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February 1998

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Independent Student Newspaper

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Edition



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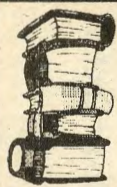
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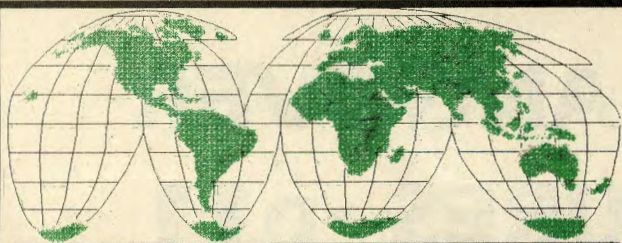
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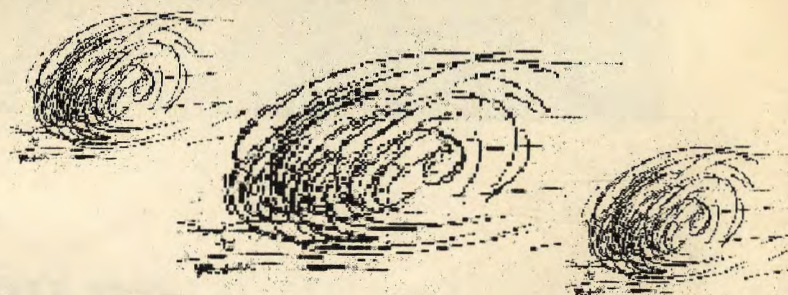
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# SRC Looks Ahead to New Transformation Strategy

Hugh Ellis

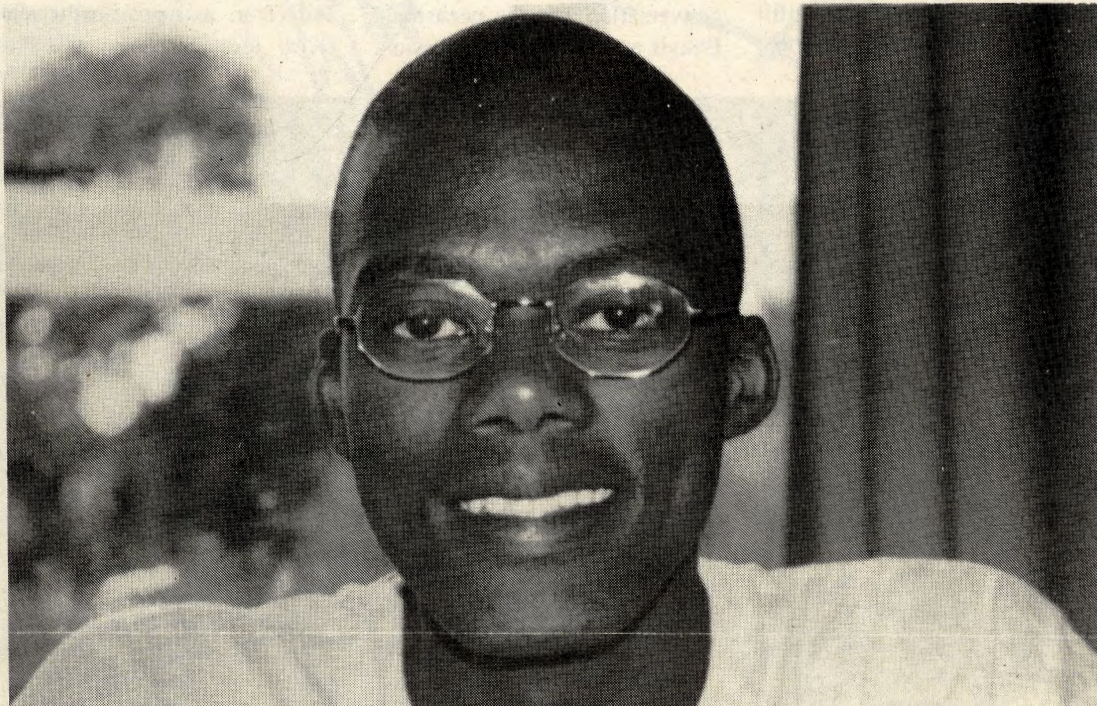
**THE RHODES SRC** plans a range of changes this year, starting with the enhancement of the transformation process.

Speaking to *ACTIVATE* last week, SRC president, Wamkele Mene, said that other priorities would be to find a uniform method of granting supplementary examinations, and to ensure a common system of class representation.

Wamkele said it is vitally important to ensure that the University's structure reflects the new dispensation in South African Society. The Rhodes' Broad Transformation Forum (BTF) is a way to reconcile differing viewpoints regarding these issues.

The 1998 SRC will try to ensure that people see the need for reform. This will include ensuring that all groups on campus become involved in the process, said Wamkele.

He admitted that it would be a "big challenge" to overcome the student apathy that the Rhodes campus has become known for over the past few years. "We



SRC President (1998): Wamkele Mene

want students to hold us accountable as a student leadership body, but in the past they did not give us this opportunity," he said. There has been a gradual increase in students' participation, especially through student societies. On the issue of supplementary examinations, Wamkele said that a uniform system of awarding

sup. was needed in the interests of fairness and that students should not feel that they are being done a favour when given a sup. This uniform system still has to be carefully discussed, but Wamkele said that he feels anyone with 45 per cent and above should be allowed to write a sup. "This shows that you have at least worked during the year," he explained.

On the issue of class representation, the SRC will lobby for a uniform system across all academic departments whereby all class reps are elected on the same day. A good class rep should be a 'mouthpiece for the entire class', he said, adding that the SRC hopes to get student representation on faculty boards as well. Although the previous SRC did

Pic: Hugh Ellis

not fully achieve the objective of transformation, Wamkele said that their effort should not be regarded as a failure. The 1997 SRC's duty had "primarily been to reconstruct confidence in a responsible student government". He said that they had succeeded in achieving this, and had demonstrated that the student movement had the will to make things happen. The student leadership had opposed privatisation of some services offered by Rhodes last year. They did this after they had spoken to a large number of students.

Wamkele said that while people now have confidence in the SRC, it is time to "get down to the serious issues". The SRC's short term of office makes it difficult to achieve a breakthrough in terms of changing long-term policies. "When you get some momentum going, the elections come round again," he said. A longer term of office would be "desirable", but in the interests of democracy, the SRC continues to accept the current one.

*ACTIVATE* wishes SRC '98 the best of luck this year.

## Sickly Sweet

Nidaa Bakhsh

**DIABETES.** I'd never heard of it before 1996. And then suddenly it struck me.

The cause: stress. The cure: none. It was a frightening discovery, with untold hours of difficulty in accepting the fact. I had been told that my pancreas was incapable of producing insulin, vital in the conversion of sugars process in the body.

This condition is also known as Hyperglycaemia and refers to a high blood sugar level, caused by the pancreas producing little or no insulin. The latter maintains the sugar level at an ideal three to six millimole (mmol). A diabetic can experience an excess of 20 mmol, which can be lethal. Comas are also frequent.

When you eat something, insulin is released into the blood stream and is converted into glucose to maintain the body's needs and sustain activity. For a diabetic, this is not possible and the external administering of insulin, through injections, is required as an alternative to the natural functions.

Symptoms of diabetes are primarily: blurred vision, tiredness, dry mouth and frequent urination, where an excess of water is passed out. Other symptoms

include weight loss and leg cramps.

If you show any of these symptoms it is advisable to notify the San sister or visit your doctor. Late treatment may cause knee amputations, kidney failure, liver breakdown, blindness, or even death.

The majority of doctors believe that diabetes is hereditary. Not in my case, though. My homeopath, whom I frequent, says that overwhelming stress takes its toll and the pancreas simply shuts down. So don't let those exams and boyfriends/girlfriends get to you! Alternatively, natural medicine is becoming quite popular. It is helpful in the stabilisation and eventual 'cure'.

Homeopathy, one type of natural medication, is a mixture of plants and herbs, crushed together into tablet form, encouraging the pancreas to slowly start producing its own insulin. It's like massaging the pancreas and soothing its anxiety. I know I'd much rather swallow homeopathic pills than consume factory chemically-produced concoctions.

However, most doctors do not recognise alternative medicine, and most medical institutions overlook this aspect of treatment, which can take up to two years to cure. Living with injections is for life. Herbal treatment, therefore,

is more effective in my opinion and experience.

Strict diets are the highlight of diabetes. Everything has to be calculated and measured in terms of calorie intake, and definitely no chocolates, sweets or cake entering the digestive system! Sometimes I get really fed up with all the restrictions and limitations and since diabetic food is double the price of normal food, my pocket is feeling the pinch as well.

Since nothing can be done about it yet, we just have to accept it like it is.

We just have to be strong and face up to the challenge.

## Students to share rooms in res

Teresa Alho

**IT SEEMS THAT** the ratio of women to men in residence has not increased much since last year. No male residences have been turned into female residences as was the case with New House in 1997.

The problem of residence shortages for first years, however, was due to the unfinished extensions being made to Stanley Kidd, which is now a co-ed residence. The University has therefore decided to temporarily make first years share double rooms in resi-

dences until the extensions to S'kidd are completed.

There were also plans to temporarily accommodate first years in common rooms if the problem became too serious. However, Residence Officer, Lesley Futter says that this won't be necessary since they have managed to accommodate everyone who requested rooms.

She says that the problem is under control and that they have even managed to accommodate those on the waiting list. Some cancellations have also been made.

Another cause for the shortage is the fact that many second year students have decided to stay in res instead of moving to digs.

"About 300 more second year students are staying in residence than last year," says Mrs Futter.

However, the erection of the post-graduate village this year will help somewhat to relieve the problem of residence shortages in the future.

The University might also be planning to build more residences in 1999 or in the year 2000 to accommodate the extra students wanting to stay in res.

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# Rhodents and Rhetoric

**Jak Koseff** chronicles the adventures of Rhodes Debating at the 1998 World Universities Debating Championships in Athens.

**ONE WONDERS** how Plato and Socrates would have taken to the idea. Athens, once home to an ancient bunch of decadent lunatics who held the historical copyright on such concepts as democracy, formalized philosophy, and above all, rhetoric.

