

THE GOLDFIELDS GAZETTE

Dis winter....

Deur: Helga Brown

Vanoggend toe ek wakker skrik was dit nog donker buite. Ek was onder die indruk dat dit verskriklik vroeg is, maar dit was al 07:00. Ek het op my bed gelê en uitgekyk (na niks in besonder nie). Ek het net lê en staar in die verte in en by myself gedink: vanoggend is koeler as wat dit nog ooit hierdie jaar was...dis donkerder as wat dit nog ooit hierdie jaar was...en toe meteens die besef: die somer het aan sy einde gekom.

So lê en dink ek toe dat 'n mens se lewe ook maar soos seisoene is. Daar's 'n somer en 'n winter en as jy nog ekstra komplikasies soek kan jy nog herfs en lente ook inpas! Gister was dit vuurwarm; die pragtigste somersdag in 'n lang tyd. Vandag sak die donkerte van die winter neer. Mens is die een oomblik so gelukkig en die volgende moment kan jou lewe handomkeer verander. Die een oomblik is dit somer en dan sommerso...dan kom die winter...Ek lê en dink toe oor die afgelope jaar en al die dinge wat al gebeur het die eerste semester. 'n Vrees ontstaan toe binne my en ewe skielik begin ek bang raak vir die winter. Dis so koud. Dis so moeilik. En dit reën alewig. Vandag is ek egter nie bang vir die reën nie, intendeel: ek was bang dit sou nie reën, want dan sou ek geen verskoning gehad het vir my nat oë en wange nie. Dan sou ek geen verskoning gehad het vir my treurigheid en swarmoedigheid nie. Dan sou almal kon sien dat winter in my lewe toegesak het...dat my somer tot 'n einde gekom het...

Ek het nie eens 'n herfs of lente gehad om my te waarsku dat somer of winter oppad is nie. Die een het sommer die ander kom inhaal. Daar was geen kans om myself voor te berei nie. Dit het net gebeur...

My wange is bloedrooi van die koue. My oë is sopnat van die reën. My hart dra swaar aan die winter...

Die moeilikste van als is die besef dat ek dit wel deur hierdie dag gaan maak...



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MY RES

MY PASSION

MY PRIDE!

2007



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Goldfields se 20ste bestaansjaar

‘N PARTY MET ‘N VERSKIL...

Deur Nico Groenewald & Ruan Erasmus

Soos elke jaar word Goldfields se verjaarsdag met groot opgewondenheid gevier. 2007 was egter nie soos enige van die voorafgaande jare nie – BESLIS NIE!!! Vanjaar is daar reeds van vroeg doelgerig gepoog om ons 20ste bestaansjaar te vier; nie net met die gewone “koek-in-die-quad” ritueel soos vorige jare nie. Nee!!!, nie hierdie jaar nie, want 2007 merk ons 20ste bestaansjaar!

Goldfields het ‘n ryke geskiedenis. Sedert daardie eerste openingsdag in 1987, het Goldfields beslis van krag tot krag gegaan om vandag sekerlik een van dié koshuise te wees wat regtig die demografie van Suid-Afrika weerspieel. In skerpe kontras met die tagtiger jare leef Goldies hier vandag in harmonie en vrede met mekaar. Hier is dus ‘n gevoel van inklusiwiteit waar almal van verskillende agtergronde verwelkom word. Die blote feit dat ons hier by Goldfields bly, is juis ‘n aanduiding van die versoening wat reeds op kampus en in die breër Suid-Afrikaanse konteks plaasvind. Elkeen het mos ‘n plekkie onder die son.

Goldies vandag besef straks nie van die vele struikelblokke wat ons eerste inwoners beleef het nie. Soos Prof. Willie Esterhuizen onlangs gesê het – “Ons het al ‘n ver pad gestap – van toi-toi tot vergaderings met die huidige staatspresident Mnr. Thabo Mbeki”. Dit is dus in hierdie lig dat ons vanjaar se verjaarsdag meer diepte en betekenis wou gee. Vanjaar se feesviering was dus eerder ‘n viering van ons vryheid. Dit was ‘n viering van ons waardesisteem, ons identiteit, ons bestaan op kampus en die wete dat ons kan kers vashou met enige van die “tradisionele en konserwatiewe” koshuise op kampus. Werklik ‘n geval van - *My Res, My Passion, My Pride!*

Daar is werklik gepoog om soveel mense deel te maak van die beplanning en die uiteindelijke deurvoer van die verjaarsdag program – van eerstejaars, seniors, die HK en die Nel gesin sowel as die Alumni van al die vorige jare.

Graag gee ons `n algemene oorsig van die verjaarsdag-program:

Donderdag 15 Maart 2007: Mnr. En Mej. Goldfields

Soos altyd het Goldies met alle erns die loopplank bestyg, sommiges ernstiger as ander. Dit is mos maar sekerlik `n bietjie van `n nerve-wrecking ondervinding ; die blote feit dat jy as eerstejaartjie aan die res van die koshuis bietjie lyf moet wys. Die eersejaars het werklik pragtig gelyk in uitrustings wat gewissel het van groen satyn, deurskynende wit... en natuurlik die gewilde “swimwear”-afdeling. Ek weet ek praat namens die manne as ek sê dat daar nie enigsins `n tekort is aan beeldskone GF dames nie, of hoe!! Eish ja!!!

