


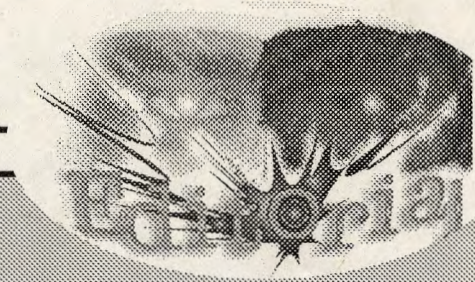
Edition 5 9 - 23 May 2001

activate

INDEPENDENT
STUDENT NEWSPAPER



The mask in the mirror...
The realities of depression



Editorial



Tamara Kenny, Editor

I found a quote that I had written down several months ago: "The value of any experience is in its intensity." It meant very little then, but somehow, with the increasing pressures of academic, personal and emotional tension, it makes sense.

I have spent the past two weeks trying to find space, trying to find a way out. I went to Splashy Fen and got my tongue pierced. I drove twenty hours in total. I have ravaged my brain, my body and my bedroom, just to find a little time out. And suddenly, the appearance of one person who doesn't know anything about my life, what I do, the labels I wear or how busy I am, seems to have put it all into perspective.

Several weeks ago, I wrote my editorial on depression, and a concerned reader who thought that I may have been flippant, or romantic even, in my summation of the condition responded to me. Her description of her own experiences left me haunted and speechless. I have never known the depths of her pain, and I hope I never will. But somewhere in my own confusion, I think that I have found my own way out. It doesn't necessarily apply to everyone, but perhaps it is something to think about.

Last week, I returned to Grahamstown having spent four days watching an intrepid group of musicians and journalists battle against the inhumane conditions of the Natal Midlands, just to have their one minute moment of glory. For some, the small stage at Splashy Fen may be the highest level their musi-

cal careers will ever reach. Others will make it big. The journalists were looking to write the stories of their lives, but when you haven't even reached twenty-five, that's not much of a life expectancy. Regardless of their expectations or ultimate destinations, every person I encountered had one thing in common: their passion. Their love for what they do.

I have several friends who are considering leaving university because, as melodramatic as it sounds, their souls are dying. They are doing courses that don't stimulate them mentally or emotionally and they are drowning. It makes me wonder if every person on this campus considers the things that not only make them happy and will make them money, but the things that keep them alive and drive them to succeed. People have often asked me why there are always cars parked outside the Drama Department. It's because for most creative students, these are the things that keep us up late, and get us up early... and there aren't really enough rehearsal venues.

Depression is not simple. It can't be cured by a quick-fix like shouting "Yes! Yes! Yes!" or by some know-it-all telling you to find your passion. But maybe it is a start. The stigma attached to depression will take years of people trying to understand and sympathising with those who suffer from it before it can be eliminated. It needs people to take the time to look past the crap that we dish out to the world and see that there is something else worth noticing.

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Virtual Rizla

By the Jabberwock

"And if I have to be somebody, please don't let it be me" - Matthew van der Want, Badmouthing

Identity crises, hellfire and a little bit of brimstone. It's the kind of thing the Jabberwocky appreciates with a keen sense of irony and slightly raised eyebrows. My life has slid into a happy place because I've finally realised that my salvation is not in other people. I stopped looking around for confirmation of my own existence and started looking inwards. It sounds terribly Oprahesque, I know, but I promise Doctor Phil had nothing to do with it and I will never, ever contribute to Ms Winfrey's book club or the Angel Network. With my dress sense, I'm more likely to feature on the Ricki Lake Show anyway...

(Reflections)
 In the middle of Natal, freezing my arse off in sub-zero temperatures and praying for sun, no-one can hear me scream and they won't tolerate any self-indulgence. Matthew van der Want gives me inspiration for this column because he stands up with nothing but a guitar in front of about five thousand screaming Saron Gas fans. They don't care about a man with an acoustic, but they shut the fuck up anyway and let him tell the truth for a little while.

(the here and now)
 One of my friends wants to leave Grahamstown because she doesn't belong here any more. The people who should be listening and holding on are too busy rationalising the irrational to pay attention, so we go for a walk and I say,

"Stop hiding behind other people."

She smiles weakly and shrugs, but I think she's got the idea. I went away this weekend, turned my cellphone off and worried for a while. I was arrogant enough to assume that the whole town would crumble without my pearls of wisdom. I came back, assessed the damage and the unwashed dishes, then smiled a bit and went to bed.

Another friend won't smile in public, because if people realise she's having a good time they'll think less of her. It's too easy to shut your mouth and pretend that everyone else is right because you don't want to be different. Stand and be counted, they say (the mysterious, liberated, bloody terrified "they"!)

- and then, because you're going to get looked at funny, sit down and keep quiet. (Reflections)

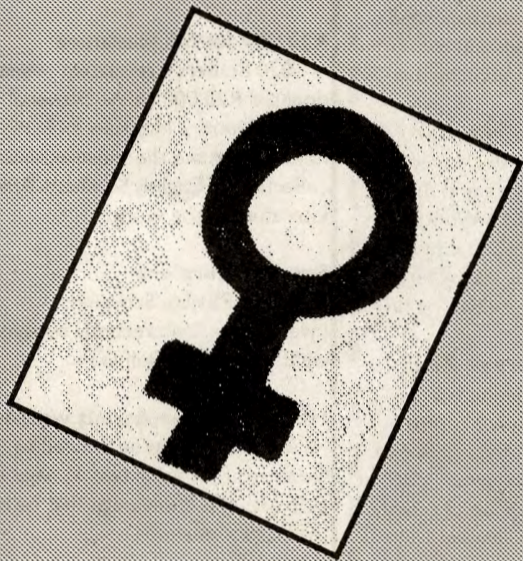
I'm not trying to preach here. I am not perfect, but I have accepted my imperfections and now I have to move forward. The night sky is on fire with stars, and I can see the Milky Way lit up by red flares from the ground. Welcome to my life-changing moment, and forgive me the indulgence - it's something that'll happen again and again because I'm not sure we ever stop changing. Don't hide behind your assumed identity until you've kicked and screamed and maybe even cried in public to find the person you're about to hide. And if you must hide, make sure you're never too scared to sing along to your favourite song in front of thousands of howling, bellowing Saron Gas fans. You'll find it well worth the trouble.

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bite me Spice



Boys, tell me if you recognize any of these phrases... "No, really it's more than enough", "Gosh, that's quite, um, that's a, well, decent size", or, "Wow, that's the biggest I've ever seen." If you say the last one, chances are you're lying (or she was). We've all heard the well-worn adage: "It's not the size that counts, it's what you do with it." But we all know that this is a load of tripe. Size DOES count. But, not necessarily just in the context of the bedroom.

What is it with men and size? We all know the real reason boys shower together in the gym. It has nothing to do with a sense of camaraderie or space-saving. Men are all checking each other out to see how they measure up on a scale of cocktail wiener to, well, zeppelin. Considering the fact that men actually name these mini Masters of the Universe, it's not surprising that they place such value on the exact inch measurements of their little He-Men.

But size, as I said before, is not just relevant when it comes to everyone's favourite little trouser snake (although Freud will tell you everything is related to this male control mechanism). Men are concerned with size in almost every aspect of their lives. For them, it's all about who has the biggest cigar, the loudest sound system and the girlfriend with the "phattest jubbies".

If you've driven in any city in the world on a Friday evening when the

yuppies are homeward bound, you will know where men's fascination with size is at its most pronounced. Chicks are just not going to check you out as you cruise past in a feisty beige Honda Ballade (even if does have red shagpile upholstery). However, rev the engine in your shiny new black Z3 or your sexy little silver Merc SLK, and I hope you've got a big cigar, 'cos she's going to be up for a little game of "Bill and the naughty intern".

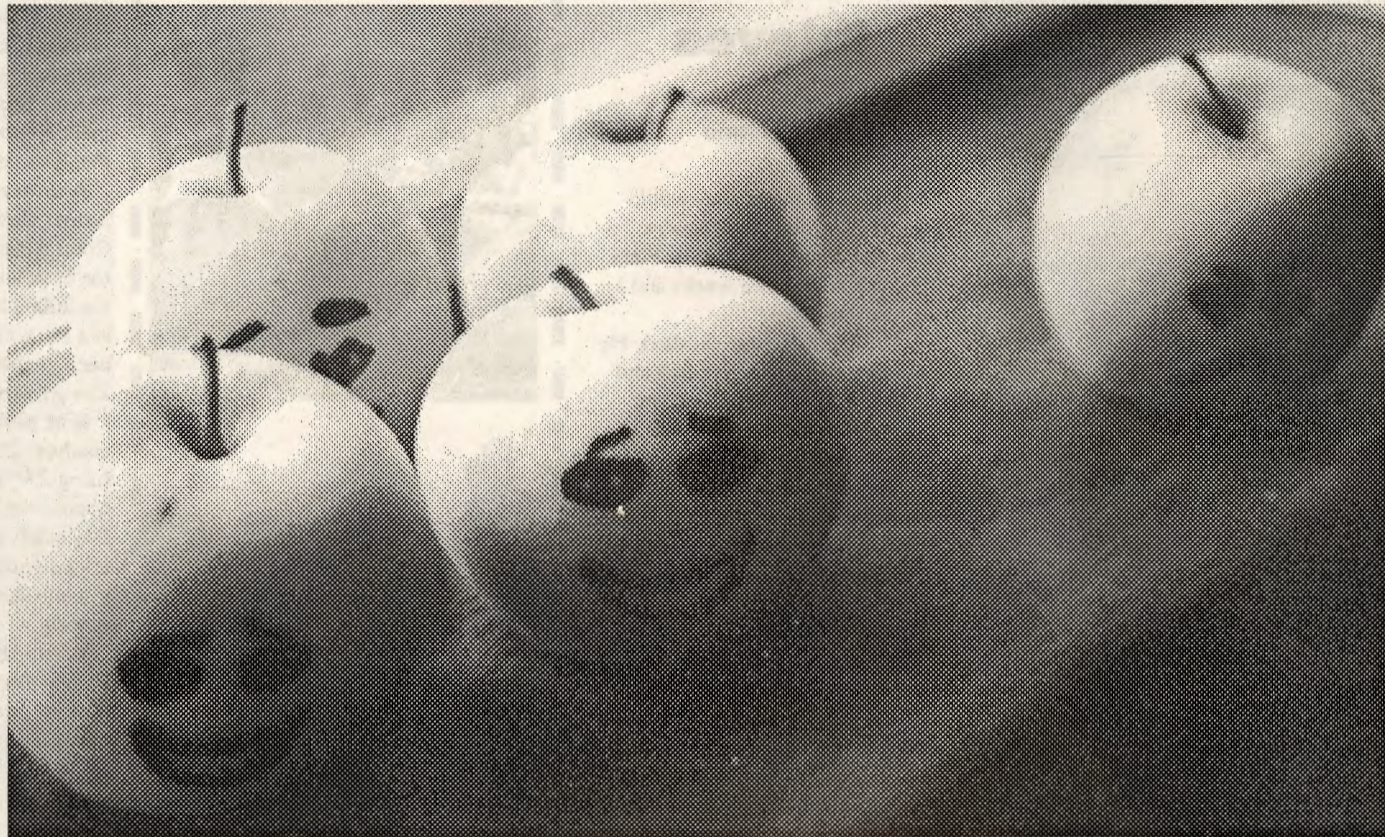
You see, it's not just big things that count when dealing with men and size. Men are more complex than that (no, seriously). The maths when dealing with the size of men's cars is tricky, so stay with me.