Now, as 1997 stumbled with drunken joy into 1998, Athens would bear witness to the return of the art of dallying with words, of persuasion, and of blatant abuse of logic and reasoning, this time hoisted upon the shoulders of the new age of decadent lunatics - the elite of university debating.

Representing what a year ago could have been pejoratively labeled as a fledgling debating society, eight Rhodes students found themselves on the threshold of facing the most devious and persuasive minds from university campuses across just about every continent. Some wore their country's honour on their sleeve, some just settled (thankfully) for not-too-revealing kilts. All this was against a background of 800 students taking over two five-star hotels, with a full calendar of social events laid on, sponsored alcohol and these really cool name-tags with scanned colour photos.

With fire in our eyes, steam in our stride and only mildly debilitating hangovers, we took up the challenge of the 1998 world university debating championships. The whole expedition had started a few days earlier. The scene:

Jo'burg International Airport, with your humble writer dramatically over packed and surrounded by the various brilliant minds that would try and finally fulfill chairman Phillip Sigsworth's

Meanwhile, the assembled corps of loudmouths took the opportunity of shocking the hell out of half the plane with their mere conversation and the occasional Beavis and Butthead impression.

at cross-cultural relations. The debaters we would meet later were an interesting crowd. The Americans were all very loud and clear, and practically wore 'Kiss me, I'm from the first

rhetoric, sharpen our minds and take on varsities ranging from those who were mere acquaintances of English to Yale, Harvard and Oxford.

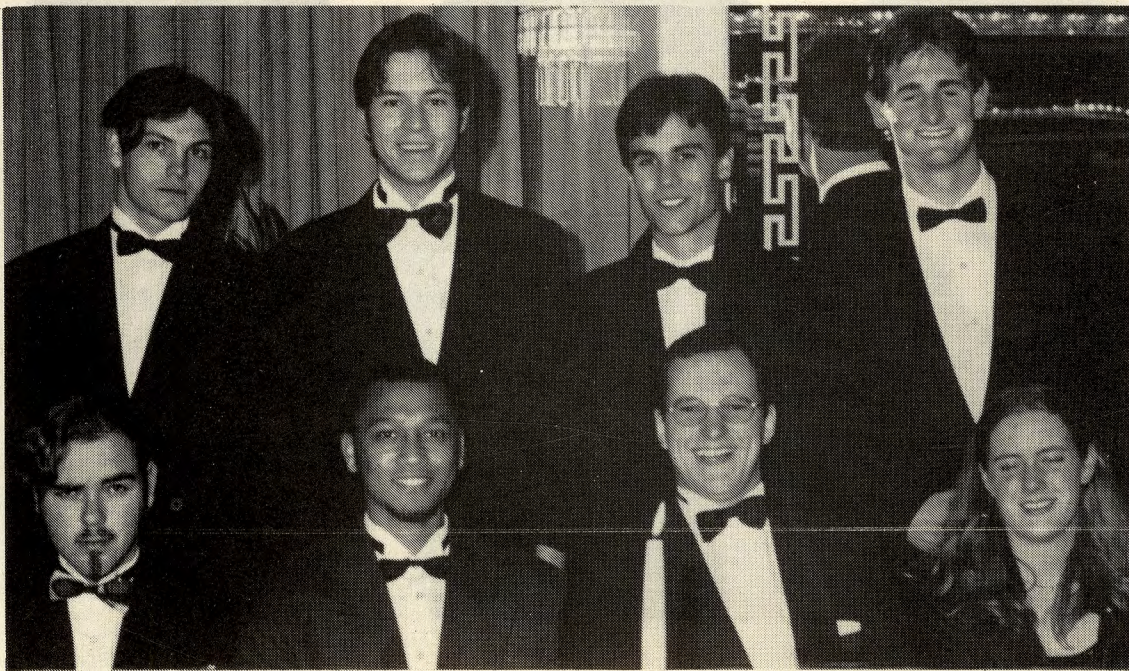
Over the nine preliminary rounds of debating from the 31st of December to the third of January, the Rhodes sides held their own against sometimes fierce competition, staying within second and third place range, even pulling off one or two wins to counter the occasional last place.

Needless to say, we were dragged mentally kicking and screaming into becoming far better debaters than we ever were, simply by facing up to the challenges of this environment. Jammed in between these rounds was of course the unbridled debauchery of New Years Eve, of which all I can vaguely recall is dancing behind a huge South African flag, the Rhodents enticing an entire bus into singing the full version of Bohemian Rhapsody and screaming Nkosi Sikelele and Jim Croce songs from the sidewalk.

But, ahem, back to the task at hand. Though none of us made the points break to the octofinals, ours is an achievement only one South African team has managed thus far (this years renowned Stellenbosch A).

Remember also that we were, in relation to the coach-having, scholarship-giving, been-doin-this-for-years top debating clubs, we were a relatively renegade student group, there by our own means with a measly year's experience. We did damn well considering.

So, my fellow master debaters: here's to staying single, seeing double and multiple world championships!



The Rhodes Debating World Delegation. Top (left to right): Andrew Rae, Stuart Theobald, Phillip Sigsworth, Chris Thurman. Bottom (left to right): Jak Koseff, Usibius McKaiser, Stephen Grootes, Donna Kipps.

Pinky-and-the-Brian-esque vision of world domination. They were, in no particular order (yeah right): Phillip Sigsworth and Stephen Grootes (the austere and brilliant "Rhodes A") Donna Kipps and Usibius McKaiser (the forceful and slick "Rhodes B") Andrew Rae and Jak Koseff (yours truly) - (the daring and wacky "Rhodes C")

Not to mention his just-and-caringness, Chris Thurman, strung along as an adjudicator. His fellow-in-arms, the hardened and rugged, Stuart Theobald would only be discovered a few days later lurking at a street side cafe in Athens.

Finding ourselves dumped in Athens at five in the morning, we survived the banshee-like insults of the tourist assistance desk, got ourselves onto a bus and dragged ourselves to a youth hostel in the Plaka - a place of romanticizeable cobblestone streets, endless kitsch souvenir shops, much souvlaki and cheap beer, all nestled at the foot of the Akropolis.

Chances were that anyone who spoke without a heavy Greacian accent was a debater, and having run into a few of them, we soon became acquainted with various argumentative types from around the globe. This writer's congratulations go to Andrew Rae for his enthusiastic attempts

world' badges, the Scotts were remarkably arrogant for a country whose greatest cultural achievements are Rod Stewart and Trainspotting, and the Australians smiled a lot, said 'g'day' and tried not to flinch at the 'sheep-shagger' jokes.

Three days later we hailed an official hotel bus to the Athens Hilton and let the games begin. The opening ceremony was followed by the first of the several nights of free boozing and schmoozing which viciously ran its course 'til about three in the morning, with us forgetting that we had to be up for the first round of debates at seven the next morning.

Now it was time to polish our

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## White House comes to Rhodes

Heather Ford

SANDRA THURMAN, AIDS Policy Director for the White House, visited Grahamstown last

month to glean information on the effects of AIDS on rural areas of South Africa. Appointed by President Bill Clinton in 1997, Thurman is closely associ-

ated with the 10 million dollar AIDS grant to South Africa. She was persuaded to come to Grahamstown as a guest of the Vice-Chancellor, Dr David Woods, in order to use Rhodes as a base for gathering a full picture of AIDS patterns in the province, as well as of education, research, prevention and caregiving activities in the region.

Thurman's itinerary included a meeting with interested parties from the province, including the MEC's for Health and Education. She also visited the Monument for discussions on Drama, a joint project of the Foundation and the University which involves taking drama productions into rural schools as part of an education programme on AIDS.

Thurman is a recognised expert on AIDS issues and has provided testimony before the US Senate and the White House Conference on HIV/AIDS as well as the National Commission on AIDS.

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# The Official Non-Editorial

*Running renegade in the absence of our esteemed editor.*

**THERE WERE NO** stars out the night that the *ACTIVATE* collective trickled into their secret meeting place in the corner of a dark, smelly alleyway.

They spoke in low voices as they greeted each other solemnly with the secret handshake. There was a whiff of bad news in the air: the boss had gone under in the abyss of Johannesburg. We made a pact to bring the honoured newspaper to our readers out there, even if we had to perish in our quest.

The next few days were slowed up and we were finding difficulty in digging up dirt on anyone. So we were compelled to make it up. But, hey! Things were looking up. So we had changed the entire policy of the official student newspaper - big deal. Desperate times call for desperate measures.

Our gear was in a mess and there were numerous bloody encounters when we had to rotate the one and only computer that actually worked. A disk was then wiped out and it started to look as though our mission was on a downward spiral as time began to run out.

Just then, a flicker of light shone through the grimy windows of our secret hovel. A host of humanitarians in the guise of the evil, cackling Journ. Department staff offered to lend us their beautiful, shiny, new, sparkling computers (which we have grown very fond of - hint, hint, nudge, nudge, wink, wink).

After our smack of good luck, it was plain sailing as we rode the sea of goodwill and toned our little brain muscles as we learnt the new QuarkXPress from scratch.

But, you know what they say: 'What doesn't kill you makes you stronger'. Miraculously, we did not perish from the ordeal. In fact, we had a morsel of fun in the process.

The *ACTIVATE* horizon is a bit murky at the mo', with the top dogs off the scene, but you can be sure that the last bastion will get you addicted to free thinking in no time.

The *ACTIVATE* staff sends the Journ department loads and loads of metaphorical cakes and chocolates and balloons and hugs and kisses for letting us use their equipment. Thank you, O kind ones.

## Creditorial

Aaron (Actually, it's Aaron, actually), Jak (I conquered Quark Xpress), Geoff (I'm going to kiss some girls, cause the girls love me), Maria (He had a very nice bottom), Teresa (Let's halve it by two), Heather (Just bugger off and get pissed, Geoff!), Andrew (Great moral supporter), Toast (Better late than never), Hugh (The man with many hidden talents), Celine (Can't you feel the rush of air on top of your head?), Bong-Bong the Omniscient, the Journalism Department, the SRC (in anticipation of computers that actually work), Mboneni in his absence, New members (thanks in advance for joining *ACTIVATE*) and a final thank you to our Advertisers for their support.

