

Rhodes' most festive student newspaper

August 1997

activate

Independent Student Newspaper

FOURTH
Edition



News Briefs

SASCO plans mass action

The South African Students Congress (SASCO) said it would launch a national programme of rolling mass action throughout August. The action is a response to the current "crisis" in Higher Education.

SASCO's demands are free political activity in institutions of higher learning, the removal of constraints imposed by government's macro economic strategy (GEAR) and that institutions stop abusing the language policy.

The organisation is also demanding the restructuring of the Department of Education.

Free State students booted out

Approximately 280 students at the University of the Free State have been ordered to leave the campus. The action followed an agreement reached earlier in the year which provided for students provisionally registered last semester, on condition that they pay their fees by June 30.

Management and prominent student organisations had agreed on the principle of payment of fees. Some students have not paid because the Free State Provincial government has not honoured their bursaries.

University management said they were in consultation with the Provincial Government in order to get the government to pay outstanding amounts. **Irawa reporter**

Dulce Revamp

Popular ice-cream and coffee shop Dulce Chantilly will be moving in August to new premises in High Street. The new venue will be where Catch-a-Wave was previously situated.

The renovated shop will open for business on August 15. Restaurant owner Alyson Price said the relocation was due to high rent.

"The new premises are a lot smaller. They will also give us the chance to change the restaurant's image. We're one of the last Dulce cafés who still have the pink and green colour scheme."

Price said the revamp, using dark terracotta shades, will lend itself more to night trade. At present, Dulces is only open on Friday and Saturday nights.

The business is currently for sale and will remain on the market until a suitable buyer is found.

Oppies unhappy with Board

Henriette Els and
Julia Paterson

THE OPPIDAN Board's inability to publish the 1997 Oppie Directory has left many students frustrated. Although this appears to be students' biggest complaint, questions have also been raised about the compulsory subscription of R42 Oppies pay, per annum, for services provided by the Oppie Board.

The exorbitant pricing of Oppie Ball tickets and the limited number of Oppie Guzzles have caused equal dissatisfaction.

"What have they done for us this year? The Oppie Ball? Where's the directory?" complained third year student, Steve Hitchcox.

It would seem that with R53 000 received this year from Oppie subscriptions, the services provided would be more substantial. The Oppie Board could afford to spend R600 at the Cathcart Arms Hotel during 1996. At the end of the 1996 Financial year, the Board still had R5 000 left in their bank account.

Various excuses were given for the lack of an Oppie directory at the beginning of third term.

The University does not give funds directly to the Oppie Board, but through the SRC it receives a subsidy which has been earmarked for an Oppie Transport project from Rhini to campus. This project will be initiated on a trial basis from the August 4.

Various excuses were given for the lack of an Oppie directory at the beginning of third term. Reasons

cited by the Oppie secretary, Joy Alcock, and the Oppie Board President, Matthew Silva, were the archaic computer programme used in previous years, the incompetence of the co-ordinator and the University printers. For many Oppies the Oppie directory is the most important service the Board provides, and without it, a cohesive Oppie community seems impossible. Oppies are not totally innocent in this matter: only 450 registration forms were returned, most of them incomplete.

The exorbitant pricing of Oppie Ball tickets and the limited number of Oppie Guzzles have caused equal dissatisfaction.

At R90, with a price hike of R20, the Oppie Ball had little going for it except a high price tag.

"The Oppie ball wasn't even vaguely advertised until the last minute," said second year student, Sonia Burger. Many people did not even know it was happening. The fact that there was no backdrop for photos was seen as an "oversight" by the Oppie Board President.

In addition, lack of co-operation from, the Monument caterers, led to problems concerning the wine and food portion size.

Catering for 700 people is surely not an easy task and the Oppie Guzzle held in the first term turned into quite a successful social event. Unfortunately there are only two Guzzles a year.

The Oppie Board has the potential to greatly improve the quality of Oppie life. Students should not be left asking, as Andrew McArthur did, "we've got a Board?"

New computers for campus

Joanne Skelton

EVERYONE WHO is remotely computer literate will be thrilled to hear that the days of queuing at the door or being cyber-bashed by dysfunctional keyboards are drawing to a close...albeit slowly. 85 spanking new computers will be set up in a new public lab from next year (so yes, you will have to wait, folks).

Billy Morgan, who is in charge of the Computer Science laboratory in the Struben building, said the

lab has been updated with 45 new Pentium computers to replace the old and markedly slower 486's. This, reported various Computer Science students, is a vast improvement and facilitates far more effective programming. Great news for Comp. Sci. students, hard luck for the rest of us...until the opening of the new lab in 1998.

Journalism students can also look forward to better facilities soon with new computers destined to take over from the dinosaurs in the Lan. Time will tell!

Moela for top PASO post

Philani Vince Masuku

IN JUNE this year, Rhodes student Tshiamo Moela was unanimously elected as National Secretary General of the Pan African Student Organisation (PASO) at a national conference held in Johannesburg. He has vowed to take student leadership to new heights within the Organisation.

His vision for South Africa is clear and falls within the principles of the Pan African Congress (PAC). "The liberation of Azania's economy and the implementation of a socialist education system are factors that have to occur in this country", said Moela.

Attending PAC executive meetings and overlooking the administration of PASO and its membership are some of the duties he will perform as Secretary General. He acknowledges that he faces an uphill task as a leader, but says he is prepared for the unknown.

At Rhodes, his life has always revolved around politics. His involvement in the 1996 class disruptions was notable. He is the Labour and Community representative for the SRC and is currently the chairperson of PASO at Rhodes.

The process of university transformation and change are of great concern to him. Moela believes that Rhodes' Vice Chancellor, Dr David Woods is a pragmatist who will not deliver transformation.

"Transformation will come about

through student unity and not because of Woods. He has changed nothing and is in fact entrenching Eurocentric values".

The use of University funds by administration is another cause of concern to him.

"The University has never been wise when using money. When the University got subsidy cuts they (Admin) cut down on financial aid given to students instead of suspending renovations and other unnecessary expenditures".

He insists that there is no transparency when it comes to the VC's earnings. "There was no need for a lavish bash at the VC's inauguration party. A quarter of a million rands used to renovate his house was too much. The Mercedes Benz gift is also questionable," complained Moela.

He is a committed Christian and on July 3 was voted in as national chairman of the Association of Christian Tertiary Students (ACTS). He sees himself as a black theologian and professes to have faith in God. To him, the principles and moral values of the PAC and ACTS do not conflict, but rather compliment each other. Moela is also the media officer for the South African Union (SAU) of SRC's.

In total he occupies five leadership positions. According to him, it is not difficult to handle the five because they compliment each other. "My organised programme and schedule also help me to run more efficiently," said Moela.

Stellenbosch build satellite

Mboneni Mulaudzi

THE University of Stellenbosch is set to put South Africa on the space map with the launching of a microsatellite in March 1998.

The satellite was jointly built by masters students and staff from the University's Electronic Engineering Department.

Dirk van der Merwe, a mechanical engineer working on the project said the work that was started five years ago was nearly done and the satellite is almost ready to go into space. Their team is still busy installing computer software.

Van der Merwe said "the main aim is to develop skills in microsatellite development and operation and to obtain space proven reputation."

SUNSAT, as it is known, is an experimental satellite that has

imaging and communication capabilities. The team working on the SUNSAT is composed of qualified engineering staff and electronic engineering masters students who are participating in the project as part of their theses. The cost of the project is estimated at just under R15 million. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) will be assisting with the cost of launching the satellite, which reportedly costs more than the building.

Van der Merwe said the satellite will travel on a North-South track and will take 100 minutes to go around the earth. Each time it completes a journey, it will send the data back.

The launch is scheduled for March 8, 1998 in Vandenberg Airforce Base in California. If successfully launched it will be the first home-built satellite to go into orbit.

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ISU forms new diplomatic ties

Sivuyile Mangxamba

INTERNATIONAL studies unit (ISU) masters students recently took a look at the real world of international relations and diplomacy when two groups visited Gauteng and Cape Town. In Gauteng, the ISU students were introduced to major institutional players who deal with foreign policy and international studies. Amongst them were the Department of Foreign Affairs (DFA), the South African Institute of International Affairs, the Centre of Policy Studies and Foundation for Global Dialogue.

The Cape Town group of Democratisation students visited the Institute of a Democratic Alternative for South Africa (IDASA), the Centre for Southern African Studies and Mayibuye Research Centre.

"the rationale behind the trip was to introduce students to various institutions relevant to their research work."

MA lecturer, David Pottie, said the rationale behind the trip was to introduce students to various institutions relevant to their research work.

Dr Paul Bischoff, the post-graduate course co-ordinator, believes that contact with foreign policy decision-makers was invaluable to the students,

enabling them to formulate ideas around issues pertinent to their masters theses.

Sagaren Naidoo, an ISU student researching contemporary issues of security in Southern Africa, said they had opportunity to meet and exchange ideas with DFA's bureaucrats in charge of Middle East Affairs and the South East Asian desk.

Controversial issues like trade relations with countries whose human rights record is suspect featured in the discussions.

"We want a more practical way of engaging our students with the politics of this region."

The ISU will make these research trips an annual event and it is hoped to benefit both students and research institutes.

"We want a more practical way of engaging our students with the politics of this region," said Pottie. It is hoped that students who come out of the ISU masters programme will not just be theorists but will put what they have learnt back into the community.

According to Pottie there is a possibility of establishing research internships for Democratisation students at IDASA.

The research trip also raised some concerns and it was found that, if Rhodes University, situated in the underdeveloped Eastern Cape, is to keep pace with other institutions, research facilities need to be updated.

Update on Rhodes' Environmental Policy

Carlien Vavruch

WHY does Rhodes need an environmental policy?

In 1996 the Vice-Chancellor, Dr David Woods, signed the Talloires Declaration, uniting Rhodes with universities around the world who are committed to responsible environmental practices.

The main objective of the Declaration appears to be "to promote a worldwide university effort toward a sustainable future." They are concerned with conserving resources to ensure there is enough left for the future. The spin-off is that Rhodes now needs an environmental policy in order to adhere to the agreements in the Declaration. Once we have the policy down on paper, we can implement the objectives practically.

The policy is also a good public relations tool, as Rhodes can then be marketed as a "green" and environmentally friendly university.

How is it going to be formulated?

The Rhodes University Environmental Education Unit, headed by Dr Eureka Janse van Rensburg, was given the job of facilitating the process. They anticipate the complete process to take one or two years and stress that it requires the support of Admin and especially the interest of top management. Members of the community are also urged to participate. Rhodes is not an entity on its own - it is part of Grahamstown and what it

does has an impact on the community. This policy should therefore be formulated with the community's interest in mind.

Working groups will investigate various areas that a new environmental policy should cover and the policy will be drawn up from those findings and recommendations.

What has been done so far?

The process began in October 1996, when questionnaires were sent out to departments, Admin and student societies to judge support - they had a small, but very positive response.