Die aand was `n reuse sukses en uiteindelik is Elzet Kirtsen en Ujandja as Mej. En Mnr. Goldfields onderskeidelik aangewys. Baie geluk weer eens aan julle. Ook aan almal wat die aandjie met ons kon deel, dankie. Aan al die deelnemers – julle het almal mooi gelyk en het vir waardevolle kykgenot besorg. Julle almal was wenners in die ware sin van die woord. DANKIE!!

Vrydag 16 Maart 2007: Blokvensters

Watter lekkerte – hier het Goldies weer eens gewys wat in hulle steek. Terloops, waarom blokevensters? Vroeër was Goldfields nie toegelaat om deel te neem aan die groot Vensters-geleentheid soos tydens die oriënteringsperiode nie. Dis hartseer om te dink dat die rede hiervoor bloot `n rassisstiese segregasie-ondertoon het!! ☹ Goldies het dit toe goedgevind om hul eie “Vensters” te hê – Die idee van Blokvensters is vervolgens gebore. Werklike pro-aktiewe kreatiewe denke!

Die lug was gevul met gespannendheid en die atmosfeer was byna staties. Almal wil mos wen!!! Kreatiwiteit was die wagwoord en almal het hul bes probeer om daardie gesogte toekenning te kry. Van die “bosman en sy Kagiso hoenderbeen” tot `n weeraabieder wat sy rol komies vertolk het – almal was wenners. Dit was regtig `n saambind-geleentheid waar Goldies van oud (jammer Ben) en jonk verenig is deur die tema – “I can’t believe it...” Wel aan Goldies wil ek Nico Groenewald en Ruan Erasmus vandag sê, - glo dit *because it’s true* – ons is ieder

en elk tot alles in staat waarop ons ons fokus plaas. (Dankie Marsho dat ons jou TV-woorde kon gebruik ☺).

Dankie ook aan almal wat deel gevorm het van `n produksie – van die wulpse en harige gay-grimeermeisies van Nagenoeg (aka... Rikki en Jason), die nare wurm van Deelkraal, die hekse van Wes-Driefontein en die weer-anker van Nagenoeg. Julle almal was tops.

Na afloop van die Blokvensters was dit tyd weer vir Down-Downs. Wat meer kan ek sê – so lekker soos altyd, warm Late Harvest of nie, Goldies het hulself ten volle geniet tydens hierdie aktiwiteit. Dis net snaaks dat ons toe nie enige tekort gehad het aan deelnemrs nie... Die Alumni het ook nie teruggestaan nie het het ewe hard, kom ons sê maar “gekuier”. ☺

Saterdag 17 Maart 2007: PARTYDAY

Happy Happy birthday. Veels geluk Goldfields!!!!

D-dag vir Goldfields. Soos verwag was die lug gevul met oopgewondenheid – beina staties. Ek kan nou met absolute eerlikheid sê dat Kagiso uitgehaal en gewys het hulle kan. Die tafels het behoorlik gekreun van die verskillende kosse – van brode en verskillende kase tot gebate eier, sappe en worsies. Ek is seker daarvan dat almal die ete buite onder die tente geniet het. Die HK van 2007 wou juis hê dat almal lekker die dag moet kuier – ek is dus seker dat die ontbyt onder die tente juis hierdie doel bewerkstellig het. Die Alumni het julle gate uitgeniet en ou vriende het weer mekaar te siene gekry. Sommiges het mooier geword, sekere vanselfsprekend gryser en ronder, maar steeds dieselfde ou pelle van jare terug. Werklik `n perfekte geleentheid om weer ou vriendskappe te ondervind en nuwe te smee.

Tussen deur al die bondelsporte die geëetery is die Alumni ook deur die koshuis geneem. Vir party `n emosionele ondervinding! Soos een van die Alumni gesê het – “Dis asof ons nooit weggegaan het nie.” Deurgaans was die fokus op die smee van vriendskappe. `n Doel wat beslis bereik is!

Die aand se verrigtinge was ewe indrukwekend. `n Emosionele Prof. Willie Esterhuizen (GF se eerse Inwonende Hoof) het die Goldfields-Storie vertel en die skare mense aan sy voete gehad. Werklik `n mens wat baie vir Goldfields en sy inwoners beteken. Prof. Willie het weer eens die belangrikheid van deelname en berokkenheid onder Goldies beklemtoon. Die aan se formele verrigtinge is afgesluit met `n wonderlike ete gedeeltelik geborg deur Kagiso en die Alumni.

De geleentheid was `n wonderlike geleentheid vir eersteaars en seniors om te sosialiseer tesame met die Alumni. Natuurlik met `n glasierie punch in die hand.

Die hele geleentheid is afgesluit met `n kontantkroeg. Die DJ het gesorg vir die musiek en die res.... Wel ek kan nou eweskielik nie meer onthou nie.....

Wat die Boulevard afterparty betref: What happens in Boulevard, stays in Boulevard!! Issue closed.