Men always like to have the biggest stuff, EXCEPT when they are not the biggest themselves, SO they compensate by buying the smallest car possible, THEREBY proving how big their bank balance is (and isn't it that which really counts?). However, within this seemingly complicated equation we find ourselves back at square one: men want (to be) the biggest.

So, regardless of whether your man is hung like Superman or Superman's guppy, Fred, remember that size is a touchy issue. "Wow, it's so big," is probably your safest bet in most situations. But if he pisses you off, tell him the truth (then find yourself that man with the Z3).

Bygones.

Spectres of doom...



Cover and feature pics: Marli Berge

By Kate Pendlebury

"Despair weakens our sight and closes our ears. We can see nothing but spectres of doom, and can hear only the beating of our agitated hearts."

Kahlil Gibran, *Broken Wings*

Six weeks ago, the editor noticed people around her falling apart... and surmised that some "cosmic" sorrow had hit the G-spot. While it can hardly be true that all Rhodes students are crumbling - or that those who are, are doing so in the worst possible way; we inhabit a stressful environment and some inadvertently cross the line between ordinary angst and strain, and clinical mood disorders.

Hence this exploration of the "common cold" of mental ailments: depression. As young people living in a most imperfect world, on the cusp of careers, relationships...life, we are all vulnerable to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Ours is a stage of much soul-searching and self-identifying - hopefully less so than the tumultuous adolescence that we have just abandoned.

Nevertheless, adulthood looms vast and terrifying, and its trials and responsibilities are enough to send any mentally healthy person into an occasional slough of despondency. Indeed, what with the many late-teens and twenty-somethings in Grahamstown, director of the Rhodes counselling and career clinic, Mark Rainier, recalls a statement about airborne ions transmitting the big D through our joyous little hamlet. On the other hand, Rhodes may be, if anything, less conducive to depression than other universities. The isolation and relaxed small-town atmosphere of our humble abode may be just what the potential depressive needs to "chill out" and establish a footing away from the hum and bustle of the big wide world. Yet, there is always somebody somewhere suffering, particularly in the demanding atmosphere of a university, and the soul down the hall banging his head against the wall deserves a little recognition and gentleness.

Sometimes, however, we have too much invested in being "depressed" or "screwed up". Not only is melancholia cool (even at the stage of maturity that we should have reached by now), but it is comforting too. We need, then, to distinguish genuine clinical depression from the self-indulgent wiles of lonely young (and old) adults - remembering that both forms of woe require tact and tenderness.

Dysthymia - a technical term for chronic, low-grade depression - is far more common at Rhodes (and, indeed, any university) than severe depression. This exhibits the same symptoms as major depression (see sidebar), though fewer concurrently, with lesser intensity and more islands of joy and "normality". It implies more of a general lingering feeling that things just aren't worth the effort...it is, perhaps, a vague sense of purposelessness and ennui, coupled with the unwarranted stress and self-deprecation that almost everyone suffers from now and then. The syndrome can, alas, go unno-

ticed and untreated for a long time - even a lifetime - because the dysthymic, though unhappy, is still functional.

Then there is major, clinical depression of the Fort England variety. This isn't really relevant to students because, as Rainier points out, when despondency reaches an all-time low - when you have physical difficulty in even climbing out of bed and going through the motions - you will usually drop out of university.

Prevention, however, is desirable, particularly considering the massive disruption depression causes to the life of the sufferer and those around him or her, and the threat of suicide. There have, in fact, been very few - if any - successful suicides at Rhodes. Far more common is what is known as "parasuicide": the sort of dangerous living and limit-pushing for which young people are notorious. Parasuicide ranges from those feeble "cries for help" - shallow wrist-slashing and handfuls of Panado - to the fast driving, heavy drinking and promiscuous sex for which Rhodes students are renowned. Although not a genuine attempt to end one's own life, parasuicide is more than a mere vain and selfish grasp at attention. It is a recognition of personal desperation and a frantic attempt to change the status quo - albeit a misguided one.

Unfortunately, treating depression can be a dubious enterprise. Sometimes we are reluctant to seek help for fear of exploitation by the "depression industry". Certain psychiatrists do charge exorbitant prices (even for impromptu telephone consultations!) and prescribe expensive and unnecessary cocktails of psychoactive substances.

One Rhodes student took a course of anti-depressants prescribed by an overzealous general practitioner - needlessly, he felt - when talk therapy would have done the trick without physical side-effects. Thus, it helps to have a little discretion when finding "help" for yourself. Medication is, in dire cases, sometimes necessary, but a second opinion is always desirable. Psychotherapists can do damage; as they can do astounding good. Always heed your gut feelings, even if you do not eventually follow them.

It seems that this theme has proven way too broad for a single article, parts of which have been overlooked or underdone. Please contact me or the Editor with commentary, requests for more information (of which there are reams) or with any rantings and ravings at the toes on which I have trodden.

My email address is g01P1935@campus.ru.ac.za.

There are worse things than having behaved foolishly in public. There are worse things than these miniature betrayals, Committed or endured or suspected; there are worse things Than not being able to sleep for thinking about them. It is 5am. All the worse things come stalking in and stand icily about the bed looking worse and worse and worse.

- Fleur Adcock

Symptoms of depression

Clinical depression is characterised not only by certain thought and behavioural patterns, but by physiological symptoms as well. While healthy, adjusted folk experience "depressed" feelings from time to time, the persistence of

any or several of these signs is cause for concern:

- Irritability
- Social withdrawal
- Excessive crying, or an inability to cry
- Anger
- Change in appetite and weight
- Loss of interest in sex
- Loss of concentration
- Mood swings
- Fear and anxiety

- Over-sensitivity to criticism
- Guilt
- Hopelessness
- Feelings of inadequacy
- Hypersomnia, or insomnia (often early morning waking)
- Suicidal thoughts and actions; risk-taking

Crawling out of the hole

By Kate Pendlebury

So what can one do for a life that isn't running smoothly, short of drowning your sorrows in booze or carving artworks on your arms? The first - mammoth - step is to tell somebody: friend, parent, warden, or shrink.

Perhaps you don't want to. You doubt yourself; decide that your pain is imaginary; waver, tear yourself apart. "Pull up your socks," you say. "If I'm really in this hole, I can get out on my own." And maybe you can; if not climb out completely, at least learn to live relatively comfortably inside it - to endure your grief.

Depression, you may find, is a fundamentally solitary experience. People do, however, see that you are suffering, and the concern of loved ones may almost match your own sorrow. And, invariably, someone will have had a similar experience. Yet, no matter how hard you or anyone else tries, there is likely to be a level at which you simply cannot connect to other human beings. It is terrifying, though empowering, to realize that ultimately the only person who can pull you out of a black night of the soul is yourself. Still, it is advisable to share, whether

you tell a few close friends or family, or go as far as finding yourself some form of therapist.

The possibility of psychotherapy is daunting. Do you wander into the psychology clinic and whisper "I need a shrink"; telephone Counselling and Careers; or wait until your warden notices that you've lost 10 kilograms and never emerge from your room, and does it for you?

When reaching out on your own, it helps to remember that the staff in the psychology clinic and Counselling and Careers Centre are experienced and understanding regarding the doubts and fears of their prospective patients.

At the psych clinic the psychologists-in-training are highly supervised, and have no qualms about referring students to private practitioners in town. However, psychotherapy can be expensive - insurmountably so if one is unable to ask parents for financial assistance. There is, of course, Fort England, where some students receive outpatient treatment, and certain private psychotherapists will charge clients according to what they can afford.

Often, though, the barrier to climbing out

of depression is not financial. We are ashamed of being branded as nutcases and loath to leave our secure, though painful prisons.

Self-help literature often provides lists of "little things" that the depressive can do to make life easier, such as eating, sleeping and exercising correctly, complimenting him- or herself and finding "creative outlets". Often, such lists are corny, self-evident and, indeed, an insult to major depressives who cannot even peel themselves off the floor.

On the other hand, we need to do what we can to survive; trite and pointless though our actions may seem. Perhaps the best advice anyone can give an unhappy person is: "Be kind to yourself." For anyone with depression, dysthymia, or mere low self-esteem, this can be a mountainous challenge. If you can't be kind in mind, at least be gentle in body: bubble baths, hot water bottles, carrot cake and early nights can be surprisingly restorative.

The same goes for responding to an ailing friend. Ultimately, the most anyone can give him or her is love, be it in the form of kind words, hugs (magical things, those) or silent sympathy and companionship.

On the flipside...

By Marita Kritzinger

I meet Jane* (third-year BA student) at the Day Kaif at lunchtime. Her small frame is seated across from me, and in between coffee, smoke and happy chatter, we talk...

MARITA When were you first diagnosed with depression?

JANE I was 13 when my mother took me to see a doctor. I was very unhappy at my primary school; the children were horrible. I used to cry all the time and just sleep after school.

MARITA Why was that considered depression?

JANE Well, I also drank paint remover, tried to strangle myself with a ribbon and cut my wrists with a compass.

MARITA How was high school?

JANE I basically thought I was scum. Anorexia was a means to control my life through self-hatred. But I was only digging myself in deeper.

MARITA What other symptoms did you have?

JANE Well, I am what doctors call a "self-mutilator". I burn myself, cut myself, pull my hair out, bang my head against the wall. I had stitches last year for cutting my wrists open.

MARITA Do you ever consider suicide?

JANE Yes, but it's only an unrealistic fantasy.

MARITA How would you do it?

JANE Well, my top three are: pills, cutting wrists or jumping in front of a car so it could look like an accident. The only problem with that one is that afterwards I could still have exactly the same problems and be ugly too! Pills turn you into a "spider-snack" - they cause your insides to self-ingest.

MARITA How is your depression now?

JANE I usually have what I call a "depressive episode" every year. The year starts off good and then by about March it gets bad. By the end of the year it's either gotten better or is still bad. But it gets worse every time. Last year was a disaster.

MARITA What role did your family have to play in your depression?

JANE Many of my family members are clinically depressed. I did not only get it with my genes but through socialization. You get brought up by parents who do not like themselves and you learn to do that too. You get taught that pain is not okay, to brush things under the carpet.

MARITA What treatment have you had?

JANE GPs have usually prescribed anti-depressants. I have been on four different kinds. It took me a year to wean myself off Arapax last year. At first I went cold turkey, but it felt like half my face was melting, I was nauseous and lost my balance, so I had to do it gradu-

ally.

MARITA Have pills helped you?

JANE Medication makes me more rational and reasonable.

Depression can vary from hour to hour: when I wake up I can feel great but getting out of the shower I could feel the whole world is ending, then walking to campus things would be better but then I want to cry through lectures. The pills help me cope. I know when it's the depression that's speaking and I can separate myself from it. This stops me from being unreasonable.

MARITA And what about therapy?

JANE I have been going to psychologists for five years now. My behaviour has not changed drastically, but I have gained better insight into my illness. They can't fix you, only help you. They provide an environment in which you can explore yourself.

MARITA What was the most profound thing a psychologist has told you?