The first meeting was held in March, this year, where the basic plan was discussed and working groups set up. The next meeting was held in July where some of the working groups reported back and the next steps were discussed. Nicola Jenkin of the Rhodes Environmental Education Unit says "we haven't had to reinvent the wheel at all!" Their ideas have come from the Internet and they have been looking at what overseas universities have done.

Working groups

These groups are investigating the areas which the policy should eventually cover. This includes encouraging students to link up their research projects with the policy process, investigating the environmental content of current Rhodes courses, and looking at ways of using that information to market Rhodes as a "green" university. Environmental audits will

be conducted on land and resource use at Rhodes, in order to advise on future waste reduction, recycling and effective environmental management programmes.

What next?

The working groups are meeting to define their objectives and preparing to report back at the next meeting, which should take place in September.

Anyone can get involved at any level - with the process as a whole, or with a particular working group.

For more information contact Nicola Jenkin - tel: 318390 or e-mail: nicky@croc.ru.ac.za

The Botany Department is hosting a course by Dr Malcolm Logie on Environmental Management Systems and anyone interested may attend. It will be held in the Botany Minor lecture theatre.

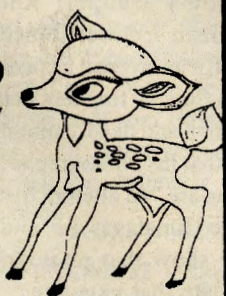
Thursday August 14, 9:30-12:30 "Introduction to Environmental Management Systems & ISO 14001"

14:00-17:00 "Expectations and requirements of ISO 14001"

Monday August 18, 9:30-11:00 "Review of case study"

11:30-17:00 "Establishment of draft EMS in Science Faculty"

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Attention Oppidans



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Starting on Monday the 4th of August a bus service will run from the library leaving at 10pm (Mon - Thurs)

In order to qualify, you need to make a booking through the oppidan secretary: Joy Alcock (9am-noon)

Coupons will be on sale in her office at R1.30 one way

The route will go along the normal taxi run

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Our own journalist-dancer-computer man!

Jason Norwood-Young

SIMON MOSOMA is a journalist-dancer-social-activist-computer man who wanted to be a cop. He is currently employed by the Rhodes Journalism Department to assist them with their computer needs. Simon is also a member of the President's Award Dance Company, which has toured overseas. "We went to London and Germany for the South African Music Festival. It was so interesting. It was the first time they've seen that (Gumboot dancing) and they didn't want us to stop. It was so interesting to do because if your audience is interested it's fun for you. They wanted us to stay but we said no. We had to go back to school but maybe we see what happens after school."

What type of dancing do you do? "We do Sarafina, we do hip-hop dance and we do traditional dance. We only do traditional dance outside of Grahamstown because there are other traditional groups in Grahamstown and the audience would come and see us and not them. All we want to do is make people enjoy themselves and not take the audience away from the other groups."

His talents are not limited to dancing: "I am the monitor of the LAN and I assist the students in printing and I also help the staff," he tells me from his workstation in the quiet corner of the LAN computer laboratory.

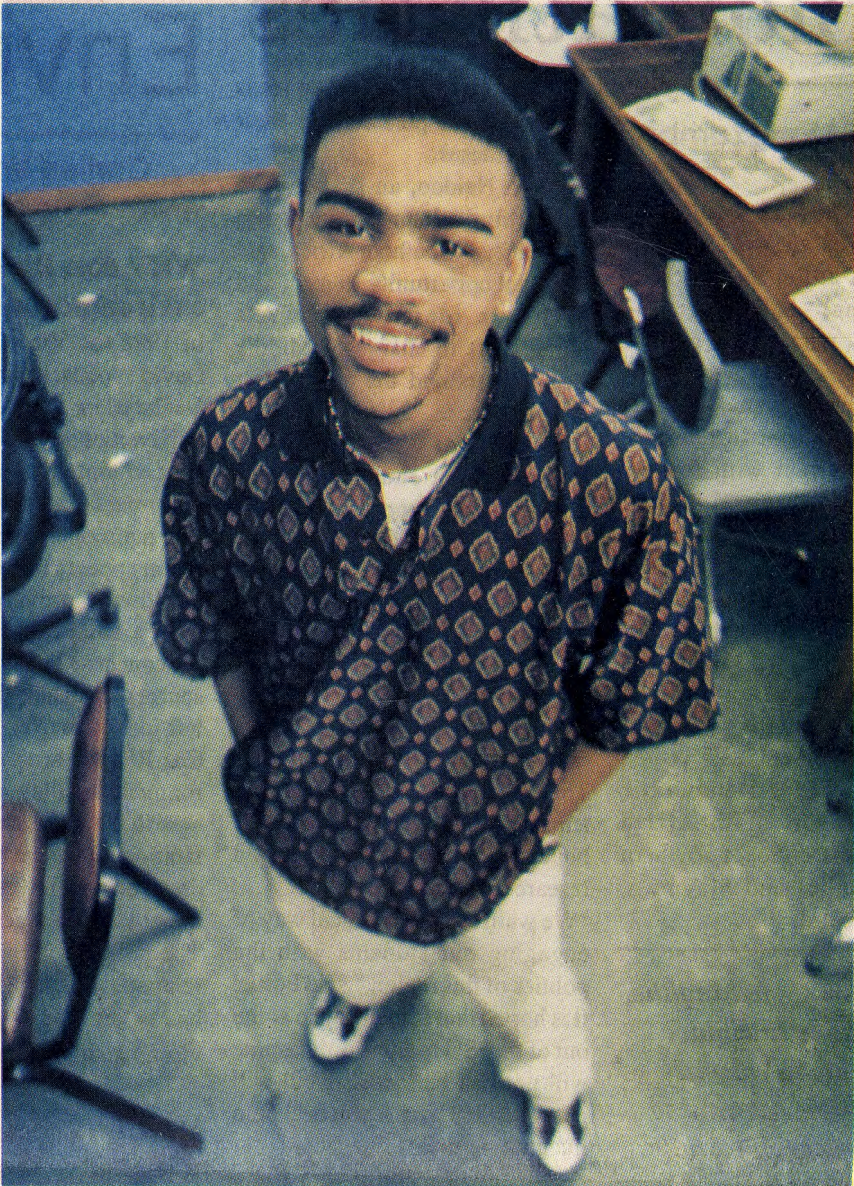
Simon is being trained by various members of the Journalism staff to further his knowledge of computers, something which he really enjoys. It's a win-win situation for both parties, since Simon gets the training he may not have had the opportunity at getting, whilst the Journalism Department

gets a competent, enthusiastic employee. Simon is also involved in Grab, a journalism project run by the school-children of Grahamstown. This is how he was noticed by Guy Berger, head of the Journalism Department who runs the project. "I always teach the Grab members how to use the computer. I was like a monitor in the Grab newspaper club and I showed him I was very enthusiastic, especially with computer lessons. One Saturday we had a Grab Club session. Then he called me aside and said he had a position for me with the computers and he would train me and pay me." Simon feels that it was his enthusiasm that got him the position more than anything else.

Plans for the future?

"I have so many plans, believe me. Maybe next year they (the sponsors of the President's Award Dance Company) will officially open the Company. I don't want to work out of my country, I want to work in South Africa. I don't want to lose my job. I don't want to disappoint especially the Professor (Guy Berger)."

"There's a project coming up: the Eastern Cape Schools Network and I have been made co-ordinator. I want to reach the highest point and the highest point is editor of the *Sowetan*. I want to further my studies but I'm waiting for a bursary. I want to study here maybe next year or the year after. I'm also trying to maintain the spirit of Grab. Journalism is a good career especially if you care about your people. When I was in school I only wanted to be a private investigator, a policeman. But if you're a policeman and you catch someone, you have to beat him, maybe even shoot him. You are destroying his life. A policeman is meant to uphold the law and order, to help the community. I can help the community more doing this."



Simon Mosoma - gumboot dancer, computer king and aspiring journalist.

pic: Jason Norwood-Young

Everest revealed...

Lara Kastan

"YOU PROBABLY START looking at religion and start to believe a bit." In 1996 Monty Cooper, Rhodes photojournalism lecturer joined the first South African Everest Expedition, to capture on film the timeless majesty of this seductive and deadly mountain. Cooper said that his photographs from the expedition are "an attempt to show how great the Himalayas are, and in a curious way show that photography cannot translate that experience into reality."

He has managed to distance himself from the scandal and controversy that plagued the expedition, and has introduced a different message through his work.

During the Standard Bank National Arts Festival, Cooper held an exhibition of photographs entitled "Everest Explored".

"For the first time in a year I was able to look at the pictures. Everest was an incredible experience and it is difficult to confront this experience all the time, so you put it aside. But I managed to print the pictures at last," he said.

Notably absent from the photographs were the notorious climbers Bruce Herrod, Cathy O'Dowd and Ian Woodall. Cooper focuses on what he feels really matters; the environment and the Sherpa people of the Himalayas. "It is a shock to see how the Westerners and their climbing have influ-

enced everything," he said.

"The environment hits you first, as you go from the lush foothills into the mountains where there are no grass or trees. You realise that the environment has changed because of the climbing that started 40 years ago."

He speaks of the Sherpa people, who lead the climbers and carry their supplies up the mountain: "The lives of the Sherpas have changed. Without the climbing I am not sure what they would do now. They have become specialised in leading trekkers and climbers and have learned to speak many different languages from Chinese to English."

Cooper describes Everest as a religious experience: "You are so high up, removed from Western noise. You start to look inwardly, you have to. You look out and the mountains are staggeringly huge and blindingly beautiful. You have to go inside and think am I coping with all this?"

He is currently preparing a slide show that will be taken to schools in the Eastern Cape, as well as writing a book on the subject.

Cooper was one of the first Rhodes Journalism graduates. He went straight into a seven-year job as a newspaper photographer for the Cape Times. He ran his own studio for 10 years. After a stint as a sub-editor and headmaster in Zimbabwe he returned to Rhodes as a lecturer of photojournalism and journalism ethics.

Cooper's exhibition "Everest Explored" is still on display in the Photojournalism Department.

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THE VISIBLE DIFFERENCE IN ACNE TREATMENT

Editorial

IT'S A FUNNY THING, but in the rainbow-nation-new-South-Africa, there doesn't seem to be much mixing of the violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. After three years or so of the new democracy, the cynics are having a field day... as if anyone from any different race is ever going to be more than superficially friendly, let alone party with the 'others'.

But I think that to everyone's collective amazement, the RMR party at the Monument managed to kill the colour boundaries for one gloriously decadent, debauched and completely smashing night.

Marked by an aggressive advertising campaign, RMR made sure that even the blind-as-bat non-poster readers couldn't miss the point.

