

# Rhodeo



*Rhodes University's Student Newspaper*



Journ students' survey finds  
SABC biased 84 pc to the Nats

**'It is in the interests  
of South Africa...'**



**Inside: Grahamstown's bloody founder**



# CAMPUS

## Butler to retire

Prof Guy Butler will retire as head of the Rhodes English department next year.

Senate and Council have granted permission to Prof Butler to continue research he started while on leave at Cambridge University. He will still remain at Rhodes with the English Department.

Prof Butler stressed that he is primarily an academic and not an administrator and that he is therefore more suited to his new position.

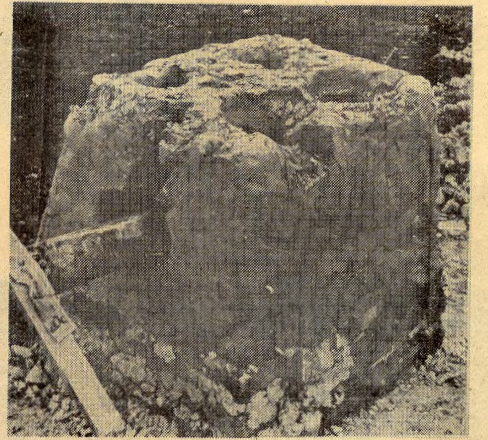


## Delta stove vandalised

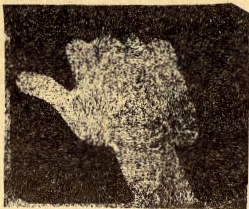
Two unknown men students damaged a stone-and-clay stove built by Delta in front of the Union Building.

Delta built the stove to demonstrate how a low-cost, energy-saving stove could be built using practically no expensive tools or material. The society intends teaching people at Thornhill how to make such stoves for themselves.

Delta chairperson, Guy Berger, hoped that the vandals would be identified so that they could clean away the remains of the stove from the Kaif-swimming pool thoroughfare as punishment.



## SASTS office opens



Nalini Naidoo has been appointed SASTS (South African Students' Travel Service) officer for this campus by the Rhodes SRC. As SASTS officer Nalini will be responsible for providing travel services to Rhodes students and staff members.

SASTS is headed by a board of directors each appointed by affiliated SRCs (only English-speaking universities are affiliated to SASTS). The Rhodes SRC has appointed Mike Mitcheley as SASTS Director for this campus.

SASTS organizes discounts on travelling expenses for students going overseas, as well as package tours to Europe and America and holidays on Finnish farms, Israeli kibbutzes, and Adriatic youth centres.

As a limited liability association any profit made by SASTS in its sale of international student cards and commission from selling packaged holidays will be used to "promote the objectives of the organization."

## Ethnic is in - says OFS

The front page lead article of *Irawa*, University of the Orange Free State's student newspaper, says that its SRC has no objection to desegregated universities on scriptural ("skriftuurilike") principles. However, it feels that a university founded on an "etniese grondslag" (ethnic basis) is unobjectionable because the Afrikaans and Christian characters of the UOVS is of the greatest importance.

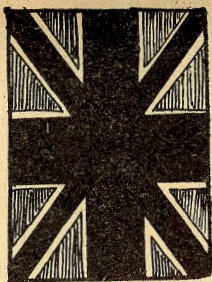
The lead paragraph of the article which takes the form of an opinion survey, notes that the Universities of Stellenbosch and Potchefstroom have admitted undergraduate black students this

year, and that English-speaking universities have done so for many years already.

The UOVS SRC president, one Piet Bester, said that black undergraduates should be introduced gradually and experimentally, so that the situation could be examined.

One of the four black post-graduate students at the UOVS who spoke to *Irawa* felt that integration would not be such a good idea at the university since most of the white students there would not accept it with the right attitude, according to the article.

## No-no's in Britain too



Britain's National Union of Students (NUS) faces possible disaffiliation of several key universities due to disputes similar to those bringing disaffiliation from Nusas in South Africa.