**ACTIVATE** can be reached upstairs at the Student Union Building:  
 \*Activate c/o SRC  
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## BUILD YOUR LIFE WITH GOD

*The Anglican Students' Society (Ansoc)*

Coming to Varsity means different things for different people. For many it is the initial break from home and parents. During this time a strong group of peers and a belief in oneself is essential. Ansoc offers you fellowship in Christ and provides the base from which to confront the change, and to build oneself in the love of God

*Ansoc, A home away from home.*

During Orientation Week, Ansoc will host a cheese and wine, a coffee and videos evening, fellowship, a bring and braai, and lots more. Throughout the week, your chaplain, Rev. Dinga Mpunzi, will be visiting your residence together with the committee, so as to truly welcome all to the Varsity.

Ansoc services are held weekly each Thursday in the John Kotze common room at 7 PM. Other than these meetings, Ansoc members are all welcome to participate in the Cathedral Parish, and Ansoc has its full support.

*Feel at home, join Ansoc.*

**Chairperson:** Peter Magni - Jan Smuts House

**Chaplain:** Rev. Dinga Mpunzi - 3A Rhodes Avenue - Tel: 22948

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## AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

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calendar

ORIENTATION

1998

calendar

<b>Monday</b> <b>9</b> <b>February</b>	9:00 Walking tour followed by tea on St Peter's Lawns	11:00 Walking tour followed by tea on St Peter's Lawns	14:15 Walking tour 15:30 Tea for parents with the VC on St Peter's Lawns	17:00 VC's and SRC President's opening address in the Great Hall.	18:15 Cheese and wine in Residence for new students and their parents	SRC activities: double dance floor party in the Union/Resource Centre
	Talks, Meetings and other activities					
<b>Tuesday</b> <b>10</b> <b>February</b>	8:30 - 10:15 Talks: 1. Registrar 2. Dean of students 3. SRC 4. Being a Rhodian 5. Sports Admin.  10:15 - 10:40 TEA	10:45 - 11:25 Meetings with deans of faculties 11:30 - 12:15 Talks on: • Library • Psychology • Law • Afrikaans & Nederlands	12:20 - 13:00 Talks on: • Library • Anthropology • Economics • Fine Art • Botany  13:00 LUNCH	14:00 - 14:50 Talks on: • Library • Classical Civilisation • Education • Journalism 15:00 - 15:50 • Library • Zoology • Mathematics • Sociology	16:00 - 16:50 Talks on: • Library • Linguistics & English Language • Political Studies • Statistics  18:00 SUPPER	19:00 - 20:00 Discussions with wardens  EVENING: SRC - SAB party
<b>Wednesday</b> <b>11</b> <b>February</b>	8:30 - 10:15 Talks: 1. Student Advisor 2. Rules & discipline 3. Student health 4. General  10:15 - 10:40 TEA	10:45 - 11:25 ADP: Arts & Social science/ Science & Pharmacy/ Commerce 11:30 - 12:15 Talks on: • Library • African Languages • Management • French • Geology • Music	12:20 - 13:00 Talks on: • Library • Chemistry • Philosophy • Drama  13:00 LUNCH	14:00 - 14:50 Talks on: • Library • Human movement studies • History • Religion and Theology 15:00 - 15:50 • Library • German • Geography • Social work • Computer Science	16:00 - 16:50 Talks on: • Library • Physics • Accounting • Biochemistry /Microbiology • English  18:00 SUPPER	19:00 - 20:00 Discussions with wardens  EVENING: SRC: "Spur Fiesta Party"
<b>Thursday 12:</b> Registration for first years; 7:30pm - Grahamstown by night (SRC)						
<b>Friday 13:</b> 14H00, 1 <sup>st</sup> Year RMR induction; SRC Talent show (Kaif); 12H00, After Party - "Take 5"						
<b>Saturday 14:</b> 10H00, Craft Market; 12H00 Kaif Lunch; Valentines Red & White party (Great Hall)						
<b>Monday 16:</b> Lectures begin						

FIRST YEAR BLUES

Maria De Gray Birch

Well hello and welcome all you new "Rhodents"! That long idyllic holiday that you thought would never end has just deposited you into a valley in the middle of no where called Grahamstown and you're about to embark on your biggest adventure yet B University. Yep! If you're lucky/unlucky enough you may still have mummy and daddy to hold onto your hand for just a little bit longer before you're left to suffer on your own. "Suffer?" you ask. Well perhaps this verb exaggerates the plight of the first-year species a little, but it would be accurate to say that amongst the totally brilliant things about Varsity, there are at least one or two not-so-enjoyable things to endure.

Firstly, there's that nerve-racking ordeal of making new friends. Everyone in a particular residence seems to gather in one big herd (with at least one member bearing a crumpled map) to go everywhere. It usually takes hours to actually go somewhere, since this one is still doing her hair, that one has to go to the loo, the other one is crying to mom and dad on the phone etc. etc. The guys seem to have it a little easier - when the "dom-

inant males" of the herd leave, the rest are quick to follow. Eventually, after a few days, everyone seems to find those one most relates to and the herd begins to split up. (Later on in the year you will be horrified when you reflect upon the weird characters you tried to befriend in the first few days of Varsity.)

Some unfortunate students are burdened with yet another nerve-racking aspect of starting university - not having the faintest idea about what subjects and sometimes even what degree to take. After traipsing out of your seventh lecture (your brain spinning in the pool of mush in your head and your whole body feeling like a sack of cement) it can be very frustrating to discover that you're no closer to choosing your subjects than when you started. If you should find yourself in this muddled mess it may be advisable to consult the student advisor or ask the lecturers more about their courses. But put your mind at ease, the worst thing that can happen to you should you chose the wrong course(s) is that you take ten extra years to complete your degree by which time you will be a raging alcoholic, living with three kids, a dog and a budgie in the Grahamstown caravan park.

Now onto the topic of res life. It can be a

bit of a drag when it comes to things like Sunday night suppers and sharing ablutions. Don't be fooled by the delicious sounding names given to meals on the menu like "braised steak" (which is actually more like some sort of rubber that can only be cut with a hack saw ). Basically, mass prepared food tastes like mass prepared food and only once in a while is there a meal to really get excited about. (Formal dinners on the other hand are much looked forward to occasions where you will be introduced to the ever popular peppermint pie and ice-cream.)

A quick note about behaviour at meals: should you find a worm in your pasta or half a cockroach in your tuna salad, don't alert anyone at the table until the last person has finished eating , it's much more fun that way!

Believe it or not, shower time in res can be an extremely eventful experience if there are enough people trying to use the bathroom at once. The minimum number of students for the following scenario are two, one in the shower and another entering a shower. If both students are trying to have a shower then screams, yells and curses will be heard as the first (already happily showering) gets a spray of ice-cold water when the second turns his or her shower on. The only way to compen-

sate for this is for the first student (who is now under the cold shower) to turn off his or her shower completely before turning it on again. Now the second student, who was previously enjoying his or her shower, will be stung by a jet of freezing cold water. If this carries on for long enough things could get pretty serious.

Despite the tone of this article so far, it can't be denied that the up side of University far outweighs the down. Otherwise, most of us would be on the next bus home after a week. As a first year you will probably wander around for a while in awe of your new life and absolutely thrilled about this amazing, foreign concept you have discovered called freedom. Make the most of this year as it will probably be the most exciting and eventful you will experience at University. After that you will have to join the ever declining breed of second,





# THE A-Z OF VARSITY

## A

**Accident:** The most credible reason we can find to explain how you made it into University.

**Administration:** The people who provide you with your student card, your parents' bills, and, to be honest, not a lot else.

**Arsehole:** Those suckered into providing their journalistic skills for free for the student newspaper.

## B

**Balls-ups:** Varsity is full of them. You will make some during exams, if not before.

**Bomb (The):** A widely used African-American expression (as in "you're the bomb, y'all") which basically means that you're the hottest thing since sliced bread.

**Botanical Gardens:** A good place to smoke, drink, read poetry, and look at tree roots.

## C

**Chilling Out:** The most time consuming activity (after sleeping) of most Rhodes students.

**Culture:** Surprisingly, Rhodes does have a fair amount of this.

## D

**Daft:** Remind yourself after coming out of every lecture: It is not you that doesn't understand.

**Dangerously:** The way you will find yourself living close to exam times, and for some students, all the time.

**Digs:** opportunities for free alcohol, sleeping over and food.

**Drinking:** More popular than drugs, mainly because it is legal. Well known as an almost instant way to forget your sorrow and also likely to make you do the most embarrassing things.

## E

**Energy:** Available in pill or tonic form at the chemist.

**Ecstasy:** See energy.

## F

**Failure:** Failure is relative. Happiness is also relative. Therefore, failure is happiness.

**Fuck:** Common colloquialism based on what we all wish we were doing.

## G

**Growing Up:** If you haven't done some of this by now, you never will.

**G spot:** First called Grahamstown by a bunch of silly white people who decided to settle here in 1820. For some unknown reason, another bunch of silly white people decided to put a university here.

## H

**Hangovers:** The morning after the night before. At least it's a decent excuse to avoid lectures. Don't mention them to your parents.

**Hedonism:** A common feature of student life. If you try this for too long, however you may find your stay here shortened by a couple of years in November...

**Hill (The):** site of many infamous residences.

## I

**Inebriated:** A condition when one is unable to do everyday things (like finding one's way home), but is able to engage in all sorts of other extraordinary behaviour.

**Interesting:** This applies to some lectures, but more often to the various

entertainments available after hours.

## J

**Journ Department:** Regarded unofficially by its students as the most disorganised department on campus.

**Juice:** The best part of a res meal.

**Juggling:** As in juggling your lectures, books, tutorials, social life and drinking habits, and hoping to come out with a pass at the end of the year. We're sure you can do it...

## K

**King Pie:** A low-cost temporary escape from res food.

**Kotch Creek:** A beautiful, fresh brook with no diced carrots in it.

## L

**Lectures:** A good place to catch up on sleeping time.

**Literacy:** Not strictly required at university, but it helps.

**Love:** A feeling which will entitle you to a lot of good experiences, but which will land you well and truly in the shit after a while...

**Lust:** Should not be confused with love, but much more commonly experienced.

## M

**Marks:** best not mentioned, really.

**Men:** are bastards

## N

**Numeracy:** Not necessary for arts students, and, with the help of a computer, science students should not need it either.

