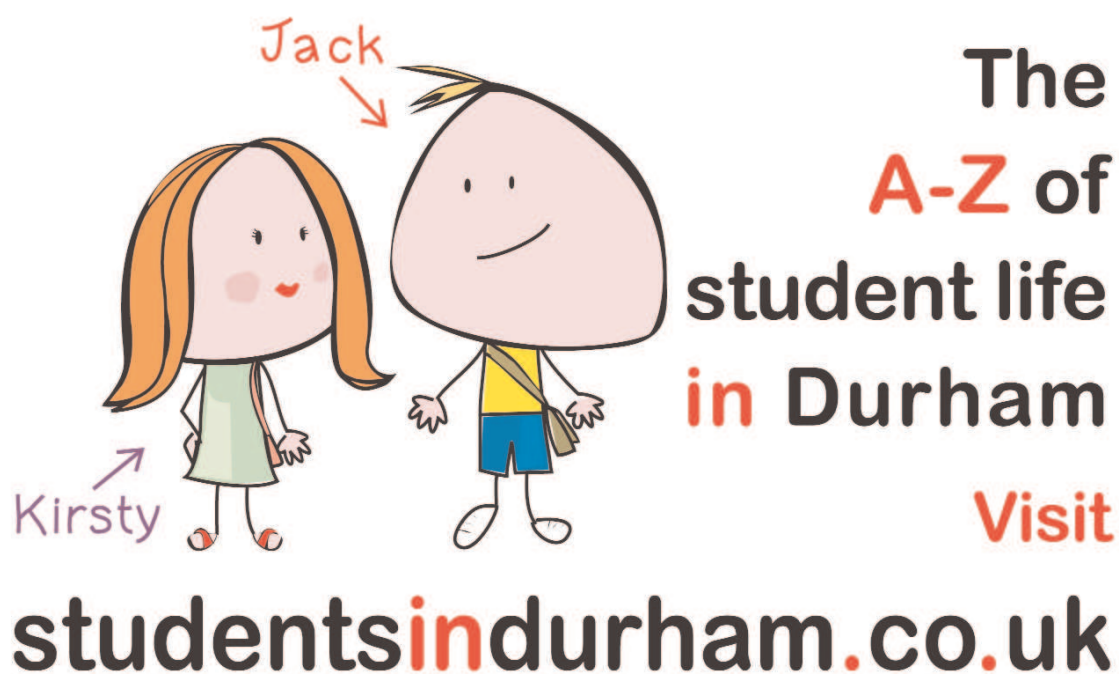
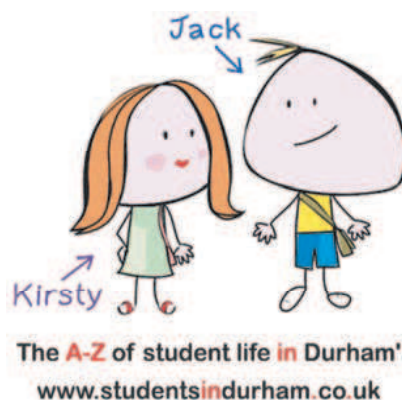
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News in Brief...

**MJ announces
new literary
venture**

Michael Jackson has announced plans to follow OJ Simpson into the literary world. The publicity garnered by Simpson's 'If I Did It', an account of how he would have killed his victims had he actually done so, is believed to have encouraged Jackson to produce the new book.. 'If I Did Them', due to be released next week, is to be a strictly hypothetical account of how Jackson might have made several children 'his special friends.' If, of course, he was into that sort of thing. Which he isn't.TW

**US reveal truth
about Ruth
Kelly**

US tests have confirmed today that a small nuclear explosion occurred in or around the notorious loaf-haired MP, Ruth Kelly. M(r/s) Kelly, XY for Bolton West refused to comment on the allegations, citing Leviticus 8 -12. Half-diplodocus on her mother's side, M(r/s) Kelly was widely tipped. To adopt the newly created cabinet position of 'Minister without", she shall have authority for ancillary matters beneath public contempt. AT

Down and Out in Durham

Ctd. from front page...

Local tramps find themselves crowded out of the doorway market as plum spots beneath venerable British retailers are snatched up by the English middle-classes.