Four dance floors, with music to cater for the most picky music snob, two bars and a jazz cafe completely blew the mind of many a seasoned Grahamstown partier. Even with all the new bars and cafes that have sprung up in the last few months, this party offered the variety that is so important to happy mixing. It was great to see every group on campus represented (in huge numbers) and everybody enjoying themselves. Quite an achievement I'd say, and one that I think both RMR and Rhodes can be proud of. Maybe we're even getting somewhere...

ONCE AGAIN I am forced to highlight the sorry state of female liberation on this campus. And if you're tired of hearing it, believe me, I'm tired of saying it. It is Women's Day on August 9, and days later, we will be having yet another meat market posing as a 'personality' contest. Come off it, who are we trying to kid? I find it astounding that these competitions are allowed to proceed. What is their point? What are they trying to achieve? And Why? Why? Why?

To me it says something very rotten about our society, that organisers believe that people want this, but even more that women actually let it happen. Behind the entertainment that these competitions provide, lies the objectification of women, and if you think that this isn't a problem, then wake up and smell the rot.

Just the other night, a marvelous specimen of manhood leered at me and said "hey chick! chicks are the enemy". Why should women have to put up with this? It is just as offensive as calling people honky, kaffir and coolie, and like the attitude that lies behind those words, chauvinistic attitudes need to be erased. And fast!

Free Lunch

change

Wanna be an editor?
Activate changeover
3rd September
10am - RA room

Creditorial

Lineke (journalists do it with mice), Francoise (I wasn't in any more danger than weeing in my wetsuit), Jerri (thanks for all the moral support!), Joanne (the lank hardcore subber), Jason (the spelling demon), Ian (I do everything well) and the crossword gurus of 4 Thompson Street, Brigid (I want to rip your insides out with a pencil), Heeeether (he's quite spritely in more ways than one), Philani (I can't think in the afternoons with the sun blazing on my head), Ilda (music junkie I), Ilja, Jak (screw the law), Roman (we're not too professional for you), Mboneni the babe-slayer, Maria, Henriette, Julia, Toast (music junkie II), Lara, Jason the Omnipotent (thanks for the crap month ahead!), James M, James H, Lauren, Geoff, Mass Dosage (cool tie), Bern, Mary Lou, Gina, Carlien, Hairy Harriet our resident feminist, Claire (welcome back!), Sivuyile, Ronita, Joanne S, Celine, Michelle, The man with the beautiful eyes, Teresa (true dedication), Blue Room for sponsorship, Studentwise, Irawa, Tess, Swapna, Maria, Lukanyo and Taryn (wish you were here), Byron + pizza, RMR party, that Don oke, SRC (thanks for the hot chocolate), dyslexia, and to all those whose stories didn't make it in, watch this space...

Dear Activate..

Racism at Rhodes

I WILL NOT reveal my name: if I sign my name I will be victimised. I am a sub-warden and have noted the operation of the residences and feel it is necessary to bring the facts to your attention. The hall wardens all favour Zimbabwean students. I have heard it repeatedly said that the Zimbabweans are better academically and socially. Five of the eight hall wardens are ex-Zimbabweans, so they allow Zimbabweans to arrive early and stay longer. But when a South African black requests the same privilege, the hall warden refuses permission. Mr Oelschig intimidates the students. He constantly uses legal jargon to confuse us. Students told me he bullied them when he obtained statements for the so-called Botha House initiation. Can Rhodes afford to have a person like him in charge of the largest hall on campus? I have heard him make derogatory remarks about the ANC, SASCO and PASO. He is totally opposed to transformation. He pays lip service to it but does not really believe in it. Not one of the hall wardens are black. This is because Mr Oelschig believes, as Dean of Wardens, that they must have experience. This is a typical way of keeping blacks from empowerment. Look at the sub-warden appointments: they mostly go to Zimbabweans and white South Africans. Maybe in future the University must let us know how many of the appointed sub-wardens are South African whites and blacks and how many are Zimbabwean whites and blacks. In the women's halls all the best rooms go to white South Africans and Zimbabwean blacks. We are in the new South Africa and it is time that the hall wardens changed their attitudes.

I suggest you interview students in the halls and you will see that the majority of the students are of this race. Please do not let this problem lie idle.

Mr Oelschig gave the following response in an interview with Jak Koseff and Philani Masuku.

Categorically denying all accusations and responding to each specifically, Oelschig had this to say: "Under no circumstances would anybody be victimised. I can understand there's a fear of that, it's a human fear."

As regards the accusation of favouring Zimbabweans: "I do not even know among my own sub-wardens which are Zimbabwean and which are not." Turning to his files to check, Oelschig came up with the following figures: 11 out of the 14 subwardens in Kimberley Hall are South African as opposed to Zimbabwean, and 10 out of 14 are non-white.

He added that he has limited say, as the elections are done by committees. He reserves the right to object only if he disapproves of the candidate.

Oelschig said that the claim of five out of eight hall wardens being ex-Zimbabwean is inaccurate - the true figure being three. Oelschig claims he has minimal influence in the appointment of hall wardens and is only one voice on a committee.

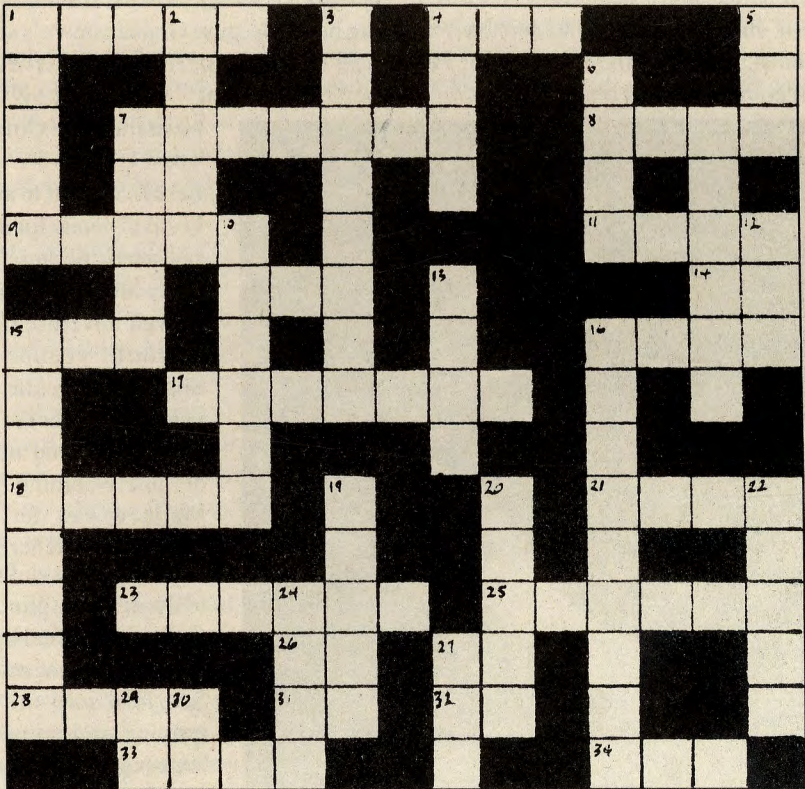
Oelschig responded to the allegation of bullying: "Is it bullying to say to a student 'I want you to tell me the truth, as others have done'? If that's bullying then so be it. I acted as anyone would who has to take statements dealing with serious allegations. I did so honestly and to the best of my ability. I probed and questioned, as a lawyer would."

In response to the accusation of Zimbabwean students receiving special treatment: "Regarding early or late arrivals, I don't even know where most of the people are coming from."

As regards to the accusations of derogatory remarks, Oelschig pointed out that he even applied to join the ANC last year. He claimed the accusation that he is opposed to transformation is untrue and that it was too vague to really respond to.

Oelschig claims that accusations of racism are totally unfounded, pointing out that the first black wardens and sub-wardens were from Kimberley Hall.

Win a 'Pierre Card' - free coffee refills for a month from the Blue Room. Drop off entries at Kaif and Day-Kaif in a labelled envelope by August 22.



- Across:**

 - Garbage (5)
 - Long for the East (3)
 - Disconcert (7)
 - Sculpted (4)
 - Kissing them won't get you Prince (5)
 - Donkey's years (4)
 - Act (2)
 - Grass (3)
 - Not invisible (4)
 - First of the bipedals (7)
 - Clawed sea creatures (5)
 - Hence; as a consequence (4)
 - Winter warmer (6)
 - Faithless (6)
 - Indefinite article (2)
 - La, __, do (2)
 - International Library of African Music (4)
 - Negate (prefix) (2)
 - Singularly strong (2)
 - Eat 32 across (4)
 - Desperate __ (3)
- Down:**

 - Sully (5)
 - Tom peeped (5)
 - Blue? (8)
 - Affirmative action (4)
 - Immoral lair (3)
 - Found on foot (4)
 - Sound from the South (5)
 - Bags (6)
 - Second in the holy triumvirate (3)
 - He's abominable (4)
 - Long, green vegetable (8)
 - Took one down a peg or two (9)
 - Close to Michael in 'Fatal Attraction' (5)
 - Attach (5)
 - Manifest (5)
 - Well-disciplined (4)
 - One on the rocks (3)
 - Morning (2)
 - Myself and I (2)

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Rocking the city...

The editor sighed and said: Just write the bloody article. I can't stop you music junkies. So **Toast Coetzer** wrote the bloody article. **Kytie Koekblik** wrote the intro and interrupted Toast a few times.

THE WRITER of this monstrously cool article, Toast, is my big band junkie-buddie. During the past Grahamstown Arts Festival, we both had these cool backstage passes that gave us access every night to see and jol to South Africa's top bands. I don't think South Africans realise just how privileged we are: we can go to these really intimate gigs, buy underground records and meet the musos simply because the industry is so small and intimate. Toast, the pro music journo of the future, gives you some inside info, gossip and half-drunkish reviews (we got free drinks) of the past Fest. This article is written in the hope that you'll be converted into a music junkie too! At the very least, we may tickle your interest in South African music.

Kytie Koekblik

MUSIC JUNKIES always flock to the Festival. Music junkies are those people who like their music South African, very often freaking loud and always original. So you cut down on buying dodgy alien T-shirts, wire candleholders and King Pies and you save all your money to check out SA's best rock acts.

Let me run through some personal highlights. Like *Dorp's* first gig at the Martell Blues Rock Fest in the Union: one of the best live performances I've ever seen. There is only one word for lead singer Oom Gert (Pieter Bezuidenhout) - insane. Give the man a mike and a stage and he becomes a clown, rubber ball, Freddie Mercury, exhibitionist, porn star and stand-up (or lie-down) comedian all at once.



