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activate

INDEPENDENT
STUDENT NEWSPAPER

**Float like a butterfly
sting like a bee**

Boxing in Grahamstown

Editorial



Tamara Kenny, Editor

I had a nightmare last night. I went back to school, like Drew Barrymore in *Never Been Kissed*. I was taking different subjects to those I originally took, and so didn't really know most of the people in my classes. For some reason, a girl named Angela took a distinctive dislike to me, and subsequently began belittling and criticising me. Not really being one to back down, I told her where she could put herself and left the room. Suddenly I was surrounded by the people who love and support me the most, and she was alone.

Now this could just be a reaffirmation of my own insecurities, but the way I read it, I am making myself more aware of what is important to me. And, that change is coming.

Somebody wise once said that the only constant in life is change. And as we enter the last quarter of our academic year, for many of us, this change is becoming a looming reality.

I have been at Rhodes for almost four years. This is my home, and the people here, my family. Come December, a large portion of those people will be leaving for so-called greener pastures. Most of them are looking forward to this change, they need to spread those wings and see if the real world can actually handle them. I am staying. It is not my time to leave: Grahamstown is in my blood. But a change is still needed.

For all the years that I have been here, I have been on deadline. I have generally failed to make them, but nevertheless the deadlines have still existed. Activate has become part of who I am. I have watched it grow from an insubstantial student rag, to a well-

designed and properly organised publication, with content that could challenge any professional newspaper in credibility, relevance and consequence. And I have had the opportunity to shape it with my own hands.

Former editor, Jak Koseff recently said to me that as I hand over my editorship, this is an end of an era. A handful of people have witnessed the weeks and months that each edition took to put together in the "good old days"; we have spent long hours lounging in our office waiting for printers to co-operate, smoking too much and hoping to get to bed before four o'clock on Monday morning. We now have managed to get to a point now where the process is relatively smooth, the new staff will never have seen where this paper has come from, and they will never understand the pure love and commitment for an arbitrary student rag that each of us has had, and would willingly give again just to get it out to you.

But that is not their time. Their responsibility is to take the work that we have done and take this publication to new heights, and for that I wish them all the luck in the world.

Change is inevitable, whether you are leaving or staying, whether you have been intrinsically involved in the workings of this institution or merely reveled in its glories. And for those of us who have been here a while, this era is indeed ending. Some amazing people will be saying their farewells, least of all me. As sentimental as it may sound, I wish those who stay and take on the responsibilities of their predecessors all the best, and those who leave us, God Speed.

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On Saturday, September 1st, RMR broadcast a shock news story that reported outgoing SRC President Matthew Charlesworth to be in police custody following charges of fraud. **THIS IS NOT TRUE.** RMR's Station Manager Sean Bosman has issued this statement: "RMR is a platform for free expression. Some people use jokes, which is acceptable. Disclaimers were played at the beginning and end of the slot. Please accept our apologies - this is NOT A TRUE STORY."

Virtual Rizla

By the
Jabberwock

A couple of weeks ago, I disguised myself heavily - people tend to recognise a towering mythological manifestation of nonsense, don't they? - and trundled off to the second annual AIDS debate, hosted by Rhodes's finest bullshitters and general oddballs - the debaters.

It was quite honestly one of the more pathetic examples of bureaucrats trying to talk themselves out of a hole, and activists trying to get something done. Thabo Mbeki will find no support here on the sharp edge of my tongue, and the whole "is there a link between HIV and AIDS" issue makes me slightly nauseous.

I came to Rhodes because I wanted a degree. I don't believe in rearing high above the masses on a shiny white horse and trying to achieve anything beyond my own selfish gratification. I will fight for the cause of unwashed dishes; I will crusade to get the bills paid on time...and sometimes a twinge of guilt in the deepest whorls of my brain makes me pause for a second longer, and drop some change gingerly into the outstretched palm of a beggar.

Responsibility drove me to a local clinic earlier in the year, where I stuck out my finger (they don't have to use the nasty intravenous needles any more) and let a woman old enough to be my grandmother draw three drops of blood...

I took a deep breath, prayed to the nearest deity for a little relief and received the results within twenty minutes. I do not have the Human Immuno-Deficiency Virus. I do not have AIDS.

But ladies and gentlemen, the bureaucrats

don't care about me and my blissfully uninfected blood. And I assure you, they don't care about those of you who haven't escaped the consequences, or haven't rubbed Lady Luck the right way. They don't believe in prevention, but they don't believe in treatment either.

Condoms don't seem to be doing the trick, and abstinence is no longer an option, no matter what the stern-browed dominees in your local parish seem determined to make you believe. So HIV ravages its way through our country, and the infant mortality rate rises, and you think you're so damn safe because it's Grahamstown and nothing ever happens in Grahamstown, does it?

This is your early warning system speaking. It's a week late, because the Jabberwock was dealing with exploded whales and psycho cats. Go and get tested. Don't believe those "baby, you're the first and only" speeches.

I know, I sound terribly old and preachy, but remember - been there, done that and got the plaster. There was a reason I ended up sitting in a sad little room watching a counsellor explain exactly what the final stages of AIDS will do to me. Fucking around might sound great in the heat of the moment, but it's the morning after you've got to worry about.

But right now, the Jabberwock is sick of all the talking. I'm rolling myself into this Virtual Rizla and flicking the switch, turning out the light and letting you know this is it, over, out and close the door behind ya. Catch you all on the flipside.

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Rhodes student raped

By Wilma Den Hartigh

On Saturday, 18 August at 10:30 in the morning, a student was raped in the Botanical Gardens.

According to Sister Buchner from the Rhodes Sanitarium, she first approached them for help and then the police were contacted. She was immediately administered anti-retroviral drugs and emergency contraception. Sister Buchner said "the police were very helpful and kind, and treated her with respect."

Sgt. Fullarton from the Grahamstown Detective unit said that she did press charges and that no one has been arrested in connection with the rape yet, but they suspect that the man is living in the Botanical Gardens.

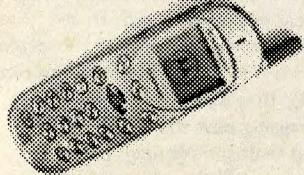
An identity kit of a man, about 20 years old and 1,78 meters tall has been compiled. An identity parade held on Thursday, 23 August was unsuccessful as the victim could not identify any of the suspects.

Sgt. Fullarton requested female students to avoid walking in the garden because it is extremely dangerous. In the last 6 years, 4 rapes took place in the Botanical Gardens. This incident was the first to happen during the day.

According to Milanda Coetzer from the Grahamstown Police, 38 rape incidents have been reported since the beginning of the year.

Sgt. Fullarton can be contacted at 046 603 9111 with any information regarding the case.

Campus Crime



By Victoria Milakhov

The Campus Protection Unit claims that petty crime on campus has significantly decreased. Alarming, serious crime seems to be on the rise.

On the 15th of August, Marguerite du Plessis, from Skidd 6, returned to her room to find her window broken and her cell phone missing. She feels less secure in res. It seems that students and residences on the hill are far more susceptible to crime. Some feel that this may be the result of being further from the Campus Security Unit. It is also less well lit.

Stanley Kidd has been victim of various petty crimes this term, particularly in the male residences. Items such as shoes and cell phones have usually been taken through windows. Some students have even adopted the attitude that petty crime is something they have had to accept and even expect.

However, when a window is broken, can it be considered petty crime? Another worry is that rape on campus has allegedly increased. Campus security is taking measures to increase security on the hill to make it safer for students who have to walk to campus and back at night. The university also plans to build a computer lab on the hill, which will be more accessible for many students.

Lecturer honoured

By Nicola Kane

Retiring lecturer Dr Ronald Hall, of the Rhodes University English Department was honoured on 16 August with a public lecture entitled "The Heart of Darkness by Joseph Conrad (again!)"

It was delivered by Peter McDonald at the Arts Major lecture theatre.

Ron Hall will be retiring at the end of this year after spending 37 years in the Rhodes English department, and the lecture was given as a final farewell to this highly regarded member of staff. English student Sarah Spies said; "It is hoped among students and other members of staff that he will still be found around campus pursuing his love for the classics."

Peter McDonald, who gave the lecture, is a former student of Dr Hall and currently a lecturer at St. Hugh's College in Oxford, England. Dr Hall lectured on "Heart of Darkness" to Peter McDonald during his time as a student and it was thought only fitting that McDonald, who is now considered an expert on the book, give the lecture in honour of Hall.

An English Honours student, Kerry Morgan says, "He is very popular because he is very encouraging, affable and outrageously intelligent. The general consensus is that future students will miss out sorely by not experiencing his brilliant tutoring."

Morgan says that the lecture was, "both entertaining and interesting." The lecture can be counted as a fitting conclusion to the winding down of this member of staff's career.

Debonairs not going under



By Harugumi Mutasa

Despite rumours spreading through Grahamstown, Debonairs pizza parlour in New Street is not closing down at the end of this month manager Mr Barnard confirmed.

"No one knows exactly where these rumours originated from," he said "but I first heard of this during the festival."

Debonairs has had its fair share of problems, the most serious being the armed robbery in April of R30 000 cash.

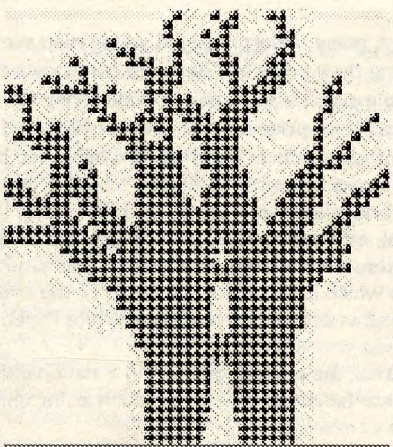
However Mr Barnard says that business has not been affected since the incident. Students and residents frequent the establishment daily.

A spokesperson at City Hall said that many businesses in Grahamstown have either closed or are finding it difficult to remain viable. He also said the growing number of armed robberies in Grahamstown has a negative effect on the town in terms of attracting outside business and foreign investment.

In spite of this a private company is buying land outside town for development purposes. No one is sure yet what plans are going to be implemented. Company officials could not be reached for an official comment.

Meanwhile Captain Phillip, media liaison officer at Grahamstown police station could shed no light on how far the police had gone in the investigation of the Debonairs robbery.

Media Celebrities to invade campus



highwayAFRICA
thedigitalrenaissance

By Harugumi Mutasa

Highway Africa 2001, the leading conference on New Media for journalists in Africa, will again be hosted by Rhodes University and the SABC in Grahamstown, from the 9th - 14th September. This year's theme is 'The Digital Renaissance'.

During this time Rhodes will be invaded by well-known celebrities from top media organisations in the country and around the world.