This year is by no means the only time such a frenzy has hit this hilltop haven. MH has undertaken an investigation into the famous housing shortage of '77. Back then, the University Library was transformed into something of a squatter's paradise with many students choosing to bed down between the Anthropology and Sociology sections where they calculated they were least likely to be disturbed. The authorities were consequently forced to implement the much lamented night time closing policy and include "No Campfires" and "No Sleeping Bags" alongside the "No Smoking and No Blended Whisky" signs.

Durham's journalistic godfather, George Alagiah was

a student at the time and lived through this torrid period. He told us that 'back in '77, it got so bad that the boughs of the silver birches by the river were groaning with the weight of the Hatfield rugby team. Palace Green was so swamped with yurts, tents and teepees it was more Woodstock than World Heritage. My deputy at Palatinate spent a couple of nights in his college pigeonhole; he only moved on because he was woken up irritatingly early every morning by the post delivery.'

These tragic events offer a cautionary tale to us all. However, if you do choose the increasingly popular and economically viable solution of homelessness next year please contact MostlyHarmless; we have several thousand copies of our first edition remaining that could be used as insulation for a cold night under the stars.

War Crimes and Self Discovery

MH brings you an exclusive interview with gap year dictator, Katie Livingston...

Magnus Taylor

Hi Katie, where did you go on your gap year?

I originally bought a round-the-world-ticket but I spent most of my time in Kyrgystan.

Why was that, did you fall in love with the place?

Yes and no. Initially I thought bloody hell, what a terrible post-Soviet shithole. This place has clearly had all the life sucked out of it by the ravages of rampant communist dogma and oppression. However, soon after I arrived I was involved in a CIA-sponsored coup and was elevated to President of the Republic. This improved my view of the country quite a bit. It gave me a really

amazing and unique chance to experience first hand the volatile political culture. I felt really privileged.

Oh, that sounds interesting, how did you deal with the responsibility?

It was quite easy really. All I did was sit in a huge marble palace and sign lots of bits of paper they gave me. Apparently I'm now under investigation by the UN for human rights violations, but I'm sure it's all just a big misunderstanding.

So, what made you decide to take up your place at Durham when you could still be laying down the law to millions of semi-literate peasants?

Actually, soon after I came to power there was a vicious and bloody counter-revolution of the workers in which all the coup members except me were executed by firing squad.

Gosh, that sounds exciting, how did you avoid being shot at dawn? It was quite easy really. All I did was wave my British passport in their faces and ring up the British ambassador who sorted everything out in about 10 minutes.

Well you certainly sound like you had a worthwhile experience. Would you recommend autocratic leadership to other prospective gap year students?

I definitely learnt loads about

different cultures and stuff but it was quite boring for a lot of the time and I missed my mum and my dog, Barney. Some of my friends had different experiences that sounded really cool to me. My friend Harry travelled through India and was deified by a small primitive tribe near the Pakistani border. He said it was a bit strange at first but it gave him a whole new perspective on the human-God relationship.

So do you have any plans to return to Kyrgystan?

I'm not sure. It's a beautiful place and everything, but my mum said that my investigation for war crimes might be a problem if I was trying to enter the country again. I think I'm going to have another year off after


university though and hopefully go to Colombia. My brother told me there's this organisation that organises work placement with some of the drug barons. Apparently it's really easy to progress up the system through a mixture of bribery and intimidation and end up ruling large sections of the lawless tropical interior. I think my previous experience of dictatorship would stand me in good stead for this.

Thanks Katie. Next week we interview Matthew Stanley, who led a nationalist revolt in Bolivia and returned to England only to find out he'd been rejected by Cambridge.



"Can you get Friends on this?"


Clarice Holt



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Protohumanity

MH investigates political evolution...

Richard Hadden

Homo laborensis

One of the oldest pro-human tribes to inhabit the British Isles, *Homo laborensis* was broad-shouldered, hard working, had extremely limited social interaction and was actively encouraged to be as miserable as possible.

Their tribes were founded on the ideas of sharing food as evenly as possible, even if half the food got wasted whilst they divided it with crude instruments such as the arse-bone knife, the medium-sized rock and the self-assessment tax form (a perfect example of which was unearthed from underneath a medieval bowling alley near Sheffield).