JUST JAMMING...Tuux, bassist of *Just Jinger* who were one of many big bands seen in Grahamstown this Festival. pic: Toast Coetzer

At their next gig, bassist Dillan's hair was cut on stage while he was doing a guitar solo. I like to claim to have coined this one: have fun, go *Dorp*. (I have to interrupt Toast here. One of my personal highlights was *Lithium's* two performances at Martell

FOUR-EYES...Dave Owens, lead singer of *Lithium*, rocked the Martell Blues Rock Festival at this year's Arts Festival. pic: Toast Coetzer

Blues Rock. Listening to *Lithium*, makes you want to make one of those sounds you make when you really enjoy something. Watching *Lithium* live, makes you become a clown, rubber ball, exhibitionist, porn star (Ja - I stole Toast's line. See paragraph above). Seriously, *Lithium* is a mind-blowing band. Because Grahamstown's so cold, they bought white thermal underwear and performed in it. And no, they're not pornstars. Continue Toast.)

Let us sneak off to another Festival venue for a sec. I say sneak, because it was fairly low profile and not as well advertised as the Martell venue. The Soundzone venue provided a stage for the country's young and up-and-definitely-coming bands. Matthew van der Want and Chris Letcher's few afternoon gigs didn't exactly draw millions, but the words crafted by two of the finest songsmiths in SA, turn into the most moving and sometimes amusing songs around. The louder (very much louder) stuff came from Cape band *Hog Hoggidy Hog* who impressed tremendously with their sometimes ska/sniffs of reggae powerpunk. *Scabby Annie* also quietly made their first appear-

ance south of the Orange River in a single gig on the last Saturday of the Fest. In front of a crowd of about 20 (including soundmen, their manager, a girlfriend, the doorman, some press and the guys who picks up the empty beer cans) they pelted

out all their hits in typical tongue-in-cheek fashion.

At Tin Roof Blues fun was also handed out in huge doses by *The Loansharks*, *Dynamics*, *Woodshed* and *Amersham*.

Amersham - now there's another bunch! The Festival was barely a day old when bassist Nathan accidentally tripped over a motorcar and nearly lost his nose in the process!

Then there were those after-parties. Thank God I only attended one of the notorious 60 Market Street parties. It usually started sometime after the last Martell Blues Rock gig of the night and often involved the serious inebriation of renowned musos, disk jockeys and groupies. The bucket of punch, OB's in the kitchen, bodies strewn all over, pissing in the garden, dew in my hair and slippery glasses... I left at 5am.

(Most people left at 8am, fader Toast. I still have to replace 60 Market Street's glasses. Plastic ones they will be!)

Now where were we? Good music was provided by the *Springbok Nude Girls*. If the crowd went mad for *Just Jinger*, they went ape-shit for the *Nudies*. Predictably their gigs were packed, extra bodyguards had to

be employed and the crowd became a mincer - crunching and tearing at body parts. The *Nudies* confirmed something I've been suspecting for a long time: they are one of the most progressive rock bands in the world. Fact.

Back to *Just Jinger*: I have now finally decided that girls like them a lot, so does my sister. Amazingly smooth on stage, perfect pop, the drumstick-flicktrick, the drumsolo. *Sugardrive* was balanced rock, full of careful construction, scrapes, zippy bits, groovy slow stuff and a good deal of balls.

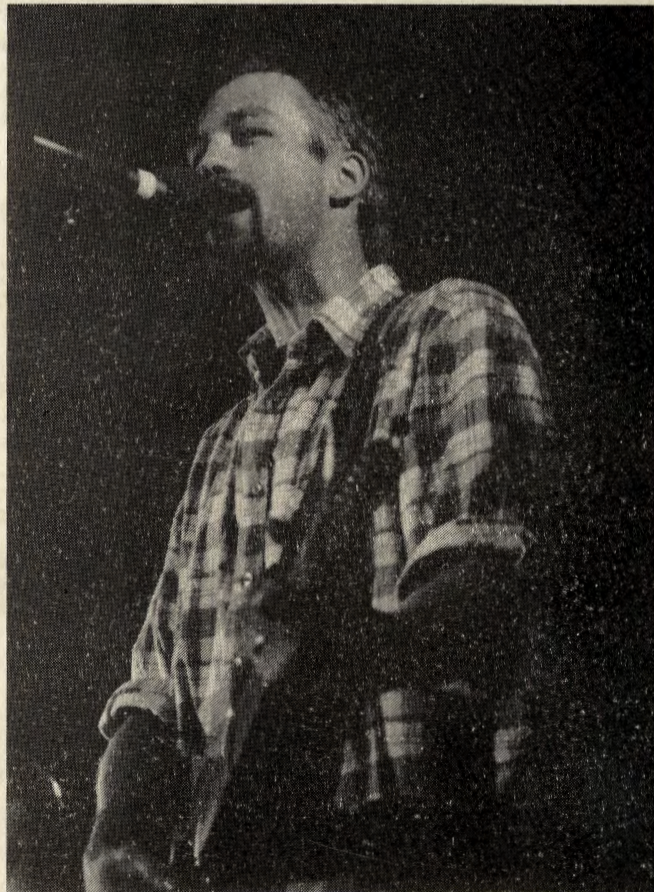
What else? (Toast, don't you dare forget about them, I'm the daughter of this band!) Actually I forgot someone really important: *Sons of Trout*. With all due respect to all the other bands who performed at the Soundzone venue, no one pulled a bigger crowd than the *Sons*.

Together with *Fetish*, they were probably one of the most talked-about new bands at the Festival.

I didn't mention every band that played the Fest. But even people with wise arses have to sleep and work late nights. So it was the final Sunday of the Festival and I was just about festivoled out.

I hung around backstage at Martell in the early morning hours, vaguely remembering more OB's doing the rounds and the *Nudies's* Francois drawing a picture on Kytie Koekblik's CD cover. Johannes Kerkorrel wore one of those silly pointed beanies and his camouflage pants. Fashion-attack! People, band-members, crew were dismantling the stage. I left at about 4am with another material possession, a new CD.

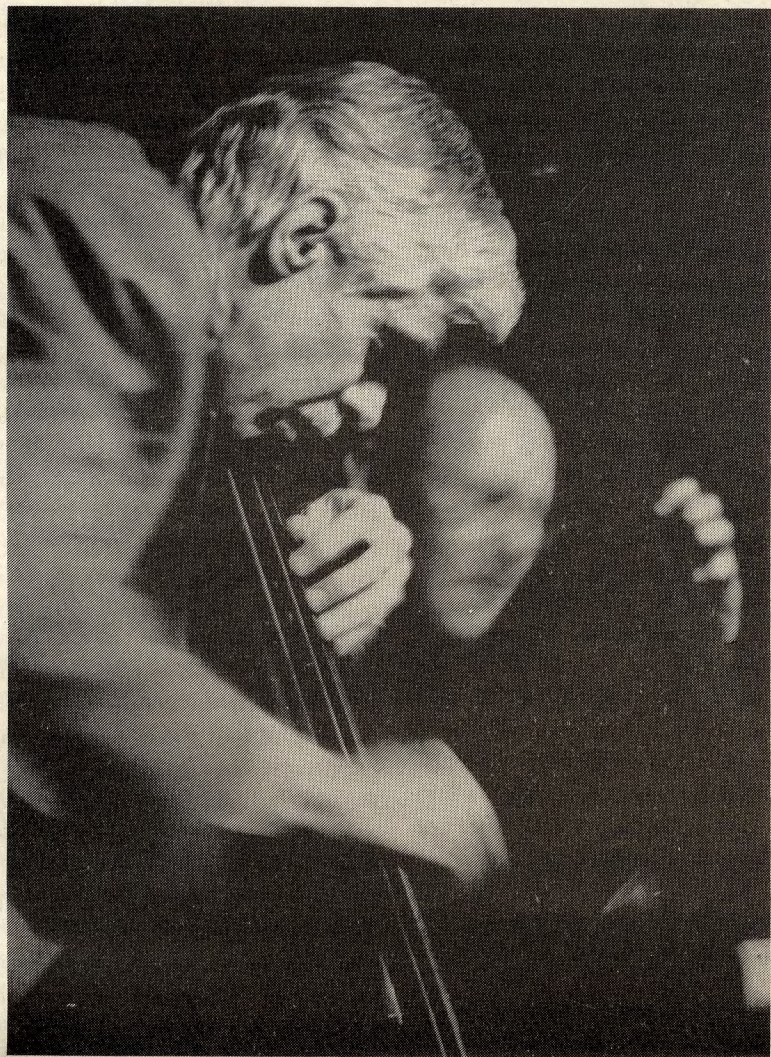
Kytie calls it PFS (Post Festival Syndrome). The exodus of bands after Festival, not to return in force for another year.



CYBER-SAKKIE ROCK...Valiant Swart brought an alternative Afrikaans rock element to the Festival. pic: Toast Coetzer

I thought: it's all over. I randomly pick *Live Jimi Presley* and *Juliana Venter* off my newly acquired CD as my first track. Half-way through the song I realise it's the most amazing, beautiful, touching piece of music I've heard all year. Its not over after all, it's only the beginning. Now is a good time to be alive.

...fazzing up the hill



Above: Tu Nokwe, from Kwa Mashu, Durban, combined a traditional African style with contemporary vibes, just scraping into the jazz category. But this fusion was one of the few shows that actually got the audience onto their feet. The single show featured new songs from her latest CD, *Inyakanyaka*, released by Polygram.

Left: Dave Young, the double-bass player from Canada, was described in the pamphlet as a virtuoso playing cool classic jazz, but he turned out to be pretty manic. The *Dave Young Quartet* were back at the Festival by demand and featured a new line-up consisting of leading Canadian guitarists.

pics: Ronita Wilbert

Camel poo and manic drivers

James Mckay

THE BEGINNINGS OF DAWN are quietly touching the hill-tops of the quiet student town known as Grahamstown. From under my warm duvet, I cautiously peek through a crack in the porno res curtains. What's going on?

My groggy mind has not yet begun its daily awakening, but as my annoying RET Butlers special alarm-clock screams its rude chorus, I realise the truth: The Grahamstown National Arts Festival has begun!

I am working for RMR as a DJ and a News Sound Editor and the University has, with much reluctance allowed us to live in New House (a.k.a. "The Prison") for the duration of the Festival.

With great reluctance I wrench my lifeless body from the warmth of my bed to brave the sub-zero temperatures of the bathroom floor. On entering the toilet, I am greeted by a sign instructing me to place my sanitary towels in the bin provided. I silently repress the encounter.

With a hop-skip-and-a-jump, I gleefully bound out into the street to experience the very first day of Festival. The glee does not last long. As my left big-toe encounters the outside air, every fibre of my being curls up into the foetal-position and begs for mercy. It's so cold outside that even the art students are wearing shoes! For a fleeting moment I contemplate making an insane dash for the warmth and safety of my bed but the first news gathering of the RMR news team awaits.

The streets have secretly changed during the night. They are filled to capacity with a vast array of Earths, Techno-bunnies, Sen-

sitive Art-Lovers and the oddest of the lot: Locals. Flashes of brightly coloured shoes and hats (with the annoying bells) complete the picture. I spend most of my walk trying to avoid an extremely depraved individual who is intent on explaining that I am going to end up in hell if I do not join his religion and give my soul to his god. I politely smile and quietly begin singing the opening bars of "We're on the road to Fort England..."