Attempts to break the socialist-communist domination of the NUS executive have led some of the leaders of the Federation of Conservative Students to press for disaffiliation of local unions. This move follows the failure of Tory students to gain more than 10% of the vote in elections to the executive at the recent NUS national conference.

Conservative students also fear that the restoration of the NUS policy of "no platform for racialists and fascists" could lead to students banning leading Tory politicians including Margaret Thatcher. This is a distinct possibility after her recent stand on immigration.

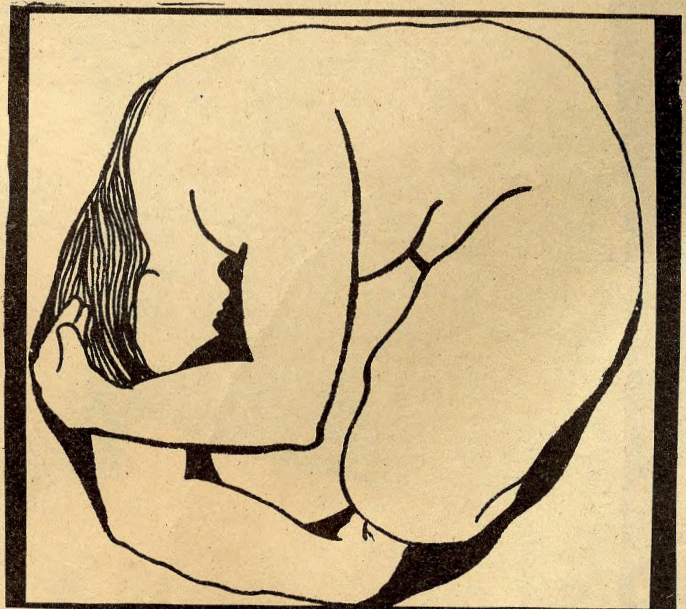
History was made at this year's NUS conference when the Union's first Black president was elected. He has been quoted as saying that he hopes his election will give hope to other young Blacks in Britain, but is under no illusion as to the difficulties that they face.

The conference also discussed the situation in Southern Africa, voting overwhelming support for the Rhodesian Patriotic Front, and urging the executive to step up its campaign against investment in Southern Africa. The extreme left failed, however, to gain similar support for the IRA in Northern Ireland.

At present the NUS enjoys support from all Britain's universities and has a strong central administrative body which among other things, provides a wide range of student benefits from cheap beer to cut-price travel. Local unions are responsible for virtually all the extra-curricular activities on the campuses.

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# AMERICA

## Slaughter sums it up

by Graham Watts

When you meet an Irishman named Paddy, or a Frenchman named Jean-Paul don't you get the feeling that he's just that little more authentic?

That's the way I felt when I met a certain American in a bar in Oakland just across the bay from San Francisco. Oakland was the headquarters of the Black Panther Party in the sixties and I went there with the intention of meeting an unemployed black American, talking politics and drinking Budweiser in a sleazy bar somewhere. The fact that the big dude sitting next to me took the initiative was marvellous. That his name was Chuck G Slaughter was even better.

My accent when I asked for my first beer was what started him off: "Hey, man, where ya from?" I thought of saying London and going on to talk about the queen and all that - for a moment the thought of saying South Africa to this man was too menacing for the sort of spirit I had with only one sip of my Bud to give me courage.

But I got it out. His slow eyes drifted into their first blink since we made contact.

"Ya know, I might just hold that against you."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"Listen, man," he said, while I quickly glanced around to see who else was in the bar, "I don't like politics. I don't wanna talk politics either. But, hey, what are they doing over there?"

I tried to tell him. But I'm sure that he was more interested in the way I related to him - a far better measure of my racial politics than a long discourse on Apartheid.

Pretty soon he interrupted: "Let's play some pool."