The species was afflicted by many diseases due to their weak immune systems and propensity for never using quite enough wood to light a fire. Ultimately, they were wiped out by a deadly strain of 'Foot and Hattersley' disease. They were supplanted by *Homo novolaborensis*, who stole their loin-cloths.

Homo toriensis

A species of the *Homo* genus, living predominately on lowland plains; their favoured environment is believed to have been the flood plain between Middlesex and Kent.

Similar in stature to Neanderthal man, their short and squat appearance was a result of their tendency to lounge about in one place for up to fifteen years. Occasionally they were capable of articulate speech, but not often enough to be called witty. Their tribal structure was deeply limited: each individual was encouraged to hunt on his own, and if one of them managed to skewer a sizeable portion, for example a 'woolly' mammoth (*Elefantus Prescottensis*) or larger-than-average yak, then the children could have some too. But this never happened, and they starved to death.

Occasionally the young would kill the hunters of the tribe by gnawing at their legs, and eating them. And then they starved to death.

Homo polytonyhynensis

An offshoot of *Homo toriensis*, *Homo polytonyhynensis* as a result of their realisation, between 24,000 and 23,997 years ago, that not giving everyone food did no-one any favours. This fundamental reappraisal had no effect whatsoever and they starved to death.

Homo novolaborensis

The successors to *Homo laborensis*, *Homo novolaborensis* were the first proto-humans

that worked hard to remove facial hair. In this respect they became estranged from their ancestors, who were averse even to moisturising.

Homo novolaborensis was less picky about the distribution of food than its predecessor. Large, muscular hunters were allowed to eat any antelope over 3'7", with the rest distributed out to feed those who didn't have any legs. Eventually, their hunting techniques grew so sophisticated that they decided to introduce tribal choice in what they killed; after hunting microwaveable prawn wontons to extinctions, they starved to death.

Homo liberaldemocratensis

Homo liberaldemocratensis lived in the region round the Cambridgeshire fens, which explains its predilection for wearing sandals. Their supposedly sophisticated culture encouraged them to hunt with blunt spears or to kill animals by throwing sweetcorn at them. Eventually they took to cultivating vegetables and being nice to everyone, whilst muttering under their breath about all the other tribes.

The whole species was eaten by a large and moderately aggressive badger.

Fed up of Alcohol?

William G. Pilgrim

Freshers! Are you tired of the over-priced alcopops? Are you sick of drinking the same boring state-sanctioned poison as everyone else every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday? Are you worried that your liver isn't being punished as efficiently as it could be? So why not try something with a bit more edge?

A recently published report shows that illegal drugs may be cheaper than ever before in Europe, with heroin prices slumping 45 percent over the past five years. You've literally never had it so good.

This, the first Europe-wide report of its kind on drug prices, has ruffled many a feather in Brussels, where there are fears that this may spur further drug use, which, in their considered opinion, is an extremely bad and naughty thing. But what do they know? They're a bunch of boring Euro-squares!

The steep fall in the price of heroin is reportedly resulting from a surge in opium production in Afghanistan following the overthrow of the Taliban in 2001. It is believed that opium production now actually exceeds global demand. As Afghanistan accounts for about 90 percent of world opium, this massive surplus over the past 5 years has been driving prices down, down, down. Why let such a good opportunity to expand your horizons go to waste?

I haven't even mentioned the best bit yet:

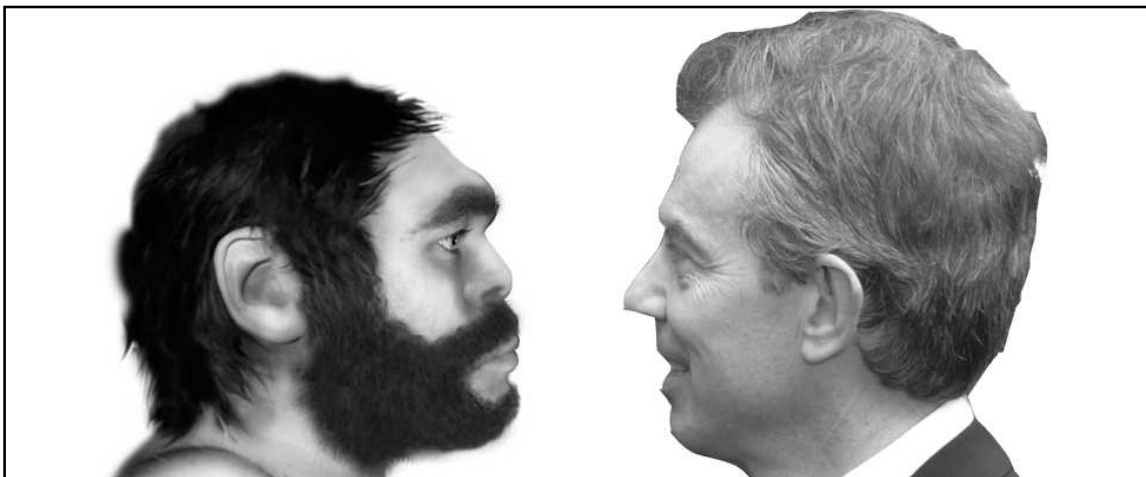
heroin is illegal and thus exempt from taxation! This means the discount remains intact right up until its flowing through your veins.