Sondag 18 Maart 2007: Huiskerk

Die diens was gelei deur 'n oud Goldie Ds. Kobus Eksteen. Afgesien van die klein groepie Goldies teenwoordig het die diens `n treffende boodskap gehad. Dankie Henrico daarvoor. Die doel van die diens was om die hele partynaweek in `n gepaste manier af te sluit. Goldies se harte sit mos op die regte plek!

Die hele naweek was werklik `n wonderlike ondervinding. Vriendeskappe is gesmee en almal het dit geniet.

So `n paar Goldfields fotos van die geleentheid:



Ghatto, Nicky en Denver



Chantal, "Face of Beloved", Amorie en Renatha



Rikus, Ian en Recharlton met daardie beroemde en bekende punch in die hand!! LEKKA ☺



**GOLDIES!!! –
OUD EN
JONK...**

LIFE AS A GOLDIE

By John Maree

You wake up one morning.....the sun is shining brightly outside, and all of a sudden, you get this warm, fuzzy feeling inside, because you are a Goldie and you are proud of it.

I've heard the term Res-pride or "koshuis-trots" being thrown back and forth the last couple of weeks. Do we have it? And if not, why? In the quest to answering these questions, we need to take a closer look, as to what "koshuis-trots" really is...

Is it wearing your residence t-shirt or top every Wednesday or Friday? Is it pitching up in numbers at sporting events? Is it defending the name of your res, at all costs, even if it means shooting at people? Some people might argue – yes, but this does not really answer our questions. What makes one proud of the residence you live in?

In the House meeting, Mr Nel said that someone was unhappy here at Goldfields, because it was too diverse for her. Thus, I deem it safe to draw the conclusion that a person, who is not happy where they live, will obviously not be proud of the place.

Is the diversity the problem? If that is the case, how can we argue that our strengths lies in our diversity when it makes some people unhappy? It truly baffles me as to how anyone can be unhappy in a diverse environment. To me, diversity means one thing, and that is RESPECT. I have my own culture, beliefs and traditions, but I have respect for the person next to me, who has a total different culture, beliefs and traditions, enough, so we can live in harmony together.

Goldfields has created an environment where you can be yourself. Where everyone can have their own opinions. It is a place where we are all equal, a place where no one expects you to be a clone of the person next to you. It is a place where you are not forced to do anything, but rather reason it out for yourself, and make your own decisions. Ladies and gentlemen, if this does not make you proud, I don't know what will.

Have you ever had a conversation with anyone and once you've said that you are from Goldfields, they smile awkwardly and ask: "Where is that?" It seems we are so far ahead of the other residences, they don't know where we are anymore. The next time someone asks you that question, smile back, and say: "Ignorance is bliss..."

Diversity

Emile Engel

In this
Diverse City
Confusion reigns and conflicts abound
Over who saw what in their peripheral vision;
Possible twitches from the corpse of racial prejudice.
Our bantustans are guarded
By timid officers on vicious cycles,
While gated communities protect those
Who still fear
The Dark
We label ourselves
In the race
For statistical purposes,
Not realising
That the beauty of grey eludes us.
Still,
We continue to beat down authenticity
In a quest for transformation.

5 quick questions

By John Maree

1. What is your favorite song at the moment?
2. What is your favorite movie of all time?
3. You do you spend the most time with on Goldfields, except your roommate?
4. What is your favorite drink?
5. Something no one knows about you?

SNE SITHOLE

1st Year B.Sc

1. Remember when it rains (S'bu)
2. National treasure
3. Lesedi
4. Anything non-alcoholic
5. At school I had to deliver a speech, but I was not prepared at all. When the teacher asked me to do my presentation, I had nothing to say. The whole class started laughing at me. It was most embarrassing moment of my life.



CEFERINA PASTOR

1st Year B.Sc Chemical Biology

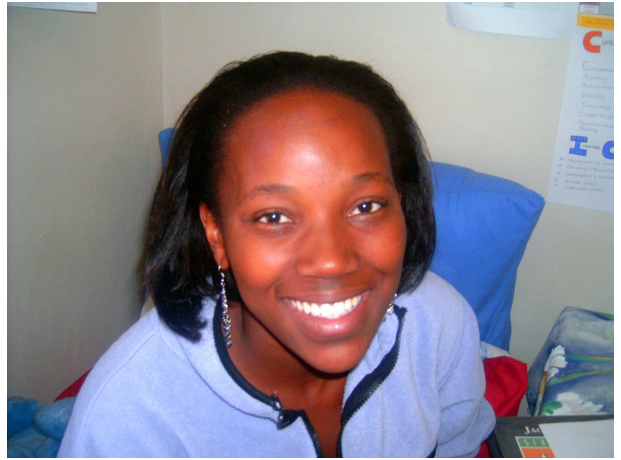
1. All good thing come to an end (Nelly Furtardo)
2. Message in a bottle
3. Rotondwa
4. Brandy and coke!
5. Looks can be deceiving, and I am definitely not the way I look.