We spent the evening pub-crawling and it became clear to me as we talked that black Americans - insofar as Chuck was representative of at least one large segment of them - are more concerned about racism in their own country than they are about it in ours.



When I first arrived in the States I was extremely fearful of meeting blacks, especially as the riots and shootings were daily news items. But Chuck was the only person I met in 18 months who as much as hinted that being white and from South Africa might just be offensive.

When someone called Anokwa from Ghana met me at a delicate cocktail party one evening he discarded all western social graces, gripped my hand in the soul-brother handshake and hailed me as "his brother from Africa". The idea rather appealed to me for a while, until I discovered how utterly conservative he was.

In fact that was the single most startling thing of all. Somehow I had imagined that everyone outside of the borders of South Africa and Rhodesia was radical, if not about his own country, at least about mine.

But almost everyone I spoke to about South Africa was several degrees to the right of me. The funny thing was that most people felt a humane compulsion to feel sorry for me. For all white South Africans, in fact. We were "having a lot of trouble with the blacks over there" and things like that.

Don't worry old chap, we've got them over here too, you know. I began to understand why Chuck Slaughter felt the way he did.

A truck driver who gave me a ride all the way from Knoxville, Tennessee to Hattiesburg, Mississippi wanted to know what "you" do with niggers who rape white women in South Africa.

"Well," I said, rather hesitantly, since I wasn't sure whether he would understand that I didn't do anything to them - the courts did - "they string them up."

He grinned. For a long time.

For the most part, though, Americans wanted to know less about South African politics and more about wildlife, what sorts of cars we drove over there ("a lot of jeeps and landrovers, I suppose"), wildlife, what the roads are like, wildlife, whether we have TV, wildlife...

Very often people would interchange Australia with South Africa, apparently unable to distinguish between the two. Quite a few would say, "Oh, so you're from South Africa, then? Which country in South Africa?" You know, like South America. I'm quite sure they were not making a subtle joke about Bantustans.

Talking about Bantustans, I was telling a couple of young guys from Chicago about how my government shunts millions of black people around into little pockets of eroded soil and bring them out only when they need labour for the mines, factories and kitchens.

"Hey, we should do that with our niggers."

I was telling a South Carolinian about cheap domestic labour. He was enthralled.

"You know, you just can't get good cheap help (their word for a domestic maid) anymore these days. Things haven't been the same since they took the negroes away from us in the War of Northern Aggression."

I received a letter from a friend the other day. She said her mother had been watching the news a lot lately and was becoming very concerned about my well-being "down there".

"Mom says that if the communists take over Mozambique you're going to be in trouble."

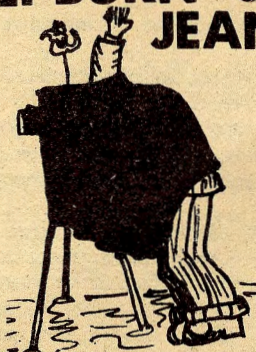
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# MEDIA

By Roy Cokayne

Accusations that the SABC is politically biased are made annually in Parliament and the liberal press, and this year has been no exception.

Following the SABC's performance in last November's general election — the first in which television played a part — a heated debate took place in the House of Assembly in February.

Introducing a private member's motion, Mr Dave Dalling (PFP Sandton) called on the House to "record its disapproval of the political bias evidenced daily in the presentation of programmes on the television and radio services of the SABC".

But what has prompted attacks on the SABC?

Their major thrust has been surveys conducted by newspapers, research organizations and universities.

A content analysis done at Rhodes last year by two Journalism Honours students — Roy Cokayne and Marion Whitehead — formed the basis for the PFP attack.

Time TV newscasts gave to politically involved people and organizations, was the basis of the study, conducted during the runup to the general election when all parties were trying to get their policies across to the electorate.

Results showed that broadcasts were "overwhelmingly weighted" with news form or about representatives of the Government or the National Party.

The students say, though, that it is impossible to determine how unreasonable the amount is in comparison with other broadcasting systems.