It's obvious that Durham is growing tired of alcohol: from the moment we arrive here, alcohol consumption is the central focus of all social activity. This fact will no doubt lead to some tearaways branching out a little (into smack). The competitive nature of 'drinking stories' will spiral out of control until eventually Rugby players abandon the current tactic of 'quantity' and move towards 'quality'-based anecdotes, thus necessitating a stronger, more controversial toxin for them to ingest.

Of course, smoking cigarettes is still fucking evil and anyone who does it deserves to be blasted into orbit.

Commented one anonymous Cuth's student, "How dare he smoke in here? Doesn't he realise the damage he's doing to himself and the others around him?" before downing a litre of Vodka, singing the national anthem and attacking an innocent horse with a stolen stiletto shoe full of sick. The logical question is, if the person had been smoking heroin, or even a 'crack pipe', would this socially difficult moment have arisen?

With NATO troops battling a Taliban insurgency fuelled by the drugs trade, and high street prices to make your mouth water, drool and eventually froth, this reporter is going to get down with the good shit.



Progress?

MH Mergers & Acquisitions

Durham University and City arrange merger

Magnus Taylor

Durham University has since time immemorial been a bastion of the cobbled street, the picture postcard view and most importantly a strident commitment to its historic republican traditions. However, as a wise man once said, "the times they are a changing." In a bold new move it has been revealed that the world's most august and respectably middle class institution is to reverse two hundred years of stubborn separatism and unite itself with its sister state, the city of Durham.

The news was revealed to Durham students through the great tool of republican

propaganda, 'purple radio.' It interrupted its broadcast of a fascinating documentary on the musical tastes of St Cuthbert (a combination of electro-folk and anarko-punk) to reveal to its seven listeners details of the planned merger. The changes will primarily remove the university's control over an independent foreign and fiscal policy and lower its status to that of a mere institution of higher education. This news should come as little surprise to many as recently the independent position of the university has become increasingly untenable. Hordes of savage locals have made increasingly regular and unchallenged forays across the border with the intention of

carrying out indiscriminate acts of rape and pillage. Popular suggestions to combat the problem had included the declaration of civil war against all 'northerners, locals and vagrants' coupled with the construction of giant perimeter wall surrounding the city centre. However it is believed that these warmongering demands stemmed entirely from the standard demagoguery of the gutter press and have been successfully defeated by a more diplomatic policy of 'integration, cooperation and all round niceness' championed by the university authorities. It is thought that the credit for diffusing the crisis lies with the

swift intervention of the newly appointed King of Durham University, Mr William Bryson. Mr Bryson (voted MH's 'cuddliest man in the world' 2001, 2002, 2004 and 2006) reportedly raised the idea on a state visit to Gregg's bakery in which he allegedly bought out the entire city's supply of jam doughnuts. It seems that Bill (as he likes to be known) willingly signed a document relinquishing all his executive powers over the independent state. Other reports do however suggest that this was infact an accident as Bill thought he was adding his name to a standard DSU petition calling for a debate and full investigation into the worrying depletion of jam

doughnut stocks within the region. (MH's undercover DSU reporter will keep you informed on this crucial investigation.) MH is keen to assert that the merger will in no way affect the average Durham student's ability to roam the confines of the city with a feeling of grandeur and total superiority. It is only really relevant as a symbolic diplomatic act to show a true and heartfelt contribution to north eastern integration is being made. Afterall it's a lot easier and more desirable than actually letting any of the local blighters into the university, god forbid that should ever happen.