PRUDENCE SERAME

3rd Year B.Accounting

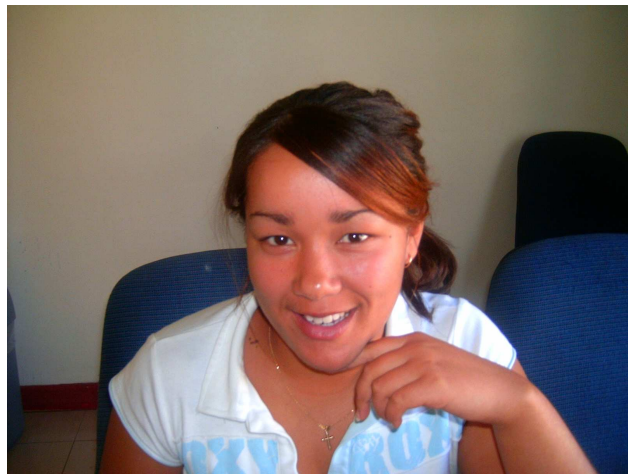
1. Lean wit it, Rock wit it (Dem franchise boys)
2. Titanic
3. Matheta
4. Apple juice
5. I coach an under 10 netball team in Kayamandi



MARZANNE CARELSE

1st year B.A Social Dynamics

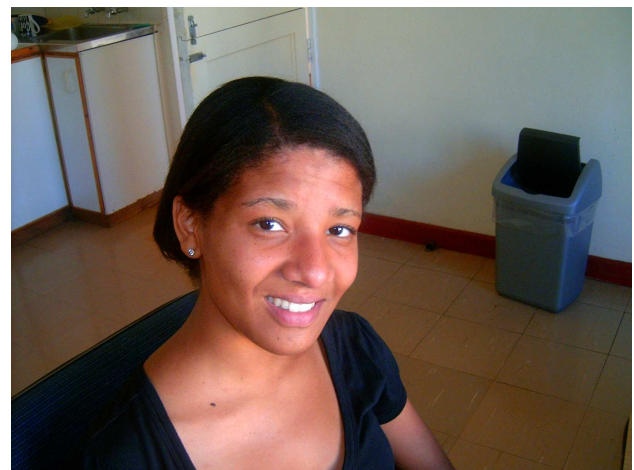
1. More than words (Westlife)
2. De ja vu
3. Inge Adams
4. Mango & Orange juice
5. I am crazy about chocolate!



INGE ADAMS

1st Year B.A Humanities

1. More than words (Westlife)
2. The Village
3. Marzanne!!!
4. Coke
5. I'm actually a very nice person.



EVELYN GALLICHAN

1st Year Humanities

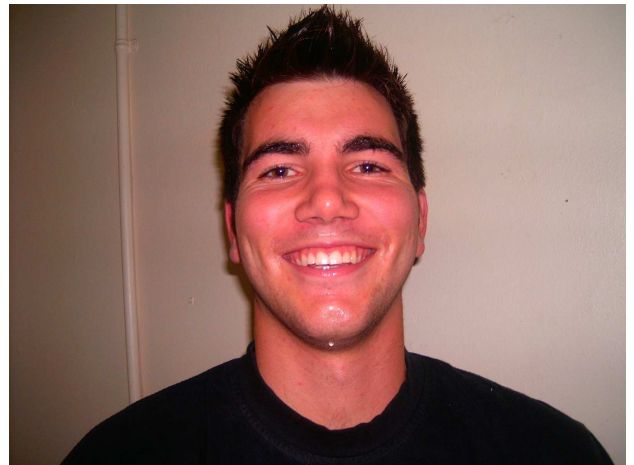
1. Miss you (Blink 182)
2. The Notebook
3. Rory!!
4. Crème Brule frappe
5. I'm 21 year old.



RETIEF VILJOEN

1st Year B.Rek

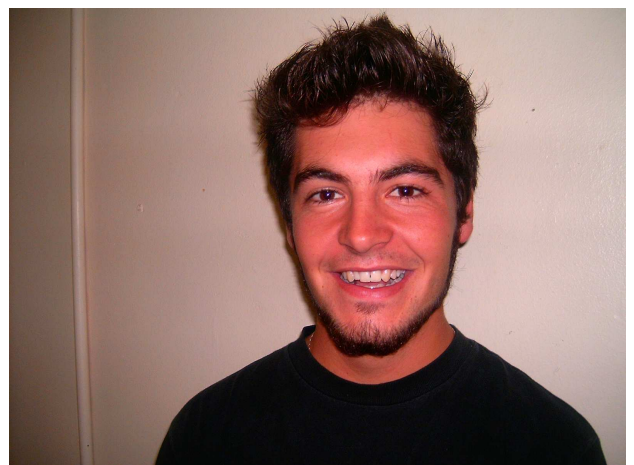
1. Say it right (Nelly Furtardo)
2. Butterfly Effect
3. Jason
4. Double Southern Comfort & lemonade
5. I had malaria once



JASON MEDINA

1st Year B.Comm Management Sciences

1. Born slippy (Underworld)
2. Boondock Saints
3. Retief
4. Brandy & Coke!!
5. I lived in New Zealand for 5 years and Australia for 2 years.