Some of these include representatives from Carte Blanche, Sfam, SABC celebrities and a few from as far off as Sweden and the BBC in the United Kingdom.

According to organisers, since its launch in 1997, Highway Africa has developed a reputation as the conference that engages with the most important issues facing New Media practitioners in Africa.

Several Masters' students and lecturers from the journalism department will also be giving presentations and seminars. Some former Rhodes students will also be appearing some of whom include Maya Lloyd whom most students, particularly journalism students, will remember.

Maya Lloyd's talk will be on women in the media.

The conference hopes to encourage networking of journalist in their different fields and perhaps come up with ideas on how to understand and improve the media institutions in Africa.

The Digital Renaissance brings together international academic research with media business, NGO and government perspectives on African journalism in the digital age.

The conference runs during the September vacation when most students would have gone home but the few who will be around may be lucky enough to run into one or two television and media personalities. It is open to all who wish to attend but one has to pay a small fee to sit in on one of the events.

Since its launch in 1997, the Highway Africa Conference has been televised across the continent by the 24-hour satellite news channel, SABC Africa.

According to one of the conference's organisers: "Students who are interested in working in the media industry can use this opportunity to network and make valuable contacts."

AIDS Awareness Week

By Constance Mokhoantle

"Don't abstain from sex, abstain from sexual intercourse."

That's the message Sister Buchner of the Rhodes San had for students during HIV/AIDS Awareness week, which ran from August 20 to 28.

The annual Aids Awareness week is co-ordinated by Careers Advisor Mark Rainier, Sister Buchner and John Kotze House warden Mrs Jean Wright.

According to Mrs Wright, the whole aim of the campaign is to educate students on the dangers of having unprotected sex. The house committees of various residences are responsible for entertaining - and at the same time educating - fellow students on HIV and AIDS. These residences are also collecting clothing and food for a number of AIDS havens in the community.

Dr Kevin Kelly of the Rhodes Statistics Department: "There are no HIV/AIDS statistics available for the Rhodes University Campus. Statistics are drawn from pregnant women attending clinics."

According to Liesl Foss, the SRC counsellor, most of the students that she has counselled for a pre and post HIV test are negative. "In my opinion those students that actually come to be tested and test negative are the ones that are protecting themselves. The rest we cannot be sure about."

Approximately 20 000 condoms were distributed by the sanatorium in the past six months according to Sister Buchner. But she added, "I have become disillusioned after being involved in this project since 1998 because girls come in here asking for the morning after pill because the condom burst. They give no second thought to the fact that they could have contracted the HIV virus that causes Aids," said Mrs Buchner.

Canterbury Cares

By Nicola Kane

The girls of Canterbury House were able to show how big their hearts are during Aids week by distributing meals at the St. Philip's Aids Home.

About 25 women and their children, all suffering from Aids, live in the home. The women are taught craft skills and grow their own vegetables for meals.

Canterbury House asked its girls to double book their lunch meals for Wednesday 22 August. The Allan Webb Hall kitchen staff then took up the task of preparing approximately 50 packed meals in between their usual duties.

On Wednesday about ten girls from the house and house warden, Kath Stringer, set off for St. Philip's with the packs of food. The packs were well received by residents of the home.

The home chairperson, Mrs. K Sunners gave a speech thanking Canterbury House for its generosity and asked that this not be the end of it. She said, "the smooth running of the home is very dependent on the generosity of others and every small bit counts in a big way."

The event was organised by Noxolo Kahlana, the charity representative for Canterbury House, "no matter how small the difference is that we made, I am glad that we were able to make a difference."

Briefs

Guards bribed at Ellis Park: witness

A witness on Monday told the commission of inquiry into the April soccer stampede at Ellis Park that spectators paid security officials to get into the stadium on the night of the tragedy.

MDC leader barred from hospital

A GROUP of about 30 Zanu PF supporters barred Morgan Tsvangirai, the MDC president, from entering Masvingo General Hospital where three MDC officials are hospitalised.

The group comprising mostly of women, blocked the hospital entrance and charged towards Tsvangirai's motorcade. Clad in Zanu PF T-shirts, the group declared that the MDC leader should not be allowed into the hospital premises.

Students protest against fee hike

The Students' Executive Council, (SEC), at the University of Zimbabwe has protested against the government's plans to withdraw funding at universities and tertiary institutions. Innocent Mupara, the president of the SEC denounced the move saying that the students would suffer as the money was not enough for tuition, food and accommodation.

Too late to stop US from passing democracy bill?

THE Zimbabwe Democracy and Economic Recovery Bill is due for debate by September at the house of representatives in the United States, and if passed will further worsen the condition of the ordinary Zimbabwean, who is already helplessly hanging at the receiving end.

It is sad to note that those who have very little if anything to do with the bill are the ones who should bear its full brunt.

R&B star crash inquiry

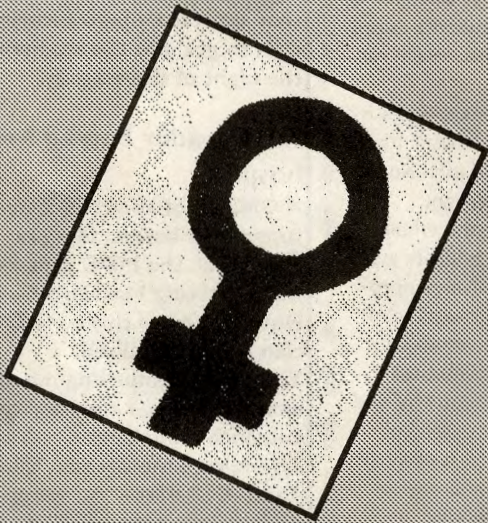
Investigators in the Bahamas have begun examining the wreckage of the aircraft that crashed on Saturday killing the Grammy-nominated R&B singer, Aaliyah, and eight others.

The twin-engined Cessna plane crashed into swampy scrubland and burst into flames soon after taking off from Marsh Harbour airport, bound for Miami. Police said that the aircraft had apparently experienced engine trouble.

44 killed in Tokyo blast

At least 44 people were killed when a late-night explosion and fire ripped through a mahjong parlour in a popular entertainment district, officials said on Saturday. Police were investigating the cause of the disaster, the worst of its kind in Japan in years. According to reports, the blast occurred as a parlour employee opened a door. Tokyo Fire Department spokesperson Takashi Yamagishi said 44 people were killed.

bite me Spice



Third term is the term of the Hall Ball, or Hall Balls-up - as you wish. If you are, or have ever been, in res you will know that there are two kinds of hall ball. There is of course the ball which you attend with either a friend or your boyfriend, and then there is (cue *Twilight Zone* music) the one where you invite a date or you are invited as a date.

The ball you attend with the friend or boyfriend is almost a guaranteed success. You'll get pissed, have cheesy photos taken (often with a rather reluctant member of the catering staff or one of the numerous pot plants) and, of course, dance like an absolute tit in shoes that should have been abolished with the practice of Chinese foot-binding. The pain in your feet (which did, of course, look fabulous at the time in those tiny, strappy black kitten heels) is generally the most you will be faced with, aside from the hangover the next day and that unidentifiable drunken injury that you think might have been sustained when that elaborate candle arrangement flew across the room.

Unless you start that whole "Do I look fat in this (maroon crushed velvet tent)?" or the positively fatal "I saw you looking across the table right down the front of that slag's dress (the size of a small ripped handkerchief)", you should be fine with the boyfriend. However, if you start with any of this drunken interrogation, you are going to join the group of girls who are seated on the floor of the bathroom in a drunken heap, wiping their tears with the hems of their fabulously expensive satin and tulle creations.

These are the victims of the "date" variety of hall ball evening. Men seem to adopt certain strategies when it comes to inviting a

ball date or being a ball date. They start with the first, and of course most vital, assumption: "She's going with me to the ball, therefore, she definitely wants to shag me till the bed springs break." Their strategy, therefore, is either to behave like a complete gentleman or like a complete asshole, or, as is the nature of men, they go swiftly from one to the other.

When he fetches you, he will probably look great and behave as if the word suave features on his birth certificate, but beware: he is merely a wolf in sheep's, um, tux. As the evening progresses and his blood alcohol level rises, he will just slip back into his typical Rat (no pun intended) mode. However, this is a special occasion, so special behaviour is required. He will be making so much effort to climb into your knickers that any ideas you may have had for an evening of elegance and class will be crushed underfoot - like the crappy, half-dead red rose he presented to you at the start of the evening. Don't worry, rejection of his advances will be greeted with typical maturity - he'll try to climb into every other girl's knickers instead.

So, save some of the good wine for yourself, and retreat to the bathroom BEFORE the evening turns pear-shaped. There at least you can watch everybody else crying their eyes out over the ripped and stained gown, the failed romance, and the blow to the head from that friggling candle arrangement.

Bygones.

P.S. my ex is planning T-shirts with "I SURVIVED BITE ME SPICE" emblazoned on the front. Those wishing to place orders (if you know who you are), please contact i_can't_take_a_joke@sour-pussmail.com

By Tom Mapham

In South Africa, many underprivileged young men see boxing as a way of escaping their poverty. There are currently more than 15 000 registered professional boxers nation-wide trying to make a living out of the sport from prize money, sponsorships, and whatever other income they can find. Tom Mapham tightened his gloves and leapt into the arena in search of Makana's boxing talent.

"Sport is a bridgehead to cross all kinds of barrier lines, whether these be racial, ethnic, linguistic, cultural, gender, or age. Its ability to transcend all these boundaries springs from the natural and simple language with which it expresses the ideals of the oneness of the human species," states the Government White Paper on Sport and Recreation.

In South Africa, the performances of our national sports teams can become grounds for social division as much as for unity. Racial quotas, old South

African flags, and separate stadiums for rugby (regarded as a 'white' person's sport) and soccer (regarded as a 'black' person's sport), all make sport in this country a complicated set of affairs.

As the government worked to keep proper resources and training out of black areas, budding sportsmen and women were forced to come up with innovative replacements for these basics. Soccer

is the game of the world, largely because all one needs is an empty can and two feet to start dribbling, turning and shooting for goal. Boxing is similar in this respect, being a sport that requires no more than a clenched fist and an opponent. Even though competitive training is a little harder than picking a fight at your local 'shebeen', boxing has caught on as a sport for anyone in South Africa.

I once listened to a Catalan choir floating their music around an empty cathedral in the Pyrenees, I was ten years old, on holiday with my family and hearing the very voice of God. Ten years later, sweating under a bare bulb in a garage full of people, I felt God in every stamp. One of the most spiritually moving experiences of my life took place at a 'community boxing club' in a garage in Joza. This is my church. God is a boxer.