## O

**Organised:** What every intrepid first year intends to be, but soon finds impossible to achieve.

**Orientation Week:** great parties, much boozing, and a few introductory lectures.

## P

**Parties:** Go to all you can without delay. There has never been a better chance to get intimate than at Orientation parties.

## Q

**Queers:** If people have a problem with homosexuality, it is usually because they cannot persuade persons of either sex to get naked with them.

## R

**Real World:** Out there somewhere, but not worth bothering about too much.

**Rhodent:** Word used to describe an accepted member of the Rhodes fraternity, who generally has enough alcohol in his/ her bloodstream to kill an elephant.

**RMR:** Rhodes Music Radio. Almost as good as reading Activate. Find it next to 5FM on your radio dial...

## S

**Sleeping:** Most important activity of a Rhodes student. See "lectures".

**Studying:** It may be what you came here to do, but its only really necessary to avoid failing the end-of-year exams.

## T

**Tests:** An inconvenient and unnecessary disruption of your social life. Also a waste of paper.

**Tutorials:** This is where you sit with your tutor and a small number of students to discuss difficult areas of a subject (i.e., all areas of a subject). Unlike lectures, falling asleep in them is not a good idea.

## U

**Union:** Student drinking place on the premises of the SRC. Possibly the most debauched area on campus.

# Finding your feet ...

**VARSITY CAN BE** a confusing experience. Especially at Rhodes where there are more, Um ... Individualists than in your average mental institution. **Hugh Ellis** provides some brief information which may help you find your place in the scheme of things.

**You know you're a first year student when...**

- \* You get lost on the way to lectures,
- \* You get drunk for the first time,
- \* You try to get off with half the members of the opposite sex on campus (usually without success),
- \* You apologise for being late for lectures,
- \* You expect everyone to work hard (in between drinking sessions? - I think not!),
- \* You actually expect lectures to be interesting.

**You know you're a foreign student when...**

- \* You go to shops and ask for prices in "dollars",
- \* You find you only know one of the eleven official languages,
- \* You think that "Gauteng" is a noise made by bullets bouncing off walls,
- \* You have long, complicated discussions about politics at home (which nobody else knows anything about).

**You know you're a Journalism student when...**

- \* You read the Mail and Guardian,
- \* You dream about reporting from Rwanda,
- \* In the meantime, you work for ACTIVATE.

**You know you're a Commerce student when...**

- \* You come back for sups next year,
- \* You boast to all the BA students about how hard you work,
- \* You naïvely imagine that you will make lots of money one day.

**You know you're a Pharmacy student when...**

- \* You make your own drugs in order to get high,
- \* You aren't embarrassed to wear your white coat around campus.
- \* You keep to yourself so as not to raise suspicion among the police.

**You know you're a Drama student when...**

- \* You sit around smoking outside the department,
- \* Your own clothes look stranger than any theatrical costume,
- \* You go to Pop Art more than you go to The Rat.
- \* You choose to ignore the real prospect of being a taxi driver for most of your working life.

**You know you're a Post-graduate when...**

- \* You have poor fashion sense,
- \* You don't remember "life before Rhodes",
- \* You seriously question whether there is "life after Rhodes",
- \* You consider yourself to be an "African intellectual".

**You know you're on the SRC when...**

- \* You constantly use words like "transformation", "transparency" and "affirmative action",
- \* You tend to forget what these words actually mean,
- \* You feel the need to engage in political rhetoric ad nauseam,
- \* You have a cellular phone.

**You know you're a lecturer when...**

- \* You regularly attend lectures,
- \* You get paid by the University (with the money they swipe from students on various pretexts),
- \* You have a vague chance of getting some respect out of Admin.

## V

**Vehicle:** If you have one, everyone will love you. The downside is that everyone will constantly bug you to give them lifts to all sorts of strange places.

**Vic:** Rival to the Union. Warning!: Fat old men.

## W

**Weird People:** You should know by now that the word is "individualists".

**Windhoek Lager:** The classiest way to get drunk this side of the Kunene River.

## X

**Xerox:** An economical alternative to textbooks.

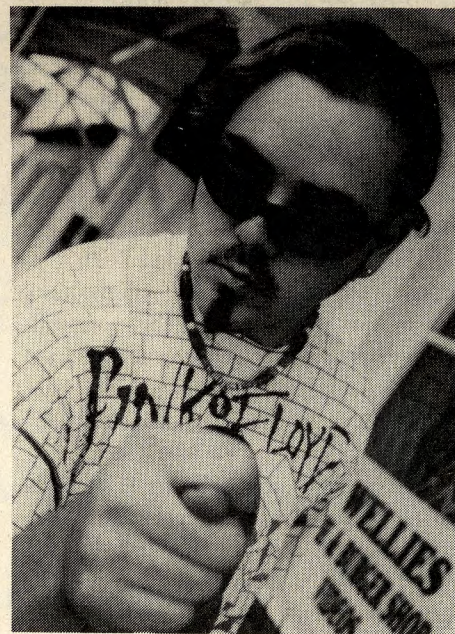
## Y

**"Why the hell are you here?"** Only you can fully answer this...

## Z

**Zip/ zero:** What you will finish up knowing by the end of the year if you behave in the way outlined above.

## Zee End (pewh!)



**ACTIVATE'S** PR man, Jak Koseff, displays a finer point of student diplomacy. It's an old sign but it's back in vogue in 1998 (the year of the beer). It is used freely to express annoyance or light to moderate disgruntlement.



# BODY ALAN CE

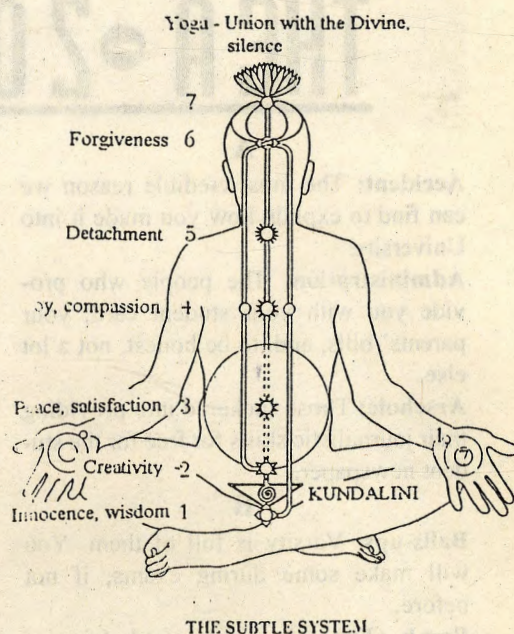
Celine Cloete

ARE YOU one of those people who think that Yoga is wierd and something only Drama students do? If so, you can't have heard about Sahaja Yoga.

Actually, neither had I until my lunch appointment with Liesel Tudhope. Liesel has been practising Sahaja for three and a half years now. While we were sitting on a bench, Liesel told me to close my eyes

and soon I could feel an amazing sense of energy flowing through my body. To fill you in on the history, Sahaja Yoga was founded by Shri Majaji Nirmala Devi who was born in a small town in India in 1923. Even as a child, people would consult her on spiritual matters, including the great Ghandi. Sahaja means in-born or born within, meaning that every individual has the energy within themselves to be in union with the Divine. Liesel says that sometimes people think too much about the future and/or the past rather than 'the now'. Sahaja helps to establish a balance in your life and will enable you to be a much more calm and fulfilled person. This type of Yoga focuses on the three energy channels in the body. On your left is the channel of desire, emotion, memory and conditioning. On your right is the channel of action, ideas, planning and

thinking. The central energy channel is known as the 'kundalini'. Your kundalini can be activated through self realisation. This occurs when the energy flows and rises through a number of energy centres (chakras) which are joined by the kundalini. Chakras each perform a specific function which contribute to your health, well-being, peace and vitality. This combined energy moves up to the fontanel bone and can be experienced as a cool breeze on the top of the head. The kundalini is a healing energy and as it flows freely through you it unifies your system. You then become aware of a peaceful silence known as 'thoughtful awareness', the essence of Sahaja Yoga. Here in Grahamstown, Liesel is holding free Shaja Yoga Meditation classes on Tuesday evenings at the Public Library. For further information see the advertisement on page 6.



## Hollywood Goes Ga-Ga

Jak Koseff

IT'S ONE OF those questions we never really bother to ask ourselves. When the theatre lights dim, the speakers crackle to life and that thin stream of light hits that much adored silver screen: 'Why are we here?'

Do we crave the life and times of another realm, another plane of existence, a back door from a reality that sickens us with it's patterned nuances and cruel demands? Or do we find ourselves trying, from the dimmed edge of our cinema seats to grasp at something of ourselves up there, to somehow leave the cinema knowing our world better, sharpening our perspective on the all time great film-reel of life itself. Most people would say 'Either one,' depending on how much they've just paid for the ticket.

But the film world of the 90's is, like most other aspects of our decade, a varied and often contradictory experience. For all the films that fall way clear on the side of realist or escapist lines, there are quite a few films that seem to be blurring at the edges.

It used to be pretty simple with \$200 million plus Sci-Fi productions like Jurassic Park or Waterworld set in the tradition of Godzilla, the 40's and 50's horror movies and the 70's disaster flicks. These films played to visuals more than anything else and gave birth to that critical tag line that every movie critic worldwide has probably used at one time or another: 'great special effects, inept plot'. More 'classic' films such as Gone With the Wind and Casablanca, running to modern high concept dramas such as Shawshank Redemption were all about the more subtle pyrotechnics and horrors contained within the human heart and soul, laid bare by the more extremist trappings of reality.

Legendary film mogul, Louis B Mayer's insistence on making 'beautiful movies about beautiful people' thankfully faded with the 30's as filmmakers realised that audiences craved seeing something of themselves on the screen.

Now, the lines have begun to blur and intermingle with a newer flock of movies from both Hollywood and the British film producers. Exhibit A, your honor, The Devil's Advocate - a movie about the morality of lawyers and people in general in which Keanu Reeves really acts to

some degree, and Al Pacino turns in a demonically brilliant performance as a very slick and stylish Satan, disguised as the boss of a new hot shot lawyer (Keanu Reeves). The film's occasionally surreal and demonic overtones hardly lend themselves to gritty realism, but what the film has to say about everyday morality, especially the law profession is grounded very firmly in the world of here-and-now.