DUS to merge with DSU, inter-society war looms...

Siddharth Khajuria

Following complaints of acronymical confusion from Durham's bespectacled and dyslexic communities, the Student's Union (DSU) and Union Society (DUS) have agreed to merge in a mega-deal worth £46. Codenamed DUSS-U, the deal is being touted as the best thing for aspiring Durham politicians since the emergence of NUS annual conferences.

Said DUSS-U's PR officer, Dick Templeton, in a thinly veiled barb at Durham's Intercollegiate Christians, "DUSS-U has the some onomatopoeic flair as DICC-U". DUSS-U's political sharks have already been briefing against Durham's alternative acronyms. Questions have

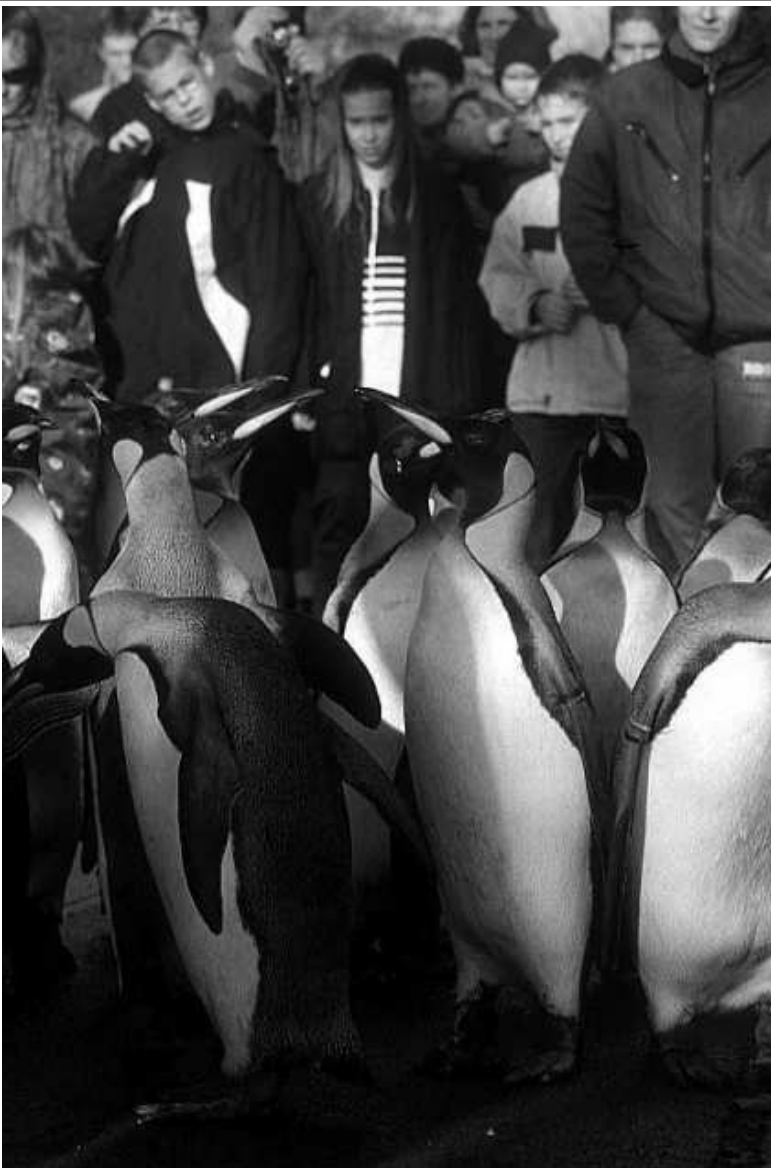
been raised in shady meetings held with MH journalists at the Swan & Three as to DICC-U's reluctance to employ DUCK's spelling of Kommittee.

DUSS-U's willingness to poke fun at Durham's other societies did not stop there, however. When pushed, Chaz Hampstead, a source close to DUSS-U's President, Alistair Duncan, was found more than willing to lash out at DUCK itself. Questioning the relevance of Kilimanjaro and Everest to the plight of the world's poor and oppressed, he mused, "I don't understand what climbing a mountain has to do with saving lives, one should just join the Labour party instead."

