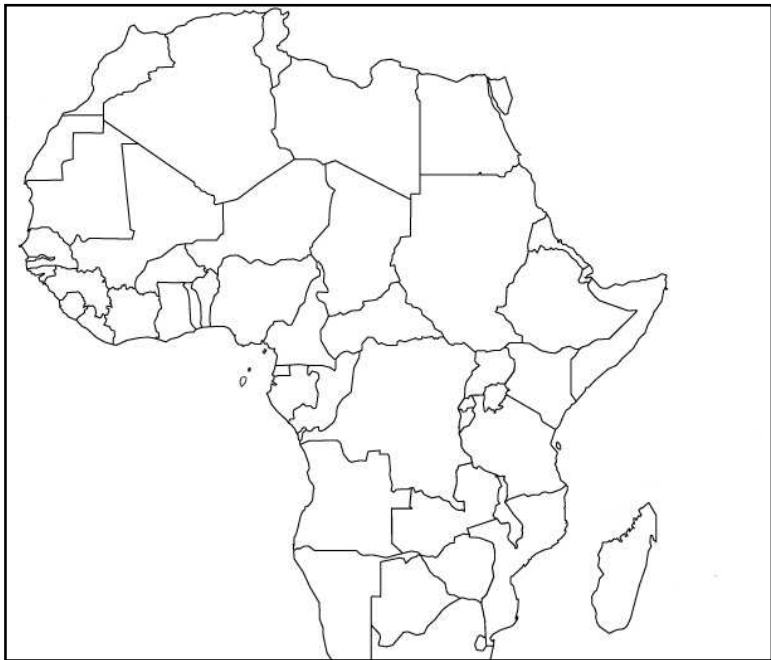
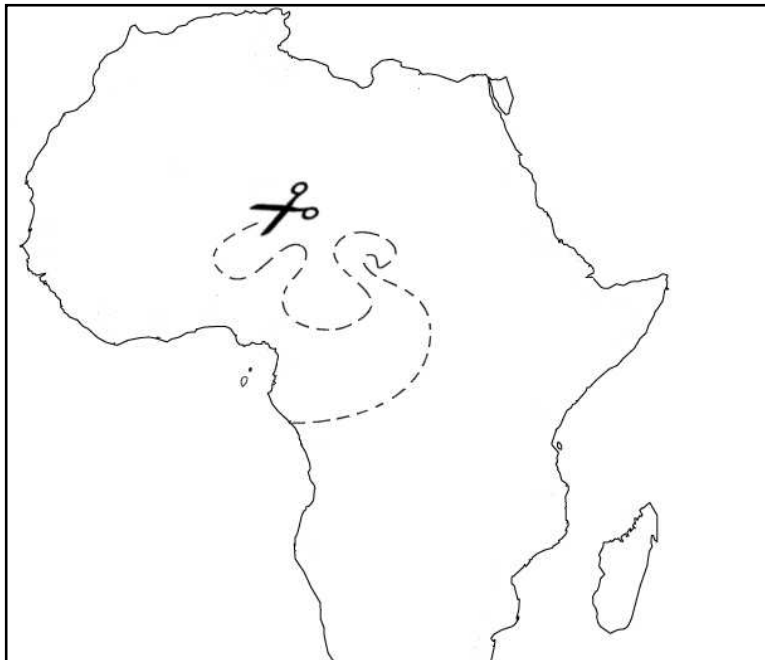


MH Cartography: Angola and Algeria anachronisms?

MH Cartographer-in-chief Alistair Cormack gives a you chance to reshape Africa



the outdated, 'traditional', view of Africa



the future?

Alistair Cormack

European imperialists admit they may have got it wrong with Africa.

Following a posthumous meeting of David Livingstone, Cecil Rhodes, Henry Morton Stanley, and King Leopold II of

Belgium, the major European powers declared that drawing of arbitrary straight borders across the continent with no regard for historical, ethnic and tribal* boundaries *may* not have been a great idea.

MH now gives you a chance to do better than King

Leopold and draw your own arbitrary borders - how hard can it be? Note: use a really small pencil as maps are drawn to scale and your biro based scrawl may end up being over 50 miles wide, leading to villages being left in a war torn no mans land 75 years from now.