*"We do not indulge in the mud-slinging of the air that characterises the broadcast stations such as Radio Zambia, Radio Peking, Radio Moscow or Radio Dar es Salaam. That kind of hard-sell propaganda is not our style and, as we see it, is not our function".*

— Theo Greyling, head of SABC external service.

"So far as is known there are no studies which have established norms in this area. Obviously government officials and ministers of state are an essential source of 'news' for the people of any nation. Unfortunately the information which would be required to make an objective comparison is not available and more studies along these lines are needed", they conclude.

Shortly after television started in 1976, *The Star* found in a survey that South African Cabinet Ministers were getting nearly 10 times as much exposure as spokesmen for all the country's opposition parties combined — let alone black groups.

In 24 newscasts — nearly eight hours of viewing time — the survey found Cabinet Ministers were featured 38 times for a total of about 27 minutes.

Compared with this, United Party Spokesmen were featured six times for a total of two minutes while spokesmen of the then Progressive Party were featured four times for a total of about a minute.



## SABC — Nats choose the news

Slightly more than three minutes was devoted to black political leaders, while "coloured" and "Indian" leaders did not appear at all. Nor did the Herstigte Nasionale Party.

"Radio Today" morning radio news broadcasts were analysed in the *Sunday Tribune* last August. The paper noted a number of techniques the SABC used in the furtherance of National Party aims.

They include:

Promoting government viewpoints by quoting its Ministers and officials while generally not recording or inviting the views of its critics;

Boosting pro-Government and Government-recognised black spokesmen while ignoring black dissidents;

Using material that discredits other governments critical of South Africa;

Giving prominence to violence, social discord, race problems and oppression elsewhere while attempting to downplay them here, or presenting them as the work of outside agitators or as a world problem;

Promoting the "Communist bogey";

Reporting on black-ruled countries in a way likely to create the impression that majority rule is synonymous with chaos, violence and impoverishment;

Using slanted reporting techniques — one-sided reports, soft interviews for Government Ministers and officials, biased selection of material, and matching apparently related items.

An SABC spokesman, newsreader Retief Uys, claims in reaction to the Rhodes study that the corporation tried during the election to maintain a fair and acceptable balance, but always favoured "news-

worthiness" rather than "absolute balance".

"The Government's exposure should be seen in perspective. In most cases Ministers were involved, not as election candidates, but as executive members of the Government".

"If their official statements are subtracted, the remaining time compares well with that given to opposition speakers," he said.

There are still indications that the SABC works in some way as a propaganda arm of the National Party.

*"Programmes should follow Government policy, SABC policy and department policy".*

— Don Briscoe, organiser of English magazine and children's TV.

Shortly before the first test programmes in 1975, Director General Jan Swanepoel was asked what the SABC's political stance on television would be.

He said: "We are an independent organization. We have never been asked, since I've been here, by anyone in the Government to do a programme on this or that. The moment we allow ourselves to be talked into that we would be slipping."

But is it coincidence that the present SABC policy appears to so many people to be almost totally in line with what the Government wants?

To this question Swanepoel replied: "To some extent I think that may be true". The key words are "to some extent" — one wonders what the answer is to the rest of the question if coincidence can only supply an answer to part of it.

Perhaps the answer lies in the "leaked" directive to staff by Don Briscoe, organiser of English magazine and children's television programmes, which contained a note stating that "programmes should follow Government policy, SABC policy and department policy".

*"We are an independent organization. We have never been asked, since I've been here, by anyone in the Government to do a programme on this or that. The moment we allow ourselves to be talked into that we would be slipping".*

— Jan Swanepoel, Director-General of SABC.

But Dr Jan Schutte, Deputy Director General of Programmes, dismissed the whole affair. He said: "When Robin Knox-Grant (head of English TV) became aware of this document, it was immediately withdrawn. It was withdrawn because of the particular phrase 'Government policy'. Somebody got hold of it and published it even after it was withdrawn."

