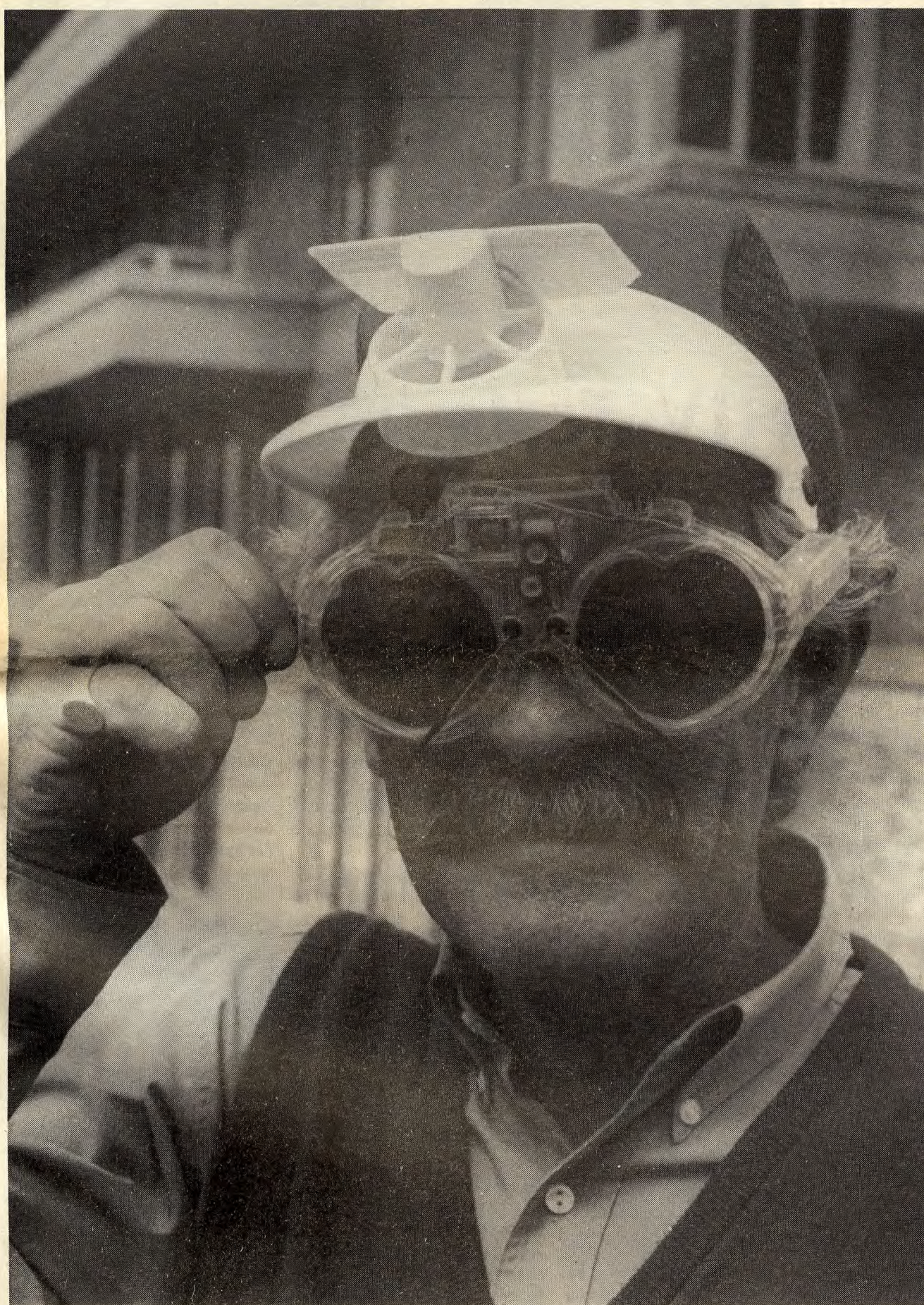


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Independent Student Newspaper

Second  
Edition



pic: Monty Cooper

## News

BTF runs into  
trouble again

page 2

## Travel

Mozambique,  
Malawi and  
Morocco

pages 11,  
12 & 13

## Culture

Grad play:  
12th Night  
in the '30's

page 17

## Sport

Rhodes finally  
gets a soccer  
coach

page 22

# be there or b2

see pg 5

# Trouble for Rhodes' BTF

**Justice Nkolele and Solomon Makgale**

**RHODES'** second Broad Transformation Forum (BTF) meeting was held at the Great Hall on March 8. The meeting was chaired by a representative of Independent Mediation Service of South Africa (IMMSA).

The purpose of the meeting was to set up a structure or a body which will run the transformation process, and to identify the stakeholders involved.

The meeting was separated into two sessions. In the first session, delegates were divided into five small groups called commissions. Some of the commissions' tasks included defining transformation; structuring of the body that will run the transformation process and

identifying stakeholders to be involved in this process.

It was in the second session that the structure to run the transformation was to be decided on.

Among other things, it was proposed that a full-time person be employed, who should have enough power so that the Senate and Council could not veto its decisions pertaining to transformation.

Problems arose at this point when the administration's delegates, Vice-Chancellor, Dr David Woods and Registrar, Dr Stephen Fourie, said that they could not agree on some aspects of the proposed structure and its functions.

Woods' desire and ability to transform Rhodes was brought into question when he said that he could not "sell" the idea to the Senate and Council who are in charge of the University. Angry delegates felt that their time was being wasted, since whatever was decided at the BTF did not carry much weight. What was most frustrating for the delegates was the fact that the Senate and Council representatives did not return for this crucial second session.

Most people felt that this was a deliberate tactic by the University's representatives to undermine and delay the transformation process unnecessarily. Because of the absence of the representatives, Woods could not agree to anything concrete, not only because he could not persuade the Senate and Council to accept it, but also because they were not represented at the meeting.

This infuriated many, particularly the Mass Democratic Movement alliance. They dubbed Woods "commander" and themselves "comrades." They argued that Senate and Council knew about the meeting and should have been present. A dispute was declared and it was left up to IMMSA to mediate upon.

Speaking from his home in a telephone interview with *ACTIVATE* a few days after the meeting, Woods said that many people do not attend BTF meetings or leave during the sessions, because the history of BTF has not been a meaningful one.

"Generally, there is never a satisfactory outcome at mass meetings, it is the small groups that do most of the work," he said.

Dr Fourie also agreed that not much had been achieved because of the difficulties experienced in mass meetings.



Left to right: Chris Liebenberg, winner Taryn Dinkelman, Trevor Manuel and M.J. Levett, chairman of Old Mutual. Rhodes Economics Honours student, Taryn Dinkelman, was this year's undergraduate winner of the Nedbank/Old Mutual Budget Competition. Taryn's essay entry beat 20 others from universities across the country. The prize enables her to study Economics Honours at any university in South Africa and covers living expenses and transport. The competition is in its 23rd year and awards an undergraduate and postgraduate prize annually. The postgraduate winner receives a two-year scholarship to Cambridge University for a Masters degree.

## HIV Tests on Campus

**Michelle Fourie and Jaki Ross-Watt**

**IT IS** estimated that 2000 people in the immediate Grahamstown area are HIV positive. In 1996 alone, 3 703 people were diagnosed with the disease in the Western region of the Eastern Cape. This is an increase of 1000 people since 1995.

If you are a sexually active Rhodian and are in doubt as to what your HIV status is, you can be tested for R20 at the University Sanatorium. The amount can be paid in cash or charged to your student account without specifying

what it is for. HIV testing usually costs anything between R60 and R120.

Test results are available within a week, although some cases can be diagnosed within 30 minutes. Keep in mind that it could take up to 12 weeks for the antibodies to show. Benny Schoeman, of the Red Cross Information and Counselling Centre, offers pre- and post-test counselling at the Sanatorium on Monday and Wednesday mornings. He deals with the physical and psychological problems which patients that have tested positive may experience.

If someone is diagnosed as HIV positive, Benny Schoeman will re-

fer the person to a doctor or other appropriate medical experts. The results are confidential because, legally, AIDS is not a notifiable disease.

Rhodes' policy on AIDS is still being set up and the university has not yet stated the way in which the disease should be dealt with on campus.

Researchers predict that a national HIV epidemic could be in existence by the year 2005, in which one in every four adults will be infected with the disease, if people do not become more responsible. For further details contact the Sanatorium at 318523 or Benny Schoeman at 24138.

### Pick a Choc



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(Student quotes of 1996)

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## Proposed Student Village for 1999

**Mzwandile Mbeje**

**THE** increasing number of postgraduate students at Rhodes has prompted the University to consider building a student village.

This was disclosed by Les Reynolds, director of the Architectural Team at the Estate Division, who said the project would cost the University about R4,2 million.

In a poorly attended meeting held in Arts Major on March 26, the team displayed their building proposal and asked for contributions from the campus community. They said that the final decision would be reached some time during the year.

"We expect to start building from 1998 and then it will be completed

by 1999," Reynolds said. The proposed site is behind De Beers House at the end of Prince Alfred street. The village will consist of three self-catering residences, strictly for postgraduates, and it will be open to both sexes. Although the village will be self-catering, students will have an option of eating at the dining halls. Reynolds has called on students to make suggestions on how the new village should look and what it might need. Any suggestions can be submitted to the Estates Division.

The building of this village will be an addition to the five existing post-graduate residences: Truro House, Oriel Annexe, Smuts Annexe, Oakdene House and Stanley Skidd.

**card swop**

**Sarah Gaylard**

**IT SEEMS** that there was a reason for the replacement of the old purple photocopy cards with the new black ones.

John Hubbard, a member of the Rhodes Printing Department, said the old cards tended to lose information quite easily if left in the sun or near magnetic objects. The new cards have a higher co. (the technical term) than the old ones.

According to Hubbard, a single card, which will contain an identity document with a printed photograph, a library bar code and a gyro card for the photocopiers and printers, might be brought out. Unfortunately, this could not be done in time for the 1997 registration, but Hubbard says that if students want a single card and ask for it, it will happen in the near future.

# Plan to solve Spar budget crisis ready for arts fest

*Uncertainty about cuts in government funding has gripped universities around the country since late last year. **ACTIVATE** reporter Graunt Kruger found out the real story behind Rhodes University's budget cuts and how they will affect students in 1997.*

**RHODES** was awarded the same amount of money as in 1996, but taking a rise in student intake into consideration, the university has experienced a subsidy cut.

In his budget speech on 12 March 1997, Minister of Finance, Trevor Manuel announced that education will account for 21.3 per cent of total government expenditure and 6.5 per cent of the GDP. This compares favourably with international trends - 5.4 per cent of the GDP in industrialised and 3.9 per cent in developing countries. The government will therefore provide R5 341 billion for universities and technikons, including R200 million for the National Student Financial Aid Scheme, better known as TEFSA (Tertiary Education Fund of South Africa). According to Rhodes Dean of Students, Dr Moosa Motara, universities had requested R450 million from the government for TEFSA.

Universities receive two types of funding: money that is used for the day to day running of the institutions; and money that is made available to students through loans and bursaries.

Rhodes received R3 141 172 from TEFSA in 1996 with a promised increase in 1997. In addition, foreign funding amounted to R1 million. This year the government has decided to reroute the direct foreign funding through TEFSA so that the money can circulate in the form of loans, with more students benefitting in the long run. Subsequently, Rhodes has received R3 424 274 from TEFSA and no direct foreign funding.

In response to this, the University's administration decided to convert the Council Bursaries into the Rhodes Council Loan Scheme with an approximate total value of R1 million. We anticipate that in this way "we will be able to help more students this

year," Motara said. The Council loans will have the same interest rates as the TEFSA loans.

Despite these attempts to make more funding available, many students are still denied financial aid.

The University adheres to a strict policy of granting aid to students who show academic potential and are the most needy.

"Students who have therefore regained admission after academic exclusion stand less chance of getting financial assistance than students who apply for the first time," said Chicco Khoza, Rhodes SRC President. "Re-admission then does not necessarily mean that the students will be able to continue with their studies due to lack of funding." Added to this, students may qualify for financial aid, but then have difficulty in coming up with their own contribution, and many have no option but to leave the university.

In a press statement, Rhodes University announced that the Reserve Bank donated R80 000 for use as general funds. "It may be used at the discretion of the University and is not tied to a specific purpose," said Vice Chancellor, Dr David Woods.

Funding like this serves as a back-up and allows the university to breathe easier considering the fragile nature of its financial situation.

In addition, the First National Bank, which donates an annual figure of R20 000 to the television component of the Department of Journalism and Media Studies at Rhodes, has this year donated a further R30 000.

Khoza feels that the proposals for cuts were reversed due to the protests of students and administrations. "The timing for budget cuts was inappropriate and the universities were not told in good time that they should budget for possible cuts," he said. Rhodes then undertook to limit its budget in anticipation of future cuts.

He believes it is likely that the government will cut subsidies in future, so universities will need to take immediate action to prepare for this.

**THE** Pepper Grove Mall, which will contain a new Spar supermarket, will open in time for the Grahamstown Festival in July. The Mall will be situated near the corner of Allen and African Street. Rob Beer, of Beergunn Property Management, said that it will be a convenience centre aimed at the motorised consumer.

He says although there have been a number of enquiries and applications for leases, he cannot say for certain who the other tenants will be. Some of the possibilities are a Ster Kinekor franchise, a video club, a clothing store, a coffee shop, a florist, a chemist, an estate agency, Foto First and a jewellery store. "There will definitely be an ATM," Beer said.

He said the centre will have a settler-style image with face-brick walls, wooden windows and a "heritage" green roof. The trees currently on the site will remain. The centre will have only one entrance for the sake of security. "The centre is already well on its way up and the developers hope to have at least the Spar open in time for the Festival in July," he said.

Father Ross, from the Seventh-Day Adventist Church next to the development, initially expressed concern about noise and security problems. The church is currently negotiating with the Spar.

"The proprietors have been bending over backwards to accommodate the church and there will be 24-hour security," he said. It is hoped that the new development will provide jobs and bring money into Grahamstown.

## Crime Sweep

Paul Llewellyn

**THE** Grahamstown Police Department are currently involved in an ongoing "Crime Clean-up" operation which has seen over 1500 criminals brought to justice in the last 18 months, according to Captain George Green, Police Media Liaison for Grahamstown. He says this initiative was set in place over a year ago by the Commissioner of Police, George Fivaz, and he hopes to "see crime wiped from the streets of Grahamstown." The Grahamstown Police Department are working in conjunction with 27

other stations in the area. In a recent operation 45 criminals were arrested for crimes ranging from murder, armed robbery and assault to drunkenness. Amongst this group, police managed to apprehend four of the Eastern Cape's most wanted criminals. Captain Green says that the police are extremely happy with the success of the initiative so far and are confident that the arrests will lead to some meaningful convictions. He is also adamant that this is not the end of the police's newfound vigour and that in the coming weeks and months, they will be embarking on similar operations.

## Bambi's Snack Bar



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For the best and freshest take-aways in town

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## New Journ Radio Complex

Vuyani Somatika

**A NEW** radio studio is in the process of being built behind the Institute for Economic and Social Development on Rhodes campus. The complex, which will be finished by the beginning of next

term, is to be used by radio students from the department of Journalism and Media Studies.

This complex will have digital equipment which is used in the industry. The studio will also be able to link up with RMR for live broad-

casts.

According to radio lecturer, Jeanne Du Toit, the biggest advantage of having a radio complex with a real news room, is that students will have more space for training and working with up-to-date equipment.

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# Rhodes student dies

**Tseko Ngoana Moloi**

**RHODES** University lost one of its top Bachelor of Social Science students, Ngwakwana Rabothata, in a car accident in early January this year.

"I could not easily accept it when I heard such heart-breaking news. I sometimes think it is not real, one minute I expect her to turn up in my house," said Jean Wright, warden of John Kotze House. She first heard the terrible news when Mrs Rabothata, Ngwakwana's mother, telephoned to inform her that she was coming to Rhodes to collect her deceased daughter's belongings. She was also informed by the Registrar, Dr Stephen Fourie.

Ngwakwana Rabothata was born

and grew up in Venda, in the Northern Province. She started her primary school at Tshakhumai Lower Primary then St Scholarstic Higher Primary. She proceeded to St Brandan's College where she completed her matric with three distinctions.

She came to Rhodes in 1995 to pursue her tertiary studies, but met with her death before she had a chance to complete her degree.

On January 20 1997, Ngwakwana went to visit her friend at the University of Venda when she was hit by a motorist who was speeding. As a strong woman, she fought for her life from 9:30am until 8pm when she passed away.

Ngwakwana's memorial service was held at the Chapel of St Mary's and All The Angels. The service

was organised by Unathi Malunga, the General Secretary of the SRC, and Tshinyi Mavhusha, who was Ngwakwana's closest friend at Rhodes. Wright organised a Pompon Tree which was planted between Olive Schreiner and John Kotze in memorial of Ngwakwana.

Her parents, Mr and Mrs Rabothata were impressed with the proceeding of the service. They felt it was part of the healing process for the family, said Mrs Rabothata.

Tshinyi said "Ngwakwana will be dearly missed by her friends, especially her resident mates. As a friend, she was highly motivated and a motivator, she was respectful and equally respected by others. She knew what she wanted and she knew how to get it."

*Ni lale nga mulalo* (Rest in peace).



Ngwakwana Rabothata

## Campus is safest place

**Aaron Madadasane**

**RHODES** campus has been declared the safest place in Grahamstown, said Professor Peter Surtees, the investigating officer of the Disciplinary Committee, and Dave Charteris, the head of the Campus Security Unit.

Professor Surtees said the University has a harsh method of dealing with criminals. He urged the students to submit complaints of what ever abuse they had experienced. "Those who can tolerate abuse should think of other students who could become victims of the unreported criminal," he said.

Charteris said crime on the University campus has decreased by 36 percent in the last 10 years and he attributes this success not only to campus security, but also to the students. "The students have been so

helpful over the years" said Charteris. Less than two years ago, the Student Protection Unit (SPU) was formed whereby students could contribute to security on campus by patrolling the grounds and working in the campus security office.

Members of the SPU say that their working conditions do not usually allow them to patrol outside of the campus boundaries, but they are willing to make exceptions for those who live close to campus.

The success of the SPU is unbelievable when one realises that there are only 20 members who are responsible for patrolling the whole of Rhodes University. "Their high visibility on campus day and night makes a contribution to the free movement of students" said Charteris. The university has added 10 students to the SPU as reserve recruits.

## A NEW START FOR UPB?

**Hugh Ellis and Alison Canter**

**UPB**, the only book store in Grahamstown that supplies university set works, was bought by Peter and Irene Ellis in May 1996, after it went into liquidation at the end of 1995. Although they have done much to improve the service they offer to students, there are still problems which affect the smooth running of the shop.

Students have complained that books are too expensive. However the new owners believe their prices are fairly competitive, but because they are the only suppliers of textbooks in Grahamstown, students do not have the opportunity to see this. Irene said that even if another university book store were to open, they would not be able to lower prices, but would in fact be forced to close down. They added that high import duties and the worsening exchange rate are further problems that UPB face.

Often there are not enough books available for students at the beginning of the year. The owners attribute this to uncertainty about the number of students doing any particular subject: all they have to rely on are University predictions of class sizes. They also have to take into account the second-hand market and illegal photocopying of books.

Peter remarked that if all Rhodes courses were semesterized, it would make the ordering of books much easier as there would not be such a rush for books at the beginning of the year.

On student's complaints of poor service and the rudeness of the bookstore's staff, the new owners note that there have been some problems, but these are being dealt with. The management and staff have regular meetings to discuss any problems or complaints that

crop up during day-to-day business.

Some students have found UPB unhelpful when it comes to ordering books they do not have. On the other hand, UPB has a big problem with students not collecting books they have ordered. For example, many students cancelled orders when a particular book arrived earlier in East London, "despite the fact that our book was R20 cheaper!" said Peter. Books not collected within 10 days will be sold to someone else.

The bookstore has kept most of the staff from the previous management. However some new staff have also been appointed, such as Avril Guthrie, who is a liaison officer. As a university lecturer, she communicates with the various university departments to ensure that the majority of students do get the books they need. UPB staff stress they and Rhodes "depend on each other to work".

So UPB is changing, well and good, but many students remain unconvinced. Paul Difford, a first year student from Johannesburg was unsatisfied with prices, referring to them as "a rip-off". He also feels that their second-hand competitor, Fables bookstore, is not much of an alternative as "its prices are too high for second-hand books." Sandra Musengi, a student from Zimbabwe, remarked of UPB - "it seems very disorganised in that shop."

A second-year student, who asked not to be named, said "they're better than last year - but that doesn't mean much - they could still improve." However, it does seem that Rhodes' only book store is at least on the right track.

The Ellis's pointed out that establishing a good working relationship with students is a continuous process, and that it would take at least two years for UPB to address all the problems they are currently experiencing.

## Mchhalino visits Rhodes

**Ndundu Caroline Sithole**

**UP-AND-COMING** South African musician Charles Bonang Mbele, better known as Mchhalino, held a concert at the Great Hall in March.