Best map receives a banana from Bono. Second place gets a postcard from Madonna's adopted child.

**note that the use of the word tribal is highly controversial, and may itself be a manifestation of Western Neo-Palladian ideals.*

'Transgender levels reach record high' - says facebook

Ben Grafton

Durham University has more than twice the national average of trans-gender students, MH has discovered. In a recent Facebook survey, 12% of Durham students were listed as neither male nor female.

Said Terri Smith of the Durham LGBT association, 'Although the results do not reveal anything specific, like how many students are pre or post-operation transsexuals, the news will be very warmly received by our members.'

The study is the first in a series of Facebook surveys currently being undertaken, and appears, for the moment, to confirm Durham's status as the most liberal and open-minded university in the county..

Esther Rudolph visits the Library...

Esther Rudolph

Ahh, the library; my haven, my home... my church. The library is the only true refuge from the general squalor of the living room with its green-foamed cups of tea and bits of crisp in the carpet and the sound of Alistair pretending to study in his room but actually watching Tyra Banks go off on one on America's Next Top Model. Peace, love, freedom, alphabetisation; the library is a beacon for all that is good in society.

It's 9pm and it's all lovely and quiet, completely empty, and partly dark and resembles the set of an American university slasher movie ("Hullo?!... Is anybody there?..." A voice comes over the tannoy: "Hello Michael. I want to play a game. We're going to test your library skills. I'm holding a chainsaw in one hand and 901.82 FER in the other. Where am I, Michael? Where am I?") So I settle down on level 4 with the

tome on Weberian social theory I've been chasing for weeks, let out a little sigh of contentment, and get stuck in, pen at the ready.

Cor, I pity all those idiots out tonight, having a laugh, dancing theatrically to that poor-excuse-for-a-eunuch, Mika. I'm getting some learning in, and will be at least an hour and a half ahead in revision when we sit our exams. Haha! Come on Max Weber; show me your secrets, surrender your love...

Fifteen minutes later and I'm so bored I want to die. Kssspoh! What was that? I look up to see a boy sitting across from me, behind a tall stack of books, wearing a massive parka, and swigging from a can of Carlsberg like this is what people do all the time. I gawp at him in disbelief and he just stares back at me, glugging, expressionless, like a big defiant breast-feeding baby. I should say something, but I'm just too... British. This is a library, for pete's sake! What's

" H e l l o Michael. I want to play a game. We're going to test your library skills. I'm holding a chainsaw in one hand and 901.82 FER in the other. Where am I, Michael? Where am I?"

next? Are we all going to be shooting up on Palace Green? I suppose this is meant to be all very Oasis and cool. Well, this isn't Human Traffic, pal; this is Durham. If you want to go clubbing and have massive illegal raves and legendary house parties and generally have a really good time, sod off to Manchester.

I go back to Weber and frown behind a large textbook. I suppose I was asking for it, going to the library at the Dark Hour. This is the hour that people do it in the library, allegedly. And by allegedly, I mean this is what your freshers' rep tells you with not a small amount of glee while pennyning you until your eyesight goes sideways. People doing it in the library - why?! It's the ultimate degradation of a sacred place!

What if one of the library staff finds you and staggers backwards, clutching its eyes and screaming its ear-splitting pixie's cry? All it wanted

to do was tidy up the library before retiring to the little underground burrow where it goes with all the other library staff to sing gnome songs and sleep at the end of the day. Oh, the depravity! As far as I'm concerned, if you're going to do that, the best place is in a pitch-black locked room, in a quiet house, between the hours of ten and one, with sanitised laundry, at least two forms of contraception and a boy who knows your surname and doesn't keep calling you Caz, or, as sometimes happens in Durham, Tim.

The obnoxious boy in the parka lets out a loud belch and produces a foot-long Subway from his bag. What are you going to do next, huh? Light a fag and use Microeconomics For Public Policy as an ashtray? If anyone is going to get crushed in the electronically-operated journal shelving by that slasher, pal, it's you.