Reacting to the news that the United Nations was going to beam radio broadcasts to South Africa, Theo Greyling, head of the external service, said the SABC would not make any direct response to what the UN had to say.

"We do not indulge in the mud-slinging of the air that characterises the broadcast stations such as Radio Zambia, Radio Peking, Radio Moscow or Radio Dar es Salaam.

"That kind of hard-sell propaganda is not our style and, as we see it, is not our function".

But why does Greyling specifically mention the words "hard sell propaganda"? Is he unwittingly admitting that the SABC uses a more subtle approach but indulges in its own brand of propaganda nevertheless? No-one can say.

The PFP says the answer lies in a more representative Board of Control. "It should be representative of all the communities. It should comprise appointees of interest groups, of the arts, of commerce, of industry, of English and Afrikaans educational and cultural institutions."

*But how much does this sort of solution help? Bias in our media is more far reaching, and the representatives of these Establishment interest-groups will surely be no better able to articulate the views and aspirations of South Africa's millions of black workers.*

*The students' survey is itself too limiting, as journalism TV lecturer Graeme Addison suggests in the accompanying article.*

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES  
THROUGHOUT THE REPUBLIC



# Face the issues not the fantasy

by Graeme Addison

Our TV bias survey has been accused by the Prime Minister as being neither accurate nor objective nor scientific.

He may actually have a point.

True, we showed that some 81% of all political news on the box was devoted to pro-Nat Party spokesmen, and we used a sound methodology to show it -- no-one could fault us there. The SABC tried, and failed.

But did we have in the back of our mind some idea that news -- in any form one likes to imagine -- can be unbiased?

The mere fact that news consists of a selection of items chosen from the chaos of daily events, means that some scale of values is implied in any newscast. We may object to the Nationalist Party scale of values, but can we logically assert that the SABC should "stick to the truth"? Whose truth?

Critics of broadcasting bias argue that the radio and television services are publicly owned and therefore have a responsibility to represent the broad cross-section of views prevailing in the community. Fine. This means that in

South Africa we should expect that the views of the majority -- whoever they are, whatever they believe -- to have the major portion of air time, with time devoted to minority groups in proportion to their size and importance.

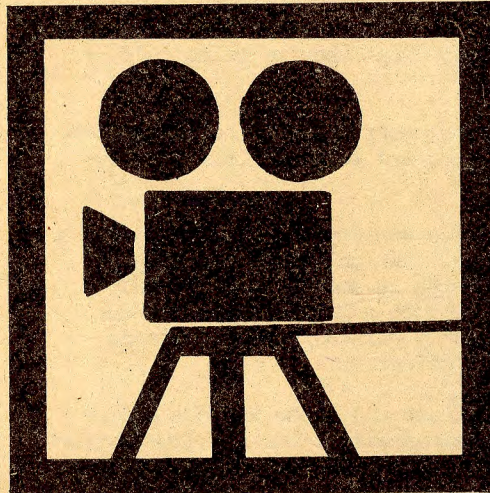
The argument is an appealing one but it is fraught with practical difficulties. In the first place, who is to decide how the views of the majority and the various minorities are to be defined?

Someone has to put in charge of the broadcasting service, and his decisions won't necessarily please everyone. The temptation for the government to intervene will be very strong, especially if it believes that *it* represents the majority.

Laughable as this notion may seem, the Nationalists do in fact claim to represent a "majority" (of whites of course). In due course, they claim, the media needs of other ethnic groups will be served by their own TV stations, just as they are today by the 11 ethnic radio services.

A second problem with the representative theory of media responsibility is that the opinions of the majority may not, in the view of the media controllers, be the best or the most interesting opinions worth carrying over the air. If the majority is complacent, uninformed, prejudiced and backward,

isn't that a good case for the broadcast media to move ahead of majority opinion -- to challenge it and reshape it?