CHARLTON THEUNISSEN

2nd Year B.Comm FinRek

1. You think (Mario)
2. See no evil
3. My books actually!
4. Black Label
5. No one knows where I stay on Goldfields.



RENATHA HARTMAN

Final Year B.Comm

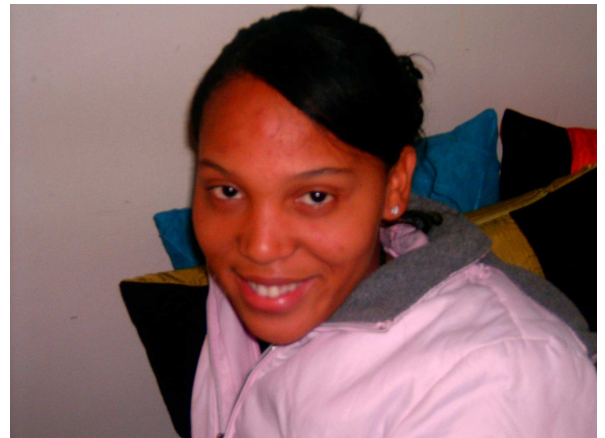
1. Say it right (Nelly Furtardo)
2. Sweet November
3. Chantel Muller
4. Spice Gold & Sprite!!!
5. I attained Western Province colours for swimming at school.



ESMERELDA ROBERTS

2nd Year LLB

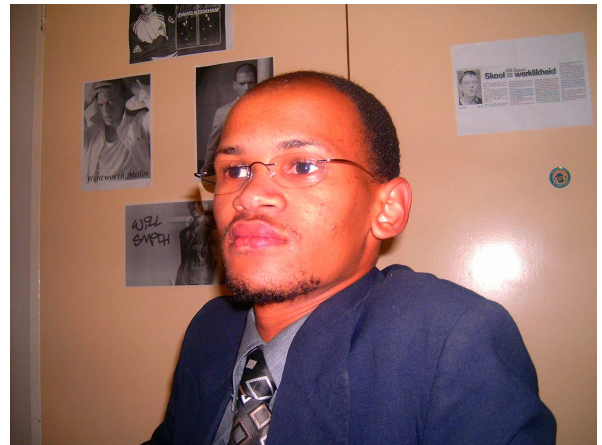
1. Ditto (Cassie)
2. Save the last dance
3. Helga
4. Savanah!!
5. I play the silver flute (at band camp lol!!)



TREVOR LINKS

5th Year Theology Student

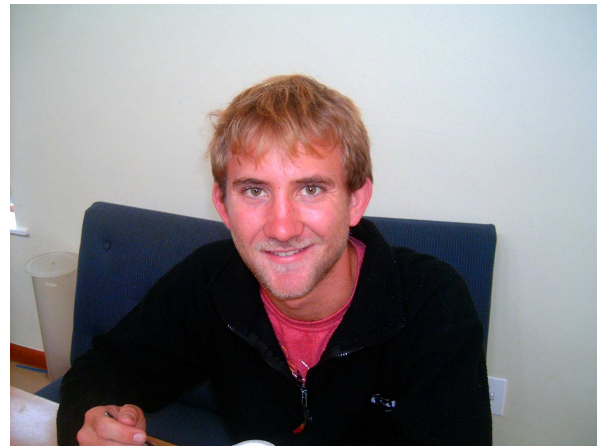
1. Some House song I don't know the name of
2. The life of David Gale and The Others
3. Renatha
4. J&B and lemonade!
5. I roll myself to sleep at night.



COLIN COOPER

2nd Year B. Ing Mechatronics

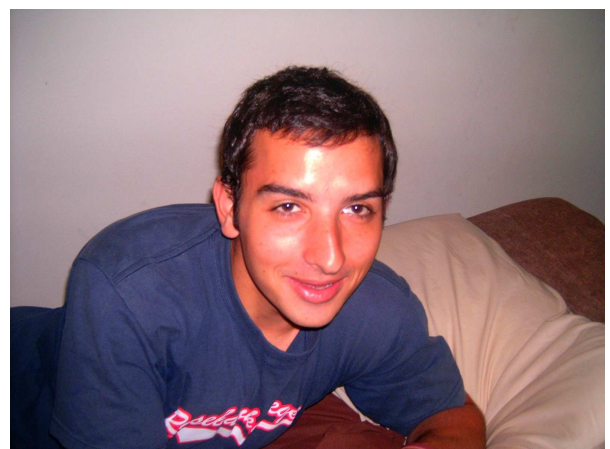
1. Answer the question (Tree 63)
2. Any Gospel movie
3. The whole Toekoms Annex block!
4. Coke
5. I actually played rugby at school



MIGIEL VAN WIJK

1st Year B.A Sport Science

1. Straight jacket face (Chevelle)
2. A man apart
3. Janji and Ya-Ya
4. Southern Comfort!
5. I hate Auber jine!



A TRIBUTE TO THE ONES I KNEW

By John Maree

Aunt Gladys I knew
our neighbour, with the fiery eyes
and lively voice
Enthusiasm for life too
But who knew
Who knew
That I will never see
Those eyes, nor hear that voice again
For the angels came, and
took Aunt Gladys to a better place.
Aunt Poppy and Uncle Tsepo I knew
Bread and milk and fun they sold
My boring afternoons, turned to gold.
The little shop closed its doors
As their coffins broke into the earth
I felt the pain
I saw the tears
I looked down, but I had no hands.
Sally I knew
My freckle faced friend, who cleared Bingo nights
The black tar tickling our toes
under the flood of yellow street lights
From a distance, I saw it all
Lord give me hands!
From a distance, I said goodbye.
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Brad, Fiona, Richard....
I knew them all.
Every single one, I knew, and so many more
God, you created them
I loved them
Aids took them...