JANE Mark Rainier once told me something so amazing, something like: "Being whole is knowing where your holes are." I have always felt like I had been born without an arm, a deficiency, and now needed to grow one. This made me see things differently.

MARITA So how have you found Rhodes in this regard?

JANE I had a really bad experience at the psychology clinic; I felt very much like a guinea pig. There is definitely a need for more counsellors. You need to be able to go somewhere when you are afraid of yourself. A clinic is too daunting, it needs to be informal. Living in digs this year has also been more stressful - I need to have stability and security.

MARITA Do you think depression is a problem on campus?

JANE There are so many depressed students but they do not know better because they have always been like that. Girls tend to recognize their own depression far easier. But there is such a stigma about admitting that you're sick, especially with guys.

MARITA So it's denial and miseducation that are also problems?

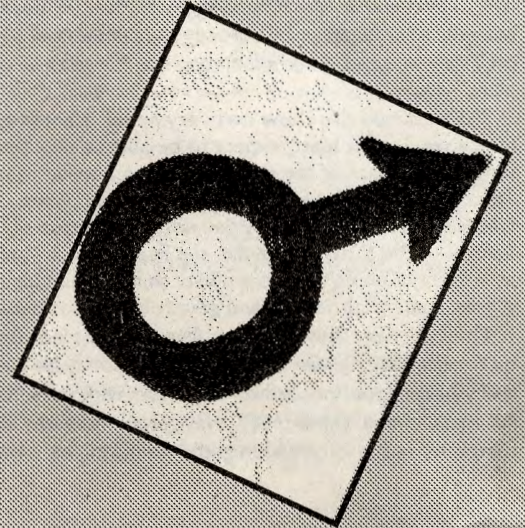
JANE Ja, you need to be responsible for yourself. No matter how depressed you are, you still have to grow up! You need to get help instead of waiting for something to happen.

MARITA Where do you see yourself in 10 years' time?

JANE Better or dead.

*The names have been changed due to the "stigma that is still attached to being crazy", as Jane put it.

Duke "filthy" Sanchez



The Duke has been thinking. I've realised that in this time of moral turpitude I could be putting my page space to better use than I have been recently. I've considered the options available and decided to try a sort of "Ask Filthy" advice column. I'll be starting in the next edition, assuming that any of you write in and ask me for my advice. I know there's a hotbed of carnal ill-health out there. I want to put it back where it belongs: the sanitising pages of our very own student newspaper.

Those "Ask Abby / Flo / insert WASP matron name here" columns that I always find myself reading in doctors' offices fit right into the brief of what I see myself doing anyway. There's a kind of sneaky voyeurism that makes the things popular. What better illicit thrill than reading "Frustrated" from Benoni's desperate pleas for advice about his frigid wife; or laughing hysterically at "Bekommerd" from Barberton's "Gay son dilemma". I've always been into voyeurism. And there's nothing I find more amusing than the suffering of others. So bring me your problems, and I'll tell you the solutions.

No fetish, peccadillo or impotence is too explicit or embarrassing - your identity will remain confidential, though your problem will be gloriously exposed by being published in this paper of reach and power, Proctolactate. And I can finally start feeling like I'm making a difference. It's astonishing the simple solutions that ordinary people just don't know about. Just the other day I overheard a young man complaining of the age-old problem of crabs. Pointing out the solution to him was just one example of the type of help I can offer campus from my position as Sexual Agony Aunt. (Set pubic hair alight; crush the little bastards with a hammer as they run for safety.)

But for now, the Spicy

one wants me to talk about size. Most people immediately think of sexual organs primary and secondary when it comes to this debate. But I'm of the school that thinks size is irrelevant; these days how you market what you've got is more important than having a lot of it. The real issue for men has nothing to do with the weight of your codpiece. It's all about the thickness of your wallet. The likelihood of getting laid increases in direct proportion to the number on the slip at the ATM.

The reasons for this are, once again, mainly evolutionary in nature. Those women with a sharp eye for the well-to-do man are more likely to be protected and able to have healthy children than women with less mercenary instincts when it comes to choosing a mate. Unfortunately, this leaves us men with the problem that the height of our earning power coincides with the twilight of our sexual abilities, somewhere around the age of 55. The time at which we would most like to be having lots of sex is NOW, dammit.

The implications for future journalists like me are huge. We had better take the bungy ass that is available while we study, because the profession we're in pays peanuts. And in the real world, if we ever manage to save enough to appear remotely attractive to any of these mercenary creatures with whom we seek to copulate, chances are she'll be looking for commitment. And that's the only word beginning with c and ending with a t that you want to stay out of for as long as possible.

Duke Sanchez thinks that innuendo is an Italian suppository. His field of expertise is sexual failure. Propositions, requests for advice and credit card numbers should be e-mailed to him at kamerau@hotmail.com.



radio



Penis Envy: The Interview Show

"Penis Envy" with Cream-K and Candy Andy may not be the least of offensive show on RMR but it certainly isn't as perverse as the name suggests. Music of the Alternative, Rock and Nu Metal persuasion is played and basically held together by comedy skits presented by the hosts. The show is brought to you between 1-4am on Thursdays and if that's a bit too late for you can catch, "Penis Envy: The Interview Show," on Saturdays from 7-8pm.

The music on this show isn't very heavy, according to Kelvin (AKA Creamy-K), "Lyrics are important to me," hence you can, at least, expect to be able to sing along to some of the songs. The humour is quite diverse, ranging from that of the toilet kind to somewhat more appealing jokes of the dirty kind. Features on the show include "Community Service" which aims to please Grahamstown's variety of communities. For example the Gaelic community was provided with the service of hearing the football scores read in Welsh Gaelic. Another feature of the show is "Gaydar, the Faggot Radar" presented by Candy Andy, who is described by his Co-host as a "Nasty Queer," with the ability to do thousands of different voices. This feature sometimes includes guests, real or fabricated, and generally lasts for between ten and fifteen minutes.

The interview show on Saturdays does not lack the humour of the Thursday show but it is toned down a bit for the little children and parents who may be tuning in, of course. Basically the show profiles musicians and you can look forward to interviews with personalities such as David Birch (the front-man of Squeal), The AK massive and The Fruit Fly Navigators. Creamy says he's there to grill them and get down to the bottom of things, using the information gathered during his own days as a muso.

Missions

The good, the bad, and the delicious

The second term is when life begins to get really hectic: the usual essays and tests, with the added bonus of preparing for exams. Leisurely lunch breaks become impossible while trying to sort out your life. Hours spent waiting in the photostat queues in the library to copy all those reading from last term that you never got around to doing, while trying to stay on top of things from this term, is enough to keep anyone on the go. See as though we are here to get you in the know, the JSK team decided to help make a list of what the ever-popular Spar had to offer as a quick lunch

The Healthy Lunch - for people who still manage to watch what they eat no matter what their stress-levels.
A ham salad roll: R3.99
Fruit mix: R2.99
LiquiFruit: R2.89
Total cost: R9.87



Just sa

Splitting Reels

Hannibal

Reviewed by: Nigel Tompkins

The Players: Anthony Hopkins, Julianne Moore, Ray Liotta, Gary Oldman
Director: Ridley Scott
Runtime: 126 minutes
Rating: 6/10

The world's most beloved cannibal is back, and this time he's on the loose to prey on the unsuspecting, unfortunate few who refuse to let him enjoy his retirement. Anthony Hopkins reprises his Academy Award winning role as Dr Hannibal Lector, a psychiatrist who would rather eat your brain than analyse it. Jodie Foster, however, has not returned and we have a rather incompetent Julianne Moore taking over the Clarice Starling character.

This is the third film in which we have the Hannibal Lector character, the first being Manhunter (based on 'Red Dragon') and the second being the famous Silence of the Lambs.

All three films are based on Thomas Harris' novels, this one making Hannibal the Cannibal the protagonist. A majority of the film is set in Florence, where a detective tries to catch Hannibal himself, and in America, we have Clarice Starling trying to do the same.

An unrecognizable Gary Oldman plays the twisted Mason Verger, one of Lector's victims, who wants revenge, and set a bounty on Hannibal's head. The several plot lines are interesting enough, although badly put together.

Ridley Scott, riding on Gladiator's success, hurriedly

compiled the film with scribes David Mammet (The Untouchables, The Verdict) and Steve Zailian (Schindler's List). Scott goes for visual flare for scares rather than the psychological aspects that Jonathan Demme, director of Silence of the Lambs, chose to focus on. This film doesn't nearly live up to Silence, and the Hannibal character has lost some of his menace and sense of mystery that launched his name into the annals of famous movie monsters. It's entertaining Hollywood pulp, but suffers severely because of Foster's absence.

The Activate Guide to what, when, how
(You can find it all here)

Let me tell you about house

Soulfood party 4 May 2001
Venue: The Crossing

"Let me tell you about house music... provided a full serving that broke the night continued to pump and various house sounds from corners took to the decks there was no floor had to be closed as a result one's enjoyment. If they weren't breaking it down to the Drum Krupp (whom some of you will know) The crowd was diverse and The Crossing all you need to know what made Friday a success was

Munchies

The bad and the quick snack

The "Not-so-healthy-but-good-for-stress" Lunch
 the name says it all.
 Pretzels: R1.59
 Chocolate (any one will do): R2.99
 Coke: R3.89.
 Total Cost: R8.47



The Semi-healthy Lunch
 get the best of both worlds.
 Muffin: R2.49
 Snacker: R2.99
 SuperM (well, milk is good for you): R3.89
 Total Cost: R9.37

So instead of racking your already over-worked brain about what to have for lunch, choose one of these three easy options. Be good and go for the healthy choice, be devilish and indulge yourself, or be in between and satisfy both desires. Whatever you choose, it's all for under R10!

stuff

Hangovers, comedowns, temporary insanity and just general exhaustion are on the menu after this weekend. If not, I hope you enjoyed the work/quiet nights/ me-time or, of course, quality time with the significant other. Either way, if you have time to spare in between frantic all-night sessions in the labs trying to finish those f%\$#ing essays, we have just a few select engagements on offer that should be worth your valuable time:

RUTV News newscasts, brought to you by all those hard-working third-year TV students, will be screened on Wednesday (9 May, 2001 @ 19h00 in the Eden Grove red lecture theatre) and Thursday (10 May, 2001 @ 17h30 in the GLT) respectively. The shows come to you, mere minutes after being filmed, with the latest campus news, entertainment and sport and some quirky extras. Each night a different show is on offer so if you're interested check out both! The Thursday venue may be subject to change, so watch the walls for posters.

"Venetian Nights" is the theme for the Ballroom Society's annual ball. It's happening on 19 May 2001 at the Settlers Monument. If you've got the moves and you're a member it'll cost you R150 per couple or R75 for the lonely hearts. Non-members have no fear: you can still show them that you've got it going on at R160 per couple or R80 for the singletons.

Calling all the Independent Women out there (and the rest of you girls planning careers as housewives or with a persuasion of the Anna-Nicole Smith kind) to enjoy **Ladies Night** @ The Union on Wednesday 9 May 2001. If you don't have tits you'll have to wait till 22h30 to get in. Bet you wish you had that XX chromosome.

you know

where, with whom, how many, how much...
 (figure out the rest)

If you use music...

music..." If house music were the food of life, then Friday night certainly breathed life into everyone within earshot. The main dancefloor was packed and everyone on it was moving to the beat. As Pierre, Ian and the Resident President rotated sets, bringing together commercial house to deep tribal house. By the time Miles (Basement Vibes) stopped them, the crowd really did go mad. Even though the outside result of cold weather deciding to crash the party, it didn't detract from anyone not swaying quite frantically to the beat on the main floor they were in Bass and Hip-Hop beats being spun on the second dancefloor by Jason (remember as Ghetto Kid) and, of course, Doc Shmychel. No one seemed out of place at all. It could be said that with a venue like this a great party is music, lights and maybe a couple of pictures, but music is definitely the people.