The meeting went well and I leave to experience the new and exciting attractions of the famed Village Green. As I casually stroll down the street with the warmth of the rising sun on my appreciative face, I contemplate how fortunate I am to be in such an amazing place.

Then I try to cross the road...the first few paces were OK but as soon as I reached the middle, a car travelling faster than the speed of someone dashing to the loo after a res-supper almost ends my life! High Street confirms my sneaky suspicion: the Bad Drivers of South Africa Association have decided to hold their annual gathering in Grahamstown! Red faces, white knuckles on steering wheels and beads of sweat make their irritable paths through furrowed brows.

I continue to push and shove my way down to the Village Green. Passing the Spur, something large, odd and salivating enters my vision. Oh silly me its just a camel. A CAMEL!

What the @#&* is a creature from a hot and windy place in the Middle-East doing in the glacier of SA (Grahamstown)?

Finally the Village Green appears. Gaily I trot towards the grassy promised land. But soon I am slowed down by something warm

and organic. Camel poo. How nice.

A small degree of rage passes through my body.

To complete the situation, I am confronted with one of the top three annoyances in the world (apart from *Ace of Base* and those guys who rugby tackle each other in the Union on a Friday night) - a mime artist!

My state of mind turns from annoyed to vaguely psychotic when he begins the whatever-that-thing-he-does as I try, with extreme difficulty, to rid my shoe of the camel poo. With great restraint and many deep breaths, I make a rapid exit.

Suddenly the dark clouds obstructing my happiness part, the warmth of a light touches my cheeks. The source of this inexplicable joy you inquire? People. Diversity and excitement.

Before me lies a sea of colourful people from every race, creed and religion possible. The Earths are quietly going about their earthy business, playing with their little unwashed earthy children. Hare Krishnas clad in flowing robes and lacking hair happily give away free books to those who want them and especially to those who don't. Street children with voices growing horse

from belting out *The Haka* all day writhe and pound the ground in the hope that some kind stranger would reward them. How effortlessly people smile!

Finally the sun sets. The first day of Festival is over. With the setting sun comes the cold. My entire being rebels. Even my hair is cold!

Finally I reach my res room, porno curtains intact, and climb wearily into the welcoming folds of my bed. I contemplate the day.

I feel the surge of humanity - many diverse people separated by their individual interests in the Festival yet gathered and united in a single place by a common feeling of enjoyment.

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RIGHT- time to delve deep into my inner soul and wrench out messages of earth-shattering importance to my fellow student sufferers... or alternatively, think of something - anything - to get my name published!! Oh, how low we sink...

I decided to investigate the res-related-Festival-fund-enigma. Exactly how much did the powers that be make from residence rent-outs during the Festival and more specifically, what are they doing with the stash? In all honesty, I left my detective duty a tad late (until Monday, to be precise) and spent the morning dashing between departments (Residence Officer to Assistant Dean of Students to Admin dungeon and back) in search of answers - and the elusive Mr Long. He, I was told, is the man in the know. Unfortunately, Mr Know-It is away and will only be able to see you on Thursday, luvvie. Thanks. One day after deadline. I am reduced to sucking thumb.

Fortunately students have a marvellous knack of collective telepathy and so I gather (via the ever buzzing grapevine) that around one million smackeros were collected into Rhodes funds in one three week long culture crazy Festival swoop. Grand! But what is the destiny of the six zeros, I wonder?

In the vain hope that somebody who counts might read this, I have come up with a few ideas (hell, anyone with a smidgen of grey matter would have mentally spent every buck available three times over) but seriously, the money came from the reses, and surely that is where it should go.

There are numerous improvements that should be made to residences, not least of which include improved fire precautions. After the recent Prince Alfred incident, I'm sure that the girls would agree that fire escapes would go down well. They were fortunate: the fire was on the ground floor, but imagine diving down three storeys of blazing stairs. Toasty thought.

An Athies student reported that packing up for the vac was a nightmare. Living on the top floor, she had to drag her worldly possessions all the way to the ground floor before encountering a box room. How convenient!? I am sure that people in other reses suffer the same inconvenience and some thought could be put into increasing the number of box rooms available.

Other suggestions include decent heating systems (that heat the res effectively without tripping the circuits three times a night). In some of the male reses, one can play 'spot the heater' because the appliance is so small.

A possible solution to the computer queue syndrome in the labs would be to install one or two computers in each res. OK - so I'm probably pushing it a bit, but these are things which students would appreciate. On the other hand, if those are too expensive, I'd looove a cappuccino machine!

Joanne Skelton

SRC wasting your money?

Philani Vince Masuku

THE 1996/97 SRC has certainly been more visible and helpful to students than in previous years. However, there are allegations that they have been mishandling their funds.

After assessing the proceeds from the Mr and Miss Rhodes contest held last term, the SRC has confirmed that they made a loss of R1084.86. The information was given by the SRC president, Chicco Khoza who refused to make the relevant financial statements available. He admitted that the SRC had not done a good job when planning the costs involved. This he attributed to inexperience. He also said that they were not perfectionists and that the next SRC would benefit by learning from their mistakes.

Many students refused to believe the information suggesting a bigger loss. What happened to transparency? We are not stupid! The amount they lost is definitely more than R5000, said an annoyed Garth Williams. Other students said that the celebrities hired for the event were unnecessary and expensive. Andile Majola said they were spending money on celebrities as if they were the Reserve Bank.

A student from Gender Forum said that the

SRC should have put the money used for the contest into the Valli Moosa Student fund instead of hosting an event strongly opposed by many students.

Last term, between April and May, the SRC hosted a delegation of Gauteng students at the Spur. After the meal, an SRC representative bragged about enjoying what he called, the gravy train. According to him, the SRC spent about R2000 on that occasion.

During the past six months the SRC has hosted a couple of other delegations from different institutions, but it is not clear how much they have spent.

Complaints about the misuse of university equipment by SRC representatives has been voiced by some students. For example, reps have been seen making personal calls on SRC cell phones. We are like tax payers and have a right to control them from playing around with our money, said a student from the commerce faculty.

At the launch of the Valli Moosa Student fund, the Vice Principal Dr Michael Smout pointed out that the current SRC was hardworking and committed to the improvement of student life. These sentiments have been generally endorsed by many students. However, taking various incidences into account, many students still suspect irregularities in the running of the SRC.

Healing Matters

Roman Liptak

NEITHER A RED WIG nor an animal tail was wasted on the interview, for Mr Thembi Nkosingene, Rhini's resident sangoma, only wears them on paid occasions.

His patients are people and domestic animals alike, both male and female, and from as far as Zimbabwe. His successful cases range from what Western doctors call tuberculosis to common mental disorders known as *amafu funyana*. Interpersonal relationship problems also seem to be handled easily. Particularly moving is Nkosingene's lengthy account of a "young man's left arm paralysed in contact with a poison." The speedy recovery was preceded by the sangoma's sophisticated therapy. Apparently, this sangoma feels the need to unveil this 45 minute long story to all his patients, well in accordance with the 'time is money' principle. A touch on the subject of viruses left the sangoma puzzled. His frequent reference to *umoya omdaka* (devil spirits) made it clear that diseases in general are due to supernatural forces.

In many ways, the treatment is as dubious as the diagnosis. Herbs and conjuring are followed by more herbs and conjuring - until *umoya omdaka* disappear. Unlike other rigid medical schemes, herbs and conjuring are only charged for once. The rate averages at R150, plus a bottle of brandy. Return to good health is guaranteed. At the discretion of *umoya omdaka*, of course. Nkosingene is well qualified for the occupation of a traditional healer. A medical

school certificate from a Mpumalanga training centre is presented to all visitors. *Umoya omdaka* recognise it. Why shouldn't we?

An alternative to the herbs-and-conjuring solution lies on a rather Freudian-like couch in the 'office' of Mr Blakie Mlasela's, a Joza township sangoma. The couch serves to cushion both the patient's pain and the sangoma's graphic description of *amafu funyana* symptoms and the use of chicken blood to suppress them.

Mlasela can also predict the future, at negotiable rates. He is famous for manipulating court cases (in consultation with the *umoya omdaka*) in favour of his clients.

But Mlasela, it must be pointed out, trusts Western medicine and routinely recommends his patients to combine chicken blood with modern therapies.

Prices in his case are considerably higher: R300 for a proper treatment.

Those who expect a textbook rationalisation on why their headache resists Panadol will be disappointed. The universal cause of all diseases stems from the *umoya omdaka* and each sangoma has a unique method of dealing with these spirits.

Both sangomas vigorously claimed they have never encountered an AIDS patient. In a region where at least 17 000 people are believed to be HIV positive such a statement sounds bizarre. Let's ascribe it to the conservative nature of provincial Grahamstown. In centres like Johannesburg, sangomas commonly offer a *muti* which, partly drunk and partly rubbed all over the limbs, is supposed to protect the human body from the virus.

If nothing else, sangomas at least present us with an alternative to Western medicine. Their smiles are always radiant. "A feeble pulse in your body will become a life again", they promise. For R150, a bottle of brandy and perhaps a chicken. Preferably white and alive.

Both traditional healers are available on appointment, at 320 924 (Mr Mlasela) and 320 315 (Mr Nkosingene).

Special thanks to Ludwe Ngxe for his patient interpreting.

Inside out

Bern Wright

IT'S A SMALL CENTRE, archaic, but sufficient for now. Children from Albany Primary School gather at its wire fence waiting to enter. This is the Albany Guidance Centre which is part of a makeshift town hall opposite the Primary School.

It is here that the township youth are offered the chance to speak out and seek help with any area they may be struggling with, be it abuse, learning problems, basic life skills, poverty, drugs or peer pressure.

The Guidance Centre works in conjunction with FAMSA and is run by Robyn Mosdell, a Unisa graduate and co-worker with FAMSA. Robyn has been involved in many projects aimed at uplifting the people's lives. She has established education study groups, health clinics working with Aids patients and the terminally ill, and family outreach programmes. The Guidance Centre is one of the many offshoots of her developmental administration at FAMSA.

A group of four Rhodes students, including myself, have become involved in this project. Initially it seemed that what we could do was limited. Our only resources were to smile sweetly and rattle off a few clichés about why not to take drugs and the five points on noticing abusive situations. However, we have now slotted ourselves into a Tuesday study methods course for matrics who are battling to cope with their work and I have joined up with a Standard 6 pupil who has started her own Teenagers Against Drug Abuse group on Thursdays. It is remarkable to see the youth taking initiative and it is encouraging to see action being taken from the inside out, from the core of the problem.

One would expect rowdy, undisciplined and broken children, but although they face many problematic issues they have maintained cheer and innocence. They are eager to help themselves and have a monumental compassion for others. They just need the know-how and where to channel their enthusiasm and concern.