Indeed, DUSS-U seems determined to free itself of the image problems

thought to have burdened the DUS and DSU. It will embark on a PR blitz designed to deter any allegations of snobbery. DUSS-U's newly announced Penguin Outreach Program will provide free dinner jackets to the University's financially needy students. The society will also maintain the DSU's egalitarian approach to membership. All new students will be compelled to join, a move also designed to fend off critics who have attempted to label societies as elitist.

DUSS-U membership fees will be £46 for life and automatically debited from your accounts upon arrival at the University. For further questions, email DUSS-U's PR department at mostlyharmless06@gmail.com



The DUSSU AGM draws attention from locals...

Poverty is Holy

Andrew Tickell

In a speech in Montevideo today, Pop Benedict the Umpteenth outflanked his critics by pledging the Catholic Church to the Apostolic poverty of Christ and the furtherance of the Holy Spirit in the face of growing moral relativism. Removing his distinctive white silken pontifical robe and donning instead a plain-wool Primark Cassock, Pop Benedict promised a return to "core values and the denial of the World."

Senior party members and sources close to the Pontiff confirm that the strong grained-central plank of the Pop's "contemptus mundi" policy would be the maintenance of African poverty. Criticising recent aid efforts as 'misplaced worldliness', Benedict praised the penniless African people for refraining from lifting themselves out of the gravel. Granting corrupt politicians the honorary title of "Fidei Defensors", the Pop heaped praise upon these individuals' efforts to prevent the inward

tide of wealth from affecting ordinary, poverty stricken African people. "Economics has shown that poverty is an inevitable phenomenon. If it's unavoidable, let's be sure we do it right."

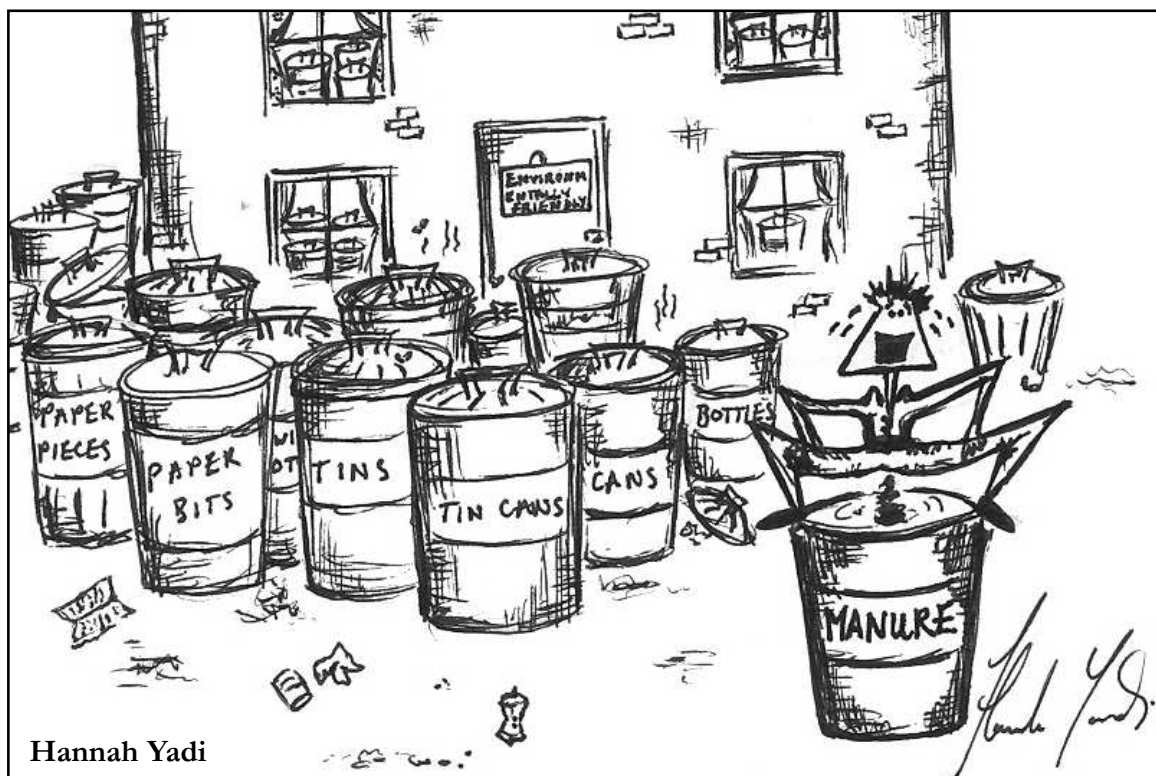
Faithful locals in Mahrud, Not Europe, have already begun dismantling wells constructed by Western Gap Year students. "They never worked anyway. They forgot to put them over ground wells," complained one local cameraman, Phil Wansworth, Surrey, hurling the balsawood construction onto the apostolic pyre.