**Human beings who have arbitrary conversations, don't always get along, don't always get the girl and just happen to kill people**

Another case is the new British comedy,

The Full Monty featuring Trainspotting's Robert Carlyle. On the surface it is an escapist lark about a bunch of unemployed blokes who are coerced into forming a male strip crew, a sort of poor girl's Chippendales. But lurking beneath the surface it is a serious social and political comment about the dilemmas of the working class. Some of the best examples of the new age cinema that I can think of are probably the work of old Quinton himself. The Tarantino flicks everyone remembers are intensely dialogue based. It is very easy for the derisive individual to say that they just spoke crap for two hours and claim that he/she went to see it for the laughs, the blood and the gunshots, but Tarantino achieved something few directors ever

have in these so-called escapist endeavors - he made movie characters sound like real people - human beings who have arbitrary conversations, don't always get along, don't always get the girl and just happen to kill people. The humanity of the people involved gave the violent element something of a biting, cautionary edge. Well, if you're still just out there for a good time there's still A Life Less Ordinary, Starship Troopers and Nothing to Lose on the horizon. If you want to see the first massive effects picture in decades to have an Oscar worthy cast and script, check out Titanic. See ya in the dark for now, fellow screen buffs. Ha Ha ha ha ha (evil laughter drones off into background).

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# HANGOVER REMEDIES

Heather Ford

'I GRADUALLY CAME to throbbing consciousness, but the feeling that rushed into my bruised and battered body was too much to bear, so I tried to forget that I was awake. Too late. The sensations that slammed into the thing that looked kind of like me made it biting apparent that I was dying. Yes, it was time. In a sudden flash of my only remaining brain cell, I wondered what my parents would tell the old dominee next door when they heard that I had died from excessive alcohol consumption during orientation. The brain cell seemed to be working overtime because after that I thought another deep and meaningful thought: 'If I miraculously live through this terrifying ordeal, I will NEVER drink again. No, seriously. I know I've said it before, but now I really mean it. I will never drink again' But I never made it. I suffocated in my own vomit.'

*Extract of letter from former student, an orientation warning from Beyond.*

The student-cuddling staff at *ACTIVATE* thought it appropriate that newcomers to Rhodes needed to be initiated, not only into our unique culture of alcohol consumption, but also into the effects of the perilous substance and the taming of the horrid hangover.

Do not shake your heads in disbelief, ye careless consumers. I know that it is difficult to grasp the concept of a cure for the horrid H-word when your entire being to struggling to remember the previous night's events which have left you heaving your last few aching breaths and your

body, although stationary, feels as though it is being smashed against the wall in a real-life re-run of *The Exorcist*. Believe me, I am also sick of the 'banana-before-bed' cures that work for everyone except me.

The following tips are (almost) guaranteed to have you standing upright again. They have been tried and tested by the friendly *ACTIVATE* staff who were forced with whips and chains to become intoxicated to help with experiments. Follow these guidelines and you'll soon

be flinging your appendages in graceful dances to celebrate the extinction of the dreaded affliction.

Water, water, water! The uplifting effects of this natural and bank-account-friendly element are underemphasised. The experts say that one should balance each alcoholic drink with a glass of water. But, seeing that we're trying to be practical here, and we know that no one is going to take the expert advice, just try to drink as much of the glorious stuff as you can when you stumble to your place of

rest. Keep a glass handy during the night, so that you can rehydrate your gasping cells. Your body will thank you in the morning.

2. That old man, Keats, once wrote: 'Was it a vision, or a waking dream?/ Fled is that music:-/ Do I wake or sleep?' After the deafening 'doef, doef' of the night before, a certain amount of shut-eye (two days, at least) will do wonders. You'll wake up and start hopping happily about, confirming that you're ready to do it all again.

3. Marmite on toast is a fabulous breakfast choice. It has loads of Vitamin B, iron and other good-for-you stuff that is too complicated to explain. All you really have to do is repeat this line in your sleep: 'Marmite on brown toast is good for me... Marmite on brown toast is good for me'.

4. Vitamin C, packed into products like Barocca, is an excellent pick-me-up (out-of-the-gutter) and should be ingested in frequent doses.

5. Colonic irrigation. Yes, folks, you guessed it. Colonic irrigation is exactly what you think it is, so don't ask for any gory details. Those in the know say this (fairly extreme, if you ask me) method is an excellent way to detox your body.

6. Okay, maybe for most of us the last thing we feel like doing after a hectic night out is for someone to stick hundreds of little needles into our bodies. But, apparently, acupuncture is a great means of restoring the balance.

Well, there you have it, you nasty Rhodent revellers. Hope Orientation '98 is entirely hangover free. Make it a good 'un, won't you?



## The Dark Side of Valentine's Day

Jak Koseff

AS WE DRIFT carelessly towards the edge of the millennium, the world seems to be taking the collective opportunity to go absolutely bonkers in all respects. Clinton's sex life causes the dollar to drop, Saddam is stockpiling insecticide with an attitude that could wipe out the globe, the Pope shakes hands with one of the world's most renowned atheists, and the Spice Girls win the American Music Award for most popular rock/pop group. All this points to a world under threat of a hostile takeover by the forces of chaos. As a sign of the times, the calendar informs us that two of the oddest and most opposed days of the year will be colliding with each other: Friday the 13th and Valentine's Day. With the spirits of these two days strangely intermingled, Cupid is bound to shoot himself in the foot with one of his own arrows, as all romantic plans go awry. In the interests of public safety, we would like to put forward a few suggestions as to how to deal with this borderline lethal situation.

\* Do not buy condoms on Friday the 13th as chances are that some homicidal individual at the Durex factory has punctured them all to assist the spread of sexually-transmitted diseases (ha, ha, the apocalypse is coming... Oh yes, the apocalypse is coming!)

\* Do not write things like 'looking forward to holding you in my arms' or 'I just

wanna be close to you', on your Valentine's Day cards, as you will probably contract chickenpox or some other less-than-desirable interpersonal disease.

\* Try to stay indoors as much as possible, and especially do not attempt to climb any balconies in a fit of passion. This will cause the trellis you are climbing to collapse, with you landing in the one and only poisonous thorn bush on the Rhodes campus, and then being attacked by the vicious guard dogs which campus security denies all knowledge of.

\* If some not-so-well-adjusted person with a butcher's knife and a name tag that says 'Hi my name is Jason. Happy Friday 13th', slips on a hockey mask and starts chasing you, don't bother running. Horror movie rules state that only long-term virgins survive attacks by blood-crazed psychopaths, and if you happen to be such a virgin with Valentine's day on the horizon, you're gonna wish you were dead anyway.

\* If you buy any frilly boxes of chocolates, they will be devoured by your res/digs mates or nibbled to bits by that small furry creature you have been meaning to chase out of your room.

Failing this, they will be left in the sun and will re-congeal into a shape that suspiciously resembles the male genitalia, drastically reducing their gift value.

\* Do not make a pass at a drama student. He or she will most likely transform into a vampire by Valentine's Day and will

teach you the true meaning of 'hickey with an attitude'.

\* Do not attempt any heat-of-the-moment Valentine's Day skinny dipping. Chances are that the pool will have been drained, and homo sapiens tend to bruise easiest when naked.

\* Guys: If, when horribly sloshed, you suddenly find the girl of your dreams, run for your sanity. She will most likely turn out to be a transvestite, and due to the borderline Satanic effect that Friday the 13th has on liquor potency, you will be far too drunk to realise it until it's too late, and you find yourself trying to wake up from that 'Crying Game' dream you keep having - only this time it's reality. With a capital "RRRRRRRRRRRR!"

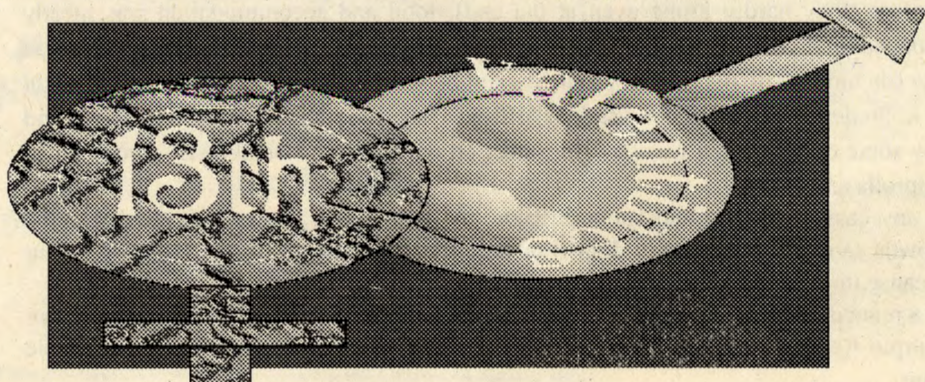
\* Despite the temptations, these will not be good days for sexual experimentation. Chances are that all locksmiths in town will be on vacation when the handcuff keys get lost, and the San will not have any ointment to treat the whip-inflicted

welts. You will thus find yourself cuffed to a pole and in extreme pain.

\* Some will find themselves in a similar state after getting rejected too many times, drowning their sorrows to soothe their ruffled egos, eventually getting too rowdy, and winding up in jail. Just try calling mom to complain about either situation.

\* We realise that many of you will be planning a wild night, so bear the following in mind. If you buy flavoured condoms, your partner will hate the chosen flavour. If you attempt to substitute with whipped cream, your partner will have just gone on a diet.

But other than this, jest in the face of the reaper, laugh at providence darkened, go out and seek romance, live out the philosophy of free love, and run and jump about in sheer joyful defiance of bad luck. Of course, you will probably trip over a rock while doing so.





**Jak Koseff** bears witness to the *South African music revolution and the voice in South African rock.*

**SUMMER OF 1993**, a couple of hours past sunset, trapped on the sands of Plettenberg Bay beach between two overly boozed-out individuals, a lonely schoolkid in his first official concert shirt watched with interest as Mango Groove took the stage. Stylish 80's pop headliners OMD had just finished their set and now it was time for SA to offer up her best in reciprocation. It was sad as all hell to me,

ture" was the buzz-word, the phrase 'South African' was pejorative and nobody was too keen to 'localize' their musical vision. I guess nobody saw it coming.