There is room for every individual to play a role in shaping and supporting those around us. Robyn uses the analogy of a body to explain the workings of society. If a foot is cut and bleeding, the whole body will know about it. Likewise, although certain people and groups in society think that they are not being affected by a dysfunctional area they are necessarily involved. If nothing is done about a wound, an infection sets in and spreads throughout the body. One cannot leave it up to the head, who needs the hand to physically impart the healing process. Similarly, the Government cannot be responsible for a society that will not pick up its own weight in each individual person. The head needs a neck to support it, yet in our society, the upper and middle classes remain stiff and unresponsive.

People need to know that, no matter who they are, there is a part for them to play in society. Every unit of the body functions for a common purpose, the well-being of the body. Giving of oneself, without the expectation of return, allows one to experience the joy of another. Strangely enough, without manipulation, giving results in receiving. Human resources are needed in the Albany Township. As a group we have just begun to see what we can do and be for these less privileged people.

If anyone is interested in helping with this project, contact FAMSA on 22580

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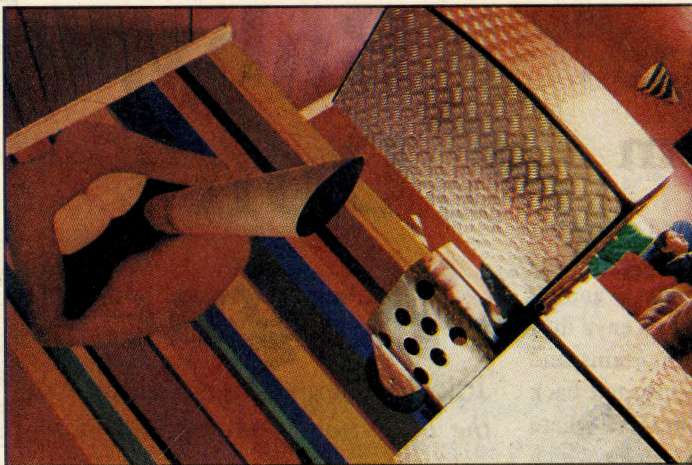
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Hairy Harriet H'lala

Howling at Human Hideousness

HELLO my little smut muffins, and how treaty to be able to chat again! Well the months have certainly whizzed by, but we still don't seem to have moved too far - the SRC still haven't revealed how much that entertaining little Miss/Mr Rhodes thingy cost, and this Saturday sees prime South African meat on display in the Miss SA Supermarket where all those sweet young things get to sell themselves for all those *nifty* prizes. Well I suppose every girl has her price, but personally I would have held out a bit more (take that as you will darling!) Nice to have these sorts of events with National Womyns' Day just around the corner! The wording on a poster that found itself attached to the chewing gum on the bottom of my boots caught my eye the other day. It looks like we're having a Miss/Mr Sports Personality - I'm not quite sure how to interpret that really. Is this a case of a cattle show by any other name, or a cry for help from sportspeople indicating that they have so little personality that they have to have a competition to find it? Talking about things lost and found, I think its time we had a chin-wag about this University. Well, in fact the concept of a University and Humanities and humanity. The large amount of pounding and thumping going on in the library reminded me that we're getting a new computer lab - which is a bonus thing on a campus where finding an available computer is often as difficult as finding a post-Cunanan Versace - and rightly so that we should use technology available to fling our little selves about cyber-space in the quest for greater communication and increased knowledge. (yes little muffins, there is more to the Net than porn - even if it isn't always as exciting!). Moving rapidly along on to the inter-related subjects of humanity - you know that the basic concept of "at least say please before you steal a car" or "try not to kill the guy you're beating about the head with a beer bottle - the legal work's hell" or "at least plan carefully before firing your library staff without any particular reason." Oops! Sorry that's not how it should have come out at all! But hey, now that its out there I may as well tell you about the new ideas for making the library more efficient or some such thing - seems there are plans afoot to remove that crazy, lively womyn with the funky clothes and that really helpful, incredibly professional and interesting deputy-librarian who, if rumours serve correctly, has been at Rhodes for the odd 33 years or so. Just think kids, if 33 years worth of service means nothing, how little must three or four years mean! Aaah well! That's the nature of big business I suppose, and obviously universities are only big businesses - aren't they? Great goddess, when will we learn that profit margins and rationalisation are ALWAYS more important than people and relations! One would think that there was actually a need to work on an understanding of all those gorgeous little complexities that make us human, or even a need for some creative, imaginative minds that cannot only install programmes but also use them to, oh I don't know, maybe gain knowledge about ourselves and those around us. But maybe that bolly-stolly I was drinking earlier has gone to my head, so I'll log off now and see if I can find a little E-scapism - hey at least it makes people care!

HHH



Pop Art Cafe (above left) and the Blue Room are two hip and funky new restaurant-come-bars that have leapt into Grahamstown's night life scene. Pop Art Cafe has joined the string of bars along New Street, and has provided Grahamstown with a hitherto-unknown concept in Grahamstown: cocktails! Prices are slightly higher than the norm, but the small touches on the drinks and the good service are definitely worth the prices! The funky art work, complete with Superman and zebra print makes this new venue well worth a visit.

Blue Room, situated in High Street, has become a popular venue for those quieter evenings ie when you're going to drink coffee and not sambuca. They have great salads and light meals, as well as yummy things like cheese cake. An innovative touch are all the games available while you procrastinate: scrabble, backgammon, chess, Pictionary and X-words, to name but a few. The owners have recently bought 'Snack Attack', the tiny snack shop underneath them, so look out for 24 hour snack services!

pics: Toast Coetzer

Horrendous Horrorscopes

*Hummmmm..... Hummmmm..... Oh stars of the Southern Cross and Lunar Cycle, let me, **Jason the Omnipotent** look into the not-so-distant future and help my fellow-man choose the correct path. Hummmmm... (Insert dramatic Gothic-horror music here) Hummmmm... I see the mists of time clearing before me... Hummm... I see the future, and it is luminous yellow. Wait, that's not right...*

Aquarius (Jan 21 - Feb 19)

Recent disappointments in your life have left you emotionally strained and on the verge of giving it all up. Take heart, young lad/lass, for your problems are not as great as they seem. In fact, a new, positive attitude will help you achieve your goals. Translation: You're bummed. Get over it.

Pisces (Feb 20 - March 21)

Pisces, being the fish sign, is prone to being cold due to it's cold-blooded fishy nature. You are being less social than your usual outgoing self. Make an effort to reconcile old friendships and relationships. Translation: Dress warmly and go out drinking with your friends as soon as possible. Your happiness is in direct proportion with the amount of strong liquor you consume.

Aries (March 22 - April 20)

You are at peace and harmony with the universe. You are content to let life pass you by for a while and go with the flow. This Utopia cannot last and you should take control once again. Translation: You managed to somehow pass exams and now reckon you can cruise the rest of the year, skipping lectures, tuts and pracs. Do not be fooled, the DP warnings are in the inexplicable Rhodes postal system and will be arriving shortly to shock you out of your apathy. Muahahaha!

Taurus (April 21 - May 21)

After a confusing year, things are beginning to look up. Your life has been in flux, going from one extreme to another. You are currently moving out of your melancholy and into a period of happiness and joy. Translation: Your moods have been going up and down, up and down all year. You are currently on an up. You will shortly be on a downer. You need severe psychiatric help. You are one sick puppy.

Gemini (May 22 - June 21)

Having recently come to grips with the Meaning of Life, you are now off on your next quest, the Meaning of Death. This is a time of clarity for you, and you should have no problems finding answers to your own questions. You are currently more mature than your peers. Translation: You think you know everything, don't you? You think you're so clever. It's people like you who sat at the front of class in school and pissed everyone off with your smart-alec comments. Well the rest of us don't care and are going to beat you up at break, so there.

Cancer (June 22 - July 23)

You have reached a period of underachievement in your life. You are not living up to your full potential. You should strive to be all you can be, to live up to the expectations of others. Show them that you can do it! Translation: You are a lazy git and are consuming oxygen that rightly belongs to the semi-productive members of society.

Leo (July 24 - August 23)

A time of great change is upon you. Decisions that you have been putting off for a long time must be made. Whatever decision you make will affect you for the rest of your life, so be careful. Use your head, not your heart. I also sense a number of material goods coming your way. You are not Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz. Translation: Your fantasy world is crashing down around you. Don't be dumb enough to try and rebuild it. I also sense that you have just had / are having a birthday (Am I accurate or what?) You can't have your cappuccino and drink it too.

Virgo (Aug 24 - Sept 23)

You are impressing everyone with your previously undiscovered vivacity. You are taking charge of situations which you would never have dared attempt before, and you deal with them quite admirably. Keep up the good work. Translation: Clap clap clap. You are finally coming out of your shell.

Libra (Sept 24 - Oct 23)

Now is the time to experience success, happiness and fulfilment. Things will go your way. Take your opportunities in both hands and run with them. People everywhere love you. Translation: Jason the Omnipotent is a Libran

Scorpio (Oct 24 - Nov 22)

Balancing your social schedule and your work-load is a great challenge for you. You must find time for both, since you are a social animal but are also at University. Think logically about your commitments and don't always do what you want. Translation: Going out all night and sleeping all day is not a productive way to spend the rest of your life. One day you will have to earn money to support your bad habits.

Sagittarius (Nov 23 - Dec 22)

This month could go either way for you. Hope for the best but expect the worst. Do not make any long-term commitments. Take things as they come. Translation: Jason the Omnipotent has run out of ideas.

Capricorn (Dec 23 - Jan 20)

Just when you think you can't go on, support will come from an unexpected source. Do not give in to pressure. The moment you do you will have lost the battle. Keep a cool head at all times and things will work out in the end. Translation: Jason the Omnipotent has REALLY run out of ideas.

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Don MacLennan: the man behind the poem

Toast Coetzer

RHODES UNIVERSITY poetry lecturer Professor Don MacLennan recently won the 1997 Sanlam Literary Award for Poetry at the Arts Festival. He was awarded the prize of R4500 for his latest collection of poems entitled *Solstice*, in the unrestricted category of the competition. But who exactly is this man of words?

If you've met MacLennan before, you will know that he is not your average 68 year-old. I first met him last year when he was my English I tutor and, believe me, it was quite an experience. And it's not just what he taught me about Hopkins and Yeats. Once, we did this hec-tically metaphorical love poem which left everyone more or less clueless. At the end of the tut he calmly explained that it was actually all about fucking.

MacLennan was born in London and moved to Johannesburg with his parents when he was eight years old. He went on to study at Wits where he completed two years successfully before dropping out in the third year when he discovered women and philosophy. After working as a waiter he left for Britain and furthered his studies in Edinburgh. There he met his American wife who he soon married and followed to Cleveland after completing a degree in philosophy. In America he did various jobs before returning to South Africa again in 1958. After several teaching jobs at a Jo'burg college, Wits and UCT - where he claims "the bastards really made me work" - he had plans to go to Canada. But just before he left, he heard of a post opening at Rhodes and promptly flew to Grahamstown in a Dakota for the job interview. The committee asked him to tell them about his interesting life - which he did, for more than half an hour. The committee must have been impressed, because he got the job.