RU Fixtures

7 May Monday	Squash: PE League: RUM1 vs Crusaders RUW1 vs Imatu A	Home home	18h30 18h30
8 May Tuesday	Badminton: RU mixed vs St Albans Squash: Albany League: RH3 vs Kingswood I PE League: RUM2 vs Walmer	Home Away Home	19h00 17h15 18h30
9 May Wednesday	Rugby: RU "B" vs Kwt Brumbies Squash: Albany League: RH4 vs RH5 PE League: RUM1 vs Londt Park B RUM2 vs Swifts RUW2 A vs Technikon RUW2 B vs UPE RUW3 vs Londt Park B Table Tennis: League - Round 4	Home Home Home Home Home Home Home PE	17:15 18:30 18:30 18:30 18:30 18:30 18:00
10 May Thursday	Squash: SPAR League: RU1 vs Old Grey Albany League: RH1 vs Graeme I Badminton: RU Mans vs Tuine/Despatch Table Tennis: League - Round 4 Mountain: East Cape Bouldering Competition	Londt Park Home Home PE A/Mullins	18:30 17:15 19:00 18:00 All day
12 May Saturday	Hockey: RUM XI vs Hume Park Thisltes XI vs UPE RUW1 XI vs Old Grey Rats XI vs UPE Rugby: RU "A" vs Hams Tech Netball: RU I vs Lorraine Diaz RU I vs Uitenhage Tennis: RU vs Sidbury Hockey: RUM XI vs Technikon	Home Home Old Grey PE Astro John Lewis Tech Fields Tech Fields Sidbury PE Astro	14:30 14:30 14:00 14:00 13:00 14:05 15:20 12:30 12:00
13 May Sunday	Romans XI vs Gelvan Rats vs PE Crusaders Tennis: RU vs Sevenfountains Badminton: RU Mixed vs Kragga Kamma RU Mens vs Westering "A"	Gelvan Home Away Sportsworld Scribante	11:30 11:30 12:30 19:00 19:00
14 May Monday	Squash: PE League: RUM1 vs Old Grey RUW1 vs Imatu B Rugby: RU "A" vs Old Selbornians PE League: RUM1 vs Londt Park A RUW1 vs Westview	Home Home Old Selb. Home Home	18:30 18:30 19:00 18:30 18:30
16 May Wednesday	Table Tennis: League - Round 5 SPORTS COUNCIL EXECUTIVE MEETING	PE OMP	18:00 13:00
17 May Thursday	Table Tennis: League - Round 5 Netball: Lower Leagues Knock-out Kung Fu: Visiting Instructor	PE PE Tech Dojo	18:00 13:30 All day
19 May Saturday	Hockey: RUW1 XI vs Pirates Rats XI vs Old Grey RUW3 XI vs UPE Rugby: RU "A" vs Border Tech RU "B" vs All Stars NU1 Tennis: Grahamstown Champs MayKung Fu: Visiting Instructor	PE Astro Old Grey UPE Border Tech Mda Wyvern Dojo	16:00 14:00 14:00 15:00 15:15 12:30 All day
20 May Sunday	Hockey: RUM XI vs Lakeside Tennis: Grahamstown Champs	Old Grey Wyvern	10:00 12:30

El Presidenté

As President of the SRC, I am often invited to attend meetings about students and to speak about student issues. Some of these are "bread-and-butter issues" and others are less tangible.

At a recent gathering of SRC Presidents from around the country, I was asked by a colleague of mine from another Institution what I thought about living at a University that is considered to be full of "drunk and promiscuous people".

My colleague hails from a more conservative University, so I explained to him that whilst I disagree with his assessment of Rhodes University, I do enjoy being at a liberal university where free and reasoned thought is promoted. A dictionary definition of liberal is a person who is "open-minded, without prejudices and supports the general broadening of the mind and favours political and social reform." I disagreed with my colleague because I believe his description of Rhodes is a gross generalisation. Being liberal does not mean that we have to lose all reason. Not being conservative does not mean that we cease to be sensible. After all, if everyone of us got drunk at every opportunity, our minds would not be free and our thoughts would not be reasoned - and the consequences of that, in this day and age, can be serious. Being at a liberal university is an advantage because it allows for new ideas. The institution should be encouraging innovation amongst its students, and we should be taking advantage of this encouragement. Allow me to quote from the minutes of a meeting of the Academic Freedom Committee of Rhodes

University (3 May 1983): "It is our duty to uphold the principle that a university is a place where men and women, without regard to creed or colour, are welcome to join in the acquisition and advancement of knowledge... That the ideals of academic and human freedom are intimately bound up with each other, and that free universities cannot exist in an unfree society." So as we are nearing exams, the SRC encourages us all to make the most of this opportunity of being free to acquire and advance knowledge; of being free to hold a justified opinion without fear of condemnation. I encourage us all to make ourselves aware of the issues of the day, and to form an opinion while you have the opportunity to think about it. Consider these exams as a means of coming one step closer to your degree, and continually strive to move onwards and upwards. Finally, let me quote an aim from the new National Plan for Higher Education by the Minister of Education, Kader Asmal. "To promote and develop social responsibility and awareness amongst students of the role of higher education in social and economic development through community service programmes." Kader Asmal has a different understanding of the word "Liberal". His definition is the first one mentioned in the Oxford Dictionary, that is "giving freely, generous, not sparing". Those of us who have mastered our subjects, let us not forget those who have not and offer to help in preparing for the exams. Those of us who have more than we need, let us not forget those who have nothing - especially in these winter months.

The Rhodes University Health

Gym times:

Monday to Thursday
6am - 9am
12pm - 2pm
4pm - 9pm
(Members only from 4pm - 7pm)

Friday
6am - 9am
12pm - 2pm
4pm - 8pm
(Members only : 4pm - 7pm)

Exam time:
Monday to Friday
6am - 9am
5:30pm - 7:30pm

Vacation:
Monday to Friday
6am - 9am
5:30pm - 7:30 m

Membership:
800 members
Less than 600 available "user" positions taken
From Wednesday 2 May the gym will be accepting 200 more new members

Location:
Next to the HKE Department in African Street

Plans for further alteration:
The gym will be closed from 18 June to build a second level. A new deck will be built above the existing area housing the equipment.

Source: Vanessa, instructor @ the gym
Phone number: 083 696036

Ultimate Workout

By Neiloe Khunyeli

The alarm clock rang (I missed it with the pillow I'd thrown across the room earlier) and, after enjoying a few moments of internal cursing, I dragged myself out of bed. It took a while to remember why any normal human being would be awake at six in the morning - morning is the wrong word, it was still dark! - but suddenly it hit me like one of Britney Spears' songs: I was going to aerobics. Stop grimacing, it's not nearly as bad as having to sit through American teen movies.

I put on a tank top, a sweater and - since I don't own a pair of tights - tracksuit pants. I grabbed ten energy bars and my conveniently branded squeeze bottle (which is the sole reason for my aerobics membership) and I was set to go.

I went to the early session - seven in the morning - with Siby. Strategically placed at the back of the class, I vowed to avoid doing any real exercise and started watching my fellow masochists. It was interesting to note that - in moving from the back to the front of the class - items of clothing started to decrease. The women at the front, scantily attired in tights and tank tops, were the cyborg babes. Further back, less lycra is on show and girls like me work up a sweat pretending to exercise. Before we started, I ate six energy bars... Bar Ones, they were Bar Ones...and got my energy levels up and flowing.

The instructor performed a montage of

movements that left me dizzy and then, with the music from "Lord of the Dance" still ringing in my ears, he turned to the class and asked one of life's stupidest questions:

"Did you get all that?"

The cyborgs nodded in tandem and we human beings in the back heaved the long-suffering sigh of the desperately confused and unfit. I learnt the first rule of aerobics when I made the mistake of sitting down. Sitting down is a bad idea, just like "Beavis and Butthead" was a bad idea. My legs screamed their protests and I spent the rest of the session in a haze of self-inflicted pain.

From my experiences I have come up with five steps that will aid the average mentally stable aerobics-wannabe:

1. Never try to keep up with the instructor - they're given steroids.
2. Never go to the front of the class unless you really want to do the moves. It's like signing a contract with the lycra devil.
3. If someone bullies you into picking up weights, make sure you don't adversely affect your ability to write - exercise should never cost you your DP.
4. After a hectic session, it is only natural to binge on chocolate and ice cream to restore lost energy.
5. When a friend asks you how the session was, look steadily ahead and reply "No comment".



I was on a mission

By Leigh Nelson

I was on a mission. Unlike some of its members, I have frequented the gym perhaps once this year. The day I signed up could perhaps be considered a milestone in my gymming career. I am clearly not what one would consider an "esteemed member" of the gymming society. For those who think gym is the short, scruffy man on the corner who pedals drugs and all sorts of mood-altering substances, you are probably as "gym-literate" as I am. The Rhodes University Gym is in fact a building situated next to the HKE department, just off African Street.

It was a Tuesday evening when I ventured to the gym, hoping that I would not encounter any jocks with bulging biceps ready to pound the nearest "newbie". The doorway glowed with an almost luminous bright light. From outside the building the clink of weights could be heard; I quickly associated these with the sound of chains, as one would hear from the very pit of hell. Surprisingly, I heard no screaming. I anticipated the worst.

First stop: the locker room. It was vacant when I entered, except for one fairly muscular guy using the urinal. I changed into my gym clothes and made my way into the exercise arena.

I walked over to the bench press and did three sets. That went well. Two guys walked past. Perhaps they wanted to use the bench press. I stood my ground. They left. The drinking fountain is just across from the benches. This little number emits a vicious and deadly gush of icy water that sprays everywhere, except into one's mouth. I heard a giggle from two women behind me as I caught frostbite of the nose.

Next, I went over to the weights. I selected two and began to work the muscles in my arms, whichever ones they may be. To my left, a guy started using a weight of enormous proportions. My two weights seemed rather puny in relation to it. I contemplated making a gym buddy by saying: "Nice dumbbell." It came to mind that this could evoke a rather painful response, especially if the emphasis was placed on the word "dumb". I said nothing.

While doing my repetitions, I noticed on the mirror in front, a sign that read: "RU fit?" Just about then a guy came up to the mirror, stared directly into it and winked. He then walked off and continued with his weights. The rituals of the fitness fanatics are bizarre and disturbing.

I happened to glance into the room housing all the cardiovascular workout equipment. This area is commonly occupied by the members of the opposite sex. I scanned for any potential. My

attention soon became fixed on a woman bouncing up and down on the well-known "health walker". She smiled as she bounced happily. The motion looked all too irregular to be natural, though her facial expression indicated she was enjoying it. Perhaps exercise could be enjoyable.