This has traditionally been the role of the partisan press, with particular newspapers devoted to political and social policies which may not be the policies of the government of the day, or even of the official opposition. Newspapers consider they have a perfect right to be partisan, but they, like many politicians, condemn the "bias" of the broadcasting media.

Every week we see some new documentary programme pushing the Defence Force or the police or someone else in power and authority; but do the Modderdam squatters or the Biko inquest get the same depth of atten-

tion? Does anyone on the SABC know what is happening out here?

It is time media researchers deepened and widened the scope of their studies to critically assess the quality of what we are reading, hearing and seeing.

Statistical breakdowns of the content of the present TV transmissions do not, and cannot, reveal the utter poverty of the service in terms of its quality.

Many of the programmes contribute to the great national intellectual sleep -- they are boring, propagandistic in conception and execution, and sinfully inaccurate in the picture they give of our society and our world.

Surely what we should expect of the SABC is not that it should be unbiased, but that it offer us a service which in some way attempts to grapple with the problems the country faces.

It should be relevant and draw attention to issues we should all be thinking about and doing something about.

Simple quantitative analysis can't relate the media to the broader cultural, social and political milieu.

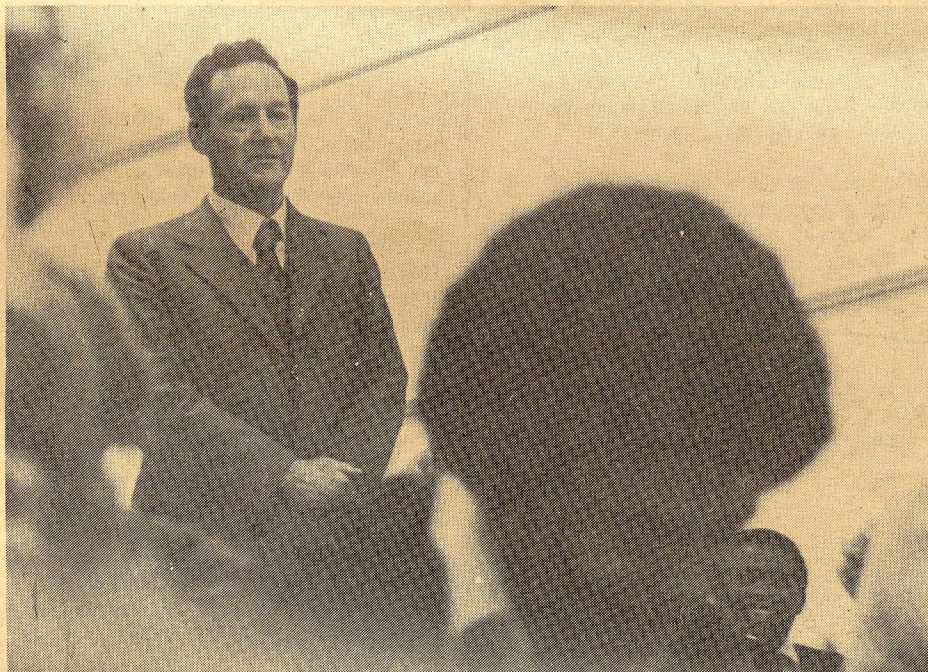
## Independence, not freedom says V C

The Vice-chancellor, Dr D S Henderson, delivered the Fairbairn Memorial lecture on Friday 26 May to the South African Society of Journalists at its annual congress, in East London this year.

Outlining an attitude to press freedom, Dr Henderson said: "My thesis is that we err in making an absolute concept of press freedom, but rather that it is a derivative from the more fundamental concepts of independence and responsibility (sic). Where there is an absolute monopoly of power there can obviously be no real freedom of any kind for those outside that monopoly. Press freedom then presupposes the existence of a (relatively) independent and power base, which usually implies some degree of economic independence, in order to provide a platform from which decisions, not entirely under the control of others, can be made.