Slowly but surely things started jumping, lone voices from the Natal coast, from the streets of Cape Town and from the taverns of the Highveld. Someone out there had dusted off the old amp in the garage, plugged in a few guitars, threw together a drum kit and decided that we could do just as well, if not damn better than the edified musical autocrats of the stadium rock circuit. It just took a while for every-

music industry has put forward in the last few years. Have we lost what made us unique in the process?

This is part of what has fascinated me as bands like Henry Ate, The Usual, Arapaho, Sons of Trout, Dorp, Wonderboom and countless others have found their way into the high regard of the rock conscious. What is the 'voice' in South African rock?

Some are still quick to claim that many of our acts focus on Westernised musical traditions. It is true that certain muso's, for example The Usual, Famous Curtain Trick and Lyric Maestros, Matthew van

hit a serious case of what sociology students call a 'counter culture' when we embraced SA music in it's entirety, hailing its 'explosion' almost as a 'second coming'. We have to consider that a large part of it was a backlash against 'cultural invasion' from the rest of the world when the guys in charge dropped the apartheid floodgates and let the world loose on the SA market. Suddenly, we had all the great Western cultures singing their own praises, and needed some form of nationalism to cling to as we risked becoming a large scale modeling set for dominant world social ideas - politics failing us, we

# RETROSPECTIVE ON THE REVOLUTION

even then, that the ethno-crazy, insubstantial melodies of Claire Johnson and co. were all we were willing to blast out to the world.

Back then, South African music was an underground trade in the minds of youth pop culture. Some key 'protest' stuff might have caught our attention (I still rate Bright Blue's 'Weeping' as one of the all time 'power' tracks), but our eyes were always cast religiously to the foreign charts. Back then, it made sense that the last few decades had kids tuning their radios into the distant voices of an alien culture, craving the sound-bites of a world they never knew.

Now, the clouds were clearing and the international scene was starting to take notice of the Southern tip of Africa. The high priests of the top 40 were ever so slowly announcing concert dates, and everyone was way too thrilled at us actually being on tour promoters minds again to even contemplate an SA rock scene. At that stage, Mango Groove was perfect - cute, local, inoffensive; not too much of a threat to the rock legends that still dominated popular tastes.

It all went with the times - "world cul-

one to notice.

When you think about it, the whole SA rock explosion is something of a miracle. Part of what people loved about the 'legends' breed of music was the mystique. Everyone loved to believe that these were guitar strumming gods with inspiration from on high, who inhabited the heavenly spaces of high powered recording studios in New York, London and Los Angeles. It was tough to believe that the earthly breed that were our fellow South Africans could be gods too, and that they could be playing right around the corner. When Amerhsam and Just Jinger started with their regular gig, people refused to accept that any really good music could actually be this accesible.

I remember hearing a lot of flack at the start of it all - a lot of people got off by describing SA musicians as wankers, as a load of wannabees trying too hard to imitate an international scene that didn't want them. Since then, as everybody knows, the new-born greats of SA music have proved most wrong, but a lingering question still remains: what happened between the safe old 'locally in tune stuff', and the bold, diverse feet the SA

der Want and Chris Letcher, echo the strong, cynical, generation-X feel that we find in most of the more original Western rock and pop acts. But I'm pretty sure that this all has to do with common threads of humanity. Besides which, we cannot expect the SA music scene to throw out the last five years of mutual exposure with the musical world. This is not to say that a number of hip and often wacky voices don't find their way into the mix and argue pretty convincingly for their own artistic depth. Our beloved Nude Girls are a prime example. The "contradictory genius" that Personality Magazine saw in them is the same flying-in-the-face-of-sanity spirit that their audience has come to love and many transatlantic acts have been unable to copy.

In fact, SA music stands thankfully distant from lesser shelf-life, bubble-gum acts like the Spice Girls, Backstreet and other saccharine bands whom most people seem to hate but who still find themselves leading the charts ahead of the more original and in-depth groups of the last few months, like the Wallflowers and Matchbox-20.

It does, however, make you wonder. We

turned to rock 'n roll.

The net result is that we raised up as heroes the garage bands and underground acts that had not quite been sprinkled by the wonder dust of the international rock industry. What surged out was a sometimes raw, sometimes unheard of cocktail of lyrics, often screaming humanity and a sound that is sometimes more experiential than traditionally artistic.

Some would say this is something to be treasured, honed, appreciated and marketed as SA sound from here to the next century. Others would turf it aside as a fad that has to run out of novelty some time, ditching the SA music scene with no real direction.

The far more optimistic truth is that it's never really needed any. Most of its genius has been the desire to run off in a thousand artistic directions, pushing the boundaries one second, playing it safe the next.

Though it does not make for the clearest musical voice, it sure as hell makes for spellbinding listening.

Defiant? Yup. Entertaining? Certainly. Lasting? If you can get time's number, do us a favour - call the bastard and ask him.

## KARMIK DRINK BURN RUBBER

The idea of a Karmik Drink pseudo-national tour might've seemed rather ambitious to most, but the local 5-piece band grabbed the bull by the nads last year and did just that. I accompanied them for the first leg of the tour which started after exams last year and took them from East London to Cape Town in about two weeks with gigs in those cities as well as Port Elizabeth, Jeffrey's Bay, St. Francis Bay and Wilderness. Crowds ranged from paltry to good and from supportively vibey to downright annoying. My favourite gig of this leg was in Tom's Tavern in Wilderness where the place was quite full with some decent-minded citizens even dancing after a while. Wilderness was also a highlight for the good weather and magnificent accommodation we had there. The riverside guest house beat the shit out of the scabby interior of the East London backpackers.

After taking a break towards the end of December, the band reconvened in January to play several gigs in Gauteng to expose more people to their rather infectious brand of funky pop laced with the odd beautiful ballad.

Along the way they played plugged and unplugged, broke guitar strings, got pissed off, got smashed, lost a boogieboard, stole a grocer's signpost, got sunburnt and generally had a great time. Because the tour was more of an experiment than a moneymaking venture (they hardly broke even at the end), food and accommodation was mostly sponged (and always budget). Eating healthily on tour proved to be a mission, because one can only eat so many Saucy Burgers and Steers Chips before you puke at the sight of it. So during our week-long stay in Jeffrey's Bay, I thought I'll break the mould and buy some carrots. Didn't work - from then on we had 11:30 breakfasts of beer, wine, chiprolls and carrots.

In any case, diarrhoea and sunburn aside, the tour was a success - not because the crowds came in droves (they didn't) or the press raved about them (they didn't), but because they went along and did it.

In a related incident, local heroes One Large Banana cracked a distribution deal from Scorpio Records and their debut EP "Don't Feed The Animals" should be available soon.



Adam from Amersham kicks back reflectively.

pic : Toast Coetzer



# Horror scopes

*Sadly our staff clairvoyant, Jason the Omnipotent has like... you know... moved onto the next spiritual plane. Now in his place is BongBong the Omniscient, interpreter of the stars and an old drinking buddy of Destiny. (Please bear in mind that your future has been revealed at your own risk!)*

## AQUARIUS (Jan 21-Feb 19)

**Love life:** You will fall irredeemably and hopelessly in love ..... with yourself!

You will thus find yourself only dating people who will put you on a pedestal and worship you with grand gifts and sexual favours. This will basically mean that you will have no sex-life as sex-slaves haven't been in vogue for about two millennia.

**Social:** You will be bitten by a werewolf and thus find shaving a problem on moonlit nights. People will also find you extremely aggressive but won't mind as they will be unable to distinguish you from a drunken Botha house student.

**Academic:** Your intellectual appetite will lead you to read almost 1 000 books by the end of this year, most of which will be on the topic of naked mole rats.

## PISCES (February 20-March 21)

**Love life:** Two of your tutors will pursue you. You will have to choose between the one with the nice butt or the unscrupulous one that will give you sneak previews of test papers. If you work it right you can go out with both since both will be complete nerds and you won't run the risk of them meeting at the Union.

**Social:** Try not to be such a know-all. Although this may score you points with tutors and lecturers, the rest of campus will think you are a jerk. Some old friends will accuse you of having human heads in your freezer, but you will fend them off by explaining that it is just a phase and will pass.

**Academic:** You may or may not get into Journ II. (It all depends if you are taking the subject in the first place and if you write for *ACTIVATE*, which of course will stand you in excellent favour.)

## ARIES (March 22-April 20)

**Love life:** It appears that 1998 is your year to be daring. Handcuffs, whips etc. might be a bit tame for you by now so it's time to experiment with various strange locations for sexual encounters. Your 'blankie' (see below) will render your bed out of the question. Just beware if attempting anything horizontal behind the bar at the union. The new bartenders are always trying to imitate Tom Cruise's bottle-twirling in 'Cocktail' and there's broken glass everywhere!

**Social:** Try to wean yourself off the 'blankie' that aunt Hilda made for you when you were a baby. Besides your friends teasing you incessantly about your neurotic attachment to this smelly comfort

blanket, you will suffer devastating emotional setbacks when in early March it is destroyed by the overworked res washing machine.

**Academic:** In your lectures you will continuously see green, snout-nosed aliens wearing designer Oakleys and slurping margaritas while dancing on the overhead transparencies. Before you admit yourself into Fort England, have your eyes tested - you may need glasses. Alternatively, you may have been spending too much time around drama students.

## TAURUS (April 21-May 21)

**Love life:** At this stage you love yourself way too much to even think about loving others, and we're not just talking about masturbation. Remove all the mirrors from your walls and you might begin to notice that people other than yourself actually look pretty good too. From there you're a mere hop, skip and jump away from actually speaking to one of them as an equal.

**Social:** Up until mid-June you will be very popular. This will end abruptly in the Union one evening when you accuse your best female friend of having penis envy. This will result in a violent brawl in which the majority of people in the Union will join, the rest will cheer but not in your favour.

**Academic:** Besides body building, your main form of exercise will be sprinting to hand in late essays (the words 'preparation' and 'planning' are symbolically crossed out of your mental dictionary). This will result in a class record of 10% but at least you will keep your DP.