Back at the benchpress was a guy who clearly wanted to show off his arm muscles. He wore one of those skimpy, armless vests that are clearly too small, as if it had been bought from the kiddies' section. Thankfully I don't think aloud. I suppose it is a globally accepted fact that guys like to strut their stuff; well, at least those that have any definition worth displaying. Perhaps they are hopeful that a Greek goddess will notice, or perhaps they just wish to show off their physical superiority to other gymmers.

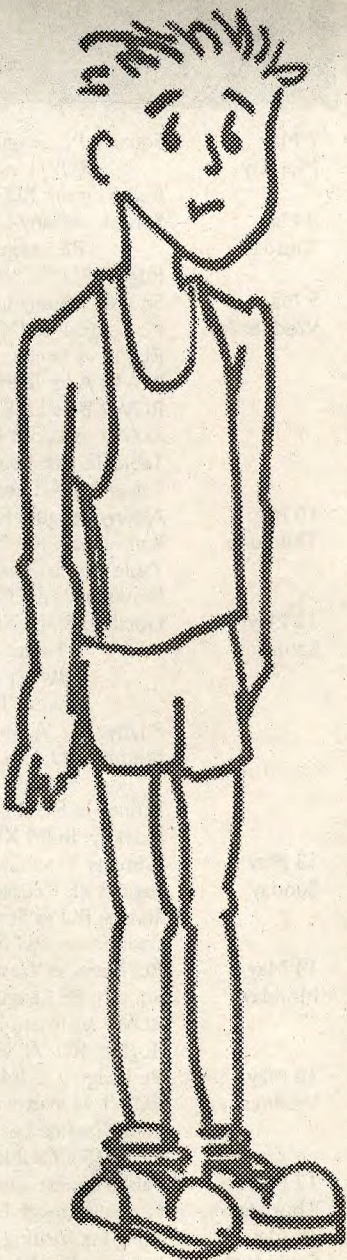
I finally spotted a machine that I was familiar with. Only problem was, two guys seemed to be hogging it for a prolonged period of time. I contemplated asking them to move on and concluded they were bigger than me. I moved on.

I soon located another machine that works the chest. While doing my set, I looked straight ahead and my eyes met those of a rather stocky guy. I diverted them and pretended to "rest". I feared that perhaps he would laugh at the small amount of weights I was able to lift. When he started his set I began mine again, timing it to finish when he did. This way I got to do my workout and not risk appearing a wimp.

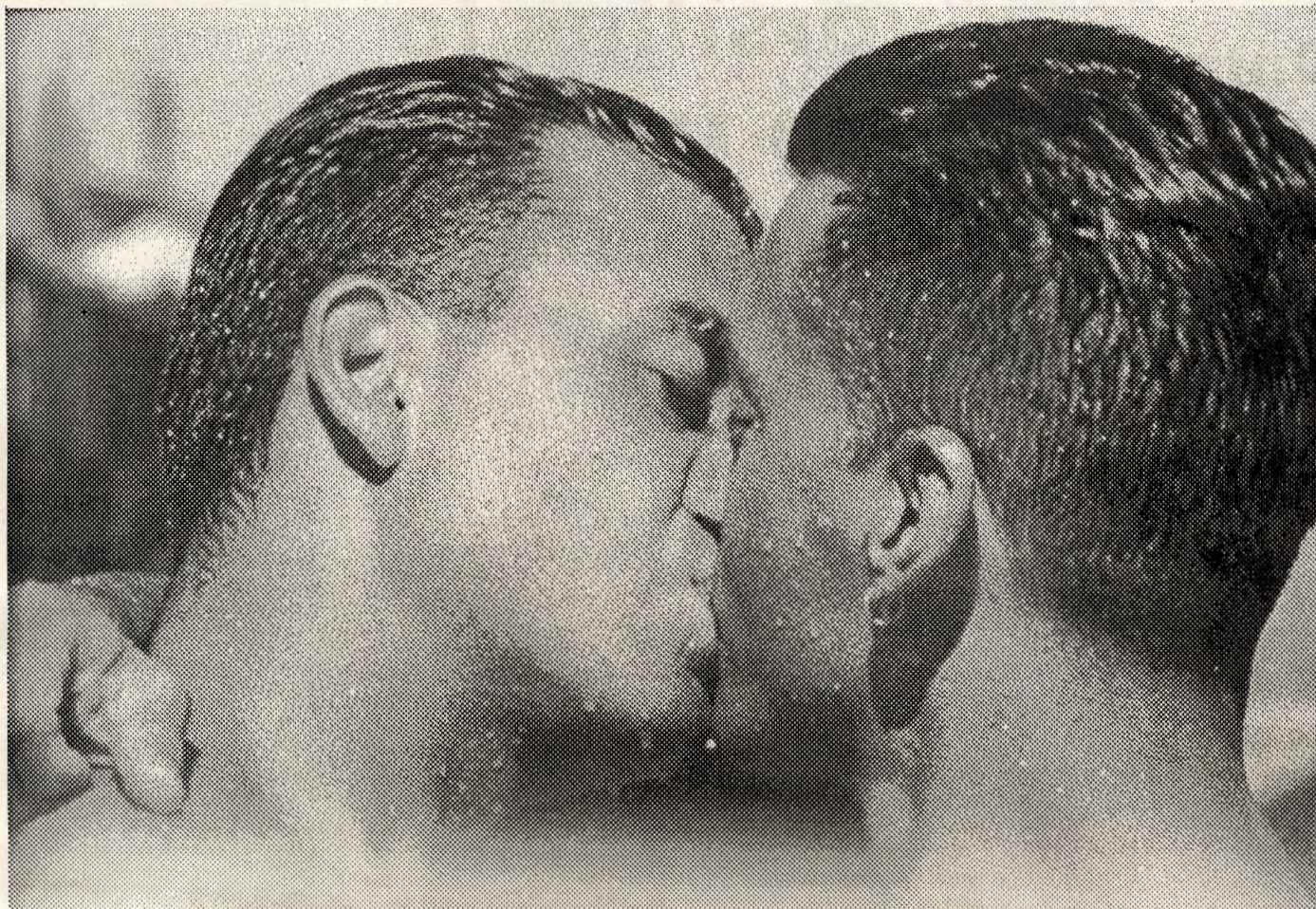
To say that all people in the gym are HUGE is perhaps rather unrealistic. There are just as many regular-sized blokes, if not more. Guys are also not the only ones who use the weights. Women do feature in this area. Fortunately, there are not too many of them, as that would be distracting.

The Rhodes Gym has a number of quality workout machines. However, my knowledge of their mechanics is not as abundant. I found a machine with a hanging bar and proceeded to pull it down to the back of my neck. Fortunately an instructor was nearby and indicated that I could injure myself. She demonstrated the correct method and proved to be most helpful. Her instructions saved my neck. Excuse the pun.

My workout ended with some cardiovascular exercise on the "health walker". I did not possess the co-ordination or experience necessary to operate this piece of equipment. I awkwardly finished my healthy walking in 10 minutes. By this time, a majority of the members had left. I walked to the door puffing and panting, remembering the little sign on the gym mirror, which reads: "RU fit?" Clearly not. See you in the gym.



Moffie, moffie, wherefore art thou?



by Ryan Macnab

Pic: Attitude Magazine

To get straight to the point - there is no real, definitive gay culture in Grahamstown anymore. Long gone are the days where the gay scene was ever-visible throughout town.

Cultures exist within certain boundaries which their members operate within boundaries which translate into how the culture operates and is perceived. It would seem that Grahamstown's gay culture has merely abandoned any sense of unity and belonging. It is the subsequent void which now speaks for a community which has grown apathetic and quiet.

Not too many years ago the gay scene was vibrant, establishing its niche and making itself heard. The ultimate goal of this community was to make Grahamstown an ideal place in which to be gay. One would think that the gay community's silence implies that those goals have been achieved, but nothing could be further from the truth. Each gay person's community seems to extend no further than his/her immediate circle of friends. Sounds reasonable, though, doesn't it? After all - straight people don't go on any hectic campaigns to build a sense of unity with each other do they? Certainly not, but what we have to remember is that in a world so geared towards a heterosexual way of life, such structures are not necessary. Wouldn't it be lovely if you could sit in a bar in town and easily begin speaking to another gay person, or even offer them a drink and perhaps chat them up? Instead we often sit watching so many young men and women flirting and think "Now why can't I have someone like that?"

Grahamstown has lost any true gay resources it may once have had. Young women are made aware from an early age of the struggle that women went through to attain equal rights, as are groups of colour. Young gay people are often completely unaware of struggles that have occurred and exactly what rights they are afforded. Few young gay people are aware of Stonewall, the hard work of the National Pride Committee and even what gay organisations were once right here on campus. Gone are the days of STEP and *OutRhodes*. 'Gayly Forward' with Fig and Fag no longer airs on RMR and the few attempts at gay venues in Grahamstown have long stopped operating. This is directly due to lack of support from the gay community. One cannot lay much blame at the door of the heterosexual community because (with the exception of a few pig-

headed bigots which everyone ignored anyway), the straight community was fully supportive of the gay community in Grahamstown exploring and advancing its culture. This apathy from the gay community has stripped any sense of a gay culture in Grahamstown.

I am by no means saying that gay men and women of Grahamstown need to start intense campaigning through the streets in mobs with flaming torches. All I am asking is, where has the sense of unity gone? It would be lovely if there could be a place where one could meet and get to know the fellow gay people in town, somewhere where one could begin to find companionship. Some gay and lesbian people fall straight into a gay circle of friends and exist there happily during all their time in Grahamstown. Some go for years not knowing a single other gay person.

And so I reiterate - there is no true sense of a gay culture in Grahamstown. Sure, there are your ever-present gay people, but to be honest, a few drama students, three bizarre individuals on the couches at Pop Art and "that freaky guy you always see in Spar" do not a gay culture make. It's not that easy to class people together on so little. Just as its inaccurate to lump jocks, goths and B.Sc. students (no, they don't all test urine for a living) together, it's also wrong to describe your typical gay person in the same manner.

I take offence to anyone attributing me to a specific culture because I don't feel I have one to belong to. My gay world exists of close friends (both gay and straight), acquaintances and brief encounters with homosexual individuals I never knew were around. It's time we started taking ourselves seriously. You don't have to open a society, start a night venue or create a poster campaign. Just start being aware of the fact that your little gay world may extend further than you think. Are any of us fully aware of the size of the Grahamstown gay population? Do we have any contact with our gay peers in the township? What contact does the Grahamstown gay community have with surrounding areas? Do the gay youth of the town have any means of expression or access to information?

I may be completely wrong. I could be living under my own pink little rock blissfully unaware of a thriving gay culture I haven't seen yet. But how many others haven't seen what is and isn't there? Surely that speaks volumes? It certainly speaks louder than anything most of us are (not) saying!

Poetry Corner

Thank you very much to everyone who has sent us their poetry - your input has been greatly appreciated! Unfortunately, we can only publish one poem per edition, but all submitted poetry will be kept on file for possible publication at a later date. So hang in there and keep writing - we would love to hear from you! All poetry can be sent to Arts and Culture, c/o Activate.

Is this the world?