"Unless one possesses an absolute monopoly of power, what power, and therefore independence one does possess must be exercised with responsibility and restraint. Failure to do so inevitably invites reaction from those whose interests are threatened by the irresponsible exercise of power, and therefore of independence, and consequently freedom. Freedom without responsibility is licence, and any society intolerant of anarchy will inevitably react to curb what it sees as licence.

"Responsibility and independence are preconditions for the exercise of true freedom. Is it not then



an exercise in semantics to talk of responsibility and independence rather than freedom? I think not.

Absolutising the concept of freedom leads to the almost inevitable temptation of ignoring the interests of others in promoting our own, and of pandering to the less attractive instincts of men, such as belligerence, greed, envy, lust and scandalmongering."

Just as the concept of free enterprise needed certain laws to prevent outrageous exploitation and abuse of labour resources, said Dr Henderson, so did the press to

"protect the country in time of open hostility" and individuals from libel and slander.

"As long as the emotionally charged word censorship can be avoided it seems that a remarkable degree of consensus is available. A great many laws constraining the manufacture, distribution and sale of harmful and dangerous products are accepted without demur. Surely in consultation with the press an analogous effect can be achieved without dubbing the result censorship. As in the manufacturing case, such laws should be testable in the courts, with the usual pro-

cedures and avenues of appeal. It would seem that what is most objectionable about our present position, is not so much the existence of the constraints, but the extrajudicial, administrative way in which they are tested.

"The vast majority of South Africans are without doubt in favour of the exclusion of hardcore pornography, the stirring up of racial animosities, the advocacy of crime violence or socially undesirable practices.

"Many would favour the banning of liquor and tobacco advertisements without being in danger of standing accused of favouring censorship. Could it not be argued that the arbitrary administrative machinery for closing newspapers, banning editors or denying the publication of works of literature, with no judicial appeal, is the objectionable factor, not the restraints on publication per se?"

Concluding his lecture, Dr Henderson said: "I am a great admirer of the South African press, more particularly the English press. Your fraternity is characterised by high ideals, integrity, objectivity, thoroughness and a coolness under fire that has gained you the admiration of your colleagues in less beleaguered circumstances. In spite of great pressures you have maintained the only independent press in Africa, and for that you merit the thanks and support of every fair-minded South African. One of the institutions in this country that can still face up to international scrutiny with honour is our press."



# EDITORIAL & LETTERS

## RHODEO EDITORIAL OPINION

### TV Power

Television is a powerful medium. Unlike radio listeners or newspaper readers, its audience need not visualise what they're being told -- SATV does it for them.

People have confidence in the calm newsreader and what he tells them. The issues that are debated and reported are relevant; the ones ignored are not.

White South African suburbia has had its society shown to them from a Nationalist viewpoint for 2½ years now. But unless people stop to think what they are *not* being shown, bias is something they usually don't notice. It's relatively easy to spot a partisan report, but when the *selection* of news is continually partial, the propaganda machine becomes as insidious as it is effective.

The only black leaders who are significant are those who are apologists for apartheid. Those whose opinions differ too far from Nationalist policy belong to a mysterious never-never world of Kommunisme, where the only aim is the destruction of humanity and kindness.

SATV as an institution is as much part of our society as braaivleis, rugby, sunny skies and security police Chevrolets. But as a persuasive communication medium it can and does reinforce white South African attitudes. They soon become disastrously unchangeable.

### For Blob, the issue is champagne

Running a newspaper that doesn't even have a name displays some sort of political naivety.

Ironically, it is rather fitting that Usfew's publication is nameless, for it doesn't offer alternatives, nor does it function in any other way than a political smear sheet.

The policies its editors support are typical of reactionary student politics. It operates on the assumption that by undermining the credibility of others, one gains credibility for oneself - without having to offer anything concrete.

Groups like the deceased Safess and the moribund Dynamic Patriots claim to stand for moderation -- gradual change and negotiation. Gradual change towards what? A less overtly discriminatory society? A more secure form of privilege? Negotiation with whom? Black opposition groups have attempted to negotiate with successive white governments for more than fifty years, and did anyone listen?