Talking about his adventures ... when Don

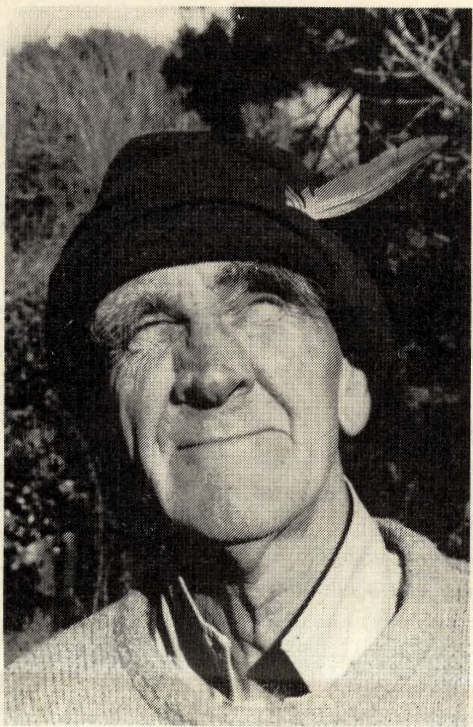
was about 21, he and a friend took a car and missioned into Africa. Through the old Southern and Northern Rhodesia and up to the Congo. On their way to Kenya they climbed the Ruwenzori Mountains, and Mount Kenya. Before they started back south they stopped at Mombassa where they boarded a North Sea trawler which conveniently took them to the Seychelles for three months. After a great time there, they went back to the mainland and home to South Africa through Tanzania and then Tanganyika.

I could go on telling you about Don MacLennan the adventurer and the Nuffield cricketer and the violinist and so on, but let's rather talk poetry.

He started writing poetry at school, but when he looks back he isn't very impressed with what he wrote. "When you're a bloody morbid adolescent, you're very self-reflective and

concerned only with yourself." Since then, he's been writing sporadically and has published six collections to date. His poetry speaks of basic humanity, simple things, the beautiful, the savage and an endless search for what makes humans live, think and be. "To me, nature is not what it was for Wordsworth. It is that and more, because it is also very brutal. It doesn't give a shit - we have floods, fires, beatings, murder, death. Poetry is in many ways about nature's brutality and our brutality."

I interviewed Professor MacLennan for about two hours. We talked about life, religion, Athol Fugard staging a play in his study, his children, spirituality, the state of South African poetry and what the government should do with their money. We also had great coffee. But there's more to MacLennan than this article and good coffee. He says profound things and has ideas on life and poetry that could change the way that you butter your bread.



Baby, Don't Argue

Jak Koseff updates the public on the activities of the society that prides themselves on their ability to tell people to go to hell in such a way that they look forward to the trip.

REFUGEES from the hallowed halls of school debating are usually quite shocked to discover that the art of civilised argument and eloquent dispute at Rhodes is in the hands of a group of semi-alcoholic, cynical lunatics who go by the name of 'Rhodes Debating'. Which other society would consider putting out official boxer shorts with the slogan Baby don't argue displayed across the front? Which other society would attempt to tip the odds in inter-society soccer by contesting the rules of the game? Only this select bunch of argumentative nut-cases.

But the nut cases in question have also been up to some pretty high profile stuff lately.

A delegation of three teams attended the National Debating Contest in Cape Town and marked up two teams in the semi-finals against such experienced pedants as Stellenbosch, UCT and a couple of other major universities you may have heard mentioned in passing.

The expedition to Cape Town also produced fruit - including the unanimous acceptance of Rhodes's bid to host the 1998 National Championships and the appointment of the right honorable Philip Sigsworth (of no particular lineage), a.k.a. society chairperson, as the chair elect of the National Debating Council and the South African representative to the World Debating Council.

Sideline activities included Cape Town pub crawling, waging psychological warfare on everyone else by citing the society's abnormally high membership numbers and finding creative ways to deal with emergency hangovers before major debates.

Rhodes Debating still has plenty in store for the unsuspecting debater this term. The Mayor's Cup will afford some opportunity for vengeance as Stellenbosch (the so-called illustrious winners of nationals) will be stepping into our town for a lesson in humility. Take heed, 'Boschsters, beware the fury of patient men and women!

The Beer Debate will give voice to free-expression, free argument and not-so-free alcohol. The overall effect is something like a drunken, slightly diplomatic version of a French Revolution mob-scene - anyone may speak, provided they have a drink in hand.

The Inter-Hall contest gives just about everybody on campus a shot at trying to sound lucid and intelligent. Contestants will be permitted to represent their hall, res or any other organization, from high-profile campus groups like Zimsoc (if they're sober enough to speak) right down to the campus preserve the koala bears club. For all those eternal iconoclasts out there, you may even run as independents.

The Admin vs Students debate, which last year had a rather chaste panel consisting of Vice Chancellor Woods and the Admin crew pushing for the decriminalisation of marijuana, also lurks somewhere on the horizon this term.

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OPTIMISM VS. PESSIMISM. Is Hip-hop trying to stay alive or is it indestructible? Why is the Hip-hop culture still around today, despite numerous attempts at shutting it down (both by groups within the culture and by outsiders)?

As we edge closer to the precipice of the 21st century, commercial success for Hip-hop artists is once again on the rise. Whether this is a good or a bad thing is a matter of debate. The 'big' names in the Hip-hop industry may be selling their souls to the mainstream public for money, but they also bring attention to the culture and this generates interest in other artists. At the same time, the Hip-hop underground is probably the healthiest it has ever been - in America, New York and Los Angeles are no longer the only centres laying territorial claims to the culture. Rappers are rising from the ghettos and suburbia from all over the US, not to mention globally.

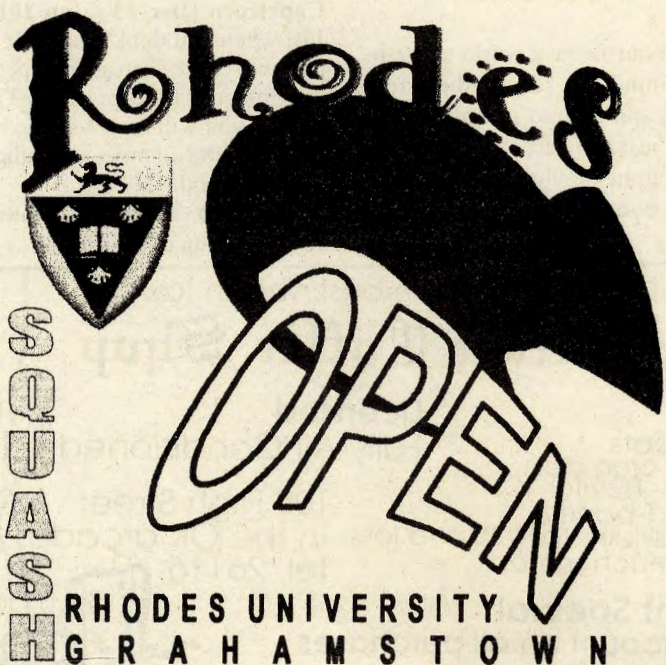
The ability of Hip-hop to constantly redefine itself is what has kept it alive through so many controversies and hard times. Right now there are unprecedented levels of experimentation within rap music. Years ago this was frowned upon, but now being different may be the means of resurrecting Hip-hop as a powerful, positive culture that continues to make noise above and below ground well in to the next century.

Rap artists have been some of the first to produce enhanced CD's containing not only music, but, when played on a PC, also offer interviews, music videos, games etc. Soon artists will be able to bring huge interactive worlds to their fans - no longer will you buy a *Wu-Tang Clan* CD, you'll buy a *Wu-Tang Clan* experience where you can enter their creative mind state via a computer.

The Internet has also been good to Hip-hop - Support Online Hip-Hop (www.sohh.com) is gaining member sites at a rate of a couple of hundred per month. Heads across the globe can easily communicate with one another via e-mail and discussion groups and there is a strong feeling of community and positiveness within cyberspace that is often lacking on the streets. Technology is also affecting the way the music is made. Futuristic sounds and beats are taking Hip-hop to a whole new level (overtly by the likes of *Dr. Octagon* and *DJ Krush*, and more subtly by groups like *O.G.C.* and the *Artifacts*). Production work is becoming more intricate and layered, lyrics are tighter, and artists are branching out by incorporating a variety of influences into their work (who ever thought *KRS-One* would record a jungle track with *Goldie*?)

Back in the days *KRS-One* knew "Rap would never die" and the teacher was certainly correct. But I bet he didn't know that it would become what it has today - a commercially successful, futuristic culture that is ready and willing to take hold of the 21st century by its throat. Re-evolution is the key to the survival game and the only way for the culture to survive to the year 3000 and beyond is for the fans to open their minds and ears to these new styles. This way Rap's gene pool may be enriched to the point where the rhythmical DNA is too complex to be replicated by the fakers, and too diverse to be tracked down and destroyed by those who do not understand what Hip-hop culture is all about.

Mass Dosage



29-31st August. Inquire at Sports Admin.

Wits steals hockey brat

Lauren Collier

IT TAKES a special kind of sportsperson to achieve their goals in one year, but to actually excel beyond that is something rare. Caroline Birt is such a person, who at this stage of her sporting career, is making a name for herself in national hockey circles.

Caroline, known as "Brat" amongst her Rhodes team mates, started 1997 wanting to represent South Africa U21 on a regular basis. She was an integral member of their team at the Junior Africa Cup, recently held in Zimbabwe. They walked away with top honours and the opportunity to play in the Junior World Cup in Korea later this year. Caroline's second main aim was to be included in the SA Women's squad by the end of the year. Obviously impressed with her recent performance, the selectors have made Brat's

dream come true early! At the moment, she is the non-travelling reserve for the SA Women's squad, and is now setting her sights on being a regular performer in the side. She also aims to accompany the team on their proposed tour of Malaysia at the end of the year. Asked about her favourite team to play for, and of her future,

Caroline explained the differences between playing for Rhodes, Eastern Province and South Africa. "At Rhodes the girls are serious about their hockey, the results matter but enjoying the game is

either Wits, or Wits Tech. She feels that the competition in the EP Women's League is not strong enough for her to derive any benefit, and that with stronger players around her in Johannesburg, her hockey will improve.

What have Caroline's parents said about all the hockey camps and tours she has attended this year, and how do they feel about her work suffering?

"My folks were initially worried about my work when I was only in the SA U18 side, but now that I'm quite a regular in the SA U21 side, and in the SA Women's squad, they back me all the way."

However her parents do feel that it is important for her to have a degree to fall back on one day. With this in mind, Caroline hopes to study either sports management or physical education in Johannesburg next year.