They call it the world
I call it the land of slavery
They label it a city
I name it a "gazebo"
They call him a king
But I an "ordinary man"
They have been calling him
The man of man for a long
But I a "slave of sin" for a long

Every heart say "Bayethe"
(Swazi word to respect a king or chief)
but mine shall by no means

I could piece myself
If my soul can consent to my lips
To pronounce the word
Why if it does not worth my voice
For "they" lied asleep in rest
(president)
"But I awake even in a dream"
(Thinking about people dying in war)

The sun shall never be downhill
Before my tears feel the ground
For like wood, "young millions hidden".
(Soldiers who died in war)
The world did smell their souls
And "they with their swords" did even so
(Soldiers who killed)
Blame them not for they are "slaves"
(They follow their rules)

My soul did even not count on them
But their god up the hill

I touched my chick more than a few
times
I scrubbed my head several times
I feared not to point over the hill
Despite the fact that my finger is short-
ened
I beared a phrase for an eye
"Though my jaws are coliding"
(I fail to tell the presidents)
I could set a step if I had foot
I could move at a snail's pace, if I had
hands
But even then I in a lake of thorns

I will never pretend

If the world desire my teeth
I will lament the lamentations of sorrow
If the world desires the songs of joy
I will hid my face from him
If I see the world in a "pool of red wine"
(blood).
What man is he, to grant another man a
sword
Not for defence (against animals) or meat
to survive
But to place down an added man
Yet, you lay him down for you contribute
no blood
Even a globule from his nail. Then, let
him lay
Even so

By Thomas Makhubela

Arts n' Culture

Culture Vulture

Christelle du Toit, Acting Arts & Culture Editor

In my vorige kolom het ek die kwessie van kulturele identiteit aangespreek - wat is dit? Hoe definieer mens dit en is dit die moeite werd om te definieer? Ek het intussen besef dat 'n groot deel van jou kulturele identiteit geleë is in die vermoë om jouself en jou ideale uit te druk en terugvoer te kry oor hoe ander jou en jou belange ervaar - in die taal waarin jy die gemaklikste is.

Ek besef maar net te goed dat ek 'n baie kontroversieele skuif maak deur Afrikaans in *Activate* in te bring, maar ek glo dat dit broodnodig is. Net soos wat studente wil lees oor kwessies wat vir hulle van belang is, wil hulle ook lees in 'n taal wat vir hulle van belang is. Ja, ek besef dat oorsese studente, soos die Zimbabwiërs nie sal verstaan wat ek skryf nie, maar hulle sal net so min verstaan as ek in Xhosa sou skryf. En ja, as Afrikaans die geleentheid kry om 'n platform te hê, is dit logies dat Afrikatale ook daardie geleentheid moet kry.

Die probleem lê egter by die vooropgestelde idees wat daarvoor Afrikaans bestaan. Ek kan net raai hoeveel van *Activate* se lesers Afrikaans beskou as die taal van die onderdrukker, die taal van rassisme, 'n taal van middeljarige AWB ooms, en van braaivleis. En tog, hier lees jy 'n deel van die binnewêreld van 'n 21jarige Afrikaanssprekende vrou wat nie rassisties is nie, wat nie vleis eet nie, wat weier om deel te wees van 'n paradigma wat onderdrukking ondersteun, wat BESLIS nie 'n "Afrikaner" is nie.

Want dis waar die sen-

trale probleem lê - Afrikaanssprekend kan eenvoudig nie gelykgestel word aan die konsep van Afrikanerdom nie. Ja, Afrikanerdom is deel van my geskiedenis en ek sal dit nooit kan ignoreer nie, maar dit bepaal nie wie ek is nie, net soos wat geen enkele faktor bepaal wat enigiemand se identiteit is nie. Soos ek in die vorige uitgawe gese het, mense bepaal hul eie kulturele identiteit, dit alleen bepaal nie noodwendig wie hulle is nie. As Afrikaans onder meer gelykgestel kon word aan Afrikanerskap, waar laat dit die weier kleurspektrum van Afrikaanssprekendes? Wat het hulle in gemeen met 'n stelsel wat derduisende mense se menswaardigheid vernietig het? Wat het ek met daardie stelsel in gemeen?

Ons hoof artikel in hierdie uitgawe gaan oor 'n Gay kultuur en of daar so iets bestaan. Maar seerskerklik het selfs die gay gemeenskap hul eie kommunikasiestelsel om hulself mee uit te druk - terme wat 'n sekere konteks met sekere betekenis gelaai word wat vir hulle sinvol is. Op dieselfde manier is Afrikaans vir my gelaai met betekenis wat vir my sinvol is.

Ek sluit af deur te vra dat almal wat wel Afrikaans magtig is die moeite sal doen om hierdie kolom te vertaal aan mede-studente wat dit nie verstaan nie. In ons volgende uitgawe van *Activate* sal ons kyk na wat Zimbawiese kultuur is en ek hoop dat dit ook 'n positiewe bydrag sal wees tot pogings om onself te plaas binne 'n verstaanbare kulturele arena. En ja, dit sal in Engels geskryf





Inter-campus

Canadian police arrest student protesters in Ontario

(Source: *Die Matie* online)

Police have arrested eight students from Trent University in Canada who occupied a vice-president's office demanding two of the university's colleges not be closed.

Protesters outside the office said as many as 25 policemen in riot gear entered the building along with a police dog. "They barely had time to chain themselves together as practised," said Allison Marcovitz (24); the only student released after sign-

ing a bail agreement. Protesters say the office occupation follows 18 months of attempted participation in the university's governance processes.

Trent President, Bonnie Patterson, said the administration refuses to submit to any activity that is illegal or threatens a safe learning and working environment. "University administration had offered to discuss matters with the students, but would not negotiate demands set by them. We will, however, continue to consult and discuss issues of concern with the uni-

versity community through legitimate means."

Erin George, a state chairperson for the Canadian Federation of Students, said the Trent protesters were inspiring. "The issues here go way beyond the boundaries of this campus," he explained.

At the heart of the protest, students were rallying against the University Board of Governors' approval of an application for a growth fund, which did not include a clause preventing the "sale, relocation or closing of any college".

Ex-Matie says UNP represents "freedom"

Kevin Scott

(Source: *Die Matie* online)

"The University of Natal (UNP) represents freedom; you can do what you want, when you want, and how you want," says Donovan Fourie, a 18-year-old first-year electronic engineering student who left Stellenbosch because it "felt like living in a concentration camp".

Fourie, who stayed in Dagbreek for two weeks, says in an article published in the UNP student newspaper, *NUX*, under the title: *Stellenbosch University; Institute of education or correctional facility?*, that reasons he left include the house committee saying they would "break me psychologically".

Speaking earlier this week Fourie says he "came to university to study", but found the environment unacceptable.

"Being in a Stellenbosch residence just doesn't allow one to work, they are preoccupied with degrading you."

The head of Dagbreek, Hennie Burden, found the allegations unlikely. "What he's saying doesn't sound right," he said. "I spoke to Fourie before he left and he said the reason for leaving was due to financial problems and not because he was unhappy here".

"He came and spoke to me and said he was very happy," Burden added.

Fourie says he's now much happier at UNP. "I prefer it here, I can get with the main task of going to a university to work." He says people have supported him in his decision. Steve Whitford, editor of *NUX*, says they have received lots of calls in connection with the article profiling Fourie's experiences. "People seemed shocked

to hear there are allegations of this sort going on there."

Whitford said: "We will obviously support Fourie in any way." In the article Fourie says cell-phones were confiscated preventing contact with the outside world. Burden says this break of contact is common practice:

"The parents were told about it and everyone was happy," he says, "but if there was a problem we obviously gave the phones back."

Fourie said he had no problems with the faculty, but he did have some difficulty understanding Afrikaans. Currently living at home, he says he is looking for a digs to move into. According to Whitford and Fourie there is no initiation of any type at UNP. "We have O-week which is an orientation programme that is a constructive introduction," Fourie explains.

barmen with raging libidos and owners with no real love for the clientele all remind you of the rat. You wonder at the importance of having a place where everybody knows your name.

Gemini (22 May - 22 June)

You will have flashbacks this week to earliest childhood, when you and 3 friends were put away for a crime you did not commit. You escaped from max security detention to the high-school underground. Now, still wanted by the principal, you exist as soldiers of fortune. If we have a problem, if no-else can help and if we can find you, we might just be able to hire someone who is a whole lot bigger and stronger than us. We love it when a plan comes together.

Cancer (23 June - 22 July)

After an experience with some particular weird substances, your car will start talking to you. It insists that you call it "tik" (It's a nigga thang.) You become ecstatic, convinced you will never need a designated driver

Wits SRC encourages varsities to step up Aids awareness

Kevin Scott

(Source: *Die Matie* online)

The Student Representative Council (SRC) of the University of Witwatersrand has challenged other universities to step up Aids awareness amongst students and take a public HIV/Aids test. This comes after Wits SRC undertook a public test late last month.

According to Wits SRC chair, John Kuhn, the test should lay down a challenge to other SRCs around the country to do the same. "The tests are aimed to promote safer sex, and an effective way to achieve public awareness," he said. "I would like to see other SRCs doing the same." He says results would not be "officially released".

Other universities around the country have expressed support for the testing. Matthew Charlesworth, president of Rhodes University's SRC, said he definitely supported the testing "so long as the process is voluntary". University of Pretoria chair, Danie Briel, said testing was in the future of the Tuks SRC. "I think it's an excellent idea for promoting Aids awareness."

Caroline Shackelford, who heads the Stellenbosch SRC, said they would consider testing so long as it was voluntary. "The SRC would have to consult before deciding," she explained, "but it would be very good for Aids awareness on campus."

Anti-Bush

Erin Gallagher

(Source: *The Daily Californian* online)

Recently, UC Berkeley Students for Climate Protection protested President Bush's environmental policies at a rally.

The protest marked Bush's 100th day in office, and organisers said they were upset with Bush's "back-peddalling" on the Kyoto Protocol. The rally featured a giant Bush puppet that was paraded around campus, along with a melting ice globe to illustrate the "distrastrophic policies" of the administration.

"The inspiration for this was that we were so angry nothing was being done," said Jennifer Edwards, an event organiser. "The administration can't do it, so somebody had to."

Speakers at the rally included Berkeley City Council member Linda Maio, local activist Carvil James, Greenpeace Germany Chair Wolfgang Sachs and UC Berkeley Professors John Hart and Dan Kammen from the Energy and Resources Group. "I don't think the president will pay attention to a Berkeley student protest, but hopefully the community's members will," she said.

again. Then it crashes into a rival sentient automobile while out for a drive without you. Insurance doesn't cover it, and you have to run off and become a life guard.

Leo (24 July - 23 Aug)

This term your mother will get freaked out by you being arrested for amateur graffiti artistry and street-fighting. You will be sent off to live with your wealthy relatives in Sandton, where your street smarts and laid back attitude will make you loved and hated in equal amounts by the stuffy and bored residents. The only really fun personality is the butler. Just keep yourself fresh.

Virgo (24 Aug. - 23 September)

You find yourself living proof that opposites do attract this fortnight. Or at least that Drama/Fine Art majors and Law Students can have quirky, lasting relationships. The only problem is that both of you eventually have to meet each

other's parents, a couple of retired hippies and repressed socialites respectively. So between the yoga sessions and the cocktail parties, the drug induced hazes and the week-ends at the country club, make sure this whole thing is good for your Karma.