The middle ground in South Africa's political landscape has dropped away. The interests of those who hold the power and the privilege are incompatible with those who are seeking change.

It is within this broader context that white students have to operate and find a role for themselves. Their projects and skills should be geared towards a long term reconstruction of the damage done so far.

When Usfew calls for "moderate elements on all campuses" to "reach out to their fellows" (are they talking about blacks too?) their statements amount to little more than a grandiose grasp at unreality.

For them the issue is champagne, not change.

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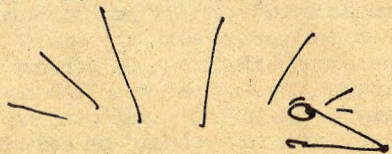
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Rhodeo is the official student newspaper of Rhodes University. It is published by the Rhodes SRC, and the editors are given limited autonomy. Opinions expressed in this newspaper are not necessarily those of the SRC or the editors. Correspondence can be addressed to: Rhodeo, c/o SRC Offices, Rhodes University, Grahamstown, 6140.

People feel that T.V. is being used to indoctrinate them -



Sirs,

Delta: Thornhill community-centre - practical and helpful; SRC: Arts week - very stimulating; Campus newspapers: alternatives and opposition - great; Admin block: keeping economic realities in sight - most admirable; Educationalists: looking at first year failure rate - necessary.

Well, we have got an active campus, haven't we? Rhodes, the mecca of intellectuals, all using their initiative to do truly wonderful things, not only for the students but for The Society.

The slight blemish of the "uninformed vote" during the Nusas referendum can quickly be glanced over. We all make mistakes and anyway the Journalism department has always been "slightly radical" so we can take the whole thing with a "pinch of salt". Why! G Watts has socialist tendencies so the whole thing was probably a communist plot!

So, generally - well done Rhodes (pat-pat) you are great. Oh; never mind about the sissies - they have got long working hours (only a little over 12 hours a day; and this including their mammoth lunch break). The wages - well, we have to keep economic realities in sight. And we're not to blame for their husbands not working - we are, after all, only students.

A one rand donation per month from

each student in res is out of the question (we could only go to the Graham twice a week then) and anyway the SRC has got far too much to do without controlling a fund such as that, and...it's so impractical. Who would collect the money - I couldn't, I have too much work...

And the children begging in the streets? And the pass laws? And the police? And....

Pat-pat, Rhodes you are tremendous.

Sirs,

East London is just offal. It bothers me. By the way, I hear there is a new political pressure grouping on campus. The Dynamic Patriots? If I remember correctly, just before the final irrevocable vaporization of his party, Dear old Sir Div called the United Party a group of Radical Conservatives. So what. I have nothing funny to say about that. But tell me, are the Dynamic Patriots the kind of people who abhor, repudiate, express their disgust at, oppose with every breath of air in their little bodies the way of our government -- but are still prepared to die for it?

All my love to Izak, Jon and the rest of the DP's. All praise to .....(fill this space yourself).

Peter Bruce.

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12' x 16' Orange carpet for sale, R20. Contact Bernie Joffe, Graham House.

## AZAPO amongst bannings

Bannings and security raids continue as a new black organization was formed three weeks ago - The Azania Peoples Organization.

At a meeting in Roodepoort, Soweto Civic Leader, Ishameal Mkhabela was elected chairman. Bishop Desmond Tutu and Dr Nthato Motlana were at the meeting too.

Mr Mkhabela warned black people against depending only on individuals for their liberation. "Tomorrow you will be frustrated if I'm locked up in jail or killed. I'm not afraid - and I'm not the freedom of Azania," he said.

"It was only for our freedom that our leaders landed in jail," said Mr Mkhabela.

At least 16 people are known to have been banned so far this year. There are about 175 people serving banning orders at present. Amina Desai, 57, of Roodepoort was convicted for conspiring with Ahmed