

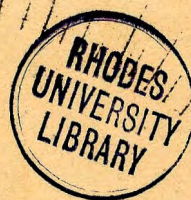
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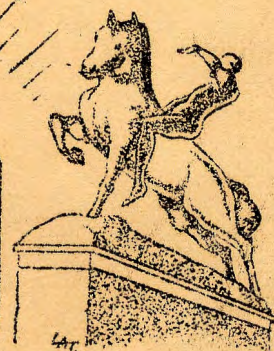
John Steward



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THEATRE

FOR SOUND —
SATISFACTION



PROGRAMME
ON PAGE 2

"UNITED ARTISTS RELEASES"

EDITORIAL

Last Monday's general meeting showed up yet more flaws in the S.R.C. constitution. Present at the meeting was a large and representative gathering of the College. It discussed a motion aimed at changing the Constitution; it signified its approval of that change by an overwhelming majority. And yet, under the terms of the constitution, that motion cannot be passed, because less than two-thirds of those students registered on the new and ridiculous voting-lists were present at the meeting.

We are not going to animadvert on the mental make-up of those students who habitually do not turn up to meetings at which their affairs are discussed, and where decisions affecting their well-being are taken. That there always have been numbers who take no visible interest in the workings of the College is a fact, and should be accepted as one. But that is precisely what the ancients of yesteryear who framed this masterpiece of restriction did not do. Either they assumed that, inspired no doubt by the thought of how perfect were the works of man, Rhodes as a body would flock en masse to a general meeting (a thing it has not done since one celebrated occasion in 1940, or ~~else~~ they started with the assumption that the Constitution they had framed was perfect, and took steps to ensure that it would be beyond the power of Rhodes students to change it.) In either case, never has the dead hand of the past clamped down on the present so unnecessarily, so restrictingly, so blatantly, conceitedly, as it did last Sunday.

It was Bernard Shaw who scandalised a gathering of self-satisfied Americans with the advice to tear up their constitution if they wanted to progress. That would be no bad advice to give our present S.R.C. The old constitution, under which the S.R.C. performed up till last November, may have been an unpretentious document, but it worked. It worked because it was flexible, because it placed some confidence in its interpreters, because it enabled cases to be judged on their merit. The present constitution, so far as we can see, does none of these things. By the end of the year, provided that the present councillors have not succumbed to nervous prostration, we may hope that they will have altered and amended it. But that cannot be done until the all-important clause concerning changes in the constitution has been weeded out. And that cannot be done until two-thirds of all students entitled to vote - all students, that is, whose names appear on the voting lists - appear at a General Meeting, and signify their disapproval of something that is not merely conservative but reactionary. Let us hope that we shall see this gathering at the next General Meeting.

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THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

It is suggested to the dramatic critic of this mild, pink, little magazine, that there might, in future, be more candour about players, and less cant about plays, than has previously been the case; that the sententious tradition of devoting more than three-quarters of a critique to the literary possibilities, antecedents, flaws, perfections, and future, of a play be confined, if it must out, to out more elite periodical. That on account of that very mildness and pinkness and other evidences of ephemerality, he need not fear that his candour will offend posterity or create complexes in those whose performances he comments upon, and may endeavour to correct. And all this, particularly, to assist in that search for new talent for which the one-act plays are (by decree) a happy hunting ground. (Only two of the actors had appeared on the Rhodes stage before)

He will attempt to square with these injunctions.

TWELVE POUND LOOK:

This play sustains the same criticism as did the first number in last year's triple-bill - Pinero's Playgoers. It did not sparkle. The inherent lack of merit in the play itself must be balanced by the slickest production, fast-moving action, and polish of gesture and accent. It is that sort of play that falls very flat without the very highest varnish, and on that account was a difficult undertaking - I will not say for amateurs, because Dram. Soc. can do it - but for such inexperienced performers as (by ordinance) trod the boards last Saturday.

Mr Bothwell heroically endeavoured to cope with the demands of middle-age, but for all his grey hair and laboured articulation was rather more like a choir-boy. The producers should have seen that he had a more effective make-up, and that his physical movements accorded more with his apparently intended age. There was too much virility in the way he crouched and bounced about the stage. They should also have seen to the way he stood - not on one foot, as if expecting his braces to snap at any moment. He may have felt comfortable, but he certainly didn't look it, and the audience quite definitely wasn't. But for all this, Mr Bothwell has very definite dramatic possibilities: he can certainly throw himself into a part, and should be watched: with better casting and production he should do very well.