Here training is about boxing, not about sport. This not just existing, this is being alive. This is the music of a twenty-foot drum accompanied by twenty sets of lungs, over and over again until nothing remains but the music. This is using your body - your temple to the greater glory of the god within you. This is to feel united to a group, a part of a bigger whole. This is to be human.

All of the boxing action in Makana occurs in the township next to Grahamstown called Joza. There is one private gym - anyone happy to fork out the monthly membership fee of 50 South African Rand is welcome - and one community gym - open to all - that together, boast five professional boxers and more than fifty amateurs.

Ayanda is fighting fit, kitted out in smart trainers and tracksuit. He claims to box for his living. He manages this from his shack in Joza situated about 200m from the Egazini monument. Most of his fights take place at the rings in Port Elizabeth and East London, although the ring at the private gym is occasionally dusted off for action. The chance to introduce a few willing students to the sport has brought the boxer onto the Rhodes University campus. A number of keen first year men have shown an interest in the sport, and Ayanda is inviting would-be Dingaan Thobela's to a training session at the community gym. Why not give it a try I reckon, you never know what might happen and I am sure that I could give a few super-featherweight 'lighties' a run for their money. The date is set for five o'clock the following afternoon at the Drostdy Arch.

I arrive early. Ayanda is already there with another man. From a distance they look like Laurel and Hardy - as lean as Ayanda looks, Rami Mufatso, his trainer, is respectably stout. Mufatso is an experi-

enced boxer who hung up his gloves more than ten years ago to concentrate on his duties as a trainer. His children have all matriculated and no longer live at home, so today he is looking after two pre-school kids who belong to one of his friends in order to 'make him feel young again'.

He four other students who are joining the training session are all present, so we set off at once. Mufatso leads in his new bakkie, with Ayanda next to him and me in the back with the two children. The other aspirant boxers follow in another car buckling up as we start on a journey deep into the bowels of Joza.

We drive past kids playing in the road, past wandering chickens, cows, and dogs splashing through a stream of water running from where someone is washing a new car. People greet Mufatso at every stop, and pause to goggle at the white boy sitting in the back. I am looking out on what is surely a glorious winter's day, no one has any

worries, and the whole world is peachy. In my head I start to construct romantic waffle on the beauty of our new South Africa.

An hour of Mufatso's training later, and my world-view will have shifted once again. This is just another road, another night, and another training session. All I will think of is my supper.

We stop outside a collection of shacks. One of which is home to

Ayanda. He disappears into the labyrinth to collect his kitbag. While he is gone I remember that I am one little 'rooi-nek' all on my lonesome deep inside Joza. I certainly would not want to bet my shiny green cell-phone on being able to escape the vagabonds that mummy and the Daily Dispatch assure me run rampant in this place. Mufatso chats to the passers by, and I try my best 'molo' on the two kids in the back with me, "no English," they say.

Soon Ayanda is back and we are cruising past the white chalk cliffs, past the soccer fields with three teams in training, past run-

ners, and past the big private gym, finally stopping outside one of the mass-produced Lego houses. "This is it," promises

In twenty minutes this will become a body-heated sauna, and the walls and floor will glisten with our residue sweat.

Mufatso with a smile. Creeping out from under the canopy I see a garage big enough for one vehicle filled with about fifteen young guys warming up inside. This is it. The community club is someone's garage full of a motley collection of men who look more like beggars than future boxing champions. The driver of the other car is locking it and double-checking all of the doors.

Inside the tiny garage us pampered white boys shuffle about pulling a few nervous stretches. Where we come from sport is about VO2 max, heart-rate monitors and carbo-loading - here you shut up and sweat. With a crash the garage door is slammed down. We can see the breath leaving our mouths. In twenty minutes this will become a body-heated sauna, and the walls and floor will glisten with our residue sweat.

Guys are hanging their tattered jerseys on wires which hang across the roof. Mufatso starts to clap a beat and everyone forms a circle around him, slowly jogging in time on the spot. Outside three little girls are beaming and bouncing up and down with us. Are they smiling at me out of happiness, or do they know something that I do not? Wondering what I have gotten myself into, I try to allow the rhythm of Mufatso's clapping and stamping to take over my thoughts.

Stamping the ground, in time with twenty other men. Breathing, in time with the stamp-stamp-stamp. Sucking deeply on hot, thick air. Gazing through a fog of perspiration at blank faces behind raised fists. Tasting the salt of sweat that has soaked my hair, is dripping from my sodden sweatshirt and slicking the polished concrete floor. With each stamp real pain stabs my thighs, normally I would have given in to it immediately but I have been stamping for nearly an hour. Stamp-stamp-stamp, stamp-stamp-stamp fills my head - almost



clever

annihilating the pain, while causing the noise to be louder. The entire room reverberates to its foundations with each twenty-footed thud. I feel the sound. I am part of the instrument.

One sweat soaked set of clothes later the 'warm-up' is over and none of us newcomers can see straight. Now is when the sparring starts...

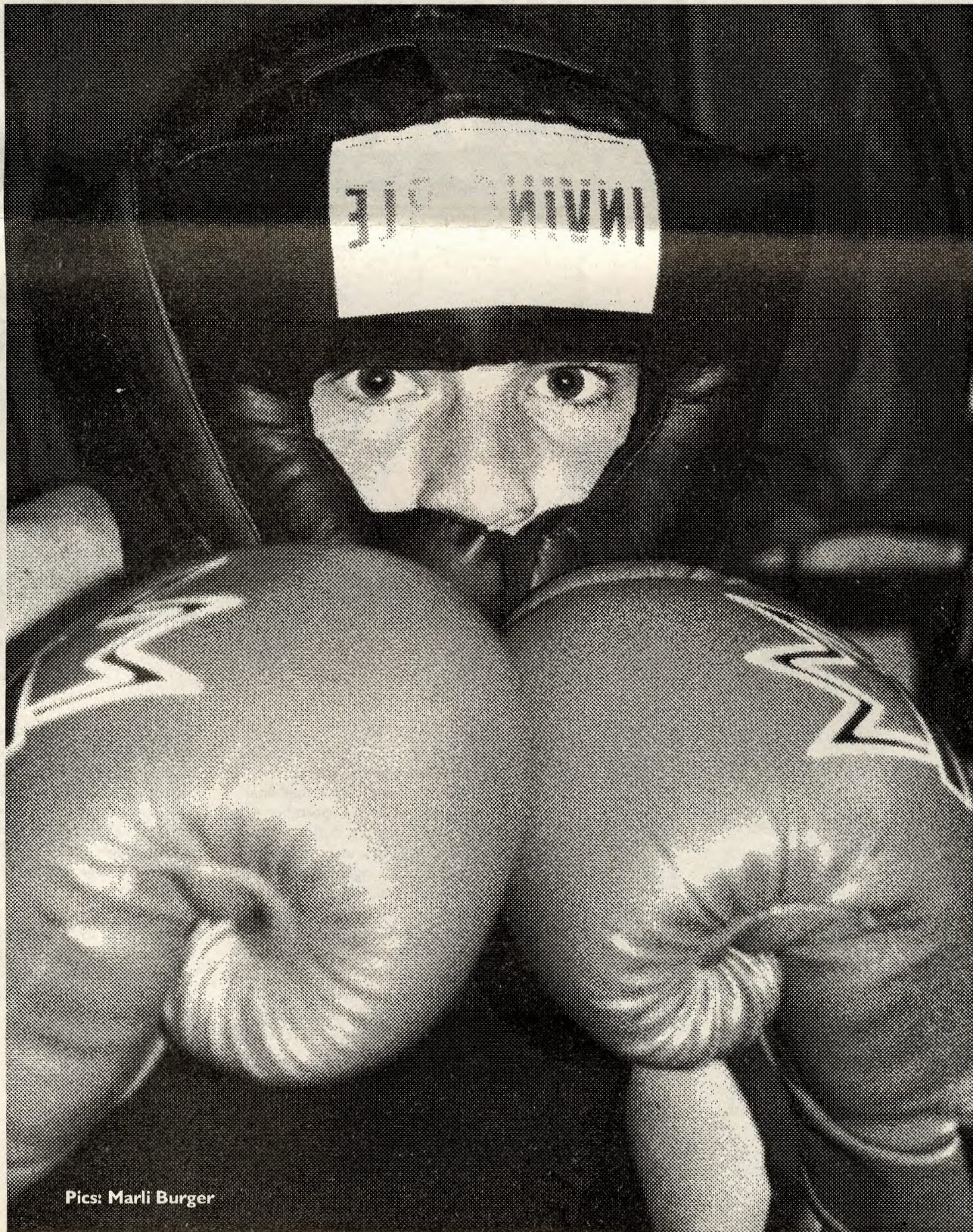
My tyrannical high-school PE teacher/drill-sergeant never managed to do this to me. I am thoroughly exhausted, and not too pleased to end the session with a group prayer. Next, everyone shakes hands thanking each other for sharing the session. Lots of . We have all contributed to a special experience, and are enjoying the adrenaline high.

But outside the 'gym' nothing has changed. My training partners look like beggars once again, Ayanda still lives in a shack, and I am still part of the privileged 5% of South Africa that enjoys tertiary education. The fact that we have shared an intensely spiritual experience that would have been illegal ten years ago, puts a certain glow into everyone's eyes and their goodbyes. But talk is cheap and the

inequalities are as glaring as ever.

It was a different me who escaped back out of the depths of Joza that night. Driving home with the other initiates I battled to come to terms with what had happened in that garage during the hour when the door had been shut. I find that all of the idealistic twaddle I had spouted earlier has disappeared. What had been 'the township' when I drove in with my rose tinted shades is now just a collection of roads, fields and homes full of people. Had it simply been nothing more than intense training and doing my level best to keep up with a bunch of boys who looked like they had not eaten in the last 24 hours. Or had it really been the period of spiritual release I had felt at the time. The others had been equally moved and amazed at what we had found in a concrete block in the township.

Just another day, another white boy tiptoes over the boundary that, although no longer the law, is still firmly branded in our mind-set. With each step we all get a tiny bit closer to living in the real New South Africa, example to the rest of the world.