This booming kwaito artist was born in Soweto where he still lives with his parents. Rhodes kwaito fans were overwhelmed to have him here since kwaito artists rarely visit Grahamstown.

Mchhalino was so popular that he was back at Rhodes for another bash two weeks later.

Mchhalino enjoyed his performances, saying "I like Rhodes, it is a nice environment and everyone is so friendly. At other venues such as Wits and Natal people never gave me the same kind of support as Rhodes did."

He was supported by dancers Lesego Mafole and Mpho Chabalala who amazed the crowd with their new dancing styles. The concert was a success even though the audience was very small, with only about 100 people.

Mchhalino is hoping to make it big in the music industry, like his hero Athur Vuvuzela, who is known as South Africa's kwaito king. Mchhalino started his musical career by quitting high school to join the band *Karamo* in which he was a lead singer in 1993.

He studied for a diploma in graphic design at Wits Technikon, as well as a one-year television production course which landed him to a job at Wits Technikon Television.

He claims to have shared a stage with the popular local artists Makhendlas and Stigma. He says his experience with these singers was just like being with Lesego and Mpho, his present dancing companions. "It was not frightening, it was normal, just an ordinary thing."

Fans will have many chances to see this talented artist in the future, because "I'd rather settle myself first and establish my music career. That's when I'll consider marriage."

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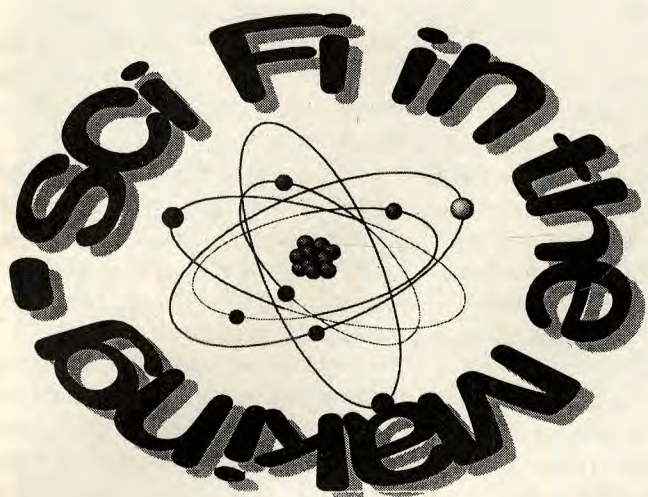
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# SciFest '97



## Jason Norwood-Young

**GRAHAMSTOWN** is famous for two things: Rhodes University and the Standard Bank National Arts Festival. These two coffee-table names complement one another, since Rhodes is so strong in its arts. The University, however, is also renowned for its excellent scientific departments, which have taken a back seat until now.

The scientific community, however, wishes to change that with the launch of a new national festival: SciFest!

SciFest plans to bring the best of South Africa's brains to Grahamstown for a week of exciting education and entertainment. It will cater for all - the young; the old; the novices; those at the forefront of science and technology today.

The Grahamstown Foundation is the brain behind the Festival. Inspired by the Edinburgh Festival, the Grahamstown Foundation began the planning stages of the Science Fest in June 1995, and formed a steering committee. From this grew the Science Festival Department of the Grahamstown Foundation, who appointed an advisory board, containing people like David Woods, the Rhodes Vice-Chancellor, and John Newberry, Head of Nissan.

And advice is needed, since nothing like this has been done in South Africa before. "You actually have a lump of jelly you have to make a skeleton out of," said Eve Cambray, manager of the Festival Committee. "But it's just grown. I can't believe how big it is now." "It all started with a local town clerk (Mr. Malan) who went to the Edinburgh Festival, and brought back a programme," said Cambray. From small beginnings to a very ambitious project.

The Festival is sponsored by SASOL, who asked for first refusal on the sponsorship of the project. "I'd never heard of something like that before," laughed Cambray. "They were most emphatic that they are promoting science, not SASOL," she replied to my question on their involvement. "They don't even have a display."

So how has the advertising gone? "We went to all the companies in

the country and had a media launch. We also had a public meeting that was attended by the public and members of the University, and the business community of Grahamstown. It was very well received. The response has been overwhelming. No one has thought about it before, but once they hear about it, they are full of ideas."

The government has also given the project their support.

So what are the best events to look for at the Fest? "That's a very difficult question. I guess it depends what you are interested in. I think that the sports focus will be very popular. Dawkins is a real catch. I think that all the lectures will be popular. We are catering for children, adults, families, although our focus seems to be school children this year."

Is the Science Festival in competition with the Arts Festival? "No. It's a different market. But science and culture are linked," said Cambray. *The Mail and Guardian* have a display entitled "The M&G Word Fair," which will partly be an illustration of the merging of science and the English language. How many people are expected to attend? "We have no idea. The Edinburgh Festival was very worried about their audience for the first three years," says Cambray.

Running from April 9-15, this inaugural event will encompass lectures, field trips, theatre, school competitions, a wide range of exhibitions and even a Ster-Kinekor film festival. Most of the events will take place up at the Monument and in Somerset street, although there will be activity on campus too.

The costs will be kept down to attract as many visitors as possible. Most lectures are free, as are the exhibitions. Workshops on Ichthyology, Palaeontology and Astronomy (to name but a few) will cost the visitor very little.

For more information on how and where to book or for the official Festival programme (R10), write to Science Festival Office, Grahamstown Foundation, PO Box 304, 6140 Grahamstown. Alternatively, check out the Web site at <http://www.nml.ru.ac.za/scifest>.

Be there or b2.

SCIFEST '97 offers exhibitions, lectures, videos, workshops, and even drama for the science boffs and the rest of humanity. Follow the action from the 1820 Settlers National Monument, to the Albany Museum, to the JLB Smith Institute of Ichthyology, to various departments on campus.

Learn to make rockets (and launch them), discover the beauty and mystery of Black Holes, unearth the secrets of the Karoo fossils and find out how the arts view science in "Science at Play", produced by the Rhodes Drama Department.

ACTIVATE brings you the hitchhikers' guide to the festival - a brief overview of who and what you can look forward to seeing at the first ever science festival in Grahamstown.

## AT THE MONUMENT

### EXHIBITIONS

9 -15 April 09.00 - 18.00 Apple Bits and Bytes

'Test drive' a broad range of interactive multimedia presentations, applications and games. Kevin Swanepoel will use amazing footage of sharks feeding to demonstrate video editing techniques, while the Web Authoring workshop will help you create your own web page. (Check the daily timetables at the Exhibition to take part in these workshops.)

### LECTURES: MAIN THEATRE

Science and Values by Prof Richard Dawkins (9 April 18.30 - 19.30)

Should we derive our morals and other values from scientific truths? Can we trace the origins of our values from our evolutionary past? Science and the Chimera by Dr Nick Allen (13 April 18:30 - 19:30)

How was the two-fold images of the Crucified Christ inscribed onto the Shroud of Turin? Did medieval alchemists manage to achieve this incredible feat and made a miracle? Seriously big, stunningly beautiful by Professor Don Kurtz (15 April 12:00-13:00)

See some of the most beautiful and amazing astronomy photographs ever taken. Also see the latest results from the Hubble Space Telescope.

### M&G SCIENCE WORD FAIR

Visit the Electronic Mail and Guardian on <http://www.mg.co.za/mg/> with experts on hand to guide

you to \*ZA\*NOW, Madam & Eve and much more. Local book-stores **VODACOM SUNSET SHOWS** 9 - 15 April 16.30 - 18.00 Fountain Foyer

The Graeme College Steel Band and the Rhodes Drama Department will be performing at this time, along with Prof Glyn Davies who brings you 'Physics is full of surprises'. Prof Doug Rivett brings chemistry alive with his Whizz Bang Pop! Show, while Dr P Nathanson and Richard Grant prove that physics can be fun in the 'Physics Magic Show 1 and 2'.

### WORKSHOPS

Thursday 10 14.15 -15.15 Rehearsal room & Saturday 12 April 15.30 -16.30 B2 Arena

Make your own simple telescope for only R10, using cardboard tubing and plastic lenses.

Make and launch your own rocket using scrap material.

## AT THE ALBANY MUSEUM:

### EXHIBITION

11 April 15:00 -16:00 Walkabout at the Grey Gallery.

Brilliant black and white photographs by Peter Magubane captured the Sharpeville tragedy that befell our country.

'June 1976.. Never, Never Again'

## RHODES UNIVERSITY

### JOURNALISM WORKSHOPS:

11,12 April 14:30-16:30 in the Journalism TV-studio

Joe Allers presents a *TV news workshop* where participants will be shown the workings of a typical television news presentation studio. They will present news and work together with the operation crew.

13,14,15 April 09:00-12:30 in the New Media lab

A *Digital Photography Workshop* will be hosted by Monty Cooper on the "no fuss, no mess photography option".

### COMPUTER WORKSHOPS

13,15 of April 09:00-11:00

A beginners' course on *Internet and the World Wide Web* hosted by Paul Goodwin in the Computer Science Braae Lab.

Development 1: 14 April 14:00-16:00, Development 2: 15 April 14:00-16:00

Rory Freeman presents an *Internet Web-page Development* workshop for the more advanced in the Braae lab.



## FABLES BOOKSHOP

119 High Street, Grahamstown

Second-Hand and out of print Books.

SETWORKS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Prescribed books for all departments.

## src update

THE SRC has decided to take the initiative in assisting students who are financially disabled. We have established a fund for students who need financial assistance. Proceeds from all SRC functions will go into this fund. To date we have raised R3200 from a fundraising party held during Orientation week. We ask all students to support us in this venture - fundraising ideas will be greatly appreciated.

Last year it was agreed that a Broad Transformation Forum (BTF) should be established, to address this institution's need for transformation. The process was manifested at the first committee meeting of the BTF, held on March 8. Commissions were formed, but the VC informed participants that the decisions reached were null and void as the Senate and Council representatives failed to appear during the Plenary session, during which concrete resolutions of the committee are supposed to be taken. He made it clear that he would not be able to defend the resolutions made.

In the same vein the SRC held a Transformation Summit on March 15 and 16 in an effort to consolidate students' approach to transformation. Hall senior students, societies/organizations and students were invited. Despite the lack of attendance, the Summit was, in our opinion, a success as we were able to debate issues and obtain views on what direction transformation should take. We are in the final stages of the establishment of an SRC web page. Information on our activities, as well as each councillor's e-mail address, will be available. The SRC is available 24 hours a day: call 082 882 9481/2.

We have decided to start a toys and clothes collection at Hall level. Old clothes, books, toys etc. may be left with your SRC hall rep. Oppies can hand their contributions to the SRC secretary.

Speaking of Oppies, the SRC has mandated Ismail Mohamed Ali to organize an Oppie Representative as Oppies failed to attain the required 40% vote during last year's election. The SRC appeals to Oppies to vote in the upcoming election as the Oppidan constituency is of great importance. The SRC has recently appointed Nivashni Chetty as the Oriel Hall rep and Media Councillor.

Finally, the SRC is concerned about the rumours of rape on our campus. We are planning an anti-rape campaign to expose students to the reality of rape and to allay students' fears. A debate will be organised by our gender officer, Ntombi Mhangwani (with the Debating Society and RMR), in which students will get a chance to identify problem areas and express their views.

**Unathi Malunga, SRC General Secretary**

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# Are circumcision rites right?

**Stella Dhlomo**

**ALTHOUGH** initiation is thought to be a rural custom, many urbanised Xhosa-speaking people continue to send their sons to the bush to be circumcised. The Eastern Cape is known as the original place for male circumcision where boys ranging in age from 15 to 25 years, go to the bush in order to become men. This teaches them respect, traditional values and responsibility. Winter is considered to be the appropriate time for initiation because it is a dry season and wounds stand a better chance of avoiding infection. The surgeon (ingcibi) performs the initiation, and during this time the boys' bodies are painted with clay. The initiates eat dry mealies and are not allowed to drink for 10 days because urination can cause severe pain and delay the healing process.

Research done by Philip Mayer in New Brighton township, Port Elizabeth, reveals how strongly people feel about circumcision. "Male circumcision must go on until the world is wiped out. Urbanisation has not changed male circumcision, and never will. Circumcision remains an important ritual in the Xhosa culture." Others perceive the initiation rite as inappropriate for an urban lifestyle.

Going beyond this debate is a more practical question. What about the loss of lives in the bush?

## two stations - one licence

**Gunther Deutsch and  
Tseko Moloi**

**TWO** Grahamstown community radio stations, Roads Music Radio (RMR) and Grahamstown Community Radio, are in a race to secure a permanent community radio license.

The Independent Broadcasting Authority (IBA) hearings for the granting of permanent licenses will be held in the Eastern Cape in May this year. The IBA has already granted RMR a temporary license which covers surrounding areas of Grahamstown, leaving Radio Grahamstown in the cold. Grahamstown Community Radio may be strong enough to take on RMR when the IBA finally decides who the representatives of the greater Grahamstown should be. However, RMR is relatively safe from losing its license to other community stations, as the IBA will not accept new applications for temporary licenses.

Radio Grahamstown Community Relations Officer, Mongezi Kodile, said "the whole idea of a race as encouraged by the IBA is unfair towards the the two radio stations, more especially to the broader community of Grahamstown."

Mongezi sees RMR as a student community radio station in every sense of the word and it therefore deserves a license. However Radio Grahamstown also serves an important community function in its coverage of township issues.

"As Radio Grahamstown our objective goes far beyond Grahamstown...we also

According to an article in the *Daily Dispatch*, approximately 100 initiates were being treated at various hospital in the Eastern Cape at the beginning of this year, three of whom subsequently died from infection. Dr Cecil Manona, from Rhodes University's Institute for Social and Economic Research, says it is rare for deaths to occur in Grahamstown. He says most of the deaths occur in the Transkei and Mtata.

When I asked former initiates from Rhodes what they thought of the initiates dying in the bush, the responses were varied. Bambo Qongqo attributes the deaths to the lack of experienced surgeons. He also said there is no longer an age restriction as there was traditionally, and deaths occur because healing is slower in older boys. In addition, according to Xhosa custom, initiation should take place in winter but now it is performed in summer which also contributes to slow healing.

Nosipho Jonga, on the other hand, says people should not blame the surgeons because most of them are experienced. People are just trying to use the death of initiates as a pretext for avoiding circumcision.

The Regional Circumcision Coordinator, Mr Sithole, says that initiates may die due to dehydration because they are not allowed to drink water for over a week. He said that water was permitted in the olden days but with a little bit of salt. Sithole blames the elders for neglecting the health of their children.

aim to include the surrounding rural areas," said Mongezi.

If push comes to shove, Radio Grahamstown does not mind sharing a license with RMR - even though sharing is logistically problematic since the two radio stations are not targeting the same audience. That is the reason why Radio Grahamstown would like to secure its own license - they do not want to restrict or to be restricted by anyone at any stage.

Kodile finds it disturbing that RMR seems removed from the community.

"For anyone to understand the needs of a particular community one must be within and work with the targeted community. RMR personnel is doing it in the opposite way - they are in their ivory towers, permanently out of touch with the Grahamstown community. Most of them do not even reside in Grahamstown permanently."

The question is why the IBA is not issuing two licenses in Grahamstown when it has done so in other areas. For example, Soweto has more than two licensed community radio stations, namely Voice of Soweto, Soweto Community Radio and Radio Buwa all targeting the same audience in the same area. If the IBA can do it in Soweto why not in Grahamstown? The IBA's answer is that Rhini-Grahamstown has only one transmission, 89.7 FM.

It is evident that there is a dire need for both RMR and Radio Grahamstown to continue functioning in the Grahamstown-Rhini area, since they both serve important functions in their respective communities.

RMR was unavailable for comment.

# Campus Voice

*Pissed off, stressed out? Speak out!*

**REORGANISE SASCO!**

**THE** dull political movement on university campuses in general marks the end of an era where students set the pace of politics in the whole country.

On this campus, Sasco, an organisation which has a long tradition as a major political force in student politics is slowly but surely losing this power. Having had more than 400 members last year, it now has a membership of about 50.

It is a great pity that this is happening because it is in these times that a strong and united student organisation, such as Sasco used to be, is needed at our formerly exclusive institution which is now "welcoming" a greater number of black students who come from disadvantaged backgrounds. These students in particular are the ones who are hit hardest by this period of stagnation.

It seems that the current Sasco leadership is not doing anything to remedy the situation. They carry on attending administration meetings, which is great, but struggles for transformation can not be waged by the executive committees. The process of transformation is a contested terrain and without the "masses" the transformation surely will not achieve the desired end. It is not enough to blame student's apathy. Sasco leadership needs to change its approach and make its politics appeal to the ordinary student. At the moment Sasco is dealing with 'real' issues such as transformation, but for this to have meaning the leadership needs to use the language of rank and file, the "masses".

Politics lecturer Kristina Bentley, a former Rhodes student, had this to say about Sasco's apparent inability to organise the students effectively. "Sasco lacks political direction and it seems that they do not know where they want to be, the leadership seems to be caught in no man's land where nobody really knows what s/he is doing." Kristina pointed out that if Sasco is to avoid being the "god that failed", the organisation will have to broaden its support base and articulate students interests with clarity and vision without clinging to old maxims and political platitudes that alienate the "masses" of students.

"The saboteurs of transformation are just waiting for the pronouncement of Sasco's death to wreck the entire transformation process which, itself, is a site of struggle", said a senior student who refused to be identified. A legitimate transformation process cannot happen without a strong student force. A strong student force needs to guide and inform the transformation process or "saboteurs" will manipulate the transformation process. Such a force can only be brought by an organised and disciplined student political organisation with the support of the "mass of the students". However, for that to happen much will depend, as Bentley pointed out, on the actual members within Sasco; that is, on their ability to use *other instruments* of struggle and adapt to the current trends of "politicking."

The road ahead is long and many struggles that have been waged by Sasco remain unresolved. Saving Sasco's political fate requires a lot of character and responsibility from the current leadership and if they do not have these virtues, I might as well be the one to view Sasco as the "god that failed."

**Che' Mangxamba**

# Ray of Hope for Street Children

Silvanus Naidoo

**THE** dismal situation when walking the streets of Grahamstown and seeing the large number of child beggars, is a problem that needs to be urgently addressed.

It is difficult to judge their social background and why they are on the street. 13-year-old Simpiwe says: "I'm in the streets to buy the paraffin and milk so that I take it to my mother who is not working and very sick."

Touching, yes, but is it true? There are cases where the children are part of a syndicate or a business where they are forced to collect money and give it to a 'superior'. Simpiwe showed me a scar on his head. He said that the bigger boys carry knives and tell them to give them money. So how can one know who to give the money to?

There is an answer to this problem. Grant Benyon, a local businessman, is almost single-handedly trying to provide shelter for the children. Unfortunately, there are many obstacles in the way.

He started a drive to place yellow cans marked "STREET CHILDREN FUND" in most shops in Grahamstown. This has encountered major setbacks.

"I was amazed when a local restaurant's management told me that they could no longer keep the cans because the staff felt that all their tips were put into the cans and they were not getting enough!"

Benyon has encountered similar problems in other stores. He is also adamant that the money given on the streets is going to the wrong people.

"At present there is a shelter housing 32 children that desperately need any funds or help the public can provide."

He also pleads for the major chain-stores in Grahamstown to get involved.

"At present the stores are feeble and pathetic in addressing the problems of the children on the street."

It is hard not to feel pity for the children. Some have been victims of circumstances that even they cannot explain. All they know

is that they need to survive and their only means of survival is the street. But as Benyon points out, there are other ways of helping than by making them believe that the streets are their only hope.

It is difficult for the public to perceive this viewpoint, especially when looking at their helpless and distressed faces.

Mabuti, an eight-year-old boy exemplifies this. His expression when he says "please baas, please ma'am, only food please" is both touching and scary. Scary because many people who are better off, simply ignore his cry for help.

"I no go to school is me, I have no clothes chief and my ma is not buying me the clothes. I like the streets, I get nice food and money, chief," says Mabuti sadly.

His friend Simpiwe interrupts and says "also no uniform to go to school, that is why me I am on the street."

Students of Rhodes University have mixed views towards the street children. Some of them said that the council of Grahamstown should provide a place of refuge for the children.

Others want to help, but find it annoying when the children keep approaching them on the street. This is why Benyon suggests that some of the cans be placed in the residences. It would not be difficult for a student to put at least 10 cents per day or even per week in the can which could eventually help at least one child.

Benyon told me an applicable story: "There was a little boy sitting on a beach staring off into the ocean. Suddenly millions of fish washed ashore. He started crying. He did not want to see the fish die. So he ran frantically trying to throw the fish back into the sea one at a time. A stranger came up to him, and asked him what difference it would make since so many fish were on the shore. The boy looked tearfully into his eyes and said 'well at least I can save some.'"

*Anyone interested in helping with the Street Children Fund can contact Grant Benyon at 23602 or e-mail Silvanus at g95n4384@thoth.ru.ac.za*

## the secret room

Paul Difford

**ONCE** upon a time there was a little room in the Admin building. This room was constantly full of people. Hundreds of people crowded into that little room every working day for hours and hours.