Libra (24 Sept - 23 October)

Yours is the sign of the scales, thus you will be drawn to a career in law. With a watered-down country soundtrack playing in the background, you entertain visions of your future life. The boss who's obsessed with money and his dick size in equal amounts, the secretary of negotiable virtue, the gorgeous co-workers who wear dress-less evening straps to work and the senior partner who keeps on making odd noises with his nostrils. You know there's so much more to life.

Scorpio (24 Oct - 23 Nov) Be warned. This fortnight, you will be dumped in a wild, exotic location with one luxury item

Briefs Gone Surfing...

students at the University of Plymouth in Britain after it announced a new Surf Science and Technology degree. Students are eagerly tackling a broad range of course materials with support from the billion-dollar surfing industry. Courses covered in the four-year degree include oceanography, business management, anatomy, environmental studies, meteorology and a laboratory course devoted mostly to building surfboards. Surf companies Billabong and Quiksilver are reportedly keenly interested in the programme and are offering suggestions and field trips in exchange for being able to recruit top students, says academic Malcolm Findlay.

(Source: *Die Matie* online)

Unveiled...

a spectacular rock art mural reproduced from the richest rock art site found since the early twentieth century. Researchers from the Rock Art Research Institute of the University of the Witwatersrand announced its existence for the first time, together with the first details of the painting. According to Professor David Lewis-Williams, from the institute, the panel: "opens new windows on the spiritual world of the San. This find easily confirms the place of southern African rock art alongside the great art traditions of the world." The panel includes 231 images, some of them unknown variations on central themes in the San art.

(Source: *Die Matie* online)

HORROR Scopes

Aquarius (21 Jan - 19 Feb)

This fortnight you will have a recurring dream that you are the deputy mayor of New York City. The nightmare expands to include a mayor who's a disorganised, if lovable wreck, overseeing a staff composed entirely of people in blissful ignorance of what they're meant to be doing. It will remind you of the Rhodes SRC.

Pisces (20 Feb - 20 March)

You will take up hosting duties on RMR's first full-blooded psychological talk show.

The entertainment value comes from you having more issues than your listeners. These stem from your ailing, sarcastic father and his legal alien live-in nurse, whom your effeminate brother holds a five-year standing unsp-

ken crush on. Just remind them you're listening.

Aries (21 March - 20 April)

You will find yourself in a six-man digs crowd, starring 3 reasonably attractive males and 3 highly attractive females, none of whom seem even remotely capable of romantic stability. Friendships become steamy affairs, as do showers. You are forced to confront each other over your daily cappuccino, where you prefer snide remarks to avoid discussing your true emotions. Don't worry, they're still your friends.

Taurus (21 April - 21 May)

A buddy of yours who runs the wacky new psych chat show on RMR starts regaling you with tales of his old drinking buddies in some downtown pub. The tales of life dreams unfulfilled,

and seven equally confused people for company. You will have to wear funny coloured bandanas, and millions the world over will watch you trying to find a place to pee discreetly. Don't worry ... you're a survivor, mate.

Sagittarius (24 Nov - 21 Dec)

Your destiny has been rescheduled for screening next fortnight due to technical difficulties. Your life for the next two weeks will be a re-run.

Capricorn (22 Dec - 20 Jan)

This fortnight you will ascend to a position of extreme power. You will live in a big house on Pennsylvania Avenue surrounded by a staff of witty and bizarre people who somehow manage to make the prospect of deciding whether to invade Iraq seem a really warm and human experience. Being the most powerful person in the world could just get you an Emmy..if it doesn't get you shot first.

Run on...

By Kate Pendlebury

The long weekend beginning on Freedom Day, 27 April, provided yet another athletics trip, this one to an inter- varsity road, track and field meet in Port Elizabeth.

Unlike the roadrunners' usual Saturday morning fun run jaunts, the standard of athletics here was fairly high - alas, way above that of our humble university. While Potch, RAU and other hard-core teams were competing for positions on the South African team for the international varsity champs in Beijing, Rhodes was just there for the experience...and the party. Nonetheless, all of our half-marathoners nudged down their personal bests: first Rhodes' male, Pat Cruywagen to a terrific sub-80 minutes, and Cath Walker just missing an hour and a half.

Although a valuable experience, the championship revealed the sorry state of athletics at Rhodes. Our track and field guys noted that they would benefit from a tartan track and improved coaching, which the university is reluctant to provide, as a result of students' limited interest in athletics. While many may study at RAU or Potchefstroom on athletics bursaries, nobody comes to Rhodes to run. Indeed, with just 15 runners, compared to other teams' 30 to 50, we were one of, if not the smallest team competing in P.E.

Few, however, begin a new sport with the aim of becoming elite athletes (we would be sorely disappointed if we did), and perhaps what makes Rhodes athletics such

a great club is the fact that we don't have any world class athletes (at least, not yet...I have a sneaking suspicion that Cath Walker can fly...).

That is not to say we aren't dedicated and some, at any rate, marginally talented. Yet, less pressure allows for more fun - and drunkenness. Nonetheless, there are runners: slow, fast, talented, and "social", who are not members of Rhodes Athletics. (I have seen you slinking behind your dark glasses, desperate to avoid being accosted by our crowd: beware!)

However, I am perfectly happy with the status quo, as the limited number of particularly female athletes is what enables me to consider myself a fairly hard-core, decent runner. I advise folks to join (or, if you have already, to tear off that slinky free T-shirt, don a pair of polys and actually come to training). More legs can only increase the chance that someone will emerge as a genuine contender at the next intervarsity.

On the other hand, it is daunting for any first-time runner to come and train with the big boys. Perhaps a crowd of similarly inexperienced friends may provide safety in numbers; and those of you who hang around will soon get into the swing of things. In short, be there: Mondays and Fridays at five, Kaif gates; Tuesdays and Thursdays at five, track; Wednesdays, five, athletics clubhouse (opposite Sports Admin).

Ret Butler's Rhodes squash tourney

By Lindsay du Plessis

The annual RET Butler's Rhodes Open squash tournament was played from the 27th to the 29th of April. It featured many top Eastern Province, Border and Rhodes players and was a hugely successful event. The tournament was sponsored by RET Butler's pharmacy, Steers, Albany sports, Bushy Park Farm Dairy and many more.

The event kicked off at five pm on Friday the 27th with the first rounds of the ladies and Men's B division being played. There were 16 women taking part in the event and 38 men in total. The first and second rounds of the men's A division were also played on Friday. The A division featured many of the province's top players, including EP's fourth ranked player, Jacques Wessels, and Border's number two, Kalvin Edwards. Top Rhodes players like Peter Ryder, Andrew Gendall and Alex "Jawbone" Brink also participated. Graham Bradfield, chairman of the Rhodes Squash club, predicted a Wessels/Edwards final and was later proved to be correct. In the ladies draw, top players included Kim "Bucket" Taylor and Katy "Red" Ingersent, who won the Friday Match of the Day for the ladies.

After a hectic night at the Cowpat, Saturday started rather slowly. The second, third and fourth rounds were played by many hung-over competitors with bloodshot eyes and sluggish bodies. All games were played in good spirit and the atmosphere was relaxed and friendly.

Saturday night's dinner at the Monkey Puzzle didn't bode well for Sunday's games. "Some people never learn," said Rowl Searle, eventual winner of third place in the B division, of the night's activities.

The ladies' final was a well-played game between Kim Taylor and Gilliam McGregor. McGregor came out the winner by three games to none. The Ladies' prize money was R400 for the winner and R200 for the runner up, exactly the same amount that went to the men's A division finalists. Sean Geils, who beat Blaze Eigemann by 3 brilliant games to 2, won the men's B division. His prize money was R300 compared to Eigemann's R150.

The highlight of the weekend was the men's A division final, played after a sumptuous breakfast of fruit, cereals and yoghurt. Kalvin Edwards, in his third straight final, took on Port Elizabeth's Jacques Wessels in a well-played finale. Edwards won the first game 9-5 after many skilful rallies. Wessels came out all racquets blazing in the second game to lead 3-0 in the first few minutes. He was, however, beaten 10-8 in a tightly contested game. The players came out for the third game looking exhausted but Edwards kept up his awesome pace and brilliant reaching drop shots to win the game 9-5 and the match by 3 games to 0.

When asked to comment on the event, Edwards expressed his delight at winning the tournament, "considering it's my third final, it feels good to finally win." Graham Bradfield would like to extend his thanks to his committee who did a wonderful job, and to everyone

Creatine not for the soft hearted

By Graeme Lipschitz

Creatine has been viewed by many as the thinking person's steroid. With basically no side-effects and in some cases guaranteed results, Creatine has fast become the "in" sport-enhancing drug. Research shows that a good brand of Creatine like EAS Phosphogen can set the average student back R300 for a month's supply. The relatively cheap bodybuilding drug has not just been employed by rich schoolboys but now by a host of Rhodes men who either want to get the extra shirt size or actually use it for sport.

I interviewed some Creatine users who found that it made no difference to their sporting ability because of lack of sufficient diet requirements needed by the drug for peak performance. There is also a strict gym routine that needs to be

adhered to and the men say that with the workload of university studies, they could not complete their weights sessions.

Apart from this, some research shows that Creatine aids the production of certain hormones, like testosterone, that increase aggression and short-temperedness similar, but in lower quantities, to steroids and what is termed "road rage". Added to this comes the side-effect of heart strain, which the public noticed when a Gauteng Lions rugby player on Creatine, fell victim to a mild heart attack.

Creatine is still widely considered to be a controversial, sport-enhancing drug. One feels that more needs to be done to refine this drug before Rhodes men use it to their detriment

Basketcase

By Lee-Ann Davids and Jenny Speirs

Remember the charged atmosphere? The thump of feet and ball on a sprung, wooden floor? The distorted tunes pumping erratically from the speakers? The counting down at 10...9...8...seconds to go? Basketball season is back!

The Eastern Cape Conference, the qualifying tournament for the Campus Basketball League (CBL), shot off to a good start on Saturday 28 April in the favour of the hosting team, Rhodes. The winners of the Eastern Cape Conference participate in the CBL and both the Rhodes ladies' and men's teams have been the favourites of the conference for the past few years. Other participating teams include Eastern Cape Technikon, Border Technikon, University of Fort Hare and the University of Port Elizabeth.

Rhodes Basketball Chairman, Duke Mathebula, says the teams are "not even thinking about the opposition in the Eastern Cape but are gearing towards the teams they'll be facing in the CBL, which is a completely different playing field". He says that there is a good chance that the men's A team will make it into the top four in the CBL and this will enhance Rhodes Basketball's recognition and possibly induce sponsorship.

The ladies' team has made the CBL for the past two years. Their coach, Fiona Williamson, who has been coaching the women for four seasons, is very positive about the teams' prospects. "I know the A-side will win the conference and they'll definitely be amongst the top four in the CBL," says a confident Williamson. She added that due to the ample amount of talent in both ladies' sides, the A side's strongest opposition is most likely to be the Rhodes B team.

The ladies' 2nd team put up a brilliant performance in the first half of their game against Rhodes A, though the half-time score of 20-7 in the A's favour did not reflect this. Just when it was beginning to seem as if the A team's dismal streak was going to last the whole day, they returned in the second half determined to restore their

Club Crawl

By Emily Russell

In a town as small as the G-spot where the days seem to get longer and beer-boeps only get bigger, as opposed to becoming a resident lurker, a better way to while away the 365 days of the very long year, is by becoming involved (for reasons other than their cheese and wines) in some of the 30 intriguing clubs on campus. Here is what they have to offer.