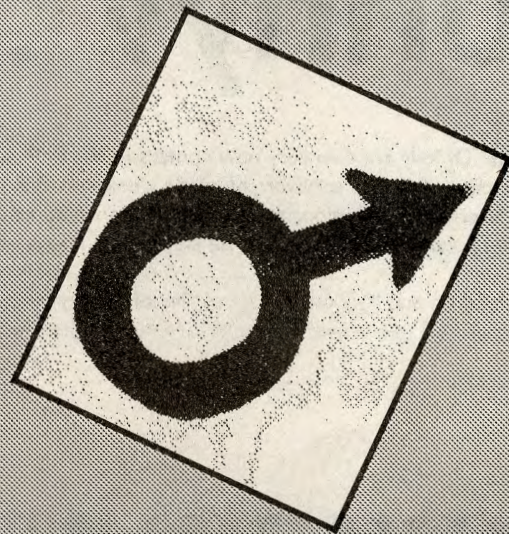


Pics: Marli Burger

If you would like to get involved in boxing in Makana contact Rami Mufatso on 082 365 0297. Soon Pretorius is president of the South African National Amateur Boxing Organisation (SANBO) and will answer queries regarding the organisation of the sport. You can contact him on (012) 326 6075

Thanks to Albany Sports for providing gloves and equipment

Duke "filthy" Sanchez



It's almost the end of term, and the season of Hall Ball silliness is almost behind us. I've never understood the purpose of hall balls, ever since that time in first year when the Graham boys shorted out the Drosty sound system by vomiting on the electrics. And after the completely pointless evening that I spent sweating in a tuxedo trying to figure out how to waltz and look sensual at the same time at my matric dance, I've had a special hatred for the social navel-gazing of these events.

As a method of facilitating getting laid, they're absolutely useless. There's a guy in my res who's been trying to lose his v-plates since he knew what that implied. And the ritual of taking chicks to the hall ball has become something of a sad annual marker of the futility of trying to get into their pants. He's tried inviting sluts, friends, dining hall staff, and if there was a hooker in town, he'd ask her.

And not one of them has bothered to repay the favour by sleeping with him in return. He's paid for the tickets, sent them flowers, made sure his cummerbund (what kind of stupid fucking word is that?) matches their dresses and flattered and plied them with wine for the course of the evening. Do you think he's even come close to seeing the front side of their bums? Of course not.

They end up sleeping with the drunken twats who crash the ball after 10, or going home to counsel friends who got too drunk and kissed someone they shouldn't, or they spill wine on their dresses and breaking heels, so they couldn't possibly go out afterward.

If you want to ensure that you never have intercourse with a girl, just invite her to your hall ball.

Another reason to avoid them is the fact that you inevitably have to deal with the smugness of those people who show up with their girlfriends, and rub everyone else's nose in the fact that they're sure to get some later on. Many of these supercilious wankers can't even wait until after the party to exhibit their sexual superiority and end up sneaking off during the Peppermint Surprise to have a shag in the bogs.

Of course, hall balls aren't entirely safe for people in relationships either. Many of the growlers that you wouldn't look at twice during the day will have managed to make themselves up so well and look so good in their evening wear that you could very well find your attention wandering from the loved one. And you know what that means. Tears, recriminations; worse, it means no sex. The only alternative is to keep your eyes on the plate before you; either way, you'll have a crap evening.

So when people try to tell you that going to the Hall Ball is a good idea, poke them in the eye with your beer. You're far more likely to get laid in the Union, Champs or Pop Art. And if getting laid is not high on your list of priorities; if you'd just love the opportunity to show off your evening gear; if you'd rather spend a nice evening with a friend who happens to be of the opposite sex; then you must be a woman, and you're far too irrational to take any of my advice anyway.

radio

RMR
a state of mind

Mission:

DJ-Lo, aint it funny?

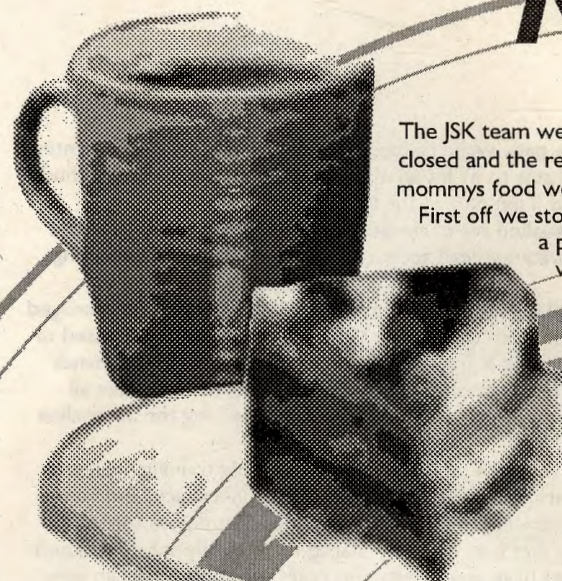
DJ Lo and DJ Kyly are two very new comers to the RMR scene. Their show from 4-6 am (!) on Sundays helps insomniacs catch a wink and survivors of hectic weekends chill out early on lazy mornings "A little to the left" will play you slightly alternative melodious sounds featuring an artist of the week; celebrity birthdays and other useless information. If you're up early enough check these chicks out....

So catch DJ Lo and Kyly on "A little to the left" every Sunday 4-6am on RMR 89.7 FM

Mom

The JSK team went out looking for food the closed and the rest of the oppies were eating mommys food we could find.

First off we stopped in at Spar, which offered a pizza slice or a bowl of the vegetarian pizza = ONLY If it your birthday, or you yourself a little pick me up mall. For under R2 granny all



Just say

The Activate Guide to what, when, how, where
(You can figure it out)

Direct Action

DIRECT ACTION

Rhodes University's Drama Department presents its annual final Directing pieces from September 4 to 6. Final year Directing students Aylwyn Walsh, Sam Wilson and Tamara Kenny showcase works ranging from the real to the absurd; Walsh is directing "A as in Amsterdam", Wilson is staging the surreal "Hysteria" and Kenny is pulling the strings of "One for the Road".

These pieces are the culmination of a year's theory and practical work under the watchful eye of Directing

co-ordinator Janet Buckland. The works will be marked by an external examiner and provide fascinating viewing for theatre-goers. Walsh's work is being presented in the Box Theatre; Kenny's will be on show in the Theatre Recess (behind the Main Theatre) and Wilson's is large and loud in the Rhodes Theatre.

Keep your eyes open for posters all over campus and confirmation of whose works will be showing and at what times. For bookings or more information, please contact the Drama Department on 603-8538.



Munchies

mmys Food

od that could vaguely resemble a home cooked meal. Since the dining halls were
re eating cabbage (we know who you are), JSK sought the best value for money

ch offers really nice soup. You pay about R4 for a large soup, and couple that with
of their great selection of salads. JSK recommends the vegetable soup + a slice of
ONLY R10!

or your buddies birthday, or you need to treat your PMS, or even just to give
me up, try the selection of cakes at the Home Industries store in Pepper Grove
der R20 you can enjoy a lovely home baked cake that will have you thinking about
nny all afternoon. JSK recommends the chocolate cake and the carrot cake.

For a very comfortable atmosphere, or just to feel as if you've escaped from
G-town, take a trip to the Settlers Inn where you can enjoy a hot chocolate
on the terrace in the afternoon with a very large piece of cake for R20. Or
have a drink with friends in the bar while lazing on couches in front of a
wood-burning fire.

Alternatively we suggest you try cooking fro yourself- hey just an idea...

stuff

The last week of the third term is usually very quiet as the mass exodus begins with people
leaving at their earliest convenience, but there are still a bunch of cool things happeneing in
good old G-Town:

HONOURS DIRECTING

Hysteria: Directed by Sam Wilson

4 September 19h00

5 September 19h00

A as in Amsterdam: Directed by Alwyn Walsh

5 September 20h00

6 September 20h00

On for the Road: Directed by Tamara Kenny

4 September 20h30

6September 19h00

RUTV NEWS: This week on Wednesday and Thursday you can catch RUTV news live online.
Just take your headphones to the Eden Grove Computer Labs.

BOAT RACES: Yes we know that they usually happen in the third term, but hey, as long as
they happen. See you all there.

y Know

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

RU Fixtures

Monday 3 Sept	Squash: PE League: RUW1 vs Westview RUW3 vs Londt Park A RUM1 vs Londt Park A COLOURS MEETING	Away Away Away OMP	18:30 18:30 18:30 13:00
Tuesday 4 Sept	Badminton: RU Men vs St Pauls Squash: PE League: RUM2 vs Imatu RUW2 A vs Londt Park A RUW2 B vs Old Grey Home	Home Away Away Away	19:00 18:30 18:30 18:30
Wednesday 5 Sept	Table Tennis: League - Round 13 COLOURS MEETING Hockey: RUM1 vs UPE	PE OMP OG	18:00 13:00 16:00
Thursday 6 Sept	Badminton: RU Mixed vs Kragga Kamma Table Tennis: League - Round 13 SPORTS COUNCIL MEETING	Home PE OMP	19:00 18:00 19:00
Friday 7 Sept	3RD TERM ENDS		

You drink like a girl!

By Sally Dewes

On Rhodes University campus, there is not a single female residence that houses a bar. Yet each male residence in Founders Hall, for example, has its own special corner reeking of tradition and beer. When this subject was broached with a number of female peers, their immediate reaction was to express their outrage at the blatant sexism involved in this situation. This seems to be the principal reason behind the girls campaigns to have bars installed in their residences. Women in this society are beginning to demand what they believe to be their right - basing the argument of bars in residences on the principle of "the boys all have them, so why can't we?"

Georgina Poole, a member of the Jameson House Committee in Oriel Hall, says that the numerous attempts to "twist some arms" and start a bar in their female residence have been denied by the Oriel Hall Warden. Poole wants to know why boys are allowed bars, and girls are denied that privilege. The two most important reasons as to why the heads of the houses keep refusing the appeal are firstly, that having a bar in a female residence puts a lot of pressure on girls who do not drink - those who do not drink would either feel obliged to start, or have to exclude themselves from the activities of their res-mates. Secondly, the fact that girls are more diligent than boys are, and that noise generated by the opening of the bar would cause the res to be at a standstill.

An argument dominant in Rhodes University drinking culture is one in which there is the belief that girls won't buy drinks, and that "girls residences have a 'Choc Soc' or tuck shop, and girls can bond around that."

However, it appears that the girls are, on the whole, not as keen on running a bar as they initially make out. In private they confess that, were one installed in their residence, they probably wouldn't even utilise it. They also admit to understanding and agreeing with the argument of their Wardens.

According to Lexi Fincham of Olive Shreiner House, "both boys and girls tend to get out of hand if they get very drunk."

"Unfortunately, girls are more defenceless, and more likely to get themselves into trouble, so of course, the people responsible for their safety are not going to promote their drinking."

Andrew Wicks, a member of Botha House in Founder's Hall, says that although the gender prejudice cannot be denied, it boils down to tradition. Apart from Graham House, Founders Hall houses are now the only residences that run bars. The Bengal Rifle Club (BRC), The Toot and The Armpit are all bars that have been running for a long period of time. Wicks believes that they are a very important part of the strong tradition of the Hall. "Founders Hall is the oldest on campus - tradition runs it."

The University Senate has, in the past, shut down bars in Smuts Hall - but have failed to deprive Founders Hall of its centres of activity. The bars are well established, and unless something significant happens to prompt their closing, the Senate can do very little. The sub-warden of Botha House believes that The Founders Old Boys have played an integral part in preventing the bars from closing.