You all know the room I'm talking about - the one near the student advisor's office. What are they all doing there, day in and day out? Well, I've been on a quest to find out, asking various people along the way. The following is what they had to say:

"The little room with lots of black people in it is actually a service elevator by which part-time slave workers are being sent to mine anthracite" (which was the REAL reason why the settlers, some of whose descendants are actually still working down there, settled in such a shitty spot in the first

place!)

"It's used to run the generators which generate the power Rhodes uses illegally."

So says interviewee number two.

One guy, staying in res, suspects that those people are in fact "militant students who are disillusioned by the ineffective bureaucratic system of the university."

They are, according to him arranging mass rallies as I type these very words!

But I think that is bogus - imagine the irony of those people being rebellious from within the very "brain" of the system they swear to destroy.

I then ran into a person in authority - the secretary who governs the day-to-day runnings of the little room. She tells me that the people inside the room are in fact seeking temporary work. Oh what a boring reality - I kind of liked the slave scenario myself.

## initiation blues



Philani Vince Masuku

"**THAT** pole over there is your mother. Go and make love to her. Scream while you're at it!" a senior student screamed at an unbelieving newcomer at an alleged initiation ceremony.

Early this term, first year students from College House experienced a traditional yet memorable day at a dam nearby. They were forced to drink beer, swim in the dam, cover themselves with mud and perform other extraordinary acts. A College initiate said two army-type individuals made sure that orders were followed - "we addressed them as 'sergeant' and they acted that role." Students present said that the warden, known for organising prayer meetings, enjoyed himself immensely as a spectator. At the end of the day many students were drunk and vomiting. Some had passed out and needed assistance.

"I can't believe they put us in so much danger," a student complained. The senior student maintained that they had a wonderful day and advised the non-College community not to exaggerate the initiation issue. In another residence in Founders Hall, first year students had to bow to Professor Surtees, their hall warden. After a hectic day of initiation (activities started at 3am) an unhappy student complained: "They violated our human rights, degraded and humiliated us. We feared that we would be isolated or kicked out of res if we refused to take part. I've already taken a complaint to Administration and am waiting for them

to take action."

Vice Principal, Dr Michael Smout said the University did not condone initiation.

"If there are complaints against individuals (students or staff), each will be assessed and dealt with appropriately."

"The university is currently investigating specific complaints the outcome of which will be made public," Smout added, amid accusations that Admin turned a blind eye. Speaking on behalf of the SRC, Brian Chinderere stated that his council strongly condemned initiation. Another SRC representative suggested a full scale investigation of Founders Hall.

Initiation of first year students did not only occur in male residences. In Phelps House, girls wearing paint and shorts went through athletic procedures under the watchful eyes of some seniors.

"I'm sick. I can't do this anymore," moaned a visibly drained and worn out girl. In reply she was told that she was a liar. After being showered from the balcony with cold water the girls were told "you're now part of this res." When one of the senior girls was asked why she had initiated other girls, she said "revenge."

Although initiation is condemned by many people and is not condoned by Admin, there are still a large number of students who find initiation a pleasurable and a worthwhile experience.

"It was fun, exciting and definitely not dangerous. Those who complain are weaklings. It (initiation) was nothing compared to what happens in Afrikaans universities," said one initiate.

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# "Karibu" to Tanzania

**Brendan Connellan**

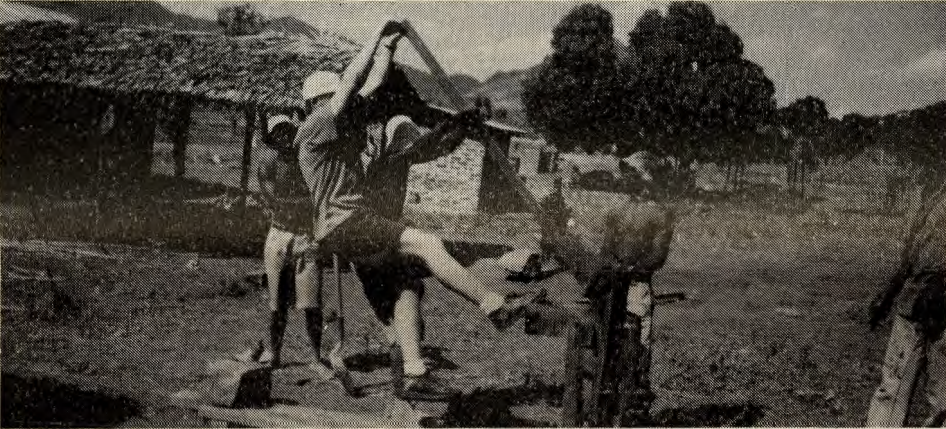
THE 4th of December 1996 saw Sasvo's first group of volunteers leaving South Africa for Tanzania and I was one of the volunteers chosen to go along. The group consisted of seven students from five South African universities. In Tanzania we worked in association with Habitat for Humanity, a Christian organisation started in the United States, to assist in the building of low-cost housing. Habitat's first African project was in Zaire, and they have since spread to several other countries including Botswana, and most recently, South Africa. All the projects have proved very successful, and to date, over 10 000 houses have been built in Africa. Our destination was Karogwe, a small rural town which is home to the latest initiative of the Tanzanian branch of Sasvo. The houses being built were of simple design, consisting of four rooms. In Karogwe, 19 such houses and an office were being constructed. Future home-owners were chosen on the basis of their ability to repay part of the cost of the house within 10 years. The houses cost approximately R8000 in Tanzania, the average wage being in the region of R250 a month. The owners are required to supply the building sand for the house and the daily requirements of water for building on the site. Habitat for Humanity provide the cement, building equipment and labour. We were very impressed by a simple machine which makes bricks on-site by compressing a mixture of sand and cement. Our team was hoping to work with a group of Tanzanian student volunteers although this did not work out. However, a volunteer member of the US Peace Corps, Susan Costello did help to add an international flavour to the group. Living in close contact with the community

*The Southern African Students Volunteer Organisation (SASVO), run by the Centre for Human Rights at the University of Pretoria, is a programme which gives students in Southern Africa the chance to participate in development work in the region. More than 500 students from 30 universities and technikons in six countries have participated in Sasvo in the last three years. During the holidays, teams of approximately 15 students are dispatched to schools, clinics and other buildings in need of renovation. Students do repair work such as plastering, brick-laying and painting. Other aspects include taking education workshops on democracy, human rights and AIDS awareness. Sasvo provides transport for the volunteers as well as accommodation and food. Until the last summer vacation, Sasvo's projects had been confined to South Africa, with students from other Southern African countries participating in these projects. Last December however, Sasvo sent groups to countries including Botswana, Mozambique and Tanzania. This represents the beginning of the plan to make Sasvo a permanent feature of academic life in Southern Africa and eventually, Africa as a whole.*

*For further information contact: Centre for Human Rights, Faculty of Law, University of Pretoria, Pretoria 0002  
Tel (012) 420 2374/ 342 5115 Fax (012) 43 4021 E-mail chheyns@econ.up.ac.za*

ensured that we learnt a great deal about the Tanzanian culture and the problems and hardships experienced by the locals in Karogwe. We also tried the local food dishes at a nearby diner, where a large plate of rice and a bowl of meat in a flavourful sauce cost approximately R2. But we steered clear of the diner's dubious sweetened tea.

Augustine Kiaka and Martin Mahondo of Habitat for Humanity proved to be excellent hosts, giving up much of their personal time for us. They organised for us to visit some of the future home-owners for dinner, where we had the opportunity to meet the families for whom we were building houses and also to improve our somewhat basic Swahili. The families were



Brendan learning the art of brickmaking

very poor, but did everything they could to ensure that we felt welcome and appreciated. This was characteristic of the whole Karogwe community. We got used to the cries of "karibu" (welcome), and "good morning teacher" from the neighbourhood children when we walked to the work-site in the morning. The team became multi-skilled, learning a variety of tasks including brick laying, brick making, the art of laying foundations and some of the more primary tasks like mixing cement and the blister-inducing jobs of sifting and stamping. All of this was performed to our team's newly adopted motto of "pole pole la kini salama", meaning 'slow but sure'. By the end of our stay in Karogwe, half of our group had nearly completed the walls of one house and the other half had manufactured over 1000 bricks and made valuable contributions to the building of several other houses. We also managed to fit in some sightseeing, visiting the beautiful Usambara mountains, nicknamed 'Little Switzerland' by the locals; the coastal town of Tanga where we swam to escape the heat; and the city of Dar es Salaam with its markets and tropical beaches. But the highlight was a visit to the small city of Moshi, where we saw Mount Kilimanjaro in all its splendour. Several local beers were also tested, and for all future Rhodent visitors to Tanzania, Kilimanjaro beer is a must. We were all looking forward to a hot shower and a pizza by the end of our stay in Tanzania, but many new friends had been made, and farewells were sad. The visit was very successful and paved the way for the vision of the South African Student Volunteer Organisation to become the All Africa Student Volunteer Organisation truly "Building Africa Ourselves".

# impress your professor

**Memory Mzilethi**

IF MY experiences of varsity life during my first year at Rhodes are anything to go by, then I can imagine how many overwhelmed and confused first years there are out there. Not only are they attempting to manipulate their new found freedom to the best of their ability, but they are simultaneously being frustrated and perturbed by those knowledgeable yet demanding intellects commonly defined as 'lecturers'... you know... those people who refuse to excuse you from their class even though their lectures clash with your free periods!! These intellects have an irritating tendency to ask the impossible from you and if you are unfortunate enough to be a BA student then believe me, you're really in hot soup. They insist on receiving from you (rather regularly, to many students' disgust) pages and pages of mumbo jumbo that you have written but don't actually understand since all you did was - yes, the intellectuals love using this word - PLAGIARISE. Further irritation is evoked when you get your work back, and on it, written in that ominous red ink, are comments like "Not analytical enough for a university student"

or "Your essay is lacking in argument" or "The essay question asked you to criticise not summarise." At this point you ask yourself that critical question "Is it worth it?" I mean, you give them both sides of the issue, then they turn around and tell you that you've missed the point. They say they want comparison, analysis, argument and criticism. Some bamboozled first years ask "What language do those words come from?" Well, being a seasoned BA student I'll answer that for you: the language of "Critical Thinking". One of the main objectives of university education is to equip students with the necessary tools to be successful critical thinkers in the hope that they will be able to deal in a reflective way with everyday problems, as well as with the difficult issues and choices they must make as citizens and leaders. So, when Prof X and Prof Y ask you for a critical analysis of ABC, they are in fact training your mind to refrain (for a sober while) from flabby, lazy thinking which involves the mindless evaluation of information and the lack of evidence to support any conclusion that might be reached. Essentially, what Prof X and Prof Y really want us to do when we write essays for them

is to identify reasons which support or reject an argument or a belief. In relation to this is the fact that there are not only two sides to every question. There are far more if you look deep enough into the dark corners of your frequently inebriated brain. A Canadian philosopher, Trudy Govier, recently explained this bewildering notion of the existence of more than two sides to every question to a group of Journalism students. The general gist of her talk was that one can find more sides once all the different alternative descriptions, explanations, predictions, hypotheses and recommendations are considered. Taking into account only two sides does not guarantee fairness, genuine understanding, lack of bias, tolerance or accuracy in conclusions. To put all this in plain and simple English, if you want to raise your 45% to at least a 65%, then THINK CRITICALLY. All you need to do is to question the information you have and ask why things are the way they are. You also need to begin thinking creatively about alternative ways of doing things or explaining events. Okay, okay. I know this does sound rather too difficult and extremely taxing on the brain, but come on, give it a bash.

I encourage you to stop using your mind as a dumping ground for 'the right answers' that are fed to you or as a sponge for merely soaking up knowledge. The mind is neither. The mind facilitates the active processes of remembering, thinking and understanding, all of which require judgement and the weighing of evidence. For all you fellow Rhodents who may be struggling to produce masterpieces, here is a recipe for critical thinking that will leave your lecturers mind-blown: INGREDIENTS: \* Questions - be curious, have an inquiring mind \* A definition of the problem - identify the issues in clear concrete terms \* An examination of the evidence - critical thinking will flop without this \* An analysis of assumptions and biases that lie behind arguments \* An avoidance of emotional reasoning - feelings alone are not a reliable guide to truth and seldom convince sceptics \* A consideration of interpretations \* A tolerance of uncertainty METHOD: Mix all the ingredients Then boil to produce a CRITICAL THINKER.

# Dear Activate ...

## New House(less)

NEW House, that energetic res which last year proved extremely energetic in sport, perfect in res-spirit and of good character, has been converted into a girls' res.

At first most of us were obviously stunned by the fact, and many of us thought this was some kind of practical joke. Nevertheless, eventually we realised the truth and had to get on with our lives, extremely disillusioned and with nowhere to go, but the rooms they had put us in.

We were separated. New House was no more.

But then some of us came to realise "New House wasn't just a place on the campus map... it was the spirit inside us." We could keep this res alive if we wanted it enough! So we started building a bridge between us and those who now occupied our rooms, the New House Girls. We came up with a solution to our problem: the New House Guys (Yeah!) would support the New House Girls (Yeah!) in everything and visa versa. At the touch-rugby tournament, the ex-New House residents formed two teams, New House Exiles 1&2, which were supported by our female counterparts waving a banner saying 'New House does it with Balls!'. One thing I must say though, is that I feel it was unfair to label the New House guys as "perverted males from New House" in the horoscope section of your Orientation Edition. At the time, the guys were already feeling too down about our res to worry about being stereotyped by our new Rhodes siblings. I understand that the article was in good spirit, but felt that it was a bit too harsh, especially since a certain ex-New House resident helped write the article.

Other than that, I wish all at *ACTIVATE* a great year, thanks for a very entertaining and informative newspaper.

To all New House Residents (past and present) I say: "They may have separated us on paper, but they haven't separated our spirit, that spirit which is called... New House!

So when you walk past a door in a guys' res, and see "Exile" on the door (as in my case), rest assured that one of us has started a branch in that res.

NEWHOUSE FOREVER!

**Evert Lombaert**  
**Jan Smuts House**

## Res room right to privacy

ADMIN are allowed to check our rooms? The thought runs through my head - where does the right to privacy fit in at this University?

In the 1997 Calender the section on the rules of the residences, includes the Wardens' powers of search, by which "a hall or house warden has the right to search a student's room if they have reasonable grounds for believing that evidence of the commission or attempted commission of a disciplinary offence may be found in the room concerned." No mention of the role of the University's administration is made in the rules. The possibility that Admin could be involved led me to investigate whether there was any truth in this. I asked the Residence officer, who couldn't help me, and then the Assistant Dean of Students whether Admin has the power to search residence rooms. I was told that if Admin required any search, "we would go through the wardens." This

basically left me where I started.

My problem lies with the phrase in the rules which reads "reasonable grounds for believing", as this is too ambiguous. Almost anything could be said to constitute reasonable grounds. The right to total privacy in residence rooms needs to be put in context. We are on private property, which doesn't belong to us, and there has to be a way to enforce the rules of the owner of that property. What we do need to have is some sort of transparency and a clear definition of what "reasonable grounds" are. We also need reliable checks and balances, or the system is open to abuse.

As things stand, there is great bitterness around the whole issue, which is rapidly becoming a sore point. If Admin does revise the rules so that they are more in line with the constitutional right to privacy, and if they institute checks and balances, negative feelings would disappear. Students also have to understand that we can only use the constitutional right to privacy as a guideline, because we live on the university's property, and not our own.

**David Brown**

## No Black Heroes?

WHITE, White, White where are Black Heroes in this place? You go up the hill they tell you about Piet Retief, mid-campus you are told about Jan Smuts and down-campus you are told about Botha. The question is, what have these old deceased white males done to be honoured by the University by naming its residences with their names? Is it because they managed to oppress properly?

Since these oppressors did nothing for this institution surely we can just simply remove their names and rename these residences with South African heroes both black and white who fought for our liberation and whom we can all honour.

Today we have heroes to be honoured, but the University decided to name its new residence New House. My question is, can't they see a single hero or heroine to honour since they have been honouring many white heroes and "important" white people?

If New House is simply called new house then surely there are no heroes to honour these days. The University has to name New house with a proper name which follows the routine of naming residences on campus. When they say "New House", do they mean "New South Africa House" or are they just trying to run away from honouring the true South African heroes?

**Sizwesethu Sikhakhane**

## Africans must liberate themselves

THIS is an open letter to the student population, African students in particular. As an organization we wish to express our dismay and disgust with the way the financial problems of African students were used to maintain the white power structure. While all this was happening the students were folding their hands and some were hiding their faces. This has to stop.

At present no one has ever stopped to ask, "how many students were excluded on financial grounds and why?" We pose this question because of the selfish nature of our student population, more disgusting

when it comes from the student who could be next on the line for crucifixion. No one has ever challenged Admin about its expenditure. Why do senior administrators need to have so many luxuries when African students are hit by poverty. Why does the University spend so much on grounds and gardens a year? Why are sub-wardens remunerated?

The University spends over R300 000 a year on sub-wardens when that money could have been used to cover students who are financially needy. WHY? Why don't students stand up and ask the Woods administration how much they spent last year on the Supreme Court case, arbitration costs and the money paid to Advocate Eksteen? On bare speculation, the cost was close to R200 000. How many students could have benefitted from that?

We should not be deterred by Admin's attempt to preserve the white power structure. They executed a lot of student leadership last year through their Kangaroo court hoping to scare you. The student leadership should stand up and show the settler administration that they can no longer rule us by implanting fear on us.

Yes, student leadership is in crisis at the moment but it should not disappear and assist Admin in scaring students from taking leadership positions and representing the interests of their own kind. If you are guided by a clear vision of your freedom and how the University should work to benefit the African community, you will never be defeated by any white liberal or force.

The tendency by some student leaders to think that they are Gurus in student politics should be done away with. It is also disgusting to find people in student organisations who think their views should be up-held. This behaviour is killing student movements.

Stereotype political thinking is also a barrier to the transformation of Rhodes University. Perhaps Fort Hare and Turffloep can afford a rivalry between student organisations but the material conditions at Rhodes dictate unity in all student formations in order to succeed. People who jealously guard their party politics and sacrifice freedom (a common goal) are assisting whites to cling to power.

Before there could be any talk of mediation between the University and progressive forces there should first be a mediation between student formations.

These days the white universities have joined the chorus of transformation. Is it what they really want?

History tells us that no authority has ever surrendered power without pressure. The only reason they have learnt the transformation jargon is because all theories of white supremacy have lost relevance to justify exclusive white privilege. They need change so they can maintain control. So if we continue to be armchair critics, this University will remain white.

You, African children are the only ones who need to free yourselves from racial oppression, white children won't see a need to transform society because they benefit from the present dispensation. We Africans are our own liberators.

**Izwe Lethu**

Issued by Publicity and Information  
PASO of Azania

## College Troops

IT WILL not have escaped the notice of any casual observer on campus that College House is attempting to revamp the decor of their residence to resemble something along the lines of Auschwitz. It would also make the same casual observer reason that the gentlemen of College House have suffered some great injustice and are guarding themselves from further attack. In my opinion, they are barricading themselves in to create a sort of "bunker". This will allow them to continue with their pubescent activities (one of which happened just last week, when they wet the concrete pathway in front of their res and laid a 'Caution Wet Floor' sign on the ground while waiting in their underpants for some unsuspecting individual to walk past). So now they can use, abuse and tear off their clothing and be assured no one will follow them back into their elaborate home base mesh of barbed wire. But the above mentioned gentlemen are not only soldiers of war, but also ardent environmentalists and feel very strongly about people walking over their lawn. They will go as far as telling you to "f...k off" to make sure their sacred weed is protected. On any summer's day you are assured of finding a number of College House gentlemen standing watch (and they only sit in a group).

Their weapons of war consist of a few basic numbers along with the more sophisticated machinery. Top of the list is the foul language weapon. This works well in conjunction with guffaws, sneers, and the usual array of sound effects which most students have grown out of. Second to this is the intimidation tactic which involves a large number of men stationed on the stairs in front of the residence. Once the enemy invades the "no walk zone", the College guard falls into silence while fixing their gaze firmly on the approaching enemy attempting to intimidate them into returning to their base.

On to the more sophisticated stuff: a large piece of rubber is placed between a tree and another weight. A number of men then pull back the rubber (in the same way a catapult would work). Various missiles have landed in the Rhodes swimming pool as well as hitting cars parked outside the pool. However, despite their unquestionably brilliant track record the troops recently let three young men (obviously not of the College guard) walk directly into their residence, help themselves to what ever was on hand and walk straight out again. The alarm was raised and the battalion took chase. Two of the men managed to get away and one was brought back as a prisoner of war. A passerby recommended that the police or campus security be called in, but the troops took him back for torture (this is a true story).

What the College guard hasn't realised is that a number of enemy attacks are planned and are presently being put into operation. I won't, however, reveal my identity for fear of reprisals and to ensure my status as an undercover agent. So, one could say this serves as a warning, and an official one, we're watching you.

**The Enemy**

**The views on this page do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors. Please note that we reserve the right to edit letters in the interests of space.**

# Editorial

IT IS almost three years since South Africa became 'New', and still, transformation seems to be on the same track as British Rail, ie. it's never going to get there. Once again the Broad Transformation Forum at Rhodes was disrupted, mainly because Council and Senate did not send any representatives to the meeting.

It is difficult for students to make any kind of change effective, if the bodies that control the University do not take the transformation process seriously. Coupled with this is the declining power of traditionally strong student groups on campus. See page 6 for a student's perspective on the internal problems that Sasco are facing at the moment.

It is unfortunate that the strongest voices behind transformation come from the black students on campus. There are too many white students who manage to deftly ignore the tensions at Rhodes. That is until their lectures are disrupted, when they become vociferous in asserting their human rights. Once again it comes down to student apathy and self-absorption: 'As long as my life's OK, who cares about anyone else's?' At the risk of sounding like a politician, I have to say that student unity is an important factor in bringing about transformation at Rhodes, and until that happens, we will never be able to motivate the Rhodes Administration to make the changes that are necessary.

THE rumours of rape on campus are disturbing to say the least. Rape has to be one of the most hideous violations of a human being's body, and unfortunately, it is mostly women who are the victims. I won't elaborate on the tired excuses that men think up to wriggle out of responsibility, because I think that in her poem entitled *Rape Poem*, Marge Piercy says it all: *There is no difference between being raped and being bit on the ankle by a rattlesnake except that people ask if your skirt was short and why you were out alone anyhow.*

With all the attention on the subject at the moment, it is a good time for people to think about, discuss and change their attitude to rape. Because it is all very well to give self-defence demonstrations and talks on what to do and what not to do, but that does not stop the rapists from committing the crime. I am really talking about date rape - when a man thinks no means yes - because it is something that can happen so easily, but which will leave a woman scarred for life. Basically it all comes down to respect for people. If you respect someone, you cannot violate their body.

ON A lighter note, *ACTIVATE* has once again raged against time, technology and writer's block to bring you a hefty dose of news, views and entertainment.

At the beginning of the year, our sports editor resigned, (to take up a job at the Sowetan, rumour has it) and we recently appointed Francoise Gallet to take over the portfolio. For the first time in ages, we have four whole pages of sport, covering both fringe and mainstream activities.

Our centrespread features an orgy of travel, and if these descriptions don't make you want to leave Grahamstown, then there's no hope for you.

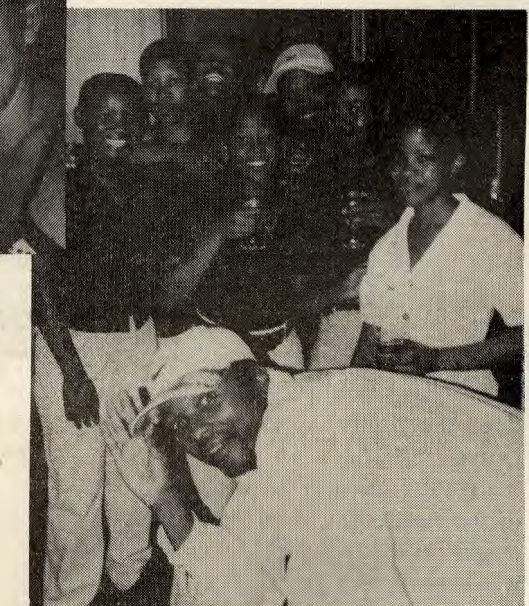
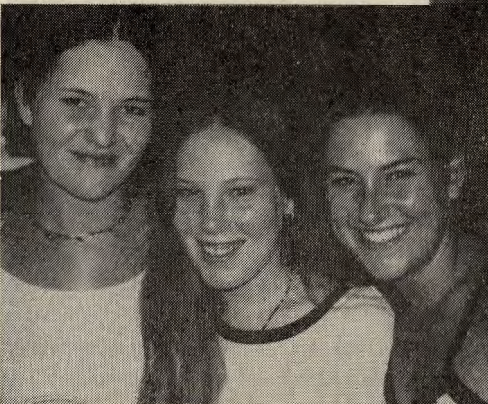
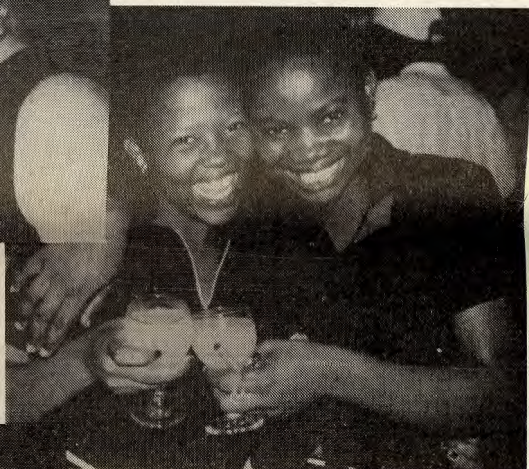
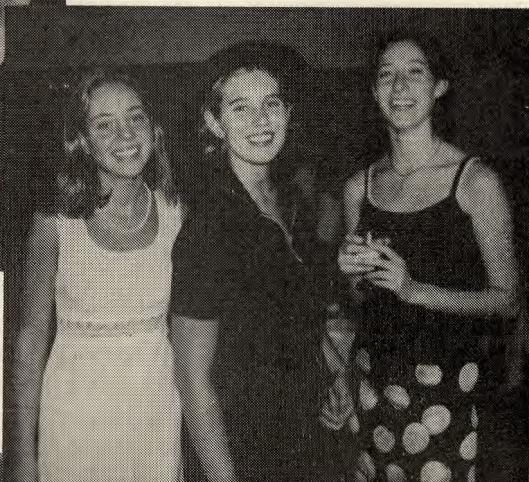
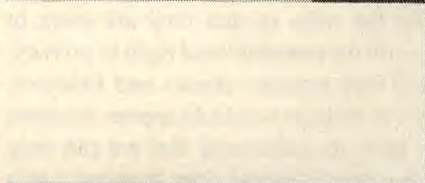
Most importantly, we bring you an overview of SciFest 97, Grahamstown's first ever science festival, running from April 9 - 15. If you aren't planning to visit the Monument, read page 5, and I guarantee that the most scientifically retarded of you will leap up and cross mountains, rivers and Black Holes to discover the magic and mystery of science.

It just remains for me to wish you all a happy holiday, and to congratulate those of you who are graduating over the vac.

## creditorial

Brigid (you see it still doesn't fit - size does count), Zandi (I need a man), Francoise (all you can think is blaaanket!), Lineke (fatal internal haemorrhaging), Philani (this life is life after death), Jason (I'm not, like, a woman), Ian (big it!), Sean, Helene, Geoff, Sara D, Ilja, Lisa, Jerri, Brian (we know you really want to be a journalist), Jamie, Katie, Toast and Kytie (going back to their roots), Gil (the man with blue hair), Heather, Jason, Justine, Jackie, Richard, Vicki (the recycled teenager), James, Sarah, Jak, Andrew, Memory, Jack, Brendan (finally in print), Silvanus, Paul, Claire, Helen, Tseko, Aaron, Hugh, Alison, Ndundu, Justine, Solomon, Mzwai, Michael, Jaki, Taryn, Sarah G, Graunt, Vuyani, Joanne(lalalala laaaa), Paul L (cut again), Liezel (snip, snip), Ilda, Eric, Celine (the star), Mboneni (with yet another unco-operative page), the anonymous cartoonist, Monty, Bernie, Steph and s'cool media, Teresa (initiated into the frustrations of designing), Sharon, Posh Pizza and no kettle, fighting nicotine withdrawal, hunger, thirst, and writer's block! And the Easter bunny forgot us...

# Seen at the Activate cheese and wine...



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# Malawi-off the beaten track

*Africa has become a hot tourist destination in the past few years. However, it is quite uncommon for the average traveller to look beyond the famous must-sees of the country and have a real adventure. But Joanne Levitan and Brian Hunt are not your average travellers. On a recent backpacking trip to Malawi, they discovered that there is more to the "Land of the Lake," than the Lake itself.*

**LIKE** true intrepid explorers itching for an adventure, our first destination was to climb the highest peak in Central Africa: Mount Mulanje. This huge granite mountain rises sheer out of the Phalombe Plain reaching 3002 metres. Before we had time to consider how daunting this prospect was with our heavy packs, the slippery paths and no clear trail, we were accosted by Medecin. Medecin was one of the local porter/guide/anything-else-that-makes-money guys that swarm around you as you get off the bus. Only he was smarter. He nabbed us on the bus before we even reached Mulanje itself. And like normal, ignorant tourists we let him over-charge us for his not-so-useful services.

Surrounded by mist and dense sub-tropical forest, we left the Phalombe Plain and traversed the steep valley - the safest and probably only way to reach the top without a rope.

As we climbed higher, the forest grew sparser and if it wasn't for the clouds and the mist, we would surely have had spectacular views of the plateau beneath us. As it was, we walked surrounded by whiteness on the verge of nothing, but very aware of the sheer drop that was concealed.

Six hours later, we reached the overnight stop - a dingy, dirty hut guarded by an absurdly subservient nightwatchman.

A word of advice. If you plan to climb the mountain take your own sleeping bag. They do provide bedding, but the smell and texture will inform you that it has been well-used by about 30 year's worth of dirty, sweaty bodies.

On the next day we discovered the real magic of Mulanje - the peak. After a vertical climb worthy of a Camel Trophy we stood thousands of metres in the air. Looking down on the clouds below us, we understood the old cliché. We were on top of the world. It was a rush that no drug can give you. After listening to Medecin sigh loudly with boredom for a few hours, we reluctantly conceded to heading back down.

At this point we were convinced that nothing could top that experience and we were slightly disappointed to have climaxed so early in the holiday!

Fortunately, our next stop was the Zomba Plateau, Malawi's oldest forest reserve. In spite of a sprained ankle (Joanne), pouring rain and a short cut that added three hours to our hike, we discovered one of the most spectacular sights in the history of hiking (in our

opinion). Our mission was to find Chingwe's Hole - a natural hole which, according to local legend, is bottomless. It is said that Chief Chingwe disposed of

ever. Then suddenly, there would just be whiteness. Pure magic.

There are two important things we learned in Malawi. Firstly, the lake might be known for its mosquitos but in Mulanje and Zomba beware of the ferocious army ants. They are no joke. They form long columns - hundreds of workers marching under the watchful eye of soldiers armed with impressive sets of jaws. Brian found out the hard way that you should steer clear of them. Whatever he was doing (climbing the mountain, washing the dishes, unfolding the tent) the ants would find him. Many an interesting dance



Mount Mulanje, Central Africa's highest peak at 3002 metres

pic: Joanne Levitan

enemies captured in battle by throwing them down the hole. A more recent rumour (that might contain a grain of truth) is that the former president, Hastings Kamuzu Banda, revived this tradition.

Be that as it may, the hole was not very impressive. However, it did lead us to an awesome view.

This time we were not above the clouds but on the edge of a cliff over-looking a lush valley echoing with the sound of calling loeries. It was raining and misty, but every so often the mist would clear and for a minute or two we could see for-

was performed while he tried to loosen their clamped jaws. So don't just worry about malaria!

Secondly, try not to travel in the rainy season (November to April). There is nothing worse than a leaking tent, a wet sleeping bag and squelching boots (which we lived with for a month!).

More importantly many paths and roads are closed after storms because they become too dangerous.

Our final word of advice: DON'T JUST VISIT THE LAKE! Malawi is a country with so much to see and do.

Do it justice.

## The Land of the Lake

**THE** Lake is still worth seeing, of course. Stretching for more than 585km and covering at least 15% of Malawi's surface area, Lake Malawi is truly magnificent.

The *akuna matata* ("no problem") attitude of the locals living on the shores of the Lake adds to the relaxing atmosphere and without the distraction of television or newspapers, it is very easy to forget the real world. Two of the most popular spots are Cape

Maclear, near the southern tip of the Lake, and Nkhata Bay, further north. Both areas are very backpacker-friendly with a variety of hostels to choose from.

When in Cape Maclear, be sure to visit West Thumbi Island for some of the best snorkelling ever. The local fishermen will be happy (for a small fee) to take you to the island and (for a slightly larger fee) they will be even happier to prepare a fish braai for you on the

beach.

The usual delicacies are fish unique to Malawi such as *kampanga* and *chambo* (not to be confused with another delicacy *chamba* - marijuana).

When visiting Nkhata Bay it is essential that you find the Heart Motel - a dingy dump that makes the best banana pancakes in the world (rumour has it).

If you are interested in either Openwater

I or II scuba diving courses, Aqua Africa in Nkhata Bay is said to be the cheapest place in the world (US\$120 all-inclusive).

If you are looking for a bit of seclusion and privacy, there are many less populated beaches a few kilometres north and south of Nkhata. We discovered Chikela Beach, about a 20 minute walk from Nkhata. It was paradise, with fantastic snorkelling a few steps from our tent and virtually no civilisation in sight.



The Lake shore at Cape Maclear and West Thumbi Island - a backpacker's mecca

pic: Joanne Levitan

## tourism information

**How to get there:** we travelled to Zimbabwe by train and then to Malawi by bus which came to about R600 return. Buses are also available directly from Johannesburg to Blantyre, Malawi for around R550 each way. Then again, if you want to miss the excitement of border-stops and have a few extra bucks to spare, you can always fly! No visa is required for Malawi, but a transit visa for Mozambique is necessary if you are travelling by bus.

**How much money to take:** Malawi is said to be one of the cheapest tourist spots in Africa (even with our exchange rate). If you camp, travel on local transport, eat only rice and don't buy loads of curios, you could get by on about R800 for a month's travels.

**Medical needs:** Malawi, and the Lake in particular, is a high malaria-risk area especially during the rainy season. Be sure to investigate which malaria tablets are suitable. Take along insect repellent and a mosquito net for extra protection.

# opening the door to Mozambique

Claire Smith

IN OCTOBER 1992, the cease-fire was signed bringing an end to the civil war which had destroyed the cosmopolitan city of Lorenzo Marques and spiralled the country into devastation and destruction. Today, the amazing country of Mozambique, an enigma in itself forbidden to most South Africans in our years of growing up, is now opening its doors to welcome tourists to a land where peace now reigns and the people are content and free, despite their poverty.

We travelled by train from the crime-ridden streets of Johannesburg through the beautiful landscape of the Eastern Transvaal to arrive in the land of mangoes and coconuts. Despite the dirty streets and dilapidated buildings, Mozambique still retains a Mediterranean and Eastern charm brought to Africa by Arab traders and Portuguese colonialists. The architecture, street cafes and the slowing down of time are an amalgamation of Africa and Europe; a tropical paradise.

Entering a foreign city is possibly one of

the most frightening experiences in the world. For those first few hours you are vulnerable to every con artist and every schiester seeking to make a quick few thousand meticaïs (Mozambican currency). Fortunately we bumped into a South African on holiday in Maputo who whisked us away to our Pensao Central with its flashing neon lights and rather dodgy beds and bathroom (shared by everyone on the floor). Luckily, we discovered a backpackers' hostel a few days later in Maputo; just ask around for Fattimas in Mao Tse Tung avenue, the taxi drivers around the trains station should know. It is a wonderful place to meet other travellers, get a real meal and a well-earned rest.

Maputo night life is both sensual and exciting, and believe it or not, it is safe to walk the streets at night! Brazilian bands play the night away at Eagles nightclub and the restaurants at the Feira Popular let you sample dishes from all over the world. Saturday afternoons there is live jazz at the Costa de Sol, and we found a marvellous seafood restaurant at the end of Praia de Sol (with clean toilets, heaven!!)

We left Maputo in true Peter Stuyvesant style, riding the waves on a speedboat heading for the exotic island of Inhaca, just 35km from the mainland. There we camped on the beach, free of charge, swam in our own personal sea, lazed on our private beach and snorkelled amongst the coral gardens which are like the underwater version of the hanging gardens of Babylon. Look out for Pedro who lives about 500m to the right of the hotel, he lets you use his shower and water for R2,50 a day, not bad considering a coke at the Inhaca hotel costs the equivalent of R9,20!!! Ask one of the locals to show you the path which leads to Santa Maria, we got lost and sunstroke stole away our second day on the island. The village is built of reed and consists mainly of bars with names like Kingston Town. Lucas' restaurant serves magnificent seafood and ice cold beers - soothing to a sunstruck head. We only had 16 days there, and determined to see more of this fascinating land we said our farewells to paradise itself and headed back to the mainland. The following morning we caught a taxi to the bus station and paid R35



A friendly greeting from the Inhaca Island

to catch a bus 500km north (it wasn't quite the Greyhound but we got there in one piece). You know you are reaching the Inhambane province when coconut palm trees by the thousands begin to dominate the landscape. After eating lunch in Maxixe (where there was a clean toilet!) we caught a dhow, an ancient Portuguese fishing vessel, across the bay to Inhambane, the 180-year-old Arab trading village. We stayed in the Inhambane hotel and I think we were the first people to stay there in years, although that pair of red underwear rotting above the shower suggested otherwise.

The first night we were there a pipe had burst and there was no running water. We had our first real "Portuguese shower" out of a bucket, but to be honest, we were too tired to care.

The following day, we caught a lift on the back of a bakkie to the surfer's paradise of Tofu - endless beaches and ferocious waves enhanced by the local coconut beer. There we stayed at Campismo Americano in a reed hut and delighted in the joys of a 'long drop'. By this time we had truly slowed down to Mozambican time and when we

eventually made our way back South we didn't bat an eyelid when the bus came to a stop on the side of the road so everyone could get out to buy lucky beans and bananas, including the bus driver.

Not just a holiday, an experience!

pictures by Craig Stowe



Improvised ferry to the dhow from Maxixe to Inhambane



Unwinding on the beach at Inhaca



Kingston Town bar on Inhaca island, a taste of Jamaica

*As a South African struggling in London on a work permit, Helen Dampier decided that she'd had enough of the First World and bad weather. And so, with friend in tow, she decided to brave the mysteries of Morocco.*

**AFTER** spending six months in the cold, grey gloom of London, the enticing picture of sunny Morocco in a magazine had me counting my money and at the travel agent in no time. I knew absolutely nothing about the country, but I knew I needed to get away from Europe and had to see the Sahara desert and Atlas mountains to have a well-rounded appreciation of Africa.

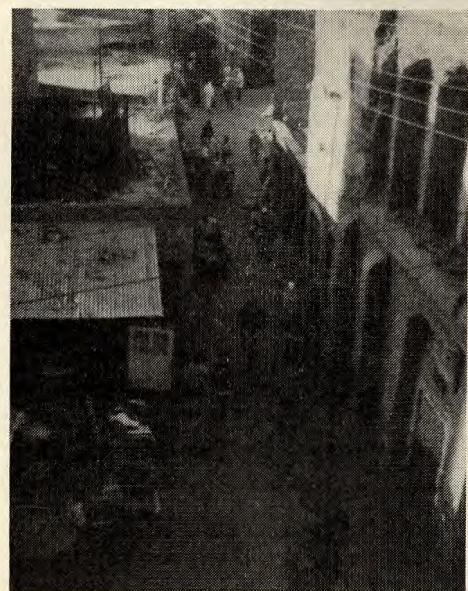
As women travelling alone in what was apparently a conservative Muslim country, we decided to abandon the ubiquitous youth hostel accommodation in favour on an inexpensive hotel. We also arranged for part of our two week stay to be a formal tour. We spent the first 10 days of our holiday in Agadir, which is on the South coast of Morocco. Most of the old city of Agadir was destroyed in a massive earthquake in 1960, so it is a fairly new town catering largely for tourists.

***Waiters tried to lure us with cries of "fish and chips" and "Yorkshire pudding".***

We spent our first few days exploring the town and trying out some of the local restaurants. We were constantly mistaken for British tourists (much to our distress) and waiters stood outside their restaurants trying to lure us in with cries of "fish and chips" and "Yorkshire pudding"!

Moroccan food is spicy and delicious, with couscous forming the mainstay of most meals. Finding good vegetarian food can be frustrating, and if you're unlucky you may end up eating omelettes three times a day. The best meals to have tended to be at the slightly obscure places - the mainstream restaurants served food obviously modified for European palates. Perhaps the most decadent of all were the pastry shops selling a mouth-watering array of sweet, sticky pastries filled with almonds or pistachio nuts and dripping with honey.

The souks (markets) in Agadir operate every weekend, so on our first Sunday, we took a taxi to what we expected to be a very touristy market place. In fact, when we arrived we found that we were the only tourists around. We were immediately swamped by people claiming to be guides and offering to lead us through the maze of stalls that make up the souks. We tried to avoid them but eventually realised that we couldn't go very far without a local to accompany us. Without their presence, people rush out of their stalls and try to persuade you to buy their goods, and you are constantly pestered by men who are not used to seeing women out alone. The souks



Souks in Marrakech seen from a carpet shop

# EXPLORE THE MYSTERIES OF MOROCCO

are a cluttered collection of every commodity available - rusty old bikes are sold next to second-hand false teeth and huge bunches of fresh mint (for mint tea) and fresh coriander perfume the narrow aisles between the stalls. We made our purchases over glasses of minted rose petal tea, while we discussed prices with the shopkeeper.

Haggling is the usual procedure of purchase in Morocco, and it is much more sociable than the impersonal shopping malls we are used to. The beach at Agadir was its main attraction - 10 kilometres of sand along the Atlantic (which turned out to be warm rather than icy as we expected). You can hire a sun lounger and umbrella for the equivalent of about R15 a day, and we made frequent and happy use of this facility. It meant that you are separated from the rest of the beach and protected from the gazes and leers of the local men.

Most of the men ride round on mopeds and often come to a complete stop to gawp at scantily clad women tourists or yell "Bon Jour la gazelle!" (the French equivalent of "Hello bokkie!" I suppose). Actually, the Moroccan people were very friendly and jovial and the attention showered on Western women was mostly inoffensive and unthreatening.

While in Agadir we took a few excursions into the surrounding countryside. Our first trip took us to a village in the Antre-Atlas mountains called Immouzer, where we took a perilous mule ride to an old French Foreign Legion Fort (Morocco was a French Protectorate from 1912 to 1956). The mules were tiny (our feet almost touched the ground), but the narrow, stony track up the mountain-side did afford spectacular views of the beautiful countryside below.

***The desert is arid, but its vastness and silence give it a sense of beauty and openness***

We also took a land rover trip through the village of Massa, one of the "gateway" towns bordering the Sahara.

The desert is arid, but its vastness and silence give it a sense of beauty and openness that is in the stark contrast with England's pretty floral landscape. The highlight of the excursion was a bracing swim at the deserted beach of Sidi Rabat where the Atlantic meets the Sahara.

Our four day tour around Morocco was interesting, although a guided tour with four other people did mean that many compromises had to be made. We first travelled to Marrakech, the Fourth Imperial City of Morocco (chosen by the ruling dynasty of a particular era to be the capital city). The souk in Marrakech is the largest market in North Africa and the adjoining Jeema el Fna square is the centre of social and community life in the old city. Snake charmers, dentists, story-tellers, acrobats and monkey-trainers all jostle for attention next to food stalls offering anything from

delicious unleavened bread baked on coals to the less appetising roasted sheep heads. We made the mistake of drinking mint tea in a carpet shop - the owner was very persuasive and once we had accepted the glass of tea we felt obliged to buy something! In Marrakech we also visited the beautiful Bahia Palace, which is an awe-inspiring example of Moroccan architecture. Colourful, hand-made mosaics, richly decorated ceilings and a great sense of spaciousness characterise most buildings, even the usually boring structures like airports and offices.

***Instead of seeing cows and sheep on the road, we saw camels.***

The drive through the Atlas mountains was incredible. The mountain slopes themselves are dry, rocky and barren but at the foot of

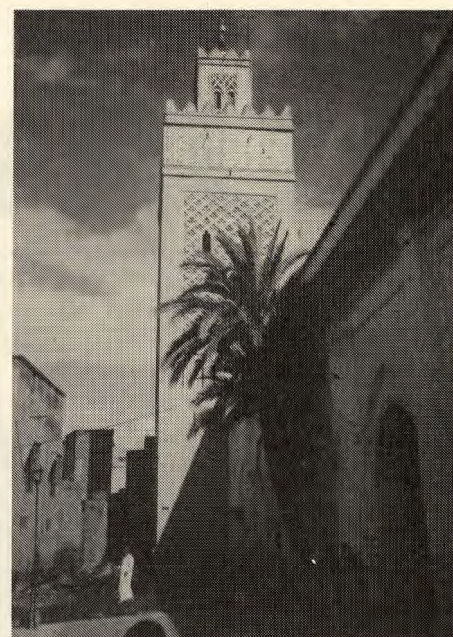


Kasbah of Taourirt, Ouzazzarte: extraordinary attention to detail is characteristic of Moroccan architecture. beautiful mosques such as this one in Marrakech

the slopes there are often date-palms oases or bright green cultivated fields. Children sell fossils they have collected from the mountains, at the roadside. Instead of seeing cows and sheep on the side of road, it is usual to see groups of camels. Much of the land in Morocco is state-owned and nomads are free to trek through this land with their camels and their herds of goats. On our drive back to Agadir we passed through the Saffron Valley and stopped at a tiny shop to sample warming saffron tea and sweet, sticky lady-finger bananas.

People are very poor (especially in small rural villages) and try to sell anything in a desperate attempt to make whatever money they can (and which may be misunderstood as pushiness). Everyone we met was friendly and welcoming, although we were confronted with massive disbelief when we said we were South African. It seems that South Africans are not frequent visitors to Morocco.

Most Moroccans can speak Arabic, French, English and Berber. The Berbers are a group



Morocco is largely a Muslim country, with many beautiful mosques such as this one in Marrakech

that make up 60% of the population and can be distinguished from Arabs by their reddish hair and blue or green eyes. It is useful, especially in restaurants to have a few French phrases ready (our staple was "Do you have any vegetarian dishes?") Transport in and around the cities is efficiently provided by the red petit taxi (for 2-3 passengers) or blue grande taxi for larger groups. Fares average at R5 for a journey across town, but in true Moroccan style, all prices are negotiable, so be sure to strike a favourable deal with your driver! There are plenty of inexpensive hotels in Agadir, and there is also a backpackers' hostel, which no doubt will be cheaper. Morocco is a fascinating combination of

African, French and Arabic cultures, and every aspect of our trip was an eye-opening adventure into this diversity.

Landing in London at 3am and welcomed only by pouring rain and temperatures near freezing, was a terrible contrast to our gloriously warm holiday.

My worst suspicions were confirmed - forget Europe and venture in Africa instead... it's infinitely more exciting.

pictures by Helen Dampier

**Flight Details**  
**Royal Air Maroq fly from Johannesburg to Casablanca every Friday. A return ticket (valid from 6 days up to 3 months) costs R2990 in low seasons (2 August - 18 June) or R3450 in high season (19 June - 1 August).**

# LURVE VIBRATIONS

James Cairns

**NO-ONE** says "lurve vibrations" like Clara-bo. It turns a middle-aged American woman with white hair and something about her eyes, into a prospective partner for dinner. That is, after the little speech that has now dragged on for two hours without a break. In the beginning, she had been speaking to young and old, the dorks and the cool people, and others that made for a nice cosmopolitan audience. By the end of the talk in Arts Major, they had thinned out into a small group of aging hippies interspersed with the odd journalist (who *had* to be there).

Some were asking for advice about whether to neuter their cat or not. She told them to ask the pet if that was cool and work from there. It was obvious that people needed something to believe in, and she was putting forward a system of belief ready for the taking.

So, dreaming of Woodstock and looking like Crosby, Stills and Nash, the old hippies left the hall - happy that someone had validated their way of thinking for them. Because Clara-bo Whiteman, founder of the Metaphysical centre in Sedona, Arizona, must know what she is talking about. She talked about aliens (the broadly accepted term is "extra-terrestrials", dahling), spirituality and those lurve vibrations.

Hopes for a close encounter with a mother-ship descending and sending out lurve vibrations are becoming very popular. Extrat-errestrials have overcome the stereotyped role of earth-destroying predators, taking on rather cuddly proportions that are more Yoda than Mars Attacks. Boring old aliens wouldn't be enough to change anyone's life, but Clara-bo seems to have combined the two bandwagons currently lumbering across western popular thought - spirituality and extra-terrestrials - and came up with a right winner! I don't know about the spirituality side, I know that I would have been one of the people on the



Clara-bo: receiving messages from the aliens

pic: Sarah Dunseith

roof in *Independence Day* who got zapped while shouting, "Take me. Leave the others!"

So I jumped onto the ol' alien conspiracy bandwagon too. I want a close encounter of the third kind, but without having things implanted or rammed up my nose. Clara-bo says it isn't like this. I wanted to know what everyone wants to know - what do they look like? Are they a gang of inter-planetary cattle-rustling rapists? Is there a phrase book out? Are they selling real estate?

I thought Clara-bo could help here, because she knows some hepcats from the Pleiades group (some stars far away) and a couple of the Mars guys, but, fair enough, they don't all look the same.

"There are so many different types. Sometimes they do have the long arms and the big grey heads and the blue skin. There are many different types and that always surprises the audience too."

Clara-bo is involved in 'channelling', which is spiritual contact with the extraterrestrials by groups who want to increase the power of their love. The aliens she receives most of her information from are the Great White Brotherhood, who are "desiring to

help Earth and bring our energy up to a higher love vibration. They're very spiritual beings".

The Great White Brotherhood are opposed by the Shadow, or Dark Side, who have "influenced Earthlings in a negative way." Just what Darth wanted to happen to Luke, but his lurve vibrations were too powerful. "In 1987, with all the meditation groups and all of the prayer groups that were formed around the world, the vibrations changed and the Great White Brotherhood members started channelling to humans and we started learning more and more about them, about what was expected of earth and how earth was to ascend into another dimension," she says, finally taking a breath.

"So it's by contact with the Great White Brotherhood and various other groups that have been channelling through humans, that we have learned a great deal about the history of earth and planetary changes. It's their contact with us which has allowed us to reopen true memories and true fact." What do they want changed?

"They want the masses to raise their vibrations to the love vibration. If more people wanted peace, then peace would prevail. We

only need a certain amount of people to be open and aware again. In the Bible it speaks of the 144 000 that will be the saved. And we now believe it is more, because of the work with the extra-terrestrials and the fact that they have been channelling, saying 'We can't come down and intervene, you must ask us to help.'

"There are thousands of us who are aware of them and who are asking for their help. And as I go and speak, we find more people who will go and start groups of their own. And these sub-groups all add up. They make a difference."

Someone asks Clara-bo what it was like when she first made contact with the aliens. Did she feel elated?

"Yes, very elated - exceedingly so. The first time that I made contact, I had started seeing the spacecraft around Sedona, but my friends were saying that I can't possibly be seeing that.

"One night I saw one. I was driving, so I slowed down and I was hearing a message. If you live in the light of God then you are attuned to these messages. I turned and there's this beautiful white horse, so I slow down and it's right in pace with my car, and then its right in front of my car and it continues that beautiful pace, but when I drove past and looked, it wasn't there.

"They took form and they were saying, 'Yes, you are right, you are seeing us'. And I told my friends and then they started believing. They started believing that I was seeing."

I ask about all this talking to the extra-terrestrials. Is it like a big booming voice from the sky, or is it like having coffee at Wimpy?

"It's just like you and I are talking. There's no one-upmanship."

And are we all from the same stock, way back?

"Some souls who have the human form are extra-terrestrial. If you look into their eyes you see a different energy. Yeah. There are many ET's in human form at this time."

"Here to help us?" someone asks hopefully. "Oh yes."

## The Idiot's Guide to World Politics

*Should aliens ever land on Earth, we all expect their first demand to be: "Take us to your leaders". But if the aliens get their wish, they would probably do an about-face and blast off again into the depths of Outer Space, having found that Earth is lacking in the intelligent life form department*

**Jak Koseff and Andrew Burden** dedicate this, the *Idiot's Guide to World Politics*, to our bold ambassadors of "The People". A word of caution to overly sensitive readers: this is satire and should not be taken seriously. It can however be used as toilet paper should circumstances dictate.

**AMNESTY** - Akin to, and often confused with amnesia. Amnesty is a wonderful cure-

all for common South African ailments such as barbarism, torture and death

**A.W.B** - Aka Potchefstroom Boys' High Old Boys Club. Group activities include Pseudo Swastika Art, careering in jeeps through diplomatic gatherings and invading small neighbouring countries over the weekend

**BUTHELEZI** - Immortalised and best defined by Freddie Mercury when he sang: "Oooh Yes, I'm the great pretender". See MANGOSUTHO

**DEMOCRACY** - Definitions of this word vary according to who has the biggest arsenal of weapons at their disposal

**ECONOMY** - (RSA) Your guess is as good as ours. Basically run by COSATU

**FIREARMS** - The only commodity in South Africa that outsells toilet paper; but tends to create more of a mess than toilet paper (very good at wiping out though)

**FUNDAMENTALIST** - A person who wakes up in the morning, brushes his/her teeth like the rest of us, then promptly straps enough

dynamite to destroy a small country to his/her back before leaving for work

**GOVERNMENT OF NATIONAL UNITY** - No, that's too easy. And besides, there's nothing we can do to them that they haven't already done to themselves.

**HEALTH DEPARTMENT** - Aka Zuma-Zuma Theatrical Productions. They're currently working on the film version of SARAFINA II. It is expected to cost 10 times the Gross Domestic Product, but is fortunately financed by one independant donor

**HUSTLER** - Gazette for government employees' identity photographs. Hugely popular and quite revealing

**INTELLIGENCE** - Euphamism used by the previous government for such brutal policies as murder, torture, vilence and placing Craig Williamson in charge of covert operations

**JOURNALIST** - Politicians' and former secret service policemen' worst nightmare

**KU KLUX KLAN** - See AWB (Transatlantic Chapter)

**MANGOSUTHO** - In some parts of the world it is a soft melon. Its definition here is not altogether dissimilar. See BUTHELEZI

**MANDELA** - The world's first leader to put "Carribean Barbie" to shame with his extensive wardrobe

**PROCRASTINATION** - See Reform, RDP, Transformation, Foreign Affairs etc. etc.

**RDP** - Really Disastrous Politics (See PROCRASTINATION)

**SABC** - Shame

**SRC** - We'd love to tell you what they do, but nobody on campus seems to know

**TIMEBOMB** - Most of central and eastern Europe at the moment

**TALKSHOW HOSTS** - Felicia Mabusa Not So Subtle

**UFO** - Unidentified Foreign Objectives

**VOLKSTAAT** - Never-Never Land

**WALK** - 1. Long... To Freedom, 2. Andre Markgraaff

**X-RATED** - The Markgraaff telephone tapes

**X-FILES** - Any documents from the previous government

# nailing noisy neighbours

Brigid Martin

CALL me anal retentive, but there are moments when I do not want a tennis ball bouncing merrily on my window pane. There are also moments when I can do without Celine Dion or The Blarney Brothers on replay.

This is not going to be a list of bands that I don't like, but I am mentioning it hoping that my neighbours will read and understand. That's assuming they can read. But let's not get nasty about this. People can listen to the Blarney Brothers if they want to - they must just remember that it leaves me free to subject them to tap-dripping Chinese torture.

In my youth, I lived an idyllic life. Picture a quaint little house at the end of a quaint little close, surrounded by big strong trees (with branches waving gently in the breeze). The beauty of it all was that the peace and tranquillity was only ever disturbed by our hay-fever ridden neighbour sneezing like a sick donkey.

But then I went into res. Brrrring, brrrring; giggle, giggle; theme music from the *Bold and the Beautiful*; fire drill at 4am. Need I say more?

Then it was digs, and a digsmate who thought that "Short Dick Man" and Scatman John were universal answers to the search for meaning in life. His attempt to become popular centered around his never-ending supply of Malawi Gold, and as long as that lasted, so did the cacophonous orgy.

Having escaped that, I ended up in a townhouse complex, that for the purposes of my own safety, shall remain nameless. There are the people who play soccer and cricket in the afternoon, the aim being to get the ball to bounce off every house in one hit. Then there are the ones who shout to their buddies standing at the other end of the complex. And then there are the Celine Dion and Blarney Bros. ones. But the ones that really get me are the buggers who plan a party, write cute little notes apologising for the noise, *and then don't invite us!*

***I would really love to run outside with an AK47 shouting "Don't fuck with me, man!", but my bloody pacifist morals keep getting in the way.***

As a pacifist, I am finding this a hard situation to deal with. I would really love to run outside with an AK47 shouting "Don't fuck with me, man!", but my bloody pacifist morals keep getting in the way.

I suppose the next best thing would be to acquire an industrial water pistol, which wouldn't hurt anyone, but it would really piss them off. There are other stress relievers - playing Doom allows you to kill things on a computer without having to bother with a lawsuit; beating a telephone directory with a hose pipe works too; or throwing darts at pictures of your enemies. Mmmm, I've heard that sticking pins into a little doll also works... But before my imagination turns into reality, I shall walk calmly out of the door, and calmly ask my neighbours-with-the-bad-taste-in-music to turn it down. Because as I write, they are playing "the Macarena..."

# Thoughts of a Recycled Student

Vicki Hastings

WHEN I look around the lecture halls and realise that I am not only older than all the students, but also older than most of the lecturers, it becomes obvious that I am indeed a "mature student." If I were a bottle of wine, Sotheby's could auction me off for a magnificent sum!

Being young at heart, albeit slightly older in other places, it isn't intimidating being surrounded by so much youth, but there are many stresses. Trying to re-awaken brain cells that have retired to a corner of the cerebellum and have taken up knitting is not easy.

I am bombarded by information which the few remaining active cells try to gather up. I rush home to write up notes only to discover that the majority of cells holding this new information have died of old age on the way, taking all the information with them.

Undaunted, I hobble to the set books or recommended readings to reread what has been lost - only to find that after 15 minutes of reading I nod off!

Psychology decrees that we have to write down 10 points which we deem important in teenage sexuality. This is ancient history for me.

I was a teenager when the air was clean and sex was dirty! I was around for the age of flower power and so-called promiscuous sex. The rest of the students can turn to their diaries and discuss it with their friends. I have to read through interminable tomes, only to discover that not much has really changed anyway.

Some of the students are very offended when I point this out. After all, each generation feels that it is special, that they are facing special problems and that everything is new.

Drama decrees that you throw yourself around with suicidal abandon. I can just envisage the death notice: "died while fall-

ing trustingly through the arms of classmates."

Though, dealing as they do with human emotions and being particularly sensitive, the Drama Department is amazingly supportive of their old lady, and have made me feel very welcome.

The students are becoming very adept at stepping over me as I flounder on the floor. So, with luck, the death notice can be scrapped!

Attitudes towards me have ranged from delight to unease. Be assured, all students and lecturers who feel even marginally threatened, it's taking all my energy to keep my few information-saturated brain cells alive. There is nothing left over for anything else! I am not here to judge or be judged.

I do not want to be young again, I just don't want to get old! I cannot be shocked (except electrically) and I am thoroughly enjoying myself here.

Perhaps, as Ogden Nash said, my mind is maturing late - or simply rotting early!

# potty-training for men

Jamie Whittaker

NOT too long ago, in a toilet not too far away, there was an adventure that was not too adventurous, but which was decidedly odd enough to get me thinking about toilet behaviour.

Needing to answer the call of nature I ventured into one of South Africa's more putrid faecal grottos. It could be more accurately described as a kind of swimming pool with most of its water drained (I say most, because there were many suspiciously stinking puddles around).

In this festering pit young men splashed around, surrounded by all kinds of smells, sweaty and red-faced from the exertion of expelling their stinking faeces in front of everybody.

Men among men. All free and easy. Laughing, cheering and joking with one another, it sort of reminded me of a rugby game.

This was a game alright, the slickened tiles of the bathroom floor the playing field and unbuttoned pants the uniform. We line up, ready for action in crud-encrusted cubicles (or if you're really lucky, in front of a communal trough), splotted and spotted doors hanging loose.

Laughing and joking, size being compared out of the corner of your neighbour's eye; blatantly obvious but what can you do?

And heaven forbid you should have a little trouble. This is no place for the reluctant. Teased and tortured, a shy person could be left emotionally scarred for the rest of his life after a visit to one of these loo's.

Surely the fairer sex is not so blatantly crude when the need to use the loo arises? Why should such vulgarity occupy men's bathrooms?

And why is it confined to the bathroom of all places? It is the only place in the world where it seems acceptable for men to expose themselves to one another with such free and easy intimacy. Such extraordinary

phallic familiarity inside the bathroom and such perfect restraint outside.

How far back does this ritual go? And for how long has it been affecting man's everyday life?

I can just imagine a group of Neanderthals comparing penis size and then sauntering off to their respective caves and spouses, gloating, in grunts, that they have the largest weapons. And then proceeding to prove their supremacy.

Perhaps this is the basis of men's promiscuity. An age-old tradition with far-reaching consequences.

It's not just me who thinks about these things. At least 50% of the women with whom I spoke admitted a certain curiosity as to what actually happens in the world of urinals and the few that had actually stumbled upon its secrets were adequately appalled.

You might say "chicks are the ones who take forever in there, what takes them so

long?"

But if as many guys as girls waited for a vacancy instead of using the floor or sink, or the bush outside, we too would take as long. Besides, it's no excuse for the state of most men's public facilities.

So what the hell's wrong with us men? Come on, *gentlemen*, let's clean up our act!



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# OUT OF (STUDENT) BODY

Richard Wasserfall

**THIS** is an article about an out-of-body experience in Grahamstown - in particular, my out-of-student-body experience at Rhodes.

I've seen Grahamstown, and specifically Rhodes, through different eyes. I finished my BA at the end of last year in English and Journalism expecting to do English Honours this year. Things didn't work out according to plan and I found myself directionless (again), as well as unemployed.

What the hell, I decided I'd come to Grahamstown anyway and get the addiction out of my system so that life can move on. I also came back here to escape from the outside world and life for just a while. I am not the first to have done this escapist thing, and I won't be the last to do it.

Yet to have once been a student and now to be on the outside of that peculiar body, shadowing those within, is quite an overwhelming experience.

Why? Because Grahamstown has a reality of its own and it becomes easy to forget about the world out there. It is easy to let yourself become absorbed into the existence here. Yet no matter how different this town is from the rest of reality, it also has its own reality and nightmares to go with it. Through new eyes, this was brought into vivid focus.

It is Grahamstown, the town, that hits you first. From outside the student body, a different perception of Grahamstown assaults you. No longer are you just the passing student. This town is now your life for the next while. In the body of a student you can close your eyes to the beggars whose pleas you have heard a thousand times before.

***I am not the first to have done the escapist thing.***

Now walking up through town I pass beggars who I have now known for three years. Always the same situation. "Hello Chief...", "Please Baas...", "Sorry Sir..." These people fill their days with these words which just bounce off the streets. And you know what? If I were able to give one guy whose plight has haunted me all these years a thousand rand today, he would be back in the same place tomorrow, and the next day, and long after I have left. The sadness is that I can make no difference to their lives. But life goes on.

Reliving Rhodes itself is quite an attack on the emotions. One thing about not being a student and moving back into Grahamstown is that there is not that pressure lurking behind skipped lectures and tuts. Drugs and alcohol and a social life become guilt-free. Yet someone else's pressure is always hanging around, sitting in a lounge smoking a joint with you. This alienates you. This feeling removes you from the shared interest and angst of what it is to be a student. And then I realise that this is not my world, I no longer really belong here.

It is then that the life of a student takes on an ambiguity of emotion. The state of a student is a state of abandonment within the world, yet somehow it becomes transient and frail with ultimately nothing to hold

onto. What the hell, no point in getting down about it. Get up go out and find a bar or a party and have fun.

So what about Rhodes social life? I am now a guest at the Union. I need to be signed in. But outside that? Digs parties continue which means nothing to me. The Vic always manages to raise its ugly head, and the Rat and Parrot? Somewhere on New Street, isn't it?

There is one thing that stays the same, though, even through new eyes, about Rhodes social life. Boredom still jiggles alongside it, always baiting you, but never quite fulfilling the expectations.

The thing is, I came back with expectations and I have had to watch them evaporate, become emotions. I have had to close myself to the things that have been a part of my life during my in-the-body stay.

***My time in this place has been one of those paradoxical conundrums.***

For me RMR is a significant example. I was both a DJ and a listener, part of a student station trying to find its way out into community broadcasting. Now for the first time I hear it from the outside, and the airwaves are different. The airwaves are not for me, and they are not quite for the community either. It is still a campus station, and a very good one.

Wandering on campus has also been interesting. Sitting in the library quad watching people walk by between lectures, sitting at Day Kaif reading a book with no place to go, has raised mixed emotions. Just absorbing the atmosphere of a Rhodes of which I can no longer be a part, has made me jealous in a way.

Still, I am glad that I now have my own mind to educate, and there is not someone else educating it for me. My time in this place has been one of those paradoxical conundrums, where everything is the same and everything is different simultaneously. Nothing changes but everything changes, and that's sometimes difficult to recognise. Lecturers are no longer lecturers. They are maybe confidants and mentors or just familiar faces drawn from the stream of life.

One thing I have had to realise while I have been out-of-body is this: for those in-the-body, a university exists, lectures exist, lecturers exist, essays become nightmares. For me, all I see is buildings and people walking around, meeting, dispersing, meeting, dispersing, talking, talking, talking and moving on.

There once was a university here, but now there are creamy red buildings with terracotta roofs. There once was a library but now there is an impasse of books as impenetrable as my old student card. Hell, I cannot even make photostats anymore. Somewhere life is going on out there, in the body to which I belong, and which I must now try to find.

I had a phenomenal experience at Rhodes. I have had a fantastic, hedonistic holiday in Grahamstown, but in doing so I have seen the town through new eyes. I am now content to let the old body die, leaving my spirit at rest, ready to dissolve itself into a new one. I believe I have achieved my goal - Rhodes and Grahamstown are out of my system. Next time I return, my new eyes will be ready within a new body.

## The Inside Story Too

*In the March 1996 issue of ACTIVATE, a former drug user described her struggle to overcome addiction:*

*"I wish for a normal life. I want to go to the beach on Sundays and feel the sand between my toes - a natural sensation, not heightened. I wish to giggle because I am truly content and not just truly stoned. I am still enclosed in my bitter battle and I know I should turn to God for spiritual upliftment, but I am trapped."*  
A year later, **Bern** continues her story.

**HOW** does one describe salvation? As a change from spiritual distortion to spiritual enhancement. It was time for things to change. My drug-taking habits became worse as I succumbed to the hopelessness of addiction. I had failed to realize that because my conscience was crying, my heart was not cold.

My drug use escalated into a Black Label-dagga-acid-and-magic mushroom frenzy as I headed for Desert Storm at Verneukpan in the Karoo. It was a remote rave for those wanting to find comforting justification for their habits by changing their environment. Drugs just have to get better somewhere else, where the environment might open new doors of experience. I encountered the same door, because I was using the same key - drugs.

I realised on the second night that my angst and my desperation were about to end. It was time to stop feeding off emptiness. I turned my eyes to God and told Him that I was coming home. Home, to a place of real fulfillment. A place away from the fight, to justify myself where His grace was all sufficient. My attempts to draw from "iron-will determination" had failed. I could no longer

fight flesh with flesh. I let God resurrect my soul, and I felt His Holy Spirit. I could now tackle my burdens using the entire force of Heaven - the authority of Jesus Christ. I am no longer going to lose myself in the monotony of trying to maintain the rush. I am no longer going to live in reaction to outer circumstances, being squeezed into one mould after the other. I have overcome my circumstances, and "the old has passed away, behold the fresh and new has come". I have a destiny. The love that has flooded my heart can now reach others who feel trapped. The only way to love is with love inside me.

God is love. I know God wants to save people from drugs and their impact. I see Him quietly speaking to their hearts. He will never be loud and forceful, but His nudging is so pure and dear it overcomes the demonic stronghold of narcotic indifference.

The world is corrosive and I am not immune. Satan is angry that I am free to strengthen my will against him. It is pitiful to see his rampage so futile. It is sad that people are hurt along the way, but Satan has no mercy. The Lord's "mercy will endure forever" and I can look forward to a new dawn without drugs and alcohol, anger and fear, the burning tears and frustration. It will be a new dawn of hope, peace, faithfulness and self-control.

Sometimes my past becomes loud and I end up looking at its ability to advertise itself. I find myself almost being sucked into the mirage, but I know the lie. God appeals to my spirit, and He does not have to advertise Himself - His depth renews all. I now believe and live the truth. I have made a decision for Christ and there is no turning back. I will reach my destiny, my dreams will be realised. Satan will not put me in a glass box. Freedom. Everyone has the promise of God. Today, there is something new.

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## Forget about the beach

# Gary Gordon: Supreme Humanity

Heather Ford

**HE HAS** an aura of calmness, quiet intelligence and absolute control. Even though some of Gary Gordon's work seems quite superhuman, he is in person, very human indeed. But to see some of the groundbreaking work which he has produced often renders one speechless by its sheer intensity.

Professor Gary Gordon, head of the Rhodes Drama Department, has achieved much in his career. His work has inspired and touched the lives of many people, not only in South Africa, but internationally as well. Yet one gets a clear sense that he knows where he's at and where he's going to, and that it's all very exciting.

Gary was recently nominated for the third time for the prestigious FNB Vita Award for the Choreographer of the Year for his piece 'The Unspeakable Story'. He was nominated for the same award for 'On the Light Side of the Moon' and 'Surround her with Water' in 1993. Gary then won the award in 1994 for 'Shattered Windows'. These accolades were well deserved, since

the First Physical Theatre Company was established in 1993.

When Gary accepted the position as head of department in 1993, he went on to form the First Physical Theatre Company "to introduce a professional aspect which allows a creative and professional approach to our work".

According to Gary, "it is vitally important to have a school, a place where you are training people and a company to experiment with works."

The First Physical Theatre Company is unique because it is a fusion of dance and drama, with a vitality and theatricality which draws on many different art forms. This style has its origins in Gary's eclectic background, as he was introduced to a variety of different art forms at a young age. Gary has always believed that 'you have to immerse yourself in art', in fact, he says that what inspires him most is going to art galleries and being very observant.

'TheUnspeakable Story' is based on the life of Rene Magritte, a surrealist painter whose work Gary found intensely provocative. After watching a documentary on his life, he found the most vivid image to be the

drowning of Magritte's mother. This theme became central to the dance drama and it added an "enormous human interest" to the story.

"It is almost a thriller," Gary says, "we keep giving clues and indications as to why she threw herself into the river, but we cannot say directly why she did it."

Essentially, the work is about "how the events in the life of a child impacts on them and specifically how the image of his drowned mother affected the young Magritte."

The First Physical Theatre Company has been artistically successful, but according to Gary it has not been as successful as it could be with funding. He believes that this country needs subsidisation for an experimental, creative company in order to educate and develop dance and theatre in South Africa, as well as to promote new work.

The First Physical Theatre Company was involved with "sharing work and interacting with the young people of the Eastern Cape", but when funding dried up, the company could not fulfill this dual function any longer.

"I think that there needs to be quite a criti-

cal change towards art subsidisation in this country," Gary says.

His future plans include the dream to establish a Research Centre which would provide for sophisticated, challenging opportunities for aspiring young dancers. His more immediate projects include an exciting new work called 'Resting in the Trees' to be presented at the 1997 National Arts Festival in collaboration with Clare Baker. Gary has also planned other works for both the mainstream and fringe programmes.

**Gary Gordon's First Physical Theatre Company has also been invited to present their award-winning dance piece 'The Unspeakable Story' at the Nantes Festival in France this October. This is a great achievement because it is the first time that the First Physical Theatre Company's work will be shown overseas. Locally, a documentary on the First Physical Theatre Company's work is being televised. Be sure not to miss it - it is being shown on 'Arts Unlimited' on SABC 3 at 10:15 pm on April 17.**

## Sex, Passion and Flesh

**Justine Gerardy spoke to director David Alcock about the graduation production of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. "It's about sex, passion, flesh, people are pissed, they go and fuck every night...its a life of pleasure. It's a play that will hopefully speak directly to a student perspective in Grahamstown. We do lead a rather hedonistic experience here and they can relate to it."**

**TWELFTH Night** is a high-jinks comedy full of subplots and undertones relating to gender and sexuality.

It is a play which features cross-dressing and homosexuality, while carrying the central themes of love and human relationships throughout.

The theme of gender issues has been developed by David to challenge the existing order of presenting Shakespeare.

"Very often the sexual politics that would have resonated in Shakespeare's day have been swept over, but what we have are

physical live bodies which are relating to one another."

David describes traditional approaches to Shakespeare as set in aspic jelly.

"They are always Elizabethan and never tampered with - which the purists love, but I feel that each production should speak for its age and for its society. Shakespeare wrote for society, he was working in a living medium. We don't want it set in aspic, we want to allow the play's resonances to come forward and speak to us in a fresh way."

The set and costumes are inspired by a combination of 1930's European colonial design with an infusion of tropical African heat. The result is a hot, "terracotta" atmosphere enhanced by mosquito nets, palms and a sparkling sea in the distance.

Rather than aiming for historical accuracy, the production exploits a certain ambience. The play does not set out to make any overt statements about race - it tends to focus on subtle undertones.

The cast is multi-ethnic and the play's combined location allows an examination of the "Other" in Orsino's infatuation with a black princess.

"We make no racial or PC statements but we do want that resonance to infiltrate the play. We have played a little on that because it is so important in our country."

The performance is dedicated to Pieter Dirk Uys who will receive his Honorary Doctorate of Literature from Rhodes at this year's arts faculty graduation ceremony. David connects Uys's function in South African society as critic and satirist, to that of Feste in Twelfth Night.

Feste, the fool, is the all-seeing critic of society who casts his baleful eye on marriage, human relationships, loyalty and the human condition.

Since the play forms part of the graduation programme, the University has granted funds for the design and costuming of the

production. This has enabled the play to be far more opulent and extravagant than a usual production budget would allow.

"In a way it's very hedonistic - people drink a lot, lounge a lot - a kind of indulging of the senses, and as the play progresses it erupts into a sense of chaos where all the confusions come together and are resolved. Everyone is really letting go. With all their defences gone, the true personalities come out.

"We want the audience to be roused and to enjoy a sensual experience...We also want the audience to undergo some type of experience so they are stimulated and engaged in the performance."

And David's last impression?

"I think the play will have a lot of flesh in it."

*Twelfth Night* runs from April 4 -10 at the Rhodes Theatre.



Count Orsino (Chris Thompson) and Feste (Jo Edwards) show off their 1930's -influenced costumes from *Twelfth Night*

Pic: Jackie Hillsdon

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# jamming their way to fame

**Toast Coetzer and  
Gil Hockman**

**MISCONCEPTION** number one is that Monday nights in Grahamstown are boring. This is a half-truth: every second Monday will in fact bore you to the point of suicide. But every other Monday night is a different story, because then it's time for Fireside Jam at the Union. This brings us to misconception number two, which is that Fireside Jams provide a stage for confused students who play in awful bands. Although this is also a half-truth, it is still no excuse not to come. This term has seen some quality performances by a variety of acts. Top of the list is *One Large Banana* with their surefire formula of Britannica-edged poprock and catchy choruses. What matters is that they do it in damn fine style. Frontman Jo Edwards has obviously been in Grahamstown for too long - one song is entirely devoted to leaving Grahamstown. The other members are John (usually in the

extremely yellow shirt), Brett (who once again proves that the Journalism department actually has some functional people) and Gareth, who has decided that he is just as good on drums as he is on bass. *OLB* is a good live act and they're working hard at expanding their set. If they can record a good demo, some of their songs might just get national airplay. Claim to fame: they have opened for *Springbok Nude Girls*. Close on their heels are *Quill*, *Four Ways To Skin A Cactus* and newcomers *Fuzzy Logic* and *Karmick Drink*. *Quill* make use of some nice harmonies as a break from whining and guitar screeches. Good, clean fun. *Four Ways To Skin A Cactus* provide some "grass"-roots funk with a SNG edge and a dash of skewcore (which is like, um, twisted hardcore?). They also sing about lank realistic characters, like the "Dagga Smoking Mielie Seller". Nothing's new on Planet Rhodes. *Fuzzy Logic* are a bunch of first years who can become campus legends very soon.



Jason from Quill, on guitar

pic: Toast Coetzer



Quill

pic: Toast Coetzer

Dylan Dreyer and his cohorts have a very Americana sound, but it works, and that's what is important. Take an unsad *Counting Crows* and a low-key *Goo Goo Dolls* and you've got their sound. The verdict: loads of potential. *Karmick Drink* (here's to another strange name - dammit, call yourselves "Beer" or something) provides another fresh dimension to the Jams, because they've got two women in the band. Their pluses: that woman can really SING and guitarman Jon Savage doesn't just look like Clapton, he can also PLAY those strings. Also fans, *Happy Feet* isn't really a band. *Happy Feet* is a guy called Karl who sometimes manages to con people into playing with him. Once it was two unsuspecting bongo-drummers (I'm not even sure if they knew they were there) and another time an innocent bass player. Anthony Kaplan does not make too many appearances, but he is every bit as good as

the other bands. He plays Afro-folk (with a lot of heart) and tincans (with even more vigour) and his demo has been featured on RMR's SA Bandscan show. Except for these acts, there were also other unplanned impromptu ones by *Lurk* and *Hellen Keller*. Good news is that one of the student bands will be selected to go to the Father of the Mother of all festivals at Oppikoppi in August, where they will play alongside the best in the country. So yes, come, have a beer, have a listen and experience an un-boring Monday night at least every two weeks.. Dorp will be making a guest appearance at the Fireside Jam in The Union on Monday April 7. Catch them at The Kaif on Wednesday 9 at around 9pm. Further details were not available at the time of going to press.

# hairy horrorscopes

Once again, **Jason the Magnificent** looks to the stars, consults his *Ouija board* and performs strange and secret rituals to bring you, the unenlightened public, the secrets of **WHAT YOUR FUTURE HOLDS!!!**

**Aquarius (January 21 - February 19)**  
Now is the time to face all those fears that have kept you from realizing your full potential. Yes, I am talking about your phobia of tennis. Pick up a racquet today and in a year's time you can be a bad-tempered, yuppie tennis player.

**Discos (February 20 - March 21)**  
You have been neglecting your studies, and the powers that be don't really give a damn. Self-motivation is the key here, but since you are unlikely to ever develop any, rather lie in bed and wait for the exams.

**Aries (March 22 - April 20)**  
Everything will go well for you as long as

you avoid res food at all costs. Unless you enjoy food poisoning, of course. If you feel that your friends are ignoring you, ignore them back. This is the basis of any good Arian friendship.

**Taurus (April 21 - May 21)**  
Don't let the fact that you are a brilliant lover get out, or all your friends will get jealous. To try and ruin your rep, they will spread malicious rumours about how you don't change your underwear, and all those potential partners that you've been beating off with a stick will be repulsed and never talk to you again.

**Gemini (May 22 - June 21)**  
Try a new hobby. Something to broaden your mind as well as exercise your body. Belly dancing is a good choice. Smile more or people will know that you're in a major depression and will avoid you.

**Cancer (June 22 - July 23)**  
You are revelling in the freedom of Varsity life, unlike your boring peers who actually

work (poor fools). Keep up the good work. Remember: If you drop out, you can always get a job at the Grahamstown Post Office.

**Leo (July 24 - August 23)**  
Your secret perv is finally going to notice your existence. Be prepared! Do not let this opportunity slip away or you will never find out that this person has no personality or sexual abilities and you will waste the rest of the year running after them. Ruin the illusion now!

**Virgo (August 24 - September 23)**  
You have a crummy star sign. See if you can get your birthday changed to later in the year (even though this means you will have to wait longer for your big birthday bash). The great deities will not let me see your future since they don't like you and want to pretend that you don't exist.

**Libra (September 24 - October 23)**  
Unlike Virgo, you have a very cool star sign. Your month will be full of excitement com-

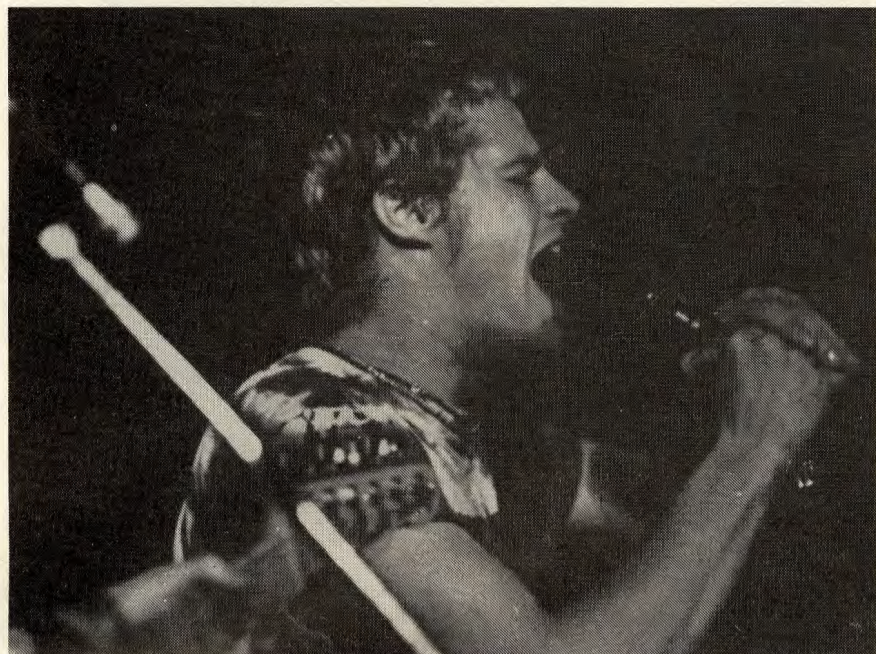
bined with not much stress. As will your life. One day you will own a Porche. Have a good millennium.

**Scorpio (October 24 - November 22)**  
Your sudden (and frequent) personality shifts are starting to confuse everybody. Either be nice or be bitchy, but you can't be both. People don't know whether to love you or hate you.

**Sagittarius (November 23 - December 22)**  
In the words of the immortal Mr. T: "Be cool. Don't be a fool. Don't take drugs." Yes, we all know about your little addictions. Quit whilst you're ahead.

**Capricorn (December 23 - January 20)**  
You live way too clean. Get out! Face the world! Miss a lecture, you nerd! Have a beer! Have two! Have sex with someone you've never met before! Get AIDS! Die young! Isn't life cool?

# Kytie goes to Kaktus



Arno Carstens, lead singer of the country's most wanted band, the Springbok Nude Girls

pic: Sarah Dunseith

## Kytie Koekblik

Being the SA music activist that I am, nothing was going to make me miss "Kaktus op die Vlakte". 'Cactus on the flats', if translated into "soutie"-language, is a one day music festival, part of the Klein Karoo Arts Festival in Oudtshoorn. I would have walked barefoot over the Drakensberg Mountains to hear the music. Fellow activist Toast and unofficial Nude Girls photographer Sarah (who's going to be famous) were as determined. Bryn and Chris were to be initiated into the whole festival-vibe and share petrol money.

About to hit the road on Saturday morning, we heard that the very impulsive Funky Chicken and three girls had decided to go along too. We left the haunted G-spot after Sarah, experienced festival goer as she is, made a quick stop at the OK for a bottle of Oom Tassies.

Arriving in Oudtshoorn, we found a parking spot on a school rugby field in the middle of town for R5. With one mattress and a few sleeping bags, we were organised.

The magic student cards gave us discount of R20 on the R50 entrance fee, including a white sunhat, a removable tattoo of a cactus, and blue sunscreen. The Funky Chicken used his blue sunscreen to change his hair colour to bright blue, and half of the festival goers changed skin colour to a sick blue.

It should be explained that Kaktus is not your average music festival where mostly students and groupies gather for a jol.

Kaktus is a serious musical event that attracts your very conservative middle-age Afrikaans couples and their toddlers, to your typical ethnobongos. But the majority have one thing in common, and that is being rockspiders - like myself and Toast, who obviously had a deeper understanding of the Afrikaans fest-psyche.

The opening band were the *Jazz Hounds*, and the crowd grooved to their cool sounds. Meanwhile the Rhodes company found a suitable spot away from the then sober audience and started with what they are best known for. Their excessive drinking can be explained: if you are not an Afrikaner you can feel quite alienated, and drinking means bonding, of course. One of our company bonded well with the grass in the beer tent for a few hours.

Toast and I found a suitable spot with a nice view of the massive stage to see *Marimba*, on stage after the *Jazz Hounds*. Their lead vocalist looked like an eighties-

revamp in a hideous dress, armsize earrings and a porno hairstyle. We ripped their dress sense off and felt sorry for the uninterested drunken Rhodents.

The surprise of the afternoon was a rather funky performance by boere-musiek 'bobaas' Nico Carstens. His band was energetic and went down well with the psyched-up crowd. For once in her life, Kytie Koekblik appreciated boere-musiek.

*Jack Hammer* was as brilliant as ever, and deserved a late night slot instead of their late afternoon performance. Superstraight "gatskop ruk en rol" and chilly blues are the ingredients of their success recipe. (Shame on Grahamstown for their low attendance of the recent *Jack Hammer* gig!!)

The *Jack Hammer* climax was followed by an anti-climax: the very loud Mynie Grove in a ridiculous all-black skipant-outfit, calling herself *Mynie Groove* (as in groovy). Although some high school girls on a netball tour seemed to think she was cool to dance to. Laughter was my only response. Her cover "Caravan" is old and not cool - very inappropriate at an Afrikaans original music festival, I thought.

But the worst performance was *Worsie Visser* and his brother, *The Mayor of Koekenaap*. His repertoire included the age-old hits "Ek en my meisie bly in 'n huisie" and "Boesmanland" as well as bad cover versions of popular songs with funny Afrikaans words.

"Achy breaky heart" was transformed into a song about Andre Markgraaff, and other bad covers included "Sexy eyes", the Macarena and "Wie de hel is Annie?" ("Who the f\*\*k is Alice?") The crowd loved Worsie though. Old and young rose from the grass to do the Macarena in Portuguese! By this time the Rhodents had bonded with Oom Tas, Black Label and the Boere culture, and supported Worsie like mad fans. I think artists such as Worsie should be banned from local festivals for doing covers. The only song of his (except his two age-old hits) that showed a touch of originality was "Wikkel daai boude".

The Funky Chicken discovered that the next act was great. "Wow I've never heard this guy," he said, "he's got cool music."

That was of course the first real Afrikaans rock'n'roller *Valiant Swart*, who launched his latest CD "Kopskoot", at the fest. Valiant is a legend and the crowd fully recognised this.

No-one sat during his performance. Bryn and Chris even did some handstands...

One of the better Afrikaans vocalists,

Amanda Strydom, then sang, followed up by another legend, the pioneering *Johannes Kerkorrel*. He performed a short set with old and new material taken off his latest CD "Gettransformeerd".

By then the Rhodes company had lost each other. Toast was pushed at the front of the stage and the other Rhodents could have been in the beer tent, who knows?

Miriam Makeba then performed a great set of African music. Unfortunately all the speakers faded in one song, and if that was not enough, drunk idiots threw beer cans onto the stage. Needless to say, Miriam was upset. She left the stage with a speech about the New South Africa and how people should leave the festival if they are not willing to change. Miriam gained everyone's respect with the way she handled the situation in addressing the crowd.

Still some minor drama followed when coloured compere Soli Philander became another target for empty beer cans. After a fight the crowd was controlled by a police-squad and further incidents were avoided.

*Johnny Clegg and Juluka* eased some tension with their vibrant performance. Johnny is an amazingly charismatic and professional performer, and so is the rest of his band. During their performance an arb managed to get onto the stage, crossed over to the ignorant Johnny who handed the mike to him. The arb started to recite a vulgar Afrikaans rhyme and had to be removed by security. He also managed to unplug all their equipment. Johnny proved his sense of humour and professionalism when he joked about the "cultural interlude" that had taken place!

A show of fireworks and lighting effects, rain and vicious Metallica announced the interval. Like a big mechanism the crowd started moving and bopping while the sky was an all colour explosion merging with the thunderous music. The right vibe was created for the *Springbok Nude Girls*...

Sarah, who had probably seen the *Nude Girls* more than anyone, describes this particular Nudie performance as one of the best ever. On the big stage lead singer Arno and Adriaan's funky dancing was extremely effective, and the *Girls* were obviously having a great time themselves. They were smiling at each other, an unusual phenomenon, and some magic happened on stage. The moment when the performer and the onlooker shares a magic understanding and appreciation of genius...

*Valiant Swart* and Arno together did a country remix of the metalrock song "Six

gun", and every supporter of SA music knew that they had witnessed legendary history. It was a true jol.

All hyped-up after the brilliant *Juluka* and *Nude Girls*, the crowd was ready for some hardcore industrial sounds by *Battery 9*. This band had created a visually entertaining show with various pieces of metal, a backdrop that was painted during the performance and the musos' battery-looking clothes. A groaning guitar, Paul Riekert's vicious vocals and metallish sounds had the audience embracing technological music and "kissing the machine". Hardcore and original, *Battery 9* was a highlight of the fest.

The most bizarre event of the evening was definitely the liberating performance by a band called *Die Naaimasjiene*.

Lead singer Theunis Engelbrecht warned the crowd about the explicit lyrics and visual content of their performance, and asked all under 18's to leave. We witnessed something subtly pornographic, though done in too much humour to make it offensive. The band plays a funk and blues concoction and adds flavour to their live performance with their suggestive dancers called the "Yskasterte". This band has been formerly banned by the Directorate of Publications.

The only Rhodents left to witness this were of course the rockspiders Toast and I had had outlived the others who were asleep on the wet grass in the rain.

After our final attempt to endure the experience of liberation by the *Naaimasjiene*, we left to find food. We found two other hangover blue-looking Rhodents, and headed into town for munchies. Saddles was open, at half past two in the morning, and we went for breakfast. Toast offered to pay the waiter with a Rhodes University photocopy card, which she wouldn't accept.

We ended the exciting evening (morning) with a mission to steal posters and all finally crashed: Toast in the public bathroom, lucky me on the backseat and the rest in the rain on the rugby field.

Back in GHT we parked off at Spur to exchange feedback on our mission to "die vlaktes".

We entertained the Spur by singing "Pappa ek wil 'n popster word, ja ek wil 'n rocker raak..."

The initiates are worthy festival-goers, Funky Chicken wants to become a photographer and Sarah has more *Nude Girls* pics. After Kaktus, Kytie Koekblik feels proud of her rockspider roots.

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## The Enemy Within

**WASSUP!** The FlipSide Hip-Hop column is back! Unfortunately this first column of the year is about the same topic as the last column from '96 - down goes another rapper. Yes, the Notorious one has joined Tupac and we have another fallen star to add to the list. Theories of faked deaths and money-making schemes abound, but let's get real - we don't need another Elvis.

Conspiracy theories from the past have also been applied to the present. For example, the CIA and FBI have been accused of involvement in the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Malcolm X.

Both men were great political activists and enjoyed the attention of many people. At the same time, their views were contrary to popular opinion and this made even more people dislike them. People are now saying that Tupac and Biggie were done in for similar reasons and maybe even by the same people. Let's check the facts on that.

Both rappers led infamously corrupt lives. They glorified violence, talked about using women, and so on. But that's life on the streets and it's real, so we let them get away with being less-than positive influences. Both were very popular and one could argue that they influenced the behaviour of many fans.

The conspiracy theory goes like this: Tupac and Biggie were figureheads for disempowered people, they posed a threat to the status quo, so they were killed (shortly after recording a song together - a possible sign of them squashing their beef and joining forces.) Their meeting on wax could even be likened to the meeting between Malcolm and Martin. But here lies the difference - Biggie and Tupac were not the politically orientated, righteous brothers that Malcolm and Martin were.

Why would anyone bother taking these two rappers out when they were doing such a great job promoting violence and drug abuse? Their lives were high budget adverts for self-destruction.

Malcolm and Martin told people to fight for their rights and so posed serious threats to existing social norms. Both had strong religious groundings behind their philosophies and encouraged their followers to improve themselves and aid one another. Contrast this with B.I.G. and Tupac and their mo' murder mind-sets. Sure, both rappers had their moments of reflection where they questioned their lifestyles, but these messages were all but lost to the mainstream media and other assorted onlookers. Neither Tupac nor Biggie posed much of a threat to the status quo. One could even say that they played a part in perpetuating it. The truth can be found by looking at the lyrics: "but it's my own kind doing the killing here" (Tupac - *Only God Can Judge Me*); "fuck niggers, get money, fuck bitches, get money" (B.I.G. - *Get Money*). This shows what was behind Tupac and Biggie's deaths. Jealousy, greed, violence and the other evils which are destroying Hip-hop mentally are the same evils destroying the creators of the art form. It is important that we eliminate this negative mind-state from our culture. Only then will people realise that the Hip-Hop generation possesses the power to change society into something more open and just for everyone.

**Mass Dosage**

# Mutilation or Expression?



Pictures such as this one, taken in 80's London, popularised the view that body piercing was only for the brave and daring

*Body piercing has long been seen as a subversive underground movement involving transvestites, punks, S&M fetishists and other members of society's avant-garde. Today, attitudes have changed and the piercing of body parts has become increasingly mainstream. Katie King delves into the world of body piercing.*

AS WE sit in the front room of the Durban jewellery store, my 16-year-old friend divides his gaze between the two sales assistants in attendance. His brother and I are accompanying him for moral support as he waits to have his eyebrow pierced. I ask him if he's nervous at the prospect of having a needle threaded through the small flap of flesh above his eyebrow. "No," is his gruff reply, although it's clear he wants the procedure performed as speedily as possible. A slight head motion from one of the sales assistants, and my friend disappears into the back room, concealed from the prying eyes of customers. This is where many such delicate operations occur, including ear, nose, eyebrow and belly piercing. It's a place where young people are flocking to have a fashionable ring inserted, with minimal risk of infection and maximum assurance of a hassle-free procedure.

Minutes later, emerging triumphant with the stud glinting above his eye, Beavis\* appears unperturbed by the pain he has just experienced. "Let's go buy some surgical spirits!" is the first thing he utters.

The body piercing craze is not just a teenage fetish. It is becoming more common for both sexes from all age groups to explore new methods of physical adornment. While some may shy away from the thought of pierced flesh, the movement is gaining widespread appeal.

Many students cite sexual appeal as a motivation for piercing, while others feel it has to do with their attempt to carve out a sense of individuality. Whether the motivations for body piercing are aesthetic, erotic or personal, there's no denying the popularity of this cult of modern primitivism.

Body piercing is not a new phenomenon. From the earliest origins of humankind, people have sought to express themselves

through physical appearance. Nipple rings were first worn by Roman centurions as a sign of their virility and courage, and as a dress accessory for holding their short capes. In Ancient Egypt, navel piercing was a sign of royalty. The "Prince Albert", a penis ring, became fashionable in the Victorian era as a dressing ring to secure the male genitalia in either pant leg during the craze of tight, crotch-binding trousers.

Body piercing has become less cultural and more of a fashion accessory. Calvin, a BSc student, says he first wanted to have his ear pierced to defy his father's authority and to "do something different." Since he was still at school he had to resort to the usual means of hair bristles to prevent his teachers from noticing.

"I had my left ear pierced because there was the view at the time that if you had your right ear pierced, you were gay. I think that's fallen away now."

Both of his ears are now pierced and he has more than one earring in each.

"I was originally impressed by nose rings. XClan had them, and I remember thinking it looked pretty cool. When I went to the States, I had more holes done. I came back home, but my dad didn't notice until a couple of months later! I wouldn't have any other area of my body pierced, I'm happy the way I am. I still think nose and bellybutton rings look lovely on girls."

This is a sentiment shared by Ish, a BJourn student who recently had his left nipple pierced.

"I really liked bellybutton rings on women, and also wanted one done. Then I decided that from a female perspective, a nipple ring was probably sexier, so I went for that instead. It was a Valentine's present from my girlfriend. We went to a Jo'burg fleamarket during December, and she paid for it to be done. It cost R80 including the ring, and the jeweller used liquid nitrogen and new needles."

And did it work? "To be honest, I thought women would be more impressed by the ring. Most people just go 'Isn't that sore?' It doesn't really heighten pleasure. It was sensitive when I first had it pierced, but now it's numbed a lot of the feeling."

Has it made any difference? "It's changed my life in that these days I'd hesitate to get into a fight. Even when you're just fooling around with a couple of guys in res, I have

to withdraw because if the flesh got torn I'd be in serious trouble. Inter-res rugby's out of the question!"

Patsy, a BA student who had her nose pierced at Edgars last year, denies that fashion influenced her decision.

"I woke up one morning and thought, cool, I'd like to get my nose pierced. It wasn't like anyone had suggested it to me or that I'd always wanted one."

How did people react? "My father had always threatened me in the past, but so far they haven't said a thing. I don't feel it has changed me in any way. Most of my friends thought it was pretty cool when I had it done. Some people said it didn't suit me, but I don't really care."

The female student population appears to be divided on the subject of navel piercing. Vicky, who had her bellybutton pierced for five months last year, said she wouldn't do it again.

"It always became infected, no matter how often I cleaned it, and I didn't want to wear any revealing clothes because it looked so terrible. There were occasions when it looked healthy and I showed it off to full effect, but most of the time it would get in my way - rubbing against jeans or hurting me when I wore a wetsuit. Eventually I took it out. I've still got the scar to prove it!"

Two female students, who recently had their navels pierced, express no regrets. They both experienced little discomfort and almost no infection.

"You have to be careful," says Ingrid, a third year BJourn student, "I clean my ring every day." Jane, a first year BCom student, says "This is the third time I've had my navel pierced. The first time, I didn't leave it in long enough before changing rings, and the second time, the guy didn't pierce the skin deep enough so it grew out really quickly. Hopefully this time it's here to stay."

Jason, a CompSci student, says he doesn't mind piercing done on other people but he'd never have any part of his body pierced.

"It just doesn't appeal to me," he says flatly. "I've never wanted it done."

It's an attitude shared by many other students who have chosen not to participate in the increasing popularity of the cult. Love it or hate it, body piercing is here to stay.

*\*Where requested, names have been changed.*

# Basketball Clinic Success

**Lisa Witepski**

**ELAM** Ngcelwane, a student from Nombulelo High School, described the moment he was told he had been selected to play for Eastern Province Basketball as one of the best in his life.

It all started three years ago when Elam was forced to sneak onto the Rhodes University basketball courts to play, since there were no courts in Joza Township where he lived.

The Rhodes Basketball Club, tired of chasing Elam and his friends off the courts, decided to start a formal clinic for children from the township last year.

Fiona Williamson, one of the organisers of the Schweppes 3-on-3 Basketball Clinic, said Elam's talent was evident from the moment he first started playing for the clinic.

The clinic had small beginnings, providing the players with the essentials such as basketball hoops and equipment.

But it was the boys' drive which overcame any obstacles. They

pitched the poles and organised the teams themselves.

Elam, along with nine other boys from the clinic, were chosen out of a league of 50 to represent Grahamstown in the Eastern Province trials, held in Port Elizabeth on March 12.

The shy 16-year old says that he was extremely nervous as the other boys were "all so good and so tall". Three boys from Grahamstown were selected for the EP team and Elam was the only one chosen to tour Johannesburg. Unfortunately due to personal tragedy, Elam has decided not to tour with the team this year, but he will definitely tour with them in two years' time, when he is in the under-18 team.

The original clinic team remains very dedicated and their Friday afternoon games have become a regular social feature.

The club, with its very humble origins, has now grown to such an extent that it recently hosted a tournament with five schools from the area. This is due to the successful efforts of both the Rhodes Basketball club and the driving initiative of the players themselves.

# Rowers Triumph at Buffalo Regatta

**Geoff Lashbrook**

**THE** rowing team has continued to prove their worth at the South African Universities regatta which was held in East London on the Buffalo river in March.

This year's contest was, as women's rowing captain Nichola Davies said, "a vast improvement compared to last year's event".

This year the races were set over the standard 2000m distance, while last year they raced over 300m.

Rhodes competed against all of the major universities in South Africa and eased home first with 239 points, beating Pietermaritzburg by 124 points.

Despite the dominant position that Rhodes has held in the past over the other varsities, the rowers said that the competition is growing, especially in the women's sides. Undaunted, rower Candice Coutts "laughs in the face of danger".

Although no official SAU side was chosen, two sides have been picked

to represent "A" and "B" teams. They were named the SASRA (South African Students Rowing Association) "blue" and "grudge" sides. Rhodes made up four of the eight in the men's blues side and the entire women's side were Rhodians.

However, not all is well in the rowing club as six people have quitted this year. Nichola believes that this could be a result of "the hectic pressure" that the rowers experience in their preparation for races, coupled with the fact that the sprint season is less exciting than the rest of the year.

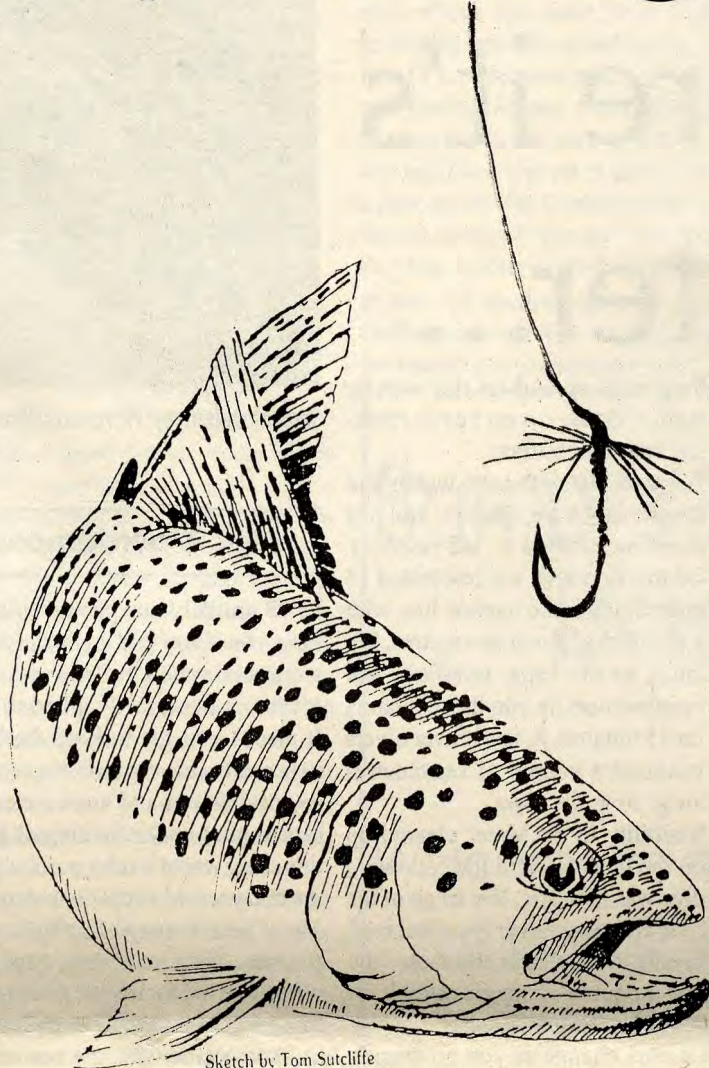
In spite of this the rowers are confident that everyone will return for Boatrace later this year when Rhodes hopes to win for the eighth year running in the men's side and the fifth year for the women.

Results (winners only):

Men: A Eights, B Eights, B Coxless Fours, B Sculls

Women: A Eights, A Coxless Fours, A Pair, A Scull, B Eights, C Sculls

# hooked on fly fishing



**Brian Hunt and Jamie Whittaker**

**RHODES** University Fly Fishing Society (RUFFS) is one of Rhodes' fastest growing societies.

Established less than four years ago with only a handful of fly anglers, this year's new membership has far exceeded any expectations.

Since the establishment of the society, many new and exciting opportunities have arisen for Rhodes anglers. In 1995, the only waters containing trout which were accessible to students were Gubu Dam in Stutterheim, Queenstown waters and Barkley East. Although these waters offer high quality angling, they are all too far away to allow for regular fishing.

But during 1995, an agreement was reached with the Albany Freshwater Angling Association to stock Jamison and Milner dams with trout. Fly anglers are now able to pursue their favourite quarry only 15 minutes outside Grahamstown. These fish seem to have a phenomenal growth rate and I wouldn't be surprised if some 3-4 pounders make an appearance this winter.

An added bonus (unless you are a purist) is that both of these dams are stocked with bass. Jamison has a decent population of gullible largemouths. They are a little on the small side but rumour has it that

some lunkers lurk in the quarry, so don't despair if you are a bass freak. Milner dam has one of the only populations of smallmouth bass in the Eastern Cape. They reach up to 4lb and have excellent fighting ability.

Saltwater fly fishing is pretty good in this part of the world but you need transport.

Fly fishing enthusiasts have been catching small kob in the Bushmans River over the last couple of seasons.

The Kariega River is a beautiful estuary where you can catch springer (skipkack), garrick (leervis) and immature kingfish (15cm) if you are really desperate. Legend has it that there is a crocodile in this river, so it might not be sensible to wade too far from the shore.

Just outside PE is the Swartkops River, one of the most productive estuaries in the country. Here you can have the thrill of latching into some really big springer, garrick and grunter.

That doesn't cover everything, but if you want to know more speak to a Ruffian or access their website through the Rhodes University homepage.

The society is open to all students, both experienced and novice anglers. Casting clinics and rods are available and the occasional fly-tying demonstration is also given.

## ilja's innings

**Rugby in crisis**

Crisis time! If you thought I was referring to Louis Luyt and his team, you are wrong. I promised myself I would not write too much about rugby this year, but the crisis situation at the Rugby Club warrants a closer look behind the scenes.

To speak of a crisis might be the wrong word to use. The club appointed a new coach. In case you don't know yet, it is former Springbok prop Frans Erasmus. It looked good for the club, that was until you looked at the players. Now before people get upset, I'm not referring to the skill of the team. Watching the first side play, these guys have a talent that hasn't been seen on campus for a long time. Led by a dynamic and organised captain, this team is not only skillful, but their sportsmanship and fair-play attitude under their new captain must be highlighted. I am simply looking at the size of the guys. Half the team is under-sized for a rugby side. The maturation process has not yet fully taken place and at times it looks like an under-21 side rather than the first team!

The problem is simple. Rhodes is a very small university, with limited outside players joining the club. Added to this is the fact that the guys don't go to the army anymore to mature an extra year. Finally, most of them finish their degree in three years (since only a small percentage of students stay for post-graduate degrees) and voila, the problem is complete. I guess to bring back conscription so that the players of Rhodes First Team Rugby become bigger would be a bit excessive.

Moving away from the ridiculous, there is another option, and as sacrilegious as this might be to some ever-faithfuls and patriots, this might be the only way to keep Rhodes rugby going, and to protect our players. Hey, three broken collar bones in three games is not a statistic to be taken lightly!

The answer: a merger with Albany Rugby club. Although it was at first only considered a rumour, reality hits fast and hard and preliminary talks have started between the two clubs. A committee will be formed to investigate what advantages and disadvantages such a merger would have, and this committee has the backing of both clubs.

What would such a merger mean for the rugby club? It would bring back the fun side in rugby. Not that the present players don't give their all - they would die for their club. But to lose 54-0 is not fun. Sport is not always about winning, I admit that, but humiliation is not enjoyable either.

Let's hope that a settlement and decision is reached sooner rather than later and that sport and good rugby emerge. Watch this spot for details.

**Ilja Graulich**

# Always Better Where it's Wetter...

Sara Davies

THE first group of Underwater Club members did their training for the National Association of Underwater Instructors (NAUI) Open Water One qualification over the last few weeks.

It was an intense period of four three-hour lectures, pool and dam dives, and eventually four ocean qualifying dives.

Twenty people signed up for the course, a large group for one trainer. But instructor Ferdie Endemann had everything under control to explain the intricacies of the equipment, a bit of physiology and thermal and environmental considerations.

The pool dives were part of the confined water training, giving nervous first time scuba users, the assurance of having a visible bottom beneath them.

The first 'real' dive took place at Settlers Dam - an introduction to being able to sink to unknown depths! Each diver is assigned a buddy diver, with whom you are supposed to stick through thick and thin during the dive.

The visibility in the water was horrendous. If you turned away for just a second you were consumed by a greeny-brown soup and there was very little chance of finding your buddy again without surfacing.

Next came the ocean with a weekend of two dives daily. We had to

be geared up and on the boat by eight o'clock, so no heavy drinking the night before!

We were met with calm waters and despite much trepidation, not one diver succumbed to sea sickness.

On the first dive we descended 18 metres down the anchor line with a visibility of about two metres. We clung to the rope, terrified, and breathed heavily into the regulators for 15 minutes. A few braver divers ventured a couple of centimetres away from the rope.

Visibility in the water cleared up on the next day and the following dive was fantastic. We let go of the rope and swam over the coral reef, hoping to see sharks and those who saw a couple of raggies didn't let the others forget it!

Colours change as you go deeper, and by shining a torch over the reef one sees a myriad of the most incredible colours. By the end of the last dive everyone agreed that it had been a fantastic experience and Port Alfred definitely held a new meaning for us!

After these dives, a test is written and you are able to dive without an instructor for the rest of your life.

To be suspended, nothing beneath your feet and a lot of water above you, is certainly a feeling that shouldn't be missed.

If your are interested in starting scuba diving, contact Ferdie at the Ichthyology Department or by e-mail: ferdie@guppy.ru.ac.za

# Barrelled in G-town



Jerry Mperdempes: PA's on a mellow day

pic: C. Garbett

Jerri Mperdempes

IT IS unlikely that people will believe you if you told them that there were good waves in Grahamstown. It's is not necessarily a bad thing. It means you get to keep the best kept secrets to yourself - the secrets to good waves and even a clearer (yet vague) understanding of how this crazy world works, particularly the crazy world of the G-spot town.

There aren't many of us surfers at Rhodes. We like it that way, but we're not particularly hostile to those who are keen to share it with us. And by the way, the waves we surf aren't in Grahamstown but

mostly close to Port Alfred. Jeffery's Bay is down the road if you are ready to deal with the best right-hander in the world and there are a fair amount of points and beach breaks within a 186 km radius of Grahamstown.

I'm convinced that there are a lot more "surfers" at Rhodes (a fair amount joined the surf club). But for some bizarre reason they don't realise you have to make an effort to get to the beach. It's only 60 kilometres to the beach. If you surf Cape Town, 60 small ones is the average distance travelled for your wave quota.

Admittedly beach missions are tough for those who live by the sea

back home. They're lucky I suppose. But "back home" only happens in the vacs and in the meantime they are missing out on riding perfect waves.

Then there are the unfortunate individuals who "once surfed", not to mention those "surfers" who are so hot that you'll never see them in the water. Instead you'll hear them telling everyone in the bar that they surf! It might be cool to talk the talk but walking the walk is even better.

Last Saturday evening there were only four of us out, a few dolphins, one huge silver moon and a big red sky and cooker waves. That's what makes our mission so worthwhile.

# new hope for soccer

Ilja Graulich

BRIAN Hilton Basterman was recently appointed as the new coach for Rhodes Soccer, a position which has been vacant since the departure of Vincent Basson in May last year.

Brian, a principal at Khutliso Daniels Secondary School in Grahamstown, brings with him a respectable curriculum of soccer related achievements.

He has been a keen soccer player since the age of 10, and his first accomplishment was his selection for the Eastern Province under-18 soccer squad.

From there he moved to the University of the Western Cape for his tertiary education. While at UWC, he represented the university's first team at the now defunct South African Tertiary Institutions Sport Association tournament in 1987. He subsequently returned to the Eastern Cape and has played for

various clubs in Port Elizabeth, including the highly esteemed Glenville Club.

He started his coaching career with David Livingstone Secondary School's first team, before taking over as a coach for the South Eastern District Schools' Sports Association.



Not content with this position, in 1995 he was appointed coach for the Eastern Province under-19 team for the United School's Sport Association of South Africa, where he successfully led the team to victory against some formidable

teams.

Not only did Eastern Province win the tournament, they were also undefeated, not an easy feat considering the opposition from the Western Cape and Gauteng - who are the usual favourites.

The new task facing 32-year-old Brian is not an easy one. The last two chaotic years have seen Rhodes expelled from the Eastern Province League, resigning from the Grahamstown League, and losing the intervarsity match to UPE 6-4, after leading 4-1.

This year the club moved away from a division between internal league and first team and formed a unified committee, in the hope of concentrating less on bureaucracy and more on sport.

This unification gives Brian a wide range of more than 250 potential players to choose from.

The club is registered in the promotion league in PE this year. If the team wins this league, they will be promoted to the premier league.

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## SPORTING HEALTH

The sportsperson's munchie guide

EATING is so much a part of our everyday lives that we often forget that good sporting performance doesn't just depend on hours of sweating it out on the sports fields. What we fill our stomachs with is equally important to our competitive training; unfortunately those glucose cravings that send us running for the nearest cafe aren't really part of what should be an athlete's balanced diet.

The body needs a number of essential nutrients. These are not just carbohydrates, proteins and fats. Although these foods are high in energy, we cannot make use of the energy that they supply us with unless we have the correct proportion of vitamins, minerals, trace elements and water in our system.

These nutrients are contained in the four basic food groups: meat, fish and meat substitutes; fruit and vegetables; milk and dairy produce; and breads and cereals. Many of these nutrients may be destroyed by cooking, so it is advisable to add an all-round vitamin supplement to your diet. Individuals' physical make-up and specific training demands vary a great deal. Ideally your diet needs to be worked out according to your body's own specific needs, but generally fruit, vegetables, bread and cereal should be eaten at more than one meal in your day. The portions of meat, meat substitutes and dairy produce should be half of the fruit, vegetable and cereal portions.

Whether your sport training programme is aerobic or anaerobic will also help you to structure your diet. Aerobic training, such as long distance running, utilises the body's glucose as the primary source of energy.

Carbohydrates found in breads and cereals will provide the runner with glucose, but the intake of carbohydrates should be increased to allow the body to refuel during heavy training. This does not mean that the consumption of the other nutrients should be ignored, nor should you overdo your carbohydrate loading, because carbohydrates that cannot be used immediately are stored as fat. But fats can also be a good source of energy.

Weight training is an example of an anaerobic exercise. This form of exercise relies mainly on the intake of proteins, because amino acids which make up a protein are the body's "building blocks".

The recommended daily intake of protein is 0.75g per kilogram of body weight, but training aimed at increasing muscle mass can raise this figure to 1.75g. Again it is important not to overdo the consumption of proteins because this places strain on the liver and kidneys to deal with the excess proteins.

# Sport meets Science

Geoff Lashbrook

THE scientist's answer to the Arts Festival is long overdue. Sponsored by SASOL, the Science Festival is running from 9-15 April, with most of the activities taking place at the Monument.

An interesting facet of the festival will be the approach to sport and exercise. The Festival organisers guarantee to make you see science and sport in a new light.

Amongst the well known academics to deliver lectures are Professor Tim Noakes, who will be speaking on the role of science in achieving sporting excellence; and Dr Bob Nideffer (the man responsible for the mental well being of the American athletes at the '84 and '88 Olympics) who will be lecturing on the psychological preparation of an athlete.

The Vice President of the National Paraplegics Committee, Andy Scott, will speak about how the disadvantages of being handicapped can be overcome by scientific progress.

Apart from these lectures, Profes-

sor Pat Scott, head of the Human Movement Studies Department at Rhodes, has organized workshops (with a nominal entrance fee) to investigate aspects of fitness such as locomotion, reaction time and co-ordination. Otherwise, head for the laboratories where you can assess your grip strength or body fat percentage.

The major focus in this inaugural Science Festival is on running, soccer and cricket. Professor Tom Reilly (from the Centre for Sport and Exercise in Liverpool) will be organizing afternoon soccer matches. Dr Richard Stretch, from the Eastern Cape Cricket Association (along with some prominent players) will be showing the different mechanical actions required at the crease. On the track, Bruce Fordyce, will be focusing on how to prepare for any race from the 100m sprint to ultra marathons. Bruce will also host discussions on the "competitive athlete".

This new and exciting festival should be a big drawcard for all sports enthusiasts ranging from the everyday armchair critic to the budding heroes of tomorrow.

## Swimming victory for Oppies

Helene Dancer

THE Oppies were champions of this year's inter-res gala, winning both the men's and women's divisions.

Only four women's teams took part and the Oppies, at 27 points, left the runners-up Olive Schreiner in a distant second place with 19.

In the men's division the Oppies also claimed victory with 33 points, followed by Goldfields with a mere 22.

The men's division saw more teams contesting, with De Beers in the last position with seven points.

This year, only 11 residences braved the rainy and cold conditions to participate.

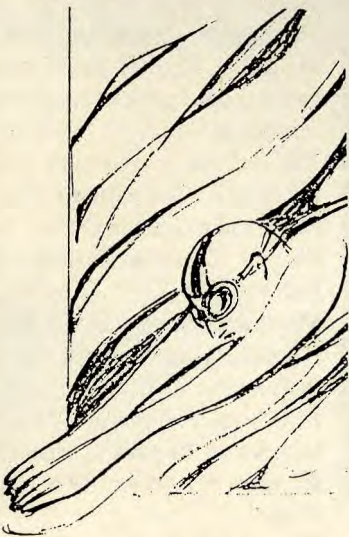
The dismal conditions ensured an even poorer attendance of spectators. Despite the minimal attendance those who did come to support the teams seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.

David Brown, an ardent College supporter said: "It was really cool,

but it would have been nicer if all the residences had teams and the weather definitely persuaded people not to attend."

Next year something definitely should be done to encourage every residence to participate.

With greater support from students, this gala could be one event on the calendar which we definitely will look forward to!



# Sports Editorial

YIKES. No, I'm not referring to the recent test matches against Australia, although I was feeling about as awkward as the South African batsmen up against Shayne Warne, except that I wasn't bombarded by balls, but an barrage of questions. It was some time past eight in the evening and I was staring into a panel of very blank and serious faces. In the background I could vaguely make out the voice of the other applicant eloquently dealing with the drilling from the Collective. How do you plan to approach the sports page? Are you involved with any sports at Rhodes?...How do you feel about writing a sports editorial, Francoise?

Hold on, what was that about sports editorials? The question made my jaw lock, yet somehow I found myself smiling stiffly and confidently assuring them that writing a sports column shouldn't be any trouble at all. I've probably already sent anxious chills running down your spines. I must admit I sent a few running down my own. Admittedly I spend more time surfing, windsurfing and occasionally rock climbing than watching Rhodes rugby, cricket, soccer or hockey, but I don't necessarily see that as a handicap to being sports editor. I'm hoping to destroy the unfounded notion that activities such as sailing, surfing, flyfishing and the likes are not what we consider "sports". In fact many Rhodians participating in these so called fringe sports have been doing exceptionally well, with sailor David Wright recently elected out of 150 contenders, to represent South Africa at the Sprog championships in the UK.

At the same time let me reassure you that mainstream sports coverage is not going to suffer. Well done to the men's hockey club who began their season on a very positive note and to Rob van Selm on his recent appointment as captain of the Eastern province A team.

I've also tried to extend our sports coverage to what is happening on the developmental side of Rhodes sport, especially to those activities involving the township. I've had a few readers questioning the relevance of township sport to a Rhodes audience, and when I suggested covering a story on Xhosa stick fighting all I got was amused laughter from our reporters. Unfortunately, it is this kind of attitude that fuels segregation and, in reality, Rhodes sport is doing a lot to break down those boundaries. Training clinics for sportspersons from the township are hosted by quite a few of the sports clubs and matches are held between Rhodes and township sport teams.

Rhodes sportswomen also deserve more support. Like fringe sports, they are pushed to the sidelines despite the fact that their sporting achievements warrant coverage. Female hockey players have every reason to be as proud as the men with the recent appointment of some of their players to the EP under-21 team. Sjeanne Cawdry has also retained her EP women's squash title.

Rumours of a merger between Rhodes first Rugby team and the Albany Division are spreading fast and they are going to have a lot of unhappy patriots to answer to, not to mention some very contentious issues to discuss. For some reason, controversy seems to be a general characteristic of South African Rugby at the moment! Although the safety of our players should be our first concern the merger may prove to be damaging to team spirit. Hopefully the unification of the soccer first team with the internal league and the appointment of a new and much needed coach will mean that we can expect some exciting play from them.

Rhodes Hockey and Sailing have taken the Eastern Cape by storm and this year is already showing signs of being a very interesting and promising one. Here's to an interesting year of more balanced and fair sports coverage in Activate!

# SPORT

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be appreciated.

## Rhodent sails to UK

**Eric Wetherall**

**THE** Rhodes University Sailing Club has sprung into action this year after a very successful South African Student Sporting Union (SASSU) tournament, that took place in Sedgfield during December.

David Wright was in top form and was chosen out of 150 sailors to represent South Africa at the Sprog World Championships in the United Kingdom later this year. The Rhodes sailors cruised their way into sixth place overall out of the 10 teams that entered.

This was a considerable improvement and a good indication that the new training programmes are beginning to take effect. In particular, there is a marked improvement in the windsurfer class, where Rhodes 'B' team caused a major upset by beating the UCT 'A' team. These achievements put considerable weight behind the Rhodes University Sailing Club's proposal to host the regatta in 1997. Other contenders for this opportunity

were Wits and the University of Natal, but Rhodes came through and is proud to be hosting the regatta for the first time.

This term, national Sprog sailors David Wright and Craig Peter battled it out against sailors from around the country, while the windsurfer team is currently preparing for the Windsurfer Nationals in April.

Aside from the club's competitive activities, an extremely successful braai and coaching clinic was held at Settlers Dam, followed by a two day camp at Regaleswade Dam in Stutterheim over the Easter weekend.

In order to familiarise beginners with competitive sailing, friendly regattas have been organised with Kingswood College which has had tremendous success this year. An inter-res round robin and regattas with UPE are also on the calendar. Although coaching beginners and training is currently the club's main focus, the strong membership of keen competitors and social sailors ensures a good balance within the club.



The Rhodes University Sailing Club. Back: K. Fell (commodore), V. Anderson, D. Hood, L. Scott, C. Morgan, M. Gathercole (team manager) Middle: R. Victor, E. Wetherall (public relations officer). Front: R. Laubscher (secretary), D. Scott, R. Walters, J. Morgan, D. Wright (vice commodore)

pic: Rycherde Walters

## Promising Hockey Season Ahead

**Sean Kleynhans**

**IN THE** last four years, Rhodes University's men's hockey team has played a dominant role in Eastern Province, with the first team holding their ground as one of the top three sides in the premier league.

A win in 1993 and the position of runners-up on three other occasions has set a strong precedent for this year's team. If the club's previous national representation is any indication, Rhodes' men's hockey has a good chance of retaining its reputation.

The club has proved to be a training ground for national hockey players like Graeme Ortlieb, Greg Ferrans, Mathew Hallows and Rob van Selm.

Mathew competed in the Atlanta Olympic Games and last year Rob toured Poland with the South African team. Mathew and Rob were both voted Rhodes sportsmen of the year - in 1995 and 1996 respectively.

This season has already started

with a bang. The first team performed exceptionally well in the inter-city league held since the end of February. They tied with UPE but were placed second overall due to a difference of one goal. Seven players were selected to the second round of EP under-21 trials and the final squad should be named soon. Warren Potts, Nick Shimmin, Ady Corfield, Rob van Selm, Pete Filmer and Chris De Dios have been selected for the EP men's squad of 23 and the players selected to the "A" squad will be playing in the national league. Rob was nominated captain of the EP "A" hockey team.

The rest of the club recently completed trials which revealed a wealth of new talent. The club plans to enter four teams in the EP league and one team in the Grahamstown league providing enjoyable competitive hockey for all members. With a challenging and exciting season ahead of them, they hope to dust the cobwebs off their trophy cabinet and turn last year's near-misses into resounding victories.

## Cawdry wins again

**Ian Rowett**

**RHODIAN** Sjeanne Cawdry won the Eastern Province Closed Squash tournament again this year in March.

Defending her title for the third consecutive year, Cawdry sailed through to the final without losing a game.

Second seed, Jill Brown, was no match for Cawdry, who won the final in three games, dropping only three points.

Since her first year at Rhodes, Cawdry has been unbeaten in the Eastern Province and has maintained her South African ranking of sixth place.



David Wright on a lazer at the sassu tournament

pic: Rycherde Walters

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