Miss Nash made an unconvincing start as Lady Sims, but in the concluding scene showed that she had grasped her part better, and we were able to feel her intangible resentment of her position. She could learn to recite her lines a little less, and put into them that small amount of intelligent conviction that would show, that in her own small way, she really meant what she was saying.

Miss Harris took the honours for this play. She made an efficient typiste and an enlightened career-woman - in spite of her occasional bursts of elocution.

In her regard, one would like to ask the producers whether hers was a child-marriage: otherwise, her bouncing youth after fourteen years of youth was hardly credible. Did her typewriter have an automatic paper-feed?

The set, or slum tenement, of Twelve Pound Look was a handicap more easily remedied than most of the other faults in the play. The stage staff can do very much better than that, as the next item very well showed.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF SOHO:

This well-produced play was the success of the evening, both in general effect and individual performance. If the Dramatic Society is looking for new talent, it need not look any further than

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Grand Theatre Programme.

Mon. 4th. to Wed. 6th.

"MANHUNT" featuring Walter Pidgeon, Joan Bennet & G. Saunders.

Thurs. 7th. Fri. 8th.

"ROMANCE OF THE RIO GRANDE" featuring Cesar Romero.

Sat. 9th. to Tues. 12th.

"Back to Nature" featuring the Jones Family.

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/further than Miss M. Laver. Her Duchess might legitimately be called excellent. For zest and polish, it was an extremely satisfying performance; the audience enjoyed the Duchess quite as much as Miss Laver appeared to do. It is a credit to a performer to have it felt that he or she enjoyed the part: for there were those who seemed acutely miserable on the stage; there were others who seemed merely to be performing a duty, and were, rather indifferent about it - and didn't we know it.

Mr Pennington also enjoyed his part, and I would place him next in order of merit. He proved himself in the manner in which he carried his responsibility of bringing the play to successful conclusion. Only at times did I feel that he could have gotten more out of his lines, for he showed that he could do this, particularly in the first five minutes; he could have phrased them better on occasion, and given the full sense and effect to the blank verse.

This applies also to Mr Anderson. He has a good voice, and an effective stage presence, but showed a tendency to pause at the end of lines, regardless of sense, and to preserve the same regularity of rise and fall of intonation - as if the fact that it was verse demanded that it should all be spoken according to the same inflexible formula. He is to be congratulated on the spontaneous excellence of gesture with which he stabbed himself and returned the dagger.

Of Miss Anderson, it might be said that the flute has a serviceable lower register, with particular reference to her hysteria, which was of a mild order, despite the high-pitched burlesque. Perhaps in less temperamental parts she would do well. She showed dramatic ability, especially when she was not speaking: the way she stubbed her cigarettes could hardly be improved upon.

Messrs. Fowler-Brown, Grice and Sismey did not attain the requisite detachment from Messrs. Fowler-Brown, Grice and Sismey sufficiently for us to be taken in by whatever they were meant to be. Particularly Mr Sismey, who hurled words at us like an automaton, with utter disregard of sense or decorum. And neither Mr Grice nor Mr Fowler-Brown seemed to have a very adequate idea of what they were talking about.

The set of this play deserves special mention, despite the stage-manager's refusal to admit that he had never seen the interior of a night-club. And those reticent gentlemen who constitute the lighting-staff must be congratulated on their no mean contribution to the general success of this play.

THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS:

The preceding two plays should have been mere curtain-raisers to this ostensible piece de resistance. But we were not allowed to come away with this impression. Mr Horton's ability on the stage is well enough known for it to be said legitimately that he was miscast. He gave to his Shakespear a senile rather than a youthful maturity; we were not, in this connection, impressed with the possibility or probability of his seducing Queen Elizabeth. His voice was not suited to the part; and he tended to sermonise. His long concluding plea to Elizabeth, with all its massive Shavian propaganda for a National Theatre was not built up to a proper climax, nor, consequently, let down to earth again. In fact, throughout the play he struck an almost level note of inflection. Mr Horton is nevertheless to be congratulated on the way he dealt with a part that was really outside his particular scope.

Miss Hopwood failed to give sufficient regal dignity to Elizabeth. She had the voice, the bearing, and the clothes (the wardrobe excelled itself in the dressing of this play) but did not use them to their best advantage. The whole of this dignity and regal assertiveness could have been very easily conveyed: it might have been thrust into such a single oath as "S'Blood!", and thrust there by Miss Hopwood too, had she cared to try. She did not give us much either, of the multiple personality that Shaw has given to Elizabeth in this play - half a dozen bewildering changes of mood exhibited in the short twenty-five minutes of playing time. It must be said that one facet of this personality was not that Elizabeth should in any way deign to stoop to Shakespear. He should have stooped to her - should have followed her round the stage. This was, however, rather the fault of the production.