The members of the residences insist that the bars do not operate to make money - they do not own liquor licenses for a start - and that they function on a credit system ensuring that each boy can only drink as much as his account is worth. The boy's bars are about history and camaraderie. It is their place to bond over sport and social issues.

In any event, the chances of the Rhodes Senate giving the go-ahead for the installation of more places for students to get drunk are very slim. The University, along with organisations like South African National Council on Alcohol and Drug Dependence (SANCA), is trying to curb what has become a drinking problem on campus. The rate of alcohol consumption is already a factor against the promotion of the University. If bars are implemented in female residences, the University could end up with fewer applicants next year, and student numbers could dwindle.

The more thought girls give to the issue, the more they realise that it will never be feasible to run bars in their houses. Neither should it be necessary - if boys remembered their manners and invited the girls over to their place more often, surely everyone would have a lot more fun!

Last rounds: Its debatable whether girls' reses will ever be allowed bars
Pic: Claire Reddie

SPLUR'S RHODES STUDENT MENU

◆◆◆ LIGHT MEALS ◆◆◆

Served with Spur filter coffee or a regular soda.

NACHOS MEXICANA 14⁹⁵
with zippy salsa, sticky cheese & guacamole.

CHEESY GARLIC ROLL 6⁹⁵
with a tangy cheese topping.

BUFFALO WINGS 11⁹⁵
A half portion Buffalo Wings in our famous Durky sauce.

TOASTED TREATS 9⁹⁵
Cheese & Tomato, Egg & Bacon or Chicken.

◆◆◆ ARE YOU HUNGRY? ◆◆◆

SPUR BURGER 17⁹⁵
Plus a free sauce.
Served with Spur-style crispy onion rings and chips or baked potato.

MEDIUM ENCHILADA 19⁹⁵
Beef, Chicken or Vegetarian.
Served with Spur rice, refried beans and guacamole. Spicy or not!

CHICKEN BURGER 18⁹⁵
Grilled or crumbed.
Served with Spur-style crispy onion rings and chips or baked potato.

350g T-Bone 28⁹⁵
Plus a FREE Beer.
Served with Spur-style crispy onion rings and chips or baked potato.

ask for details about our excellent pizzas!



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of a valid student card

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www.spur.co.za

SPLUR'S RHODES STUDENT MENU

MONDAYS

2 FOR 1 SPUR BURGER 17⁹⁵
Come and enjoy our delicious Spur Burgers all day.
Sauces are an extra 3.00 each. Guacamole is 4.00 extra.
Eat-in only.

TUESDAYS

COMBO DELIGHT 29⁹⁵
Spur's tender 200g RUMP or SIRLOIN plus your choice of:
• QUARTER CHICKEN LEG
• CHICKEN BREAST
• BEEF WINGS (125g)
• LAMB CHOP (100g)
valid 6pm - 11pm. Eat-in only. Not available for sharing.

WEDNESDAYS

SURF OR TURF 24⁹⁵
A 200g RUMP or SIRLOIN or a tender full portion of CALAMARI.
Each of these served with Spur-style crispy onion rings and chips or baked potato. Eat-in only.

THURSDAYS

MEXICAN FIESTA FREE TEQUILA
Fire up your tastebuds with 3.00 off all our hot or not TEX MEX meals PLUS a FREE TEQUILA!

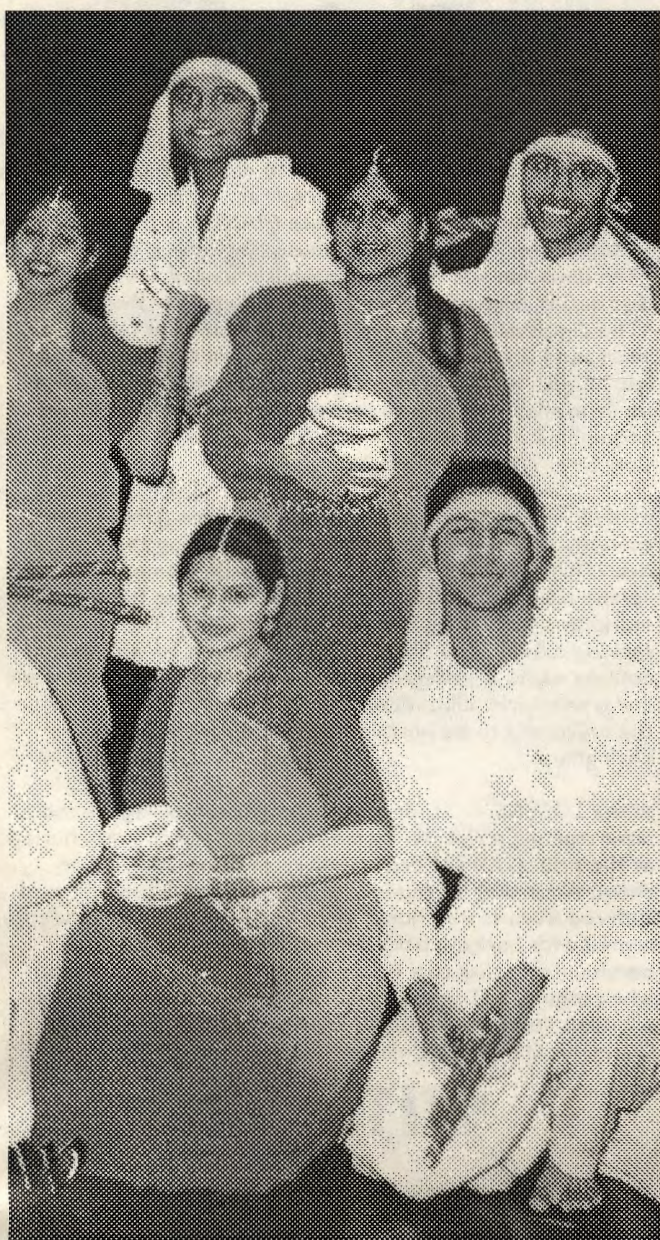
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Through the Sands of Time

By Lois Moodley

The theme of this year's Hindu Students' Society cultural show was "Through the sands of time". The HSS committee put together a spectacular evening filled with enchantment and beauty as they took the audience through the changes that have taken place in the Indian culture. There were many performances by groups from Grahamstown, PE, and East London. It is also an event renowned for its audience participation, as most event goers dress in traditional Indian outfits. Supper was provided before the show so there was plenty time to mingle and check out the beautiful outfits on both young and old.

In the opening scene, presenters Suhayl Limbada, Sakina Nosarka, Ishara Maharaj and Viraj Nagar, demonstrated the progression from traditional to modern Indian culture. One of the best performances, in my opinion, was the Nirvana Performance Arts piece. There were many other beautiful dances - too many to name.

However, one cannot mention good performances without mentioning the Ami and Nikesh 'Charumar' production. Amichand Dairam and Nikesh Parbhoo, who have been regulars at the cultural show since their first year in 1999, have taken a final bow. This year has been their last performance. Although it is sad to see them go, there seems to be a new act coming up. Nivashnee Moodley and Shenricca Chetty added a little spice to the usual duo performance. Nothing has been confirmed yet, so we will just have to see what happens next year. What would the cultural show be without a good jol?

The night ended with a Bhangra bash. The after party had legendary Bhangra mixes courtesy of DJ Nayan and DJ Huge. All in all it was a brilliant evening and I am most certainly looking forward to next year's show.

Innovations brings art to life

By Fiona Milligan

"It's about pushing the boundaries, doing your own thing, making art that is alive."

This year's Innovations production successfully showed off the drama and fine art departments' boundless skills in being real, creatively and uniquely. The production continued its annual run on 23 & 24 August at the Box Theatre and is now in its 5th year.

2001's program included a variety of art forms, ranging from a dance explosion to physical comedy. The acting was real and vibrant, bringing the scripts to life.

Innovations is a project specifically dedicated to allowing students to present pieces of their choice, in their choice of style. It is not evaluated by the staff, and there is no pressure to conform to any norm; reiterating the idea of Innovations being a stage for free, limitless work - a space for students to do what they want. The product is original student artwork that aims to speak to students about issues that they are dealing with and how they relate to life. It can be seen as an arts festival during the term.

What's in the name? Innovations describes, in the words of a

director Kai Lossgott, "experimenting, new ways of seeing old things, and pushing the limits." He says, "It encourages people to do better than themselves."

Lossgott's play, "Make up" looks at the life of a music student at Rhodes. It mediates a message of self-loss - losing and finding oneself, growing up and experiencing Grahamstown. Another reflective piece, "My Lesbian Imagination" tells of all the pain and joy involved in a somewhat confused lesbian relationship.

Another aspect to Innovations involves the introduction, this year, of an exciting art exhibition. Students of the fine arts department were coordinated by Tegan Bristow, who has organized the "Future Markets" initiative, aiming to equip art students with skills and ideas concerning their careers after graduation. The portrait exhibition displayed photography, video pieces, hanging masks and included portraits of a person's facial reactions to drinking vodka!

The combined effect of this magnificent display of real art was astounding.

If you didn't make it this year, make sure that Innovations does not pass you by in 2002.

Going wild for charity

By Hendri Pelsner

Grahamstown - On Saturday 18 August the Rhodes University Aerobics Club held a charity dinner at The Monkey Puzzle restaurant in aid of the Grahamstown SPCA.

Karyn Maughn and Louise Bailey from the Aerobics Club organised the dinner in conjunction with Leigh Brierley, the owner of The Monkey Puzzle. "It was a far cry from the usual Rhodes scene," says Louise. The theme for the evening, "Going wild", allowed for a "Winter in Africa" décor and costumes. Prizes, including Wella hair care kits and Gucci fragrances, were given to the best-dressed male and female. UPB vouchers were up for grabs in the ticket raffle.

Brierley, the owner of The Monkey Puzzle, approached Rhodes Sports Admin at the beginning of this year with the idea to sponsor a dinner. The Monkey Puzzle would sponsor the venue and a spit braai. Each sport's club handed in suggestions as to which Charity they thought deserved the money the dinner would raise, and the Aerobics Club's nomina-

Pic: Marli Burger

tion of the SPCA won.

Various other local businesses donated food for the dinner. Deserts were sponsored by 137 High Street and Mad-hatters restaurant, and fruit and vegetables were sponsored by G-spot fruit and veg. Most businesses in town sponsored money for the event. "We have been organising the dinner since the beginning of term," Bailey says.