## GEMINI (May 22-June 21)

**Love life:** Your eagerness to show people your black g-string will win you many admirers wherever you go. But beware! This is not a good way to begin the long-term, meaningful relationship you have been yearning for.

**Social:** Don't loan your clothes out to anyone because you won't get them back! If you're not careful, you'll be walking around naked by July (and it starts getting chilly at that time of year). Be warned that if you see a green van roaming the streets at 4pm on a Wednesday, one of your friends is about to declare his/her homosexuality and his/her long-standing attraction to you.

**Academic:** The number of bad hair days you will have will cause you to miss most of your dawns this year. (If you don't want this to happen, shave your hair off.)

## CANCER (June 22-July 23)

**Love life:** You will finally get a reply to the letter you placed in Farmer's Weekly. Unfortunately the other 'lonely heart' lives in Bloemfontein (which is rather far from Grahamstown) so you'll have to keep on searching.

**Social:** You're way too eager to make friends, stop acting like a dog!

**Academic:** At least this is one area in which you can have success provided you stand on your head in a fresh patch of fertiliser and howl at the full moon every month.

## LEO (July 24-August 23)

**Love life:** You will have so many flings that you will be unable to remember anyone's name. This will not make you very popular.

**Social:** Now's your chance to make some friends since no one knows what a jerk you used to be.

**Academic:** You will continuously embarrass yourself in lectures due to your inability to stay awake. Besides drooling and snoring during these sleep sessions in public, your most embarrassing moment will occur when you scream out "Stop! Stop! I surrender!" after you doze off in a lecture.

## VIRGO (August 24-September 23)

**Love life:** You will finally discover the meaning of true love, having spent years searching through dictionaries. Unfortunately, the person you have fallen for does not want to know that you exist and will have a restraining order brought against you.

You will attempt to evade this with an ingenious disguise but will be mistaken for a REAL bush and will be crushed when a group of drunk Founders Hall students dive onto you.

**Social:** You will make a complete fool of yourself on the way out of a lecture when the forgotten previous night's underwear, still lodged in your trouser leg, will decide to fall out. Oblivious to this incident you will be horrified to discover that your undies, complete with an identity tag that mum thoughtfully sewed on, are pinned a few days later to the library notice board.

**Academic:** You will get into trouble for declaring in one of your economics essays that the fastest way to fix up the economy is to sack the entire government. If you are a Journ. student you will incur the wrath of Administration by attempting to investigate Dr. Woods' sex life as an example of tabloid journalism.

## LIBRA (Sept 24-October 23)

**Love life:** Your newly discovered bi-sexuality will render you a very satisfied individual - that is until your respective partners discover you've been playing for both sides and decide to settle on who gets to keep you by the results of a fencing match. You will attempt to separate them and will be viciously wounded by a renegade mutant rat from the chemistry department. Serves you right for being so damn indecisive.

**Social:** For a while you will be plagued by the sensation that most people give you strange looks as you pass by. By a slow process of elimination you will discover that the reason for this is the rather radical nature of the logos on your

favourite T-shirts. These will include: "Kill 'em all!"; "Let G-d sort 'em out!"; "Death to the infidels!"; "Destroy the Bunnies" and; "Radioactive-waste: for that healthy glow".

**Academic:** The planetary alignments state that destiny will be playing roulette with your future endeavours. You will receive random marks no matter how much effort you put into your work and eventually you will seriously consider running off with the nearest circus troupe and spending all of your time rehearsing a new performance concept you call "rave acrobatics".

## SCORPIO (October 24-November 22)

You Scorpions are a bunch of cynical prats who never believe anything you read anyway. Thus, we have elected not to waste our time printing your horoscope.

## SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23-Dec 22)

**Love life:** You have read far too many Barbara Cartland novels and therefore find yourself under the mistaken belief that love is a beautiful and splendid thing that occurs between people with names like Anastasia and Bo. Valentine's Day will thus leave you in a state of shock as you realise that it's all just a justification for drug-induced horniness and meaningless fucking.

**Social:** Your perpetual visions of yourself as a Dalmatian in a pink tutu will have negative effects on your self-esteem until you realise that it's all a result of your friends trying to "expand your consciousness" by slipping hallucinogenic drugs into your food.

**Academic:** You will take endless reams of extremely detailed notes which will all be destroyed when someone throws a burning cigarette into your underwear draw and uses your file to bat out the flames.

## CAPRICORN (December 23-January 20)

**Love life:** You will discover that you have a deep affinity for strawberry-flavoured condoms but their limited availability in Grahamstown will lead you to try and produce your own by using extra-strength glad-wrap and strawberry syrup. This will get you into a few sticky situations.

**Social:** Your decision to finally come out the closet about being a Satanist will earn you respect for your courage but you will lose many friends as people around you keep wondering what you really mean when you say "we all have to make sacrifices".

**Academic:** You will corrupt some poor sod from the I.S. department into helping you hack into the academic mainframe and download all exam questions. You will become an academic demi-god and celebrate until you suddenly realise you've also triggered the launch sequence on the biochemistry department's chemical weapons prototype.



# Night spots in the G-spot

All dressed up and don't know where to go? Don't fret, our **ACTIVATE** reporters **Maria De Gray Birch** and **Geoff Lashbrook** have compiled a guide to help you take your pick of Grahamstown's 'ragging' night life venues.

**The Union**

The Union is generally the starting point for all nocturnal escapades. It comprises of three bars, each one catering to different student specimens.

**The Main Bar**

With a little help from the alcohol in the main bar, this is the place where all the vigorous action takes place. Sweaty students have the opportunity to bop around on the Unions dance floor up until 'pumpkin time' (12am) when they disperse to venues in town. DJ's play happy house, rock and dance music on Fridays and Wednesdays and hip-hop and R&B on Saturday nights. On Mondays it's the "local is lekker" evening when local musicians perform live.

Number of beers needed for a good time:



**The Blue Note**

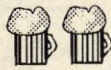
A nice 'n cosy place where you can talk to people without having to yell. If you fancy yourself as a bit of a pool player, this is a place where you can show off your skills to on-looking spectators.

Number of beers needed for a good time:



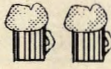
**The Oppiden**

Somewhat dingy and smoke infested, the oppiden is a place where the more arty types (who are too cool or too old to bop around in the main bar) hang out. You may feel somewhat conspicuous in here if you aren't a pool pro, drunk or don't have any deep insights about the meaning of life to discuss with others. Number of beers needed for a good time:



**Rat and Parrot**

Possibly the social centre of Grahamstown for the majority of the students at Rhodes. Frequented by almost everybody except for the hardened bungy types, the Rat is home to the rugby players and rowers (in the off-season). It is the ideal place to further any romantic ambitions and to become acquainted with any proposed sexual partners. Drink: beer or cider, shooters if you are behind or someone else is paying. Eric will probably chuck you out if you are too rowdy. Number of beers needed to have a good time:



**The Vic**

Anyone who has ever been to Grahamstown will know the Vic. This long-standing establishment was around

even during our parents' youth and has survived as a popular night spot while others around it have come and gone. Here you can play pool or dance the night away to techno music and favourite 'oldies' like Greaselighting.

Number of beers needed for a good time:



**Champs**

This is for hardened pool players only. This means that first years are a no-no except if they have invented a new way of playing solo pool or they play with their friends. Arriving drunk is also frowned upon by the local regulars. Drinks are relatively cheap and are therefore your choice.

Number of beers needed to have a good time:

(it has a big-screen TV)



**Pop-art Cafe**

Very mod and yuppieish, the Pop-art Cafe is something off the streets of Jo'burg or Cape Town. It's a nice change from the usual Grahamstown night spots and has some very interesting decor - check out the Zippo lighter fire-place and the bathrooms! The menu here provides a wide choice of creative cocktails (as well as food dishes) and although they are not all that cheap, it's worth treating yourself to one once in a while.

Number of beers needed:



**The Blue Room**

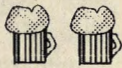
Perfect for a quiet evening out, here you can chat to friends and play games over a cup of hot coffee (or one of a large selection of flavoured teas) and cheesecake. The yellow and blue walls and items of unusual art hanging about make the Blue Room an interesting night spot to visit.

Number of beers needed for a good time: 0 (apologies to those who like beer)

**Monkey Puzzle**

The epitome of the Grahamstown drinking experience with its stuffed animals and laid back attitude. It is a haven for the alternate types who are not at home in the Rat and is renowned for its beginning of term parties. Since you can't get chucked out, things can get debauched. Drink the good specials which are on Thursday and Sunday nights.

Number of beers needed:



**Shebeens**

These are useful on evenings when nothing else is happening. They are for the hardened drinkers only and are a good place to get into touch with the "real" people on Grahamstown. No pool tables, no big-screen, no ablutions, no nothing except a big bar and big benches. 12 Down is the pick of the lot. Drink is beer (out of bombers) or neat spirits.

Number of beers needed:



## Accountants belly dancing with runners

Slavery still exists in this society - only now it's called "vac. work."

**Maria De Gray Birch** spoke to some Rhodes students who were brave enough to try it. Pictures by **Hugh Ellis**.

Name: Temba Mazingi



Degree: BComm (3rd year)

Job description:

"I worked with an accounting firm as a vat/article clerk. Basically I went through ledgers and looked for invoices."

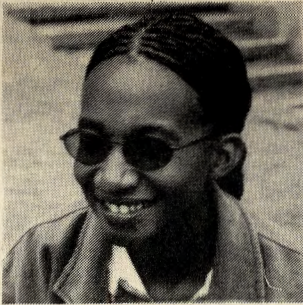
Experiences and impressions: "It was dreadful. The social atmosphere at work, that's nice, but the work was very arbitrary. It's vastly different from [my] course, [my] course has a lot more into it. Because you're not quite qualified, you're just put into doing the more tedious tasks ... you don't get into the actually interesting things. But it was cool... you get paid and you have something to do when you get up in the morning. My vac went by a lot faster."

Name: Selma Shaanika

Degree: BComm. (3rd year)

Job description: "I was working for an auditing firm in Windhoek."

Experiences and impressions: "The work environment was good and it related to my course. They [the employees of



Name: Hugh Ellis

Degree: BJourn (2nd year)

Job description: "I worked at a daily newspaper in Windhoek called The Namibian as a reporter."