I bow my head, because all I can do is pray
Dear Lord, change my world
Change my sight
Take YOUR hands, and wipe this disease away

(This poem won third place at the SRC poetry competition 2007)

Gissings uit Leeuendoorn

Deur Elzet Kirsten

Dis êrens in die middel van die nag en ek sit hier en leer vir 'n semestertoets. Ek's verdiep in leksikale en semantieke stylvlakmerkers. Toe maar, dis jargon; jy sal waarskynlik nie weet wat dit beteken nie. Hierdie is 'n goeie tyd om na 'n woordeboek te gryp of om Van Schaik toe te gaan en een te koop.

Eintlik moet ek oor die eerstejaarsoriëntering skryf. Ek kon egter nie die versoeking weerstaan om van lesings en plekke te praat nie, net om te wys ek weet wat is aan die gang hier op universiteit. Sien, toe ek en al die ander eerstejaars hier aangekom het twee maande terug, het ons nie 'n *koeking clue* gehad van leksikale stylvlakmerkers of Van Schaik nie. Wel, ek dink die ander het net so min geweet as ek. O, en as jy nog steeds nie weet wat (of wie?) Van Schaik is nie... shame.

Weereens terug na die eerstejaarsoriëntering. Om ons uit ons onkunde te help, was die HK natuurlik daar. Hulle het ons na Coetzenburg laat hardloop – in formele klere terwyl 'n ou 'n meisie se hand moes vashou, alles tydens die grootste hittegolf van die jaar. Ten minste weet ons nou waar Coetzenburg is. Hulle het ons sesuur in die oggend “Ajikalela” leer sing. Hulle het vir ons kospakkies gegee – ek het nog nooit voorheen 'n *hotdog* (warmbrak is blykbaar die Afrikaanse woord) sonder tamatiesous vir ontbyt geëet nie; en die hoender... ja. Hulle het ons tot drie voormiddag (dis in die oggend) laat vlot bou. Hulle het ons ook met waatlemoen en meel betakel.

Nou mag jy dalk dink: skors die HK! Watse onmenslikheid! Wat sal Prof. Botman sê?! ens. ens. Die ding is, hulle het dit alles saam met ons gedoen. Hulle het in kleurbaadjies (dis 'n *blazer*) Coetzenburg toe gehardloop – *al het hulle alreeds geweet waar dit is*. Hulle (of sal ek sê Morné op sy eie) het harder as ons al vyftig saam gesing. Hulle het ook *hotdogs* (wat eintlik *colddogs* was) geëet. Hulle het elke aand eers drieuur gaan slaap... en weer vyfuur opgestaan. (Dis wetenskaplik bewys dat as jy minder as drie ure 'n nag slaap, jy mal word. *Do the math yourself*.) En, o, het ons hulle nie teruggekry met die waatlemoen en meel nie! Ek is eintlik heel beïndruk deur die HK. Dankie, julle. Ons waardeer julle harde werk. Meer nog

waardeer ons julle as mense. Dit was wonderlik om julle elkeen te leer ken tydens oriëntering en om nou julle as ons vriende te kan tel.

If you're a senior, right now you're probably thinking somewhere along the lines of... *That's nothing. In our firstyear we had to... in our day we still... we only got to bed at... we also had to fill the gaps. And the HK gets payed to do it anyway.* True maybe. But don't you think our group of firstyears turned out splendidly? You have to admit that you simply love us. We are the life and love of this res, the backbone and the future of Stellenbosch University, your pride and joy.

OK, now I have all the seniors' attention. You do know I was only kidding, right? What I actually want to say is thank you to you too. You accepted us into your home. You made us feel welcome. You've shown us around and helped us to adjust. You have become our friends, our family. We are very proud to be part of this house and all of you.

Nou het ek lekker ingekruip by al die belangrike mense. Moenie *worry* nie - vir Mnr Nel het ek 'n persoonlike brief van dank gestuur. (Julle wonder nou of ek regtig het of nie. Ek gaan nie sê nie...) Al wie ek nog moet bedank is die eerstejaars, die mense aan wie hierdie artikel eintlik opgedra is.

Guys, thanks for one of the hardest, most intense, most memorable, most amazing two weeks in my life so far. I can't imagine having been part of a better group. I'm very privileged to know each of you and I'm looking forward to knowing you better during the next three, four, five years (depending on how many modules are going to be failed along the line...). I am amazed at all the potential I see around me and I'm very proud to be counted as one of you.

Ek moet nou weer leer anders gaan ek vier, vyf jaar hier wees omdat ek Afrikaans gesak het. O, en vir interessantheid, “jargon” is vaktaal wat onverstaanbaar vir 'n buitestaander is. Ek sal julle bietjie inlig op akademiese Afrikaansjargon: “leksikale stylvlakmerkers” is woorde wat vir jou wys of iets formeel of informeel is, bv. gekoring (informeel) of beskonke (formeel) – albei beteken maar net jy's dronk. Ek moet nog bietjie gaan leer wat is 'n “semantieke stylvlakmerker”. Vra my weer na die toets!