The Pop's statement was tentatively applauded by elements of the western media, most vocally by Professor Viscount Monckton, Chairman and sole member of the prominent Conservative Polytoyn-B Research Institute. "The mistake liberals make is to conceive of economic paucity as a relative phenomenon. This move, properly constructed by me, is clearly part of the Pop's war on the idea of relativity. For Pop, only absolute impoverishment

counts. Quite rightly, he seeks to restore some sort of principle to the idea of fiscal vacancy."

However, this position was hastily dribbled upon by Joham Hari, writing in the Independent. "Speaking as an overweight queer who's sister is an unemployed single mother and who's father is an immigrant, who was bullied in school, who's had several token drug experiences (...&c.&c....) I think Primark cassocks are fucking unfair. What would Popey know about being a Catholic? My aunt was Catholic. I should be Pope."

The Pop's statement comes in the week where American Federal Judges were called to rule upon an alleged transcript error in the American constitution. Arguing the draftsman simply mistook his wording between provisional and final drafts of the document, the Veritas groups seek to correct the minor error, restoring the national shibboleth: "One nation, under Mammon".



Hannah Yadi

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...Hannah Yadi wonders whether green politics can ever go too far

The MH Literary Review 2007

The Durham Bums

Jack Kerouac does the Durham congestion charge for MH...

Sal Moriarty

We left the jazz behind before it all kicked off. All the whiskey I'd drunk was flowing through me and clouding my senses. It was a mad night. Dean and me piled back into the convertible and roared up to the barrier in the cobbled stones. A board said '£5 to enter and no parking without a permit.' We threw our heads back to the great expanse of open sky and laughed the laughs of men unused to obeying the

pronouncements of signposts. Where was the dream now? It had left us and lay shattered and broken on cold cold stone under the brooding presence of God's mighty house. The stars were obscured and rain hit my upturned face. Dean turned to me grinning like a man who knew that today has already gone and all that lay ahead of us was an infinitely extending expanse of dangerous horizon. He revved the great beast of an engine and

executed the most perfect and beautiful three point turn imaginable. We roared out of that place like jack rabbits beneath the tyres of trucks speeding through the Arizona night. Ahead of us stood the road. We could follow its asphalt dreams until we left this cold dead land. One straight burn south and we would arrive in a place that stood shining like a beacon in my dreams. The name of the place was *Cambridge*.



On the road to nirvana...

Fear and Loathing in the North East

And the late Hunter S. Thompson 'does the DUCK Race'...

Richard Hadden

It was three in the afternoon when we got to the bridge and the drugs slowed down on us. The leopards prowling about predatorily and growling were cut down to a pack of people with a bad taste in hats and talking rubbish about ball games and drink and sodomy. Sodomy? Can't have heard right, but they look the sort. Is that why I'm getting all these looks? Quickly enough I could see this was not the place for shorts and Acapulco shirts, garish pink with just enough speckles of lime to stop us being inconspicuous. I remember shouting something like: "Get off the shirts. The lime, man: these great flecks of it are making us glow in the dark". We desperately needed coats, big fuckers hacked off huskies, before we froze to death in the northern wasteland of this island. And

to cover up our shirts: I felt certain we'd be arrested for some kind of gross public indecency, and then they'd look into our eyes, and we'd have to look straight back and try to hide the paranoia and the fact that after three days with no sleep, coming down from acid, you just don't look normal. Then they'd hunt us like dogs. Or drown us like plastic ducks. That seemed to be the kind of trip these guys were on up here... My attorney gave me one of those looks. "The fucking bigwigs and fatcats are here, man," he said lurching round, swinging his arm wildly at a woman in a furry hat, three and half ferrets at least, and a scarf five times wider than her neck. She ducked, scowled and I dragged him off to a bench somewhere to be less conspicuous. "Stoppit. Dammit. We have to be here to cover the RACE." "No we aren't, we have