Experiences and impressions: "It's a very challenging job. They gave me quite a lot to do because I was filling in for a lot of people who were on leave. I felt like a real

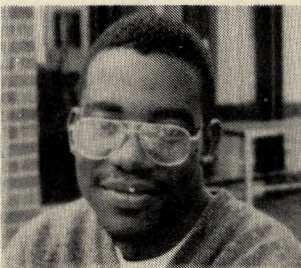
journalist because I was doing important stories. I went to parliament to interview the parliamentarians and I had to contact ministers for comment on different issues."

Name: "Taz"

Degree: BComm.Law (2nd year)

Job description:

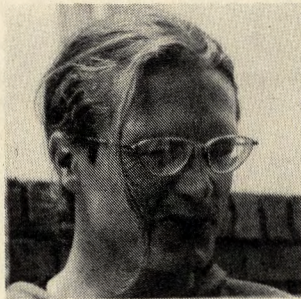
"When I got to the firm ...I organised the installing and cus-



tomising of software and helped train the people."

Experiences and impressions: "I had some frustrating experiences. It was a lot of hard work and when you're training people, those people skills really come into place. The whole thing was a challenge."

Name: Wayne Hugo



Degree: Doctorate in education

Job description:

"I toured the Karoo with a belly dancer."

Experiences and impressions: "I was basically her bodyguard, suitcase carrier-cum-organizer for music and stage manager. She [the belly dancer] was using belly dancing as a way to get theatre to the masses. She'd organise little shows in country restaurants and the whole town would arrive to see her do her thing. It was a serious show ... she used belly dancing and a bit of magic to get the audience interested and involved. It was interesting, we had some good times travelling through the Karoo."

Name: Kathleen Grogan

Job Description: "I'm involved in the noblest profession -I'm a waitress filling the bellies of Grahamstown."

Experiences and impressions: "What do I get out of this job? A bit of money,

humiliation and shame and the odd free meal. I've done it all ... I've tripped over



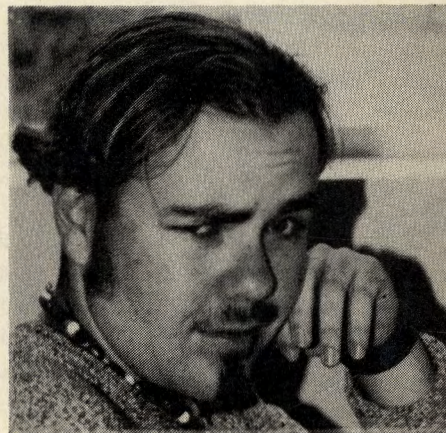
stairs with twelve Windhoek Lagers and emerged at the tables drenched in beer and smelling like a brewery. I also covered someone's apple pie in banana essence

instead of syrup. As a female, one has to put up with more than the male waiters do - laugh at stupid drunken jokes."

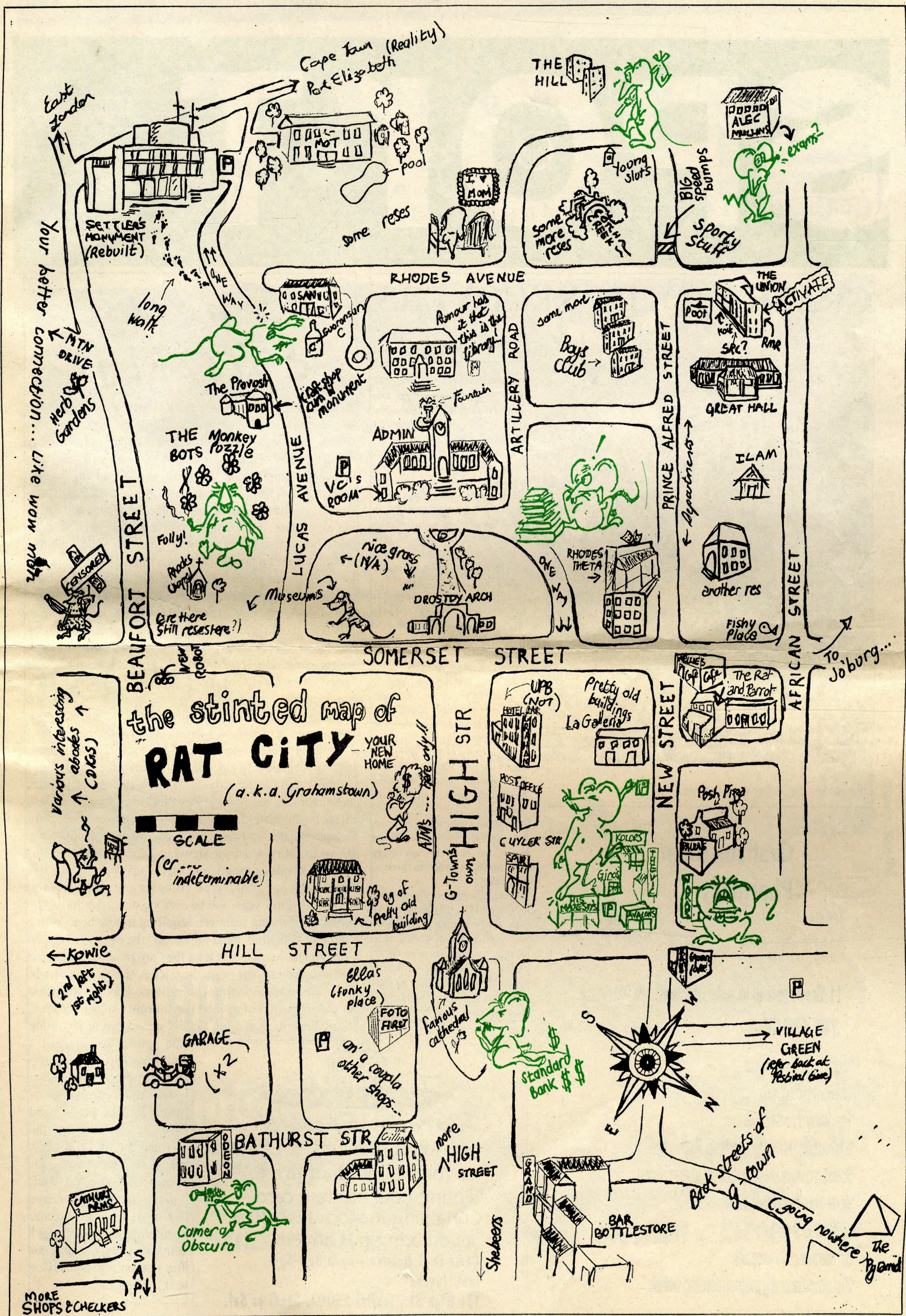
Name: Jak Koseff

Job Description: "I was a runner on commercial shoots."

Experiences and Impressions: "You develop a new appreciation for those really big fridge/ freezer combinations you see on furniture ads, once you realise you're the guy who actually has to drag them around. Besides this, it's like having to learn a new language, basically half the time you don't know what they're asking you for. The money's good but these people don't know the meaning of the word 'over-time.'"









# SPORT

Activate supports Rhodes sport

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

## CRASH VICTIM RECOVERS

Geoff Lashbrook



Rob van Selm: Rhodes Sportsman of the year 1997

Sportsman of the year in 1997, Rob van Selm, who was involved in a tragic car accident at the end of last year, is on the mend.

Van Selm, who played hockey for the South African side, was hit whilst reversing his car out of the BP station on Beaufort street. He was hit by a minibus which drove blindly through the malfunctioning streetlights at high speed and he suffered from a punctured lung and a dislocated hip.

After the accident, van Selm was immediately raced to Settlers hospital and was then taken to St Georges hospital in PE. Here he had emergency surgery performed on his pelvis.

Rob was well on the road to recovery by the end of December when disaster struck again.

He went to visit a specialist who realized that during the emergency surgery in PE, his hip had been offset by 18mm.

The specialist had to re-break the bone and perform corrective surgery.

Rob is now re-gaining strength but still requires a permanent nurse and physiotherapy every two hours in order to prevent bedsores.

Although he hopes to be walking by the middle of February, he will not be returning to Rhodes in '98. However, he does want to complete writing his aegrotats.

The *ACTIVATE* collective together wish Rob all the best for a speedy recovery, and anticipate his return in 1999.

## Sports Editorial

**DON'T READ THIS.** It's crap. The real stuff is in the stories on this and other pages. However, if you are continuing to plough through this, be assured that it is just my way of paying homage to the conventions of journalism and thereby appeasing the great media god in the sky. Having made your choice to read this, you have demonstrated to yourself the beauty of the whole varsity sporting experience, that being the fact that one is free to make one's own mind about how to live one's life. Unlike school, where ungainly youths are routinely embarrassed by being forced to perform more difficult tasks than their physiology allows them to, (usually in front of the rest of the school), students can decide whether they want to spend all day playing sport, spend all day watching it on the TV or spend all day smoking weird weeds. Being a sports editor, a logical reader would expect me to be a fair "goer" on the sports field. Funnily enough, I am a remarkably talented athlete, gifted in all spheres of the sporting arena. I often tell others of my numerous sporting conquests which include: a pole-vault (minus pole) over many fences over six foot high and a decent chest high tackle on a now deceased bush in Port Alfred. More seriously, with South African sport on a down cycle, after the victorious rugby tour was followed by embarrassments on the field in Namibia and Australia, prospects for Bafana Bafana in France are gloomy to say the least. However, after a decent showing in most SAU performances, Rhodes appears to be on the up cycle. At the risk of sounding optimistic (great crime for any student writer) it looks as if this year will be a strong one in terms of victories. The rowing team are acquiring a new boat, which I am told will allow them to "thrash" the opposition by an even greater margin. (At least they are modest about their past successes). Otherwise, the cricket, soccer, and tri-athletes all look like strong competitors. Having attempted an impersonation of an inert gas for much of the vacation, I now hope to regain my rapidly deteriorating flexibility

and agility. To this end, I will take part in the sporting day during orientation week (advertisements of which will be posted) and also be present on the evening of 24 February, when the registration for sports will take place. Well, I think that is all that I have say apart from a welcome to all the freshers and that I think that you are an idiot for not taking my advice and reading this.

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