"We are most appreciative," a SPCA spokesperson said. Currently, the SPCA is taking care of approximately 45 animals and runs an animal clinic 3 times a week in the townships. The SPCA is a non-Governmental organisation that relies solely on welfare and donations. The Aerobics club has made the SPCA its patron charity and has previously held an 'aerobics marathon' and 'trolley donations' in aid of the organisation. Saturday's dinner will mean that about a R1 000 will be donated to the SPCA. "We have tins and collections around town," the spokesperson said, but this rarely covers the huge costs involved.

"The food was absolutely divine and the evening was a huge success," says Bailey. Both Brierley and Bailey hope to

Arts n' Culture

Art Official Intelligence

Clare Hazelton,
Arts & Culture Editor

There once were two
chicks from Rhodes
Whose talent for writing
once showed
They made the mistake
Of joining Activate
And went down the cul-
tural road.

Arts and culture is very
NB
Cos it ain't always fully
PC
You can talk loads of
crap
And you won't take the
rap
Cos we all have the right
to be free.

But soon the question
arose -
And continually kept us
on our toes -
Art may be cool
But is it all drool?
Are we merely flaunting
existential woes?

Art and culture's an
expression of self
Of things that get left on
the shelf
Important things that

we do
Things that say "you are
you"
And help maintain our
spiritual health.

Now we thought "that's
all cool and fine"
But A&C can tread a
fine line -
Who says what culture
is:
Wanking, dance or
show-biz?
Perhaps it's creat'd by
red wine!

So whether you're gay,
bi or straight
Or taking the tough ride
thru Zim's gate
We gave you a voice
To tell us your choice
And we hope we have
sparked some debate.

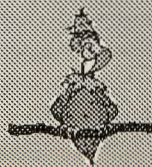
So a final "totsiens" and
farewell
From the outgoing "art
guru" gals
We both had a blast
Won't forget recent past
But the future is yours -
go raise hell!

Culture Vulture

Christelle du Toit
Arts and Culture Editor

"Afrikaners is plesierig
dit kan julle glo.
Hulle hou van partytjies,
en dan maak hulle so:
Die res laat ek aan ver-
beelding oor,
maar dit sê ek wel:
deel van hierdie paradig-
ma is ek nie,
al is ek Afrikaans en het
'n wit vel.
As Kuns en Kultuur
redaktrise
hoop ek ek kon dit oor-
dra en dan nog wat
ek het gemik vir kul-
turele diversiteit
en om almal te meet
met dieselfde lat.
Want om terug te sit in
ons safetyzones
is eenvoudig nie cool
wees braaf en kry dalk
seer
maar weet ten minste
hoe dit voel.
Die vreemde ding van
Grahamstad
is dat ons almal neig
om in ons eie wêreld te
beweeg
en alles te ignoreer wat
dreig.
Al weet ek nogsteeds

nie noodwendig wat
kuns is,
ek hoop om aan te hou
probeer uitvind
wat gaan aan in hierdie
nis.
Kultuur is ook taamlik
vaag
en moeilik om te bepaal.
Laat ons dan maar sê
dis iets wat jy uit jouself
uit haal.
Maar laat ek ophou
preek
en bietjie minder kak
praat
dit was lekker maar dis
nou klaar
kom ons word dronk en
gee die wêreld raad.
En laat ons eerlik wees:
Activate is donnerse
harde werk.
En op die stadium is dit
baie meer aantreklik
om op 'n hople te lê en
vrek.
So fok die kultuur,
druk die kuns waar jy
wil,
'n nuwe generasie is
oppad in,
kom wat blêrrie wil!"



By Lynley Donnelly

Ever had one of those moments when its mid-night, your eyes feel like Perspex, and you're convinced that the computer terminal you're sitting at has developed an incredibly obnoxious personality? I'm having one of those moments right now. But I am going to finish this, because the time has come to arrive full circle.

Changeover time is here again - when old faces on the Activate staff disappear off into the proverbial sunset. Some are going with a Gladiator-style, epic orchestral piece; others with a fuck-off-cool Fight Club, explosions-in-the-background number. Some are going with a Dumb and Dumber totally-missed-the-bus-one-liner. My exit track is to the soft, demented echo of a chuckling CPU.

And so I end exactly where I began, fuzzy eyed and praying Attila the Microsoft Hun doesn't want children.

Its not just Activate that's getting a makeover. Across campus and across the country, elections for new committees, collectives, and SRC's are under way. This is where I go "HUH?" and you go "Oh Please".

Why is that? Why do students react to politics with so much apathy? In days past this campus was awash with radicals screaming their defiance at anything and everything.

The determined rebellion of students just like us made the members of the board cringe. Call me what you will, naive, gullible - just plain stoopid - but I expected to meet clichés at university. Where are the green-peacers, the hunger strikers, and the angry-pickers?

I am twenty years old. I have been thrown out of

restaurants for drunken, disorderly behaviour, but I have never gotten into trouble for a cause. Am I the only one who feels like they've lost the plot here? I'm not a threat to the board - I'm their goddamn customer.

A candidate running for the SRC pointed something astounding out at the Grand Grazzle on Sunday night. Around 30% of this varsity may have a problem finishing their degrees because their syphilis-addled mad president is hoping to declare a state of emergency in their country. Yet, I'll finally get to bed tonight and all I'll think about tomorrow is how to stay awake during my lectures and whether my last R20 is going to get me through the week. I find this indefinably sad.

Of course there are no answers. This is generation Y, right? But what is really scary is that I don't think we even ask questions anymore. I get images of the board behind the mahogany table and they're lighting up the Havana and toasting each other. So what? Its mid-night and you can blame my ranting on Attila's grin. I'm probably just getting sentimental about leaving a paper I loved being part of, despite all the times I cursed the work. This is probably one of those insights that comes in the early hours of the morning and doesn't sound nearly as profound in broad daylight. But before I log off, I'm going to vote on ROSS, because it's a start, and because I can - without fear of retribution from a 16-year old "war-veteran". Besides: Attila the Microsoft Hun and I are finally learning to get along.

UCT honours Tambo

Courtesy: The Monday Paper

The University of Cape Town honoured the late ANC veteran, Oliver Tambo, when the 'Oliver Tambo Moot Court' officially opened at the Law Faculty on Wednesday 29 August, the highlight of the Faculty's Open Day.

Dali Tambo - Tambo's son - officially opened the prestigious facility which is designed to introduce UCT students to the dignity and austerity of a real court of law. The University has named the court after the former President-General of the ANC (1967-1993), in recognition of the role he played in fighting in the courts for the equality of all South Africans.

"The Moot Court was also created to promote an ethos of debate and discussion in teaching law," said the Dean, Professor Hugh Corder.

Tambo's wife, Adelaide Tambo graciously agreed to UCT naming the Court after her late husband, who died in April 1993 after a stroke, only a year before South Africa witnessed its first free election. Nelson Mandela, with whom Tambo practised in partnership, honoured UCT by agreeing to be patron of the Court. In 1953 Mandela and Tambo became the first - and only - black law firm in South Africa.

In his letter of acceptance, Mandela wrote that he "would be honoured to be associated in this way with a project in a field of study and practice so close to his heart."

The court has state-of-the-art video conferencing equipment to link students with guest speakers in other parts of the globe, bringing the proceedings from the Oliver Tambo Moot Court to the entire world.

"The Moot Court proceedings, either local or in video-conference, can be fed down to a larger lecture theatre in the faculty, should the audience outgrow the courtroom," Corder added. "The equipment has also been designed to cater for the needs of the legal profession who are invited to use the Court for arbitration, mediation or even specialist court hearings. By bringing dispute resolution into the Law faculty, we feel we will better serve both the profession and our own teaching."

It is envisaged that the Court will be self-funding.

Medals for Maties in Korea

Courtesy: HYPERLINK

"http://www.gal.co.za"
www.gal.co.za

Members of the University of Stellenbosch's Taekwondo club have returned from South Korea, where they won medals in a major championship.

They were also fortunate to stay and train with a grandmaster of the sport in the city of Pusan. Grandmaster Soo Pan Lee, an 8th dan, runs ten Taekwondo schools in the area.

He is chairman of the regional referees committee and also a highly respected international referee.

The four members - Debbie Odendaal, Lizle de Mink, Jason de Mink (all 1st dan) and Willem Blignaut (3rd keup) - also travelled to Chuncheon to compete in the 2nd Korean Open International Taekwondo Championships, where three of them received medals. Lizle de Mink won a gold medal, Jason de Mink won silver and Willem Blignaut attained a bronze.

lead you into conversation with the Minotaur of Crete. The bull-headed monster will grunt at you a lot and there will be the sense of some kind of quest or challenge to be undertaken. Just look stern and nod. Chances are there's some bastard son of a god with an attitude problem ready to take your place anyway.

Gemini (22 May - 22 June)

Thoth, the ibis-headed ancient Egyptian scribe dude, is somewhat bemused that the Journ department has chosen him as their symbol and is curious as to whether he has to pay patron's fees. He decides instead to enlist you to help him sue for likeness rights. What results is a rather silly situation with you alongside a gigantic ibis in a suit arguing the finer points of patent law with the Rhodes administration.

Cancer (23 June - 22 July)

Signe of the Crabbe thou mighte bee, chosenne thou arte forre the taske offe dragon-slayerre. Thee great worme wille writhe hith way unto camputh. There wille bee muche fire and horrore. Thee vil-lagers offe the towne of Grahame wille fetch thee a sworde and leathe thee alone to fathe the monster. Juste speake in a slowwe lispe and investeth in flame proof asbeththo...

Leo (24 July - 23 Aug)

Bast the ancient cat goddess has joined her fellow Nile Delta deities in their invasion of Rhodes campus. She will choose you and your fellow Leos as her new crew of votaries. Aside from being constantly surrounded by pussycats, you all have to deal with the fact that Bast is something of a slag. Most of your duties will involve making up clever excuses to mislead the ranks of her previous one-night stands who all want to get to 'know her as a person', not mention stroke her...er, cats.

Virgo (24 Aug. - 23 September)

All the material relating to the myths and gods that will dominate

Briefs

DONATION - The New York based 'Ringing Rocks Foundation' donated R3.5 million to digitise the University of the Witwatersrand's extensive rock art archives. The university's Rock Art Research Institute (RARI) has the largest archive of rock art materials housed anywhere in the world. "The donation will fund the establishment of a world class digitisation laboratory," said RARI director Dr Ben Smith. "The digitisation of the archives is expected to take three years, and the institute will employ extra staff to run the lab," Smith added. "Once digitised, the collections will be made available on line to researchers and rock art lovers throughout the world."

Courtesy: Wits University Website

SUING — The University of North Carolina (UNC) after accusing adult web site, uncgirls.com, of using their trademark "UNC" along with pictures of nude women. The university claims site directors violated American federal trademark laws by naming the site 'uncgirls.com.' The lawsuit is seeking a \$100 000 (R824 000) settlement as well as the domain name transferred to the university. "We don't want our trademarks diluted, and we don't want the good name of the university to be besmirched," said rector Susan Ehringhaus.