to get out of here. Look at the PEOPLE. They're watching us." He gibbered some more, gave a hacking cough, like trying to vomit the inside of his stomach through his nose and ears simultaneously. "This is serious. The ducks, man. The DUCKS! That's all that matters." "Excuse me". I approached some kid, far too young to responsibly stand on a bridge in this day and age, especially dressed in a pink jumper. I could sense that he was embroiled in the process that is termed as 'education.' He'd been taught from an early age to avoid men like me with fear in their eyes and paranoia seeping from every pore. "Where are the ducks? Why are they so QUIET?" I croaked. A loudspeaker interrupted his reply. THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE. The guy was a bigwig. Contacts high up fuck knows where. Upper

echelon blow jobs. Not something I wanted to think about. THE DUCK RACE, SPONSORED BY BIG EVIL CONSULTANCIES. So. This was the point. Corporate racing of ducks. One small step to Vietnam. AND THE PICNIC HAMSTER SANDWICH SHOP. Bastards. They cheated me out of my tuna fish sub. I badly needed that nutrition. My trembling hand mouthed the same opinion back to me. IS ABOUT TO GO IN THREE. The throng perked itself up collectively. Poor fools. Didn't they notice doom stalking? TWO, ONE. GO. Some mechanical building equipment dumped a million plastic ducks off the bridge into the river. A senseless, senseless waste. "Fuck that" said the crowd. "Tequila sunrise" said my attorney from the bench where he'd just stopped drooling.



The late Hunter S. Thompson

MH Travel Guides



rogue states on a shoestring



mostlyharmless travel: taking you where insurance won't...

Siddharth Khajuria

Ever wondered about haggling etiquette at a Baghdad flea market?

Struggling to choose the best kindergarten in Kabul? Think Afghanistan's opium tours are the perfect route to Gap Year self discovery?

Sponsored by the Iraqi Department of Tourism, MH:Travel's *Rogue States on a Shoestring* promises to guide you safely through

bandit country and beyond.

So, whether you're planning spring break or wondering where to take the kids on your next budget holiday, look no further - MH:Travel's new range of guides is set to broaden every holidaymaker's horizons.

Divided neatly into sections designed to be easily accessible in nuclear fallout shelters, *Rogue States* carefully walks you through planning and enjoying your next trip to the world's nether regions. Be it through explaining the art of Iranian visa interview technique or the depicting the nuanced complexities of North Korean courtship, MH has the answers.

Your trusty band of buccaneering journalists spent their New Year scouring the Axis of Evil and beyond to put *Rogue States* together. It wasn't all hard-work and drudgery though: we even dispatched a couple of young halfwits to explore the debauched realities of Pyongyang's club scene. Check the photos section for something a little different to the usual palm trees.

MH believes that the cobbled streets of Iran and the sandy North Korean beaches are crying out for bejewelled Gap Year students and the left-leaning middle classes to visit them. For some nations, caught in the midst of neo-conservative, pseudo-imperialist "banter", it has indeed become a Lonely Planet. So what are you waiting for? Be a good

Samaritan, buy the book and go say hello. And if you spot anything fishy, phone the CIA or email mostlyharmless06@gmail.com. The accommodation section outlines potential pitfalls, with a brief history of recent explosions in the vicinity of each hotel or hostel.

Guest Editor Sherman Tember, a former hostage, also guides you through the dos and don'ts of hostage situations with a range of profound insights. Highlights include: "Terrorists are easily angered. Stay calm, passive and assume Canadian identity" and "denounce the two-state solution as neo-con gobbledegook."

Throughout this guide you'll find unprecedented attention to detail and political context. We realise that this is a volatile part of the world, and, with that in mind, the unsurpassable tact of our authors, from front cover onwards, will stand you in good stead.

Your intrepid MH correspondents, often perceived (correctly) as a bunch of unrefined, Trotsky-loving socialists, saw a need to open up access to an area of the world generally devastated by the CIA. We hope you enjoy our labour of love. Copies available for £7.99 from your nearest bookshop. Otherwise, pop into the MH office for a copy signed by the surviving members of the guide's editorial team.

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