Mr Hartley as the Beefeater did not fill the bill. This part can hardly be conceived other than as one of a genial old man, hearty, full of Falstaffian zest and humour. Mr Hartley was about as Falstaffian as the average office-boy, and had no feeling of his lines at all.

To Miss Smith goes the honour of being the only one really to hold the stage and the audience in this play. She might have varied the level of

-4-

intensity in her performance more. But whatever may have gone before, her final burst of temper and humiliation was really first-class acting. An audience is very easily embarrassed when emotional violence of this sort is overdone, as it so easily can be. But there was none of this: Miss Smith held the House, and there was probably not one member of it who did not feel for the Dark Lady as she made her exit.

A.D.H.

* * * * *

Sonnet to a Young Lady of Intellect
(Recently descended upon us, from U.C.T.)

P'rhaps Pearsall Smith or Sweet or I.C. Ward,
In token of esteem, might have you sent
To sessions of the Nation Language Board.
But I'm unmoved by your advertisement.
Your lists do not impress: I only blench
To think of one (so late of U.C.T!)
Manhattanizing mediaeval French.
It's too hay-class! Descend some day to me!
From time to time, in Kaif or in our parks,
I've heard your views on God, on Joyce, on Marx;
But now:- most secret corners, -this page too,
Must ring with helpful ads. supplied by you:
That "Wagner, Bach & Co. are sold by Wiggins;
That Lingua's dope has got the goods on Higgins."

* ****

To Dickie.

We Three we had a party
A week ago today,
When the Warden of our hostel
Did ask leave to go away.
The guests they filed in quietly
That's how it always starts;
But soon the conversation
Revealed most dreadful "Pasts".

Now readers, in begging pardon
For the uncouthness of my style
May I for one short moment
Pretend to make you smile?
The query of the evening
Concerned our parting guest.
"Now could he ever," he was asked,
"Give pushing a slight rest?"

The man so fair did smile, turn pink
An outburst, -Drink-, appeared to think
And said:- "Men were made to push so long as term endures
But when to Potch we speed our way
Why not Moore to seek Love Cures?"
That's all the wise man seemed to say
As he small Fred did spy;
"Let's drink to pushing, Pushers' beer,
As they have done for many a year
And if this war is over then
We'll come right back and push again".
That's all was said for quite a while,
And OH!! he's left us now,
No finer man, a friend, a sport,
And could he PUSH - and how!!
Farewell!!!

"Salter Sinchell".

* * * * *

RUGBY.

Rhodes vs. Grahamstown Air Force.

Rhodes kicked off into a strong wind and play ranged from side to side in mid-field for some time. Conditions were far from ideal and the handling as a result was not particularly good. The forwards, though out-weighted, gained a supremacy in the tight scrums and to a slightly lesser degree in the loose. The Air Force, making full use of the wind, kept Rhodes in their half for a while and dropped a beautiful goal after about 15 minutes play.

Rhodes attacked vigorously, driving the visitors right to their goal line. A quick heel from the loose set the line in motion and Gillmer went over in the corner for an unconverted try. Half-time came with the score unchanged. After the change over the wind had dropped considerably, though intermittent gusts still persisted. Rhodes now had a slight territorial advantage and several forward movements spelled danger but came to nothing. Andrew, following up a short kick, fell on the ball to put Rhodes in the lead. The kick went wide. The Airmen came back with a rush and their forwards, breaking from a line-out, carried play right to the goal line where they maintained pressure for some time. A melee near the corner caused some trepidation amongst the Rhodes supporters, but a drop out relieved the pressure, and Rhodes returned to the attack. Gillmer, obtaining possession in mid-field made good use of his speed to beat the opposition and scored near the posts. Sprenger converted and shortly afterwards the final whistle blew.

Squadron leader Biggs had control of the game.

Rhodes lined up as follows:

Crebo, Gillmer, Andrew, de Klerck, Meyer M, Sprenger, Macdonald, Spies, Parkin, Dickerson, Alers, Craib, Pelser, Pennington, Opperman.

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MAN ABOUT KAIF.