When you hear a little soul shout: "checkmate", don't assume it's an Australian referring to a passing sheep, it might just be the dedicated kings and queens of the chess community passing time in a worthwhile way.

This is a "sport of sadists" in which opponents thrive in crushing the life out of one another, where the entire fate of a game may be thrown by a split second lapse in concentration. Mentally draining and physically destroying, games range from a drunken six-minute blitz to a postal or online 15-year battle, in which eyes never meet but friendships unite in a global culture.

On the fine line between sport and science, the beauty of

chess lies in its infinite strategic possibilities. This addictive game - regardless of sex or physical abilities - has the most participants (second only to soccer) the world over.

With lingo such as en passant and zung zwang emitting from the otherwise silent room, one might mistake the clubhouse over-looking Kingsfield for a French or Jedi Knight training session. This is, however, where the Rodents involved in the challenging world of chess practice from 7:00-8:30 on Monday and Thursday evenings.

Rhodes Open Tournaments, as well as coaching clinics and an internal round robin league and ladder system, allow members to regularly improve their skills.

The classic "skinny chess-ted" nerd stigma is sad indeed, as chess players are usually the most creative among us, with their concepts of logical thought leaking into their everyday lives and making them millions. Despite the rigid black-and-white board, its unpredictability makes the perfect chess game like a work of art.

pride and give the whole crowd something to cheer about. The end score was 54-13 to the A side.

The highly qualified coach of the men's side, Ndabenhle Tshabalala, hails from Zimbabwe, where he was a member of the National Coaching Panel for 10 years and coach of the National Women's Side for seven years. He feels that last year's side has been complemented by the influx of talented new players and that there's been a shift in strength from offensive to defensive.

Captain Tiisai Mudangepfupfu, also from Zimbabwe and known by most as "Pfupfu", has noticed not so much an increase in the level of skill, but in the area of commitment, since competition has risen due to the increase in the number of players. Both coach and captain are confident of winning the Eastern Cape League and that the team has the potential to achieve a place in the top four in the CBL play-offs.

After witnessing the 62-10 whitewash of Fort Hare by the A side, fans should be confident of this as well. Faring slightly better than Fort Hare was the Rhodes B side, which lost 61-22 to the potent A side.

Mikes

DRIVING
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Good fun at S.A. Champs

By Noelle Liskay

S.A. Champs took place this Saturday and Sunday at Roodeplaas Dam in Pretoria. Rhodes sent up three male and female teams, and one could say that the best fun was had on the train ride there and back.

S.A. Champs is not an over-emphasised event for Rhodes; it's the regatta known for the train trip. Rhodes is not as prepared for this regatta as they are for SAU and the Boat Race. This is because it's straight after the short vac break, where everyone is still in holiday mode, so this is a springboard back into rowing. It's good practice and this regatta involves all the "first-time" rowers. It gives them a chance to get used to the boat and what it's like to row in a competition. This year's male and female C crews hadn't even been on the water as crews until now.

But, despite all of this, Rhodes still put in a good performance. The C eights who hadn't rowed before put in great effort and

came seventh. The B eight girls who also had four new members also came seventh. The B eight men qualified to row with the A men during their heat. The A eight men came fourth and the A eight women won their event.

The real stars of the show were the A and B four women's teams. The A four came second and the B four won their event and they broke the record. The boys didn't enter any fours, but there were a few doubles and skulls that also put in their best.

Over all, Rhodes displayed great enthusiasm and spirit, and even the weather was kind! It was a time for the newcomers to become part of the Rhode's rowing club, and even though this Regatta isn't taken too seriously on the Rhode's rowing agenda, the weekend was fun-filled and the rowers did Rhodes proud.

Now the real hard work begins as the rowers prepare for the Boat Race in September.



Above: Rhodes S.A. Champs Tour 2001
Picture by: Noelle Liskay

Rhodes B go down to top team in the league

By Rowan Watt-Pringle

On Saturday 28 April, the Under 21 B rugby team travelled to East London to play a highly rated Old Selbornian's side, who top the regional league.

The home side reinforced their reputation with an early try, and despite Rhodes' domination of both territory and possession, the Old Selbornians took a 10-0 lead into the break. Without a natural goal kicker, Rhodes were reluctant to hazard shots at the posts, rather opting to kick for touch, but the opposition defence held strong, and Rhodes were unable to score.

The Rhodes team was, on the most part, playing together for the first time, and with little time in which to prepare, the lack of cohesion began to tell as the second half wore on. The large opposition pack proved too much, putting the Rhodes backline under constant pressure. Several basic errors came from this, and the home side was quick to capitalise, running in several opportunistic tries on top of some well crafted ones.

Despite resilient defence and several forays into the opposition half, Rhodes were unable to get on the score sheet, going down 45-0. However, it was clear to coach Grant Kretzmann that: "There is plenty to work with. The team has the talent, we now have to learn to play as a unit and pick ourselves up for the next game."

Kretzmann cited a need to work on set pieces such as scrums and lineouts, as "we were totally outplayed in those departments: it's something that only comes with practice and understanding".

No money, no trails

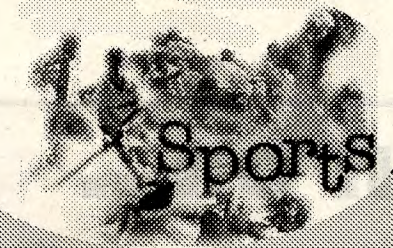
By: Lee-Ann Davids

"Confidence without competence results in chaos and unless the Eastern Cape Basketball Board appoints competent people then there will always be chaos!" This is what a very frustrated Fiona Williamson, coach of the Rhodes Ladies Basketball teams had to say after non arrival of teams from Eastern Province and the Border region for the Eastern Cape basketball trails on May 1st. The hosting team, Rhodes, was the only team present, at what has proven to be the most unsuccessful and disorganised Eastern Province basketball event this year.

The aim of the trails was to select a team to represent the Eastern Cape in the coming interprovincial tournament to be held in Bloemfontein from the 20th of May (this is not the SASSU tournament - all E.C. club players are allowed to participate). The Eastern Cape Basketball Board received late notice about the tournament because of a lack of sponsorship due to the legal battle in which Basketball South Africa is finding itself. At a recent meeting on April 29th between members of the E.C. Basketball board, it was decided that if Eastern Province did not pay their regis-

tration fees, they would not participate in the tournament. There are talks that the Rhodes first team will represent the Eastern Cape at the tournament but it is not clear how many of them will be willing to participate, seeing that the tournament borders on swot week.

Elroy Fortune, who has taken over from Williamson as chairperson of Eastern Cape Basketball on the 29th (their was a conflict of interest between Williamson's job description as Deputy chief education specialist for the department of sports arts and culture and her position in E.C. basketball), said that the trials non-occurrence was due to administrative problems. Fortune hopes that they will be sorted out soon. Eastern Province is still in debt and, provided they pay their registration fees within the next 24 hours, they will participate in the tournament". This is what Fortune confirmed in a phone interview on the evening of May 2nd. Even if a team is selected, the players will still have to cover all the costs involved, as there are no sponsorships.



The Legend Continues...

Teejay - Sports Editor



The not-quite 19-year-old, three time Olympic gold medalist (and twice silver medalist) Ian Thorpe, never really took swimming seriously until he was about 14. Inspired by his sister Christina, and encouraged by his mother, Margaret, a school teacher, and father, Ken, a gardener, Thorpe reached national level at the 1998 National and State age Championships in Sydney.

Lovingly nicknamed the "Thorpedo", Ian, whose size 17 feet have finally stopped growing, does not only dominate in the swimming pool, but has managed to maintain his academic standard and ensure that he sits within the top 5% of each subject (barring Maths) at school. He dropped out of school in 1998, but continues his education through a correspondence course. His training schedule is hectic enough to ensure that he is in the pool by 4.15am every morning, for a total of two hours and then again in the afternoon.

At the age of 14, Thorpe made his international debut at the Pan Pacific Championships in Fukoka. It was at this competition that his international career began. He improved on all of his personal best

times, and finished second, behind freestyle legend Grant Hackett, finishing in a time of 3m 49.64s.

The 1999 Pan Pacific Championships proved to be even more successful than the 1998 meeting, with Thorpe breaking three world records (200m freestyle, 400m freestyle and 4x200m freestyle relay). After picking up a fourth gold medal (4x100m freestyle relay) Thorpe was named male swimmer of the meet. Later on that year, he was named Australian Swimmer of the year and Swimming World's World Swimmer of the year, for 1999. His final honour in 1999 was being named Young Australian of the Year in addition to receiving the Young Australian Sports Award.

His best showing yet, is surely the Sydney 2000 Olympics. Ian claimed three gold medals and two silver medals, breaking the world record with every gold medal he won. His winning times were as follows: Men's 400m freestyle - Gold medal and new world record in a time of 3m 40.59s. Men's 4x100m freestyle relay - Gold medal and new world record in a time of 3m 13.67s (Ian's split was: 48.30s) Men's 4x200m freestyle relay - Gold Medal and new world record in a time of 7m 07.05s.

LEWIS CAMP WANT AUGUST REMATCH

Source: Skynews.com/uk sport

Lennox Lewis's backers have pencilled in August 18 as their preferred date for a rematch with Hasim Rahman. A statement by American promoter of main events HBC and advisor Adrian Ogun confirmed that they had "reached an agreement and designated August 18 as the date of the rematch".

PROTEAS SET TO 221 TO WIN

Source: BBC.co.uk/worldsport

Shivnarine Chanderpaul hit an aggressive 60 to lift the West Indies to 220-8 in the second one-day international against South Africa in Antigua. Earlier, opening batsman Chris Gayle hit a half-century before being brilliantly caught by South Africa's Captain, Shaun Pollock.

FERRERO WINS EPIC FINAL

Source: Foxsports.com

Third seed Juan Carlos Ferrero dug deep to win an enthralling battle with fellow Spaniard Carlos Moya in the final of the ATP Barcelona Open final in five sets. Ferrero came from 3-1 down in the deciding set to win an epic final. As the match entered its fifth hour, Moya, serving at 5-6, double-faulted to give Ferrero his third match-point and put an overhead into the net to make it an agonising defeat.

PRICE PLAYS INTO SAM'S TEAM

Source: Supersportzone.co.za

Sam Torrance may have missed the cut in the Algarve Portuguese Open, but he will still have been a happy man at the outcome of the tournament. The Ryder Cup captain saw Ireland's Padraig Harrington move up to second place in the points table and all but secured himself a place in the 12-man team.

O'LEARY: WE MUST SEIZE THE DAY

Source: SkySports.com

David O'Leary has told his Leeds stars this may be their only chance for Champions League glory. The Elland Road club tackle last season's runners-up in the semi-final first leg and although he has talked down the European campaign, O'Leary does not want them to blow their chance of immortality.

MOORE TO CAPTAIN WALES

Source: Skysports.com

Wales squad Swansea lock Andy Moore will captain Wales on their summer tour to Japan following Scott Gibbs' decision to pull out of the tour after his shock omission from the Lions squad. Swansea skipper Gibbs, who is currently recovering from a broken thumb, made himself unavailable for the five-match trip, which kicks off against Japanese club champions Suntory in Tokyo on June 3. He would have been the favourite to captain a 38-man Wales squad containing 17 uncapped players