SORE LOSERS — Students at a veterinary college in India after starting a riot during which petrol bombs were hurled at the principal's car because they were not allowed to cheat. According to reports, professor Mani Mohan Prasad suffered from severe burns after being attacked by students armed with hockey sticks, knives, revolvers and petrol bombs. According to a Reuters report, the trouble began when school authorities confiscated books and notes from eighteen students about to write an exam at the college.

Courtesy: Die Matie Online

WITS SRC comments on Powell incident

Courtesy: www.gal.co.za

An independent enquiry into the circumstances surrounding the injury of students during Colin Powell's visit to the University of the Witwatersrand (WITS) has been called by the Student's Representative Council (SRC) of the university. Several students protesting Powell's visit were hurt in scuffles with security services, while others had to be hospitalised.

In a statement, the SRC condemned "any form of violence."

"As WITS' student representatives, we are even more perturbed when fellow students are victims of violence. We wish all students affected a speedy recovery," said the statement.

The SRC also lashed out at what it called the "childish behaviour", of a group of students who tried to disrupt Powell's speech. According to the SRC, these students "showed the utmost level of arrogance towards the Secretary of State's delegation, and in the process embarrassed themselves, the broader student constituency, the rest of the University, and the country in general."

The SRC added that it supported the highest level of freedom.

your destiny this fortnight was lost in the great fire that destroyed the library of Alexandria. Sorry guys, you're flying blind.

Libra (24 Sept - 23 October)

Loki, the Norse god of chaos and mischief is taking his vacation in Grahamstown. You and your fellow Librans will be duped into helping him with various elaborate practical jokes. The only rough part will be when you have to explain under oath what you were doing standing with a half empty canister of gaseous LSD by the access point to the Eden Grove ventilation system. Don't worry, the guy who was charged with gluing metallic dildos to all the statues has got it way worse.

Scorpio (24 Oct - 23 Nov)

As if the imminent threat of third term essay deadlines wasn't enough you will suddenly find yourself faced with 12 rather bloody tiresome tasks. You and the rest of the Scorpions will have to sweep gigantic stables, face man-eating birds, and deal with a multiple headed genetic miscalculation that has this annoying tendency to grow extra heads exponentially. No one said life as a demi-god would be easy.

Sagittarius (24 Nov - 21 Dec)

Beware of women who can turn men to stone with their eyes (as opposed to those drunken wenches in the corner who always hint they can do the same with other parts of their body). The tip-off in this case will be her serpent-intensive taste in hairstyles.

Capricorn (22 Dec - 20 Jan)

The fabric of your sanity shall be torn to shreds as you are haunted by visions of battle-crazed vikings, sex crazed walking cats, multiple headed monsters, dragons that only respond to olde Englishe spelling and Ibises with legal problems. You consider seeking counselling until you realise it was just your friends telling you about their week.

HORROR Scopes

Aquarius (21 Jan - 19 Feb)

The Norse pantheon of war gods will accost you in your darkest dreams, demanding you dedicate bloody and brutal battles to Odin. Why they chose a liberal arts university with a reputation for layabout alcoholism as the site for this is a sign of the kind of ethereal stupidity that got them knocked out of power in the first place. Just get them to the Rat on a rough night and hope they're fooled.

Pisces (20 Feb - 20 March)

Votaries of the ancient African cult of Voodoo have secretly come over from the west indies disguised as a reggae-soc guest speaker group. One of the high priests will offer you infinite power over your enemies if you can find him a murdered chicken's claw, 5 maggots and the hair of a cruel man. You will shrug knowingly and tell him these can all be found in your average res meal.

Aries (21 march - 20 April)

Ra, the ancient Egyptian sun god will whisper to you through the dawn rays. With the advent of summer he has plenty of potential worshippers toning their physiques, pricing their tanning oils and getting ready to burn themselves to a crisp. He orders you to linger at the poolside throughout fourth term dedicating your seared flesh to him.

Taurus (21 April - 21 May)

Your star-sign has an affinity with things bullish. While this doesn't guarantee you any competence regarding the stock market, it will

Club crawl

By Emily Russell

The gentlemanly characteristics of the age old game, with players all clad in white, enjoying a cup of tea and a spot of tennis, has indeed evolved with the times. A modern tennis match sees purple hooligans indulging in tots of 'Tang' and making a damn racket.

The smashing sportsmanship of the Rhodes Tennis Club inspires them to host social tournaments in aid of the community. In May, a Red Nose day four-aside challenge was held, at which R700 was raised for child welfare. Earlier this term, another competition of this kind was held in the name of AIDS Awareness. Both these competitions saw students under the influence of the infamous double-vision-enduing-punch - wondering which ball they saw before them was the one they needed to hit.

As one of the less highly active hobbies, tennis, unlike many other sports, does not produce an infinite number of injuries. The only strings that may in fact snap are not those of the 'ham-kind' located on the back of your thighs, but rather those filling the hole in your racket. One of the risks synonymous with prolonged bouts of tennis is the dreaded...tennis elbow. Other than this, the only pain suffered will be by the stiff-necked spectators hypnotised by each and every shot.

With always-impeccable manner, tennis players are never seen to sweat, as any drops or sweaty palms are promptly dabbed by arm and headbands.

When this usually civilised and polite game heats up a bit, and players get tense for certain reasons such as their opponents grunting, "racket abuse" may ensue, causing play to cease until the frame stops bouncing and is once again picked up.

Dropping shots that rise from the grass courts with their rather long white lines, may seem like a drug binge, and is actually just as addictive.

Each night of the week is occupied by training. On Mondays the ladies practice, Tuesdays the men, Wednesdays cater for beginners and Thursday are mixed. The Club has grown to nearly 100 members, many of who make the clubhouse located at the courts, where members can do a little "deuce" and make a little "love".

Playing tennis does take guts, and at least three balls, as being served ace after ace from the baseline with your backhand being ineffectual, can be quite demoralising.

While witnessing athletes armed with aluminium Princes', delivering game set match after match, just remember, it's all about being "quiet please".



Rhodes Basketball

By Nicole Maree

On Saturday 25 August, children from the local schools, and the Joza township in Grahamstown, were invited to participate in the Rhodes University Basketball Development Day.

The Chairman of the Rhodes University Basketball Club, Duke Mathebula, is extremely positive about Basketball's popularity in the Eastern Cape. "The club realises that to just sit around and complain doesn't solve the problem of no one knowing what Basketball is all about. What we are trying to do is to increase the popularity of basketball by trying to involve as many pupils from the surrounding schools, and also the chaps from the township."

The development program is not only restricted to a single day throughout the year. The Basketball Club is committed to a continual development program where committee members are actively involved in the running of clinics on a weekly basis. Every Friday, the members sacrifice their time to help coach and improve the skills of the fifteen children that do attend the program from the surrounding community.

Mathebula admits that due to the inter-res Basketball taking place next term, a development program will not be able to take place,

but a manual on Basketball fundamentals will be distributed to hopefully help with the continuing training of basketball skills.

Kerr Rogers, Sports Administration Officer, said that over the past seven years the development programs have increased in numbers, and are extremely successful. He describes the field of development as not only restricted to the development of skills for players that deal with a particular sport. It also deals with coaching skills where teachers and coaches from the local community are included in Coaching Clinics to promote the development of teams of a particular sport within their schools.

"The ultimate aim behind such a program is to provide an opportunity for children to experience a sport that they have never had the pleasure of participating in before," Rogers said. He describes the programs to be an outreach that can only influence a community in positive ways.

Rogers stated that if the Rhodes Sports Clubs continues with such enthusiasm to pass on the great joy and special moments their sport has given them to others, Rhodes sport will continue to grow and continue to make a difference to many children within the Grahamstown community.

David versus Goliath

By Lee-Ann Davids

The Rhodes A-Basketball team had no trouble slaying - what coach Harold Tsabalala, describes as a "big man team" - Vista University, in one of their Eastern Province league matches.

Vista was humiliated on their home ground by 40 points, the final score being 75-35, regardless of the fact the Rhodes was three men down.

Rhodes, who generally plays a defensive game, had to revert their game to an aggressive game using smaller players. The

reason for coach Tsabalala's decision was because the game was played out-doors, and P.E. is notorious for its windy conditions. Consequently, the guys experienced difficulties with their outside shots. According to coach Tsabalala, if the guys' outside shooting improved, they would be a very strong team.

Duke Mathebula, chairperson of the Basketball club and First team player, is confident that the team will win the Eastern Province league; "We've only lost one game thus far. We're going to win, we won't settle for anything less." The team regards

their league matches as good preparation for the Campus Basketball League (CBL), which was suppose to start this term, but which will hopefully kick off early in next term.

Two players from the B-team, Tapiwa Karoro and Tendai Muyambi, have joined the First team, and have already firmly found their feet amongst their new teammates. Not only that, but they have also impressed the coach. Coach Tsabalala regarded them as the most valuable players in their game against Vista.

South African spirits dampened in downpour

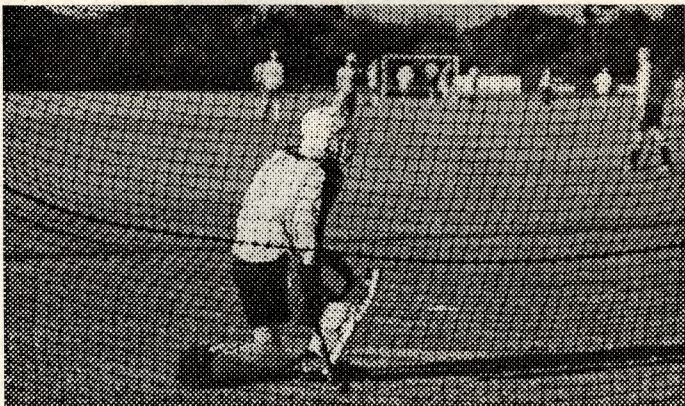
By Rowan Watt-Pringle

Dunedin - Coming off the back of a well earned draw in Australia, the Springboks could be forgiven for coming into this test a little limb-weary. Once again we witnessed the stubborn South African defence, and glimpses of the backline play that beat Australia at Loftus Versfeld. But for most of this match the South Africans looked shadows of their former selves. And after Peter Alatini squirmed over the line after only nine minutes, the 26-15 result never looked in too much doubt. The New Zealanders wrapped up the result in the second half after a dubious penalty try decision by Australian referee Colin Hawke, for an early tackle that took place after an All Black knock-on. In wet and slippery conditions, what was needed was a return to the boiler-room, and a solid pack performance in scrums as well as in the loose. Instead, the Kiwi back row dominated the loose ball, with young lock Chris Jack - making his first full start for his country - giving the Kiwis an extra dimension in support play and in the lineup.