When asked whether the Rowing Club was keeping up the tradition of pushing, he replied that "pushing is ~~an~~ one of the traditions of the club, and I sit in the front of the lorry going out". But he seems to be making up for it at Badminton.

Mr Davis, under the watchful eyes of Misses Parker and Brooke, has taken to knitting in Kaif - By the way, did you drop any stitches, Rex?

And it wasn't a little birdie that told me Le May has taken up golf. On the contrary, I hear he clocked a neat 220 grass for 18 at the Championship. (This is a black lie - Ed.)

I am indebted to "Jasper's Pal" for the following item: "Does Miss Gearing find being in the public eye a little maddening at times?"

Book for sale: (Drotsky Hall) "In the Steps of the Master" by Marton. Advt. Absolute alchonal cleans the system and rids the skin of all blemishes. "And the same applies to the women".

When confronted with Broiled Worm, the Minister fro Food in Founder's Hall was heard to reply "Any worm in soup I eat has to look after itself"

Has Dry really given up smoking since his smacking?.

We hear from College House that all applicants for dances with Charles Boyer are to apply to Ronwyn, Jameson House.

College House congratulates Mr. Dickerson on his election to the Assass. We understand that he will give a series of lectures to the Inks: "How things changed after Standard 6."

When last heard, Mr. Lucas was singing: "Drop one, plain one, purl one."

CASSIODORUS.

* * * * *

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A PORTRAIT.

Fair faces crowd the Grad. Ball night;
Bright suns are glowing through the door;
And all beyond is the wolfish mind,
And the crafty pen of the Editor.

But through the rout one figure goes
With slow and measured tread:
His hair is red, his form is frail -
Wait if he turns his head.

I say no word of when or how,
Or what that weird man sees,
But as you wait the Rhodeo,
He jeers your quivering knees.

Know then that in this very hall,
Too loud one cannot sing,
Or dance too wild or speak too wide
- He might hear some hidden thing.

Then, though the jest be old as Meth.,
Inevitably comes "We hear..."
Provoking raucous laughter.
Do quit it, Ed. old dear.

(Can this be rather "A Complaint" - by an Old Dalian,
perhaps. Ed.)

SEEN IN KAIF ON SUNDAY NIGHT APRIL 19TH. 1942. (FIRST TERM!)

"An Inkette in a Rhodes Blazer."

When will they become acquainted with the rules of the College?

CONGRATULATIONS TO:

Mr. Pelser on his Social Success in his third year
at Rhodes.

The Rhodes Golf Championships will be played on Tuesday, April 28th.
All those men who intend playing are reminded that they must sign the
list on the Arts Block Notice Board.

Team

The First Football/will be playing the Air Force in a Football
Match on the Rhodes Field on Saturday, April 25th. at 4 p.m.

It is pleasing to note that Rhodians are once again making an
effort to turn out to Football Matches. The singing could do with a
good deal more volume though. Perhaps Rhodians have not learnt the words
of the songs yet!

What about making an effort for Saturday?

Mr Peter has joined the Rowing Club: -"Those who cannot pull at least
can push." (Cassiodorus).

"The Rhodeo", the unofficial newspaper of the College, is printed
and published by the proprietors Messrs W.F. Vitherden and Partners,
Graham House, Rhodes University College.

STOP PRESS: MR J D PETER HAS BEEN ELECTED SENIOR STUDENT OF FOUNDER'S
HALL

Cont. from page 6.

Mr Peter re Rhodeo "They bound me to the scourging stake,
They laid their whips of scorn on me."

Scully:- "My lady clad herself in blue..."

Cutten:- "He gave me sun and stars and ought he could
But not a woman's love."

Le May:- "Why should I bow to the Ages
Because they were drear and dry?"

Man in Kaif:- "Who knows who round the corner waits
To write.....?"

Rainy weather hats:- "I clad myself in ragged things"

Carlton "Quaff like a good 'un, and let us be gone."

Entrance to Grad. Ball

"Yet at the back blinds hide from sight
The gruesome form which dangles there".

CASSIODORUS.

CROSS-SECTION.

One two three

highbrows we,

Hilda, Matilda, and Herbert.

we are so impressive,

so super-expressive,

Hilda, Matilda, and Herbert.

we discuss the troubles of all mankind,

we think that the rest of the college is blind,

so we try to make them use their mind,

Hilda, Matilda, and Herbert.

we are at our best on student news,

and anti-capitalist Marxist views,

and barbarians who wear leather shoes,

Hilda, Matilda, and Herbert.

(Apologies to Farjoen).