It's not hard to spot Caroline - all kitted up in her goal keeper outfit, she looks a bit

like Pinocchio. She's the one in the goal box challenging strikers to "hit me, come on take your best shot."

Her joyful nature and friendliness to all will mean that the hockey girls will miss her next year, but they understand that her potential will only be realised in a more professional environment.



HOCKEY BRAT...Goalie Caroline Birt is making a name for herself in hockey circles.
pic: Ilja Graulich

very important. It's great to socialise and relax afterwards."

She finds that at provincial and more specifically at national level, the game is more professionally handled - diets are monitored, training is rigorous and mental preparation important.

Next year Caroline will base herself in Johannesburg playing for

Learning to walk again

Geoff Lashbrook

AMERICANS are wussies because they can't play rugby without pads, right? So the highly informed South African public have it. And they should know - they watched that "grid-iron stuff" on *Transworld Sport* last week, didn't they?

Not so, says Derek Catsam, who is an American and has played both rugby (in South Africa) and US Football in the States. Not wanting to be misquoted, he forced me to take this down, word for word: "Because football is so explosive and the play happens so straight as opposed to rugby, which is more lateral, it is impossible to play without pads."

This, said Derek, is the major difference between the two codes: football requires explosive sprinting power whereas rugby is a

more constant, endurance game. Derek, who is from Ohio University on the Rotary Fellowship Scheme, is at Rhodes to work towards his PhD in History. He was roped into playing rugby by some friends who constantly nagged him. In an attempt to shut them up, he eventually agreed to play and has not looked back since. His first game was on July 23, against King William's Town. He played right wing and says that he got "absolutely hammered". But this helped him to get rid of the butterflies and he was lucky enough to get the ball during the first movement of the game.

Derek played wide receiver for Newport High in New Hampshire and says that although he obviously does not understand the intricacies of rugby, it seems to him that there is more pressure on everyone in a football side to get the better of the opposite man. It is in

this area that football is a more complex sport, as each movement has an incredible amount of precise variations which are crucial to the success of the play. As he put it, the "play books are pretty thick."

Derek (who, by the way, is no slouch with the NTN Trivia - check out **DCAT** at Peppers) says that he is happy that he can communicate through the universal language of sport. Having grown up with baseball and track and field as well as football, he can identify with athletes across the board because of the similar philosophies of competition and physical effort.

In conclusion, Derek said that because he has an obvious bias towards football he would still enjoy that more but that learning this new game was "like learning to walk again." And he is loving every minute of it.

Sports Editorial

PERHAPS IT WAS JUST BECAUSE I was low on blood sugar, near to fainting and about to throw up that I found myself wishing I had more testosterone coursing through my blood. The only thing was, two hours later, I had the same thought and that was when I was watching rugby. Even worse, now all I can do is marvel at the raw beauty of the game. My female instincts are still in shock.

I think it was the dog fight that set it off. It started like any dog fight - a few preliminary growls and then, next thing, they were at each other's throats. It was quite strange - the fight was so fast, sudden and violent and so was my response. With adrenaline pumping through my body I was kicking and beating the two dogs - probably a very stupid thing to do and definitely a very pointless attempt at stopping the fight. But with only 54 kilograms behind me I just didn't feel I had the strength or the guts to do anything else. My thoughts on the other hand slowed down to a frustrated debate on the biological inadequacies of females for dealing with this type of thing. What made it even worse was that for a while I really thought that it was the end of my dog and I couldn't do anything about it. For Jerri and Dave though, it was a completely different issue. They just took control and that was that - end of dog fight!

That was also the end of my adrenaline. When, three hours later, Jerri came out of the surf, blood pouring down the side of his head and his eye looking dangerously droopy, all I could manage was a very strained attempt to calmly suggest that we get to a doctor...like NOW!

It was after I had watched the doctor pull the wound open, stared in amazement at the skin covering what looked like the surface of his eye, and then realised that the piece of skin was in fact a very large piece of fibreglass that the doctor was beginning to extract, that I suddenly felt extremely nauseous. Then it was the sweating, the dizziness and the frantic effort to find a toilet that led me to the conclusion that it's time women stopped criticising men about their testosterone levels. For the first time in my life I wished I was bok.

I think if I'd had my way and gone home, I probably would have recovered from this strange feeling. Instead I was conned into watching the Bokke take on the All Blacks.

I've never had anything against rugby. I'll watch the odd game, get caught up in the excitement of it all and that's it. But I've never been able to understand how people can be passionate about a game that involves such rough physical contact. Yet there I was, sitting in a bar, with a lot of heavy-set, beer-drinking individuals, roaring for the Bokke.

The play was incredible - hard and committed. In fact I got so caught up in the skill of it all that I almost lost all competitive sense. The most amazing part though, was that I actually began to appreciate the fact that rugby is "CORE" and it's meant to be that way. South Africa were driving forward really well, De Beer's kicking was spot on (except for that last painful miss) and the All Blacks were so good at finding the gap. It was beautiful!

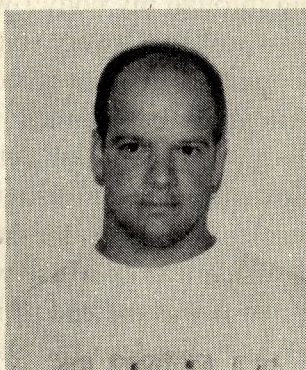
I've had a tough time trying to convince a few other women that being bok is beautiful. And I'd probably have a very tough time trying to convince a ruggerbugger that he's actually beautiful as well. I've been told that maybe it was just the lack of blood sugar, an empty stomach, the night before and a series of quite nerve-racking events that brought about that bizarre realisation. But I'm not entirely convinced that's true and I have to admit that I think I've become a rugby junky.

SPORT

Activate supports Rhodes sport

Submitted details of all match fixtures and resulting scores will be appreciated.

ilja's innings



HOW do we know what sport is? I know this is a peculiar question but I was thinking about this the other day as I was watching Supersport 2.

The darts world championships was showing. Cool game, sort of, for the pub or the res corridor. Nevertheless, there was this guy, one beer in one hand, a cigarette and his three darts in the other, a gut that hung down to his knees, an unshaven face and hair that hadn't seen water and soap in weeks.

As he was about to throw, the announcer describing him, said: "What an athlete!"

I wanted to hurl! That was not an athlete! And sport and darts are about the two furthest concepts apart. It just made me wonder, what criteria needed to be fulfilled in order for a sport to be classified as a sport.

On the other extreme, we have guys who train for years and years to get their bodies into the ultimate shape, only to step into a ring and get half their ear bitten off. For a moment, while I was watching all of this on television, I was wondering if I was actually seeing all of this, or if it was a figment of my imagination. Stranger things have happened.

Then there is the controversy of the new rules regarding substance abusers and the reduction of their sentencing from 4 to 2 years. I wonder what message this will bring across?

So, with all of this in mind, I am looking forward to all of our athletes giving their best on the week-end of the 16 August.

I am sure they will perform much better than the ones I have just described. Good luck!

May you make us proud of you!

Ilja Graulich

Ian Rowett

IN AN astonishing display of strength Sjeanne Cawdry, Rhodes' and Eastern Province's top woman squash player, entered five national tournaments in just six weeks. Her lowest position was fourth.

Cawdry's offensive began in early June with the Western Province Open, a major fixture on the circuit. Reaching the finals, she was defeated by SA number three, Carla Venter, to finish second.

A week later, she competed in the National Doubles Championship in Johannesburg. Cawdry teamed up with Venter and the two eased their way to the final. Their opponents Claire Nitch, world number 11, and Natalie Grainger, world number 26, inched past with a 2-1 win.

Cawdry then headed a strong Rhodes side to a commendable third in the infamous South African Students Sporting Union

(SASSU) Squash week where the liver takes more of beating than the squash balls.

Undefeated at student level, Cawdry was chosen as top string for the SASSU team to compete in this year's World Student Games in Harare.

Cawdry also captained the EP side in the Inter-provincial Kaplan Cup.

"As far as results went, this was my best tournament, beating Carla Venter 3-0 and Ingrid Schrieber 3-0 and losing only to the indomitable Nitch."

With only another two-day break to recover, Cawdry ended her June vacation with what she considers to be her best performance.

After solid play she ended fourth, losing again to Nitch in the semis of the Transvaal Open.

"Although I went down, it was a very different game," she said, "I changed from the steady running, took the game to her and attacked more."

Succumbing, however, to the pressure of the pace which she had set,

Cawdry was outlasted by Nitch in four.

"I lost to Carla (Venter) 3-2 in the play-off but by that time I was buggered," she said.

Cawdry plays number two in the Rhodes team, competing in the Eastern Province league. She believes that this has affected her play. "I've become more defensive because the men's game is a lot different from women's. I think it's a combination of that and a lack of match practice on the national circuit which has hindered me this year."



A TOP SEED: Cawdry in practice.

pic: Ian Rowett

Tennis players to tour Italy

James Haydock

ARNE HANSEN and Melanie Theck, two Rhodes students, have been selected for the South African Universities team that will be competing at the World Students Games in Italy in August.

This is their reward for some excellent performances at the recent South African Students Sport Union (SASSU) Winter Games held in Port Elizabeth. These were in fact the inaugural SASSU Games, which have marked the move away from "institution" based games to regional team playing. Players from all the tertiary institutions in the region competed in elimination rounds. Those who got through made up the regional team.

Rhodes was well represented in the Eastern Cape regional team with two of the six-player men's team coming from Rhodes, and no

fewer than five Rhodes players in the six-player women's team. For the record, Arne Hansen and James Haydock flew the Rhodes flag as far as the men went, while Melanie Theck, Kirsti Lewis, Bridget Parr, Kerry Blewitt and Sasha Grinter played for the women's team.

The players all did themselves proud, but none more so than Arne and Melanie.

Arne despatched the best that Free State, Stellenbosch and Kwazulu-Natal had to offer, while Melanie's victims included the Free State number one.

The mens team did exceptionally well to come third. The runaway winners in the competition were Gauteng, but Rhodes can be proud of their representatives who showed that even if we compete as regions, rather than institutions, the Rhodes spirit is alive and well.

Fort Hare joins Intervarsity

Francoise Gallet

FORT HARE University has confirmed that they will send teams to compete in this year's Intervarsity to be held at Rhodes on August 15-16.

Traditionally, Intervarsity was held only between the University of Port Elizabeth (UPE) and Rhodes. The first initiative to set up an Intervarsity event with Fort Hare was in 1995.

This was unsuccessful because "Fort Hare arrived late and some teams did not pitch," said Pete Andrew, the head of Rhodes Sports Administration. However, this year Fort Hare has indicated that they would like to be involved. Andrew says that they will

try to match strength against strength, rather than team against team. In this way, Andrew is hoping to allow for maximum competitiveness and enjoyment. This means that in some sports Fort Hare's First team might play Rhodes Third team or vice versa. Fort Hare will play predominately against Rhodes so that fewer people have to travel from UPE.


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