Whilst Jack was lucky not to be carded for a blatant punch to Mark Andrews's head, the newcomer stood out amongst the veterans of both

packs, and looks to be one of the finds of the season for the New Zealanders. Captain Anton Oliver continued to revel in his role as leader, and looks to be the man to carry New Zealand into the World Cup and beyond. Leon Macdonald played another blinder at fullback, but in an interesting ploy by Wayne Smith, the All Blacks coach, came up into the flyhalf berth for defence with Andrew Mehrtens dropping back to fullback. The tactic worked twofold, with Macdonald causing havoc on several occasions with his powerful tackling, and Mehrtens punishing the South Africans with some probing return kicks.

For South Africa, Conrad Jantjies put in a solid but unspectacular performance at fullback, whilst the centre pairing of Braam van Straaten and Andre Snyman looked mediocre compared to Alatini and Tana Umanga. In fact, the first piece of attacking play from Snyman came halfway through the second half, when he fashioned a half-gap in the All Blacks' midfield defence. South Africa's only points came from the boot of van Straaten, who slotted five penalties. The Springboks are now out of this year's competition, and Australia and New Zealand will play out for the championship next week.



Rhodes Hockey Ladies in Action

By Noelle Litskay

Rhodes Ladies' Hockey has been in action over the last three weekends. The girls worked hard, and put in a lot of effort into each game.

There are always new moves, good dives and tackles, and wonderful saves. Each game is stimulating, and even though Rhodes has had a tough time getting into the lead, with two losses and two draws, they are always in good spirits and play the game hard and well.

Even though the Pegs team is made up of an 'older' bunch, these 'old' ladies sure are quick, with good skills and a lot of experience behind them. However, the game played on

26 August at the AstroTurf at the Prospect Fields, saw the Rhodes team pulling themselves together and keeping the ball on Pegs' turf for most of the game.

Lyndsey Harwood scored two out of the four goals, with Robyn Tarmac and Nicola Taylor scoring the other two. They were good solid goals, one a result of an excellently played short corner. These were goals that brought Rhodes to the top allowing them to win the game.

They girls were pleased with their win as eventually they stuck their necks out ahead of the rest. Their determination and hard work really played off! Well done to all the girls!

The results of the past four games:

July 28: Rhodes vs. Pegs at Old Grey in P.E
Rhodes lost 4-0

August 25: Rhodes vs. Tech
Drew 1-1

July 29: Rhodes vs. P.E Tech
Rhodes lost 5-0

August 26: Rhodes vs. Pegs
Rhodes won

August 9: Rhodes vs. UPE
Drew 1-1

Locker Room Chatter

By Donimic Esposito

Henman hold nerves for victory

Bbc.co.uk/ukports

The British number one was two sets ahead and seemingly on course for an easy first round victory, when his game took a turn for the worst. He battled back bravely during an epic match which lasted three hours and 52 minutes, and included medical time-outs and a delay for a hurricane-like downpour.

Liverpool No.1 shirt up for grabs

Bbcsports.co.uk

Liverpool have signed goalkeeper, Jerzy Dudek, for £4.85million - according to Feyenoord. The Polish star reportedly waived a large pay-off from the Dutch club so that he could join Liverpool in time for the Champions League registration deadline on Friday.

Lewis on track for revenge

Uksports.co.uk

Lennox Lewis is confident the same thing won't happen again as he faces new world champion Hasim Rahman for the second time in Las Vegas on November 17. The former champ lost the WBC and IBF belts to the American in one of

Mandela Plate set for Asian debut

Supersportzone.co.uk

Australia and South Africa may play each other in Asia next year as part of an initiative to spread rugby across the globe. The southern hemisphere teams will meet each other three times in 2002, twice in the Tri-Nations, and once more for the

Smashing results

By Candice Chandler

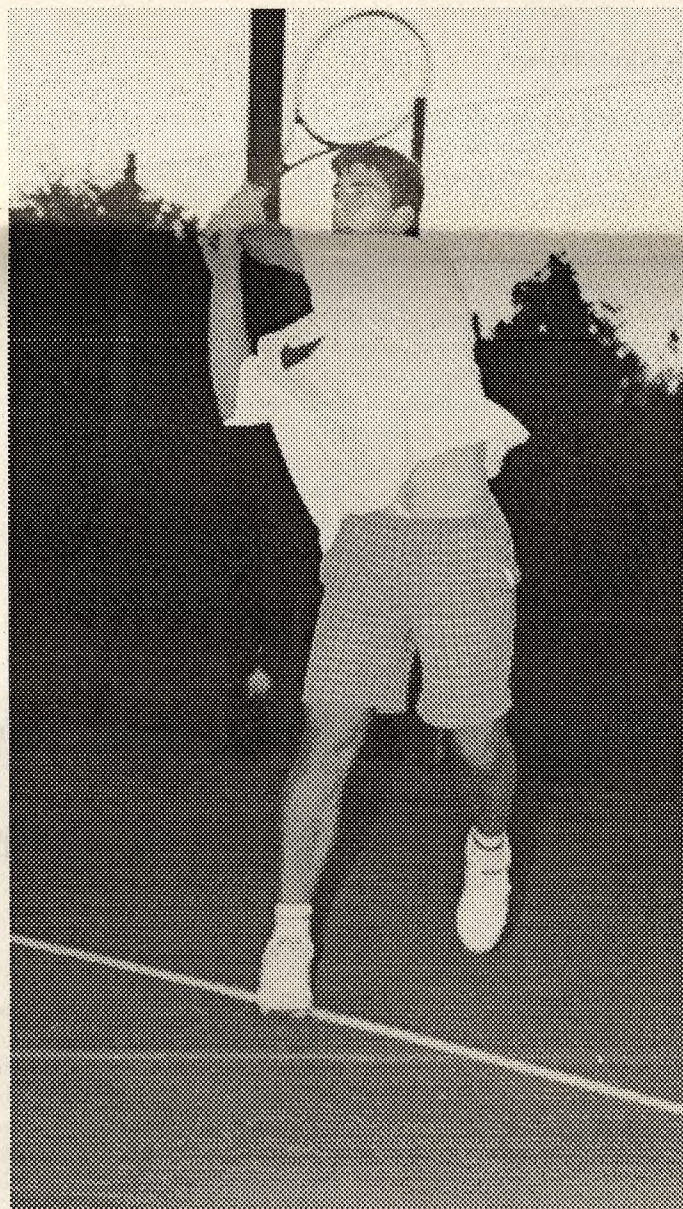
With the Farmer's League ending on Saturday 25 August, the Rhodes Tennis Teams managed to win a match against Salem for the first time since 1990.

The Rhodes team emerged at the top of the rankings list with 53 points, during the final competition held at the DSG courts. The Seven Fountains team were placed in 2nd position, Carlisle Bridge came in with 38 points by gaining a close 3rd position, while Salem and Sidbury tied with 34 points.

The premier league women's captain, Jane Kelly of Rhodes, said that "out of eight matches played, two are played against each of the opposing teams, one match is played on home ground, and the other is played away."

The AIDS Awareness week, which took place from 20 - 26 August, is an important time of the year, and one of the many events taking place was a fun four-a-side tournament sponsored by 'Sourz'. This year it took place at the Rhodes tennis courts, and was organised by the tennis club's committee as a fundraiser. The entry fee cost R5 with each registered player receiving a free tot of 'Tang' and condoms.

In true Rhodent style, there was absolute havoc on the court, with some players using squash racquets, and other teams sharing only one racquet between all four teammates. Supporters could be seen wearing red to fit in with the Aids Awareness week theme. Besides money coming from food bought by the hungry players, most money was received by 2 litres of punch, which was on sale for R15.



The Tiger strikes again

Foxsports.com

Tiger Woods won the NEC World Championship for the third successive year after being taken to a seven-hole play-off by fellow American Jim Furyk. The World No. 1 took his career earnings to a total of \$31m with his \$1m winner's cheque and

Schumacher walks away from crash

Supersportzone.co.uk/moto

Michael Schumacher claimed the fastest time in testing at Mugello, despite suffering a major crash that forced him to end the session early. The German went off at high speed before the first turn, and

The Legend Continues...

Teejay -
Sports Editor



Team: a group of individuals working together to achieve a common goal! **Team:** ensemble of creative talents! **Team:** A well oiled machine - oiled with the blood and sweat of hard work! **Together Everyone Achieves More - T.E.A.M!** **Team:** Participation! **Team:** Compromise! **Team:** Challenge! **Team:** A support network!

The meaning of all this? Well it is very simple really - this is my last edition as Sports Editor for Activate, and while I am willing to admit that I am apprehensive about making this a personal goodbye, I must say that I am a little sad at the thought of not having an ongoing voice at the back end of our dear little newspaper.

So, no more profiles, today - something a little different. A very dear friend gave me the idea of writing about going through life as a member of a team. Ok, lets face it, if you are reading this page, you are probably the sort of person who really enjoys sport, and more than likely, participates in some form or other, competitive or not!

What do you honestly think when someone asks you to focus on teamwork? If your school life was anything like mine was, you'll probably have sordid memories of being forced into a group of people who you don't really know, you've never really liked, and have no interest in being with. But being dumped in a strange situation and being forced to work as part of a team leaves you open and vulnerable. This is starting to sound sordid perhaps, but there is a point to all this: how many times, as a kid, were you thrown into an unknown situation that you have to resolve, and at the end of it all you came away having not only overcome your difficulty, but having made some awesome new connections from it? Sound familiar?

Well, that's the cycle of life! Everyday, you are thrown into different situations, and to get through them you rely on the people around you. You rely on your team of support. It's like a being a boxer, when you are in the ring, you face your toughest opponent whose aim is to rip your head off. The only way you can get through that is by fighting for what you want - and more importantly - using what you have: a team - a support network. You've got your coaches, sparring partners, managers, and friends - all wanting the same thing as you do: victory! You are all working together to achieve a common goal: victory! In the end, you realize that without your team, you are half of what you could be (yes, I have just seen 'Girlfight', and I am very inspired. If I ever eventually grow up I would like to be a boxer).

If you think of your life as a soccer field - upon which you must play both an attacking and defending game to get through the everyday trivialities you meet - you are faced with this huge amount of space that you cannot attack or defend on your own. You need a soccer team, a goalie, and defenders to pick you up when you get slide tackled. You need midfielders to push you over the halfway line and force you to realise your full potential, and you need attackers to guide you to the goal mouth. You need your team!

Words of wisdom, or perhaps not - it's up to you. I have had a brilliant year. No regrets - I will miss this job. Take care, all of you, and best of luck to the incoming editor.

For all of you, I hope your soccer game of life is a goodie. You deserve to win it, don't let go of that, fight for it - up until the final whistle.