Goldie reaches new heights

By Trevor Links

Denver van Schalkwyk grew up in Darling, a small West Coast town, in the Western Cape. He matriculated in 1998 at Schoonspruit Secondary School (Malmesbury) with an A-aggregate (distinction). Not only was he the first one at his school to have seven subjects in matric, but he was also the first person (and still is) in the history of Darling to pass matric with a distinction. In 1999, he enrolled at the University of Stellenbosch. He completed his BA (International Studies) in 2001, his Honours (Political Science) in 2002 and his Masters (International Relations) in 2003. He is currently enrolled for his PhD (Doctorate) degree at the University of Johannesburg (previously known as the Rand Afrikaans University/RAU).

While studying in Stellenbosch he stayed at the TOP university residence in the universe, Goldfields. There he experienced the BEST FIVE YEARS OF HIS LIFE. Off course, staying in DEELKRAAL!! add in making the experience at Goldfields unbelievable. While residing at Goldfields, Denver was a House Committee member, a ‘Raadgewer’ (Academic Councillor),

as well as on the Media, Cultural and Annual Springball Committees. He also played tennis for Goldfields.

Denver has been the recipient of various bursaries and scholarships over the years. The latter includes multiple merit bursaries from the University of Stellenbosch as well as RAU and currently the University of Johannesburg. In addition, he received a scholarship from Eskom. Since 2005, he is also the recipient of a prestigious scholarship from the French Embassy and the French Institute for South Africa.

In 2004, he started teaching Political Science at RAU and later the University of Johannesburg. Furthermore, he was also appointed as research assistant at the above-mentioned institutions. As of July 2007, while completing his PhD part-time, he will be employed as Lecturer in Political Science at the University of Potchefstroom.

Die era waarin ons leef....

John Maree

Kom ons begin by DC++. Kan enige een hulle lewe voorstel sonder dit? Wat gaan van ons word in die hiernamels as ons klaar is met Matieland, en die “grootmens” wêreld moet betree? Verseker gaan ’n mens die partytjies, vriende en studentelewe mis, maar DC!!! Lui lekker Maandae aande voor die rekenaar, jou gunsteling reeks se nuutste episode wat pas in Amerika vrygestel is, springmielies, goeie geselskap (of in hierdie geval ’n lekker kussing om op te lê). Wat meer kan ’n mens voor vra. Ons het so gewoon geraak aan die lewe van “double click”, dat dit heeltemal verregaande klink om te betaal vir ’n DVD of die tog aanpak Musica toe en R150 opdok vir ’n cd.

Ek het al eienaardige stories gehoor van kamermaats, wat hulle vir dae in die kamer opsluit, en reeks na reeks verorber, en die ergste is, as jy as buitestaander na drie dae daar inkom, en dit mèer lyk (en

ruik) na 'n oorlog slagveld, as 'n koshuis kamer. 'n Paar wenke vir DC downloads: Vir die dames is daar 'n baie goeie reeks uit in Amerika, en die aktrise wat die hoofrol speel, is sopas as een van die wêreld se invloedrykste mense deur Time aangewys. Die reeks se naam is Ugly Betty, en belooft om 'n treffer te wees. Dan is daar altyd ou gunsteling soos Supernatural, Heroes, Greys Anatomy, House, Bones ens. waarin 'n mens jousef weer en weer in kan verlustig.

Goeie albums om af te laai is The Evolutin of Robin Thicke, vir diegene wat 'n bietjie verlief is. Timbaland se Shock Value, bied baie lekker dansmusiek. Vir 'n bietjie rock belooft Nine inch nails se Year Zero nogal baie, asook Daughtry se self-getitelde album. Dis 'n meer sagter tipe rock, amper soos Nickelback. Daugtry was een van die American Idol deelnemers van die vorige seisoen, en sy album is al vir 23 weke in die top tien in Amerika. Vir 'n paar goeie fliks wees op die uitkyk vir Disturbia, Shooter, sowel as Blades of Glory.

Dit bring my by my volgende punt. Die era waarin ons leef, is die van MySpace, Facebook en YouTube. Daar is oneindig baie moontlikhede. Die hele Stellenbosch is in rep en roer oor Facebook. Dit is amper so groot soos die kriek plaag wat ons kampus in 2004 getref het!! Julle kan gerus 'n punt daarvan maak om 'n bietjie na dit kyk. Die meeste vriende wat ek ken het 'n profiel op MySpace. Jy ontmoet letterlik die wêreld se mense.

Daar is onlangs 'n vreemde man op Goldfields opgemerk, maar dit bly 'n raaisel of hy werklik bestaan, en of dit nie net dalk die nagevolge van te veel Bio-plus is nie. Volgende keer as iemand hom gewaar, pluk daardie selfoon uit, neem 'n video-clip van hom en ons plaas dit op YouTube, vir die hele wêreld om te sien hoe die boef lyk!! As iemand weer "mamok" maak in Boulevard, of in die parkeer area raas, of selfs onhigiënies in die badkamer is, neem 'n video-clip en plaas dit op YouTube. Dit is die wonderlikste ding ooit, ek kry skoon hoendervleis!! Vingers op die knoppie....

TEQUILA

Candice Johnson

Metlife - Thursday, 10 May 2007. As part of the Spring Ball Committee's efforts to raise funds to subsidize the annual Spring Ball, a Huisfondsdans was held in conjunction with the Pre-Exam Party; good clean fun was had, cries from a certain Spring Ball Committee Member when selling tickets to her block ("Free booze and naked women") and the theme ("Golf Pros & Tennis Hos") aside.

The atmosphere was relaxed. Those who did not feel like dancing (the merry few), for short period that they did not feel like dancing, were free to lounge round. The dance floor was "lit" (I don't think any dance floor is ever very well lit) with some impressive strobe lights and then filled with people with some impressive dance moves and one person wearing impressively short skirt and impressive thigh high white boots. (It was the theme - it had some unforeseen and remarkable results).

The Primaria and Mr and Ms GoldFields were the judges for the "Best Dressed" award. Mr GoldFields was very dashingly dressed himself. Most thought that he looked like Serena Williams in his little green tennis outfit, but Miss Scolefield thought that he resembled Venus more - I think it was the longer legs. Sadly, he was unable to compete, and the prize for best-dressed male went to Matthew Dickinson. He came as the bodyguard of a famous tennis pro. Rochelle Rhoades was the best-dressed female tennis ... person. They each won four free shots at the bar.

It all started with a theme. The turnout could have been better, but what we missed out in numbers we made up for with a pretty good DJ and a good time. As one visitor said "Next time you do this, call me! Oh, I love you so much!..." Yes, some members of the party may have taken too much of a liking to the R5 shot bar, but on the whole all of us were in good spirits.

Thank you so much to all you who supported the Huisfondsdans!

WOMAN TO WOMAN

By Helga Brown

I bought a book at one stage entitled: *What's wrong with waiting until the real thing comes along...?* Friends laughed at my attempt to justify my single status because the title alone is just so typically me.

Whilst many of you might want to start off by identifying “*the real thing*”, I would like to pause a moment at the “*waiting*” part. I sometimes wonder: What am I waiting for and what am I doing in the meanwhile?

My most recent reading lists have varied from the worldly acclaimed *He's Just Not that Into You*, the follow up *Be Honest, You Were Never That Into Him Either* and the follow up *It's Called a Break-up Because It's Broken*. This was reluctantly followed by *Men are from Mars, Women are from Venus*. (then I still argue that I do have a social life!) A refreshing paradigm shift came when I read *Captivating, The Heart of a Women's soul* and to conclude, *Lady in Waiting*. My reading pattern clearly illustrates the area I concentrated on most: Women and the relationships into which they enter. Although this piece is not meant to be a book review I thought it well to include the material that influenced me to write it. Some truths were learned. Some tips were given. But nowhere did I find “the secret recipe”.

How many times have we as women heard (and said) that there are no good men left. HA! We even started believing it when in actual fact this statement is nothing more than a lie. Maybe there are not as many good single men left but that is only because we are getting older (am I speaking for myself?) and chances are that the sweet guy you met last night probably belong to someone else already. Women are getting more and more agitated, more impatient and more desperate. Nowadays women go in for the kill. It's survival of the fittest: “I have to grab him before someone else gets the last of the good ones!” Eat or be eaten!!

Statistics recently showed (and let me put it straight that I can not reveal my source of information because it might be unreliable) that the man : women ratio is currently 1:8. Bear in mind that the term “man” (as used in the statistic) also include gay men, men that don’t want to settle (and never have the intention of settling...ever!) and just plain no-go men (not that I am placing these three in the same league). You do the calculations...

I had an insightful conversation with a friend a couple of weeks ago. Her view on the saying “Good things come to those who wait” basically boiled down to this: Those who wait stand at the back of the line and are grateful for the hand-me-downs. They believe that the scraps they receive are good because they waited for it. But those who know what they want stand in front of the line. They fight for their needs...their happiness...and they are the ones who receive the best.

Against all statistics, against all rationale I still believe that there is someone for everyone. I’ve got this idealic fantasy (if you want to call it that) that you’ll just know when you meet the right person and then things will simply fall into place... (might I add that this is my passive nature speaking here and look where it has got me thus far!). I still believe that there are good (single) men left out there and I still believe that we, as women, cannot blame men for the fact that we are sitting on the shelf...

We so easily talk about there being no good men left but what about us? What are we doing in the meanwhile? Are we as women reaching our full potential? Are we as women striving towards excellence in ourselves? Are we as women still the ‘crown of creation’? What happens when the prince arrives on his white horse and there’s only a half grown princess waiting for him?

No one should settle for second best, not ever! This “no-one” includes men. That is why we should take care of ourselves and prepare ourselves for the day our Knight in Shining Armour arrives. This is not as easy as it sounds nor is it enlightening but Karma works like this: what you give is what you receive. What you sow is what you reap.

We can only expect others to love and respect us if we love and respect ourselves. We should value and treasure ourselves before we expect anyone else to.

It is our task to 'do ourselves proud', to try and improve ourselves constantly while accepting our inadequacies. This is all we need to do while in waiting, because *when the real thing comes along*, it's going to be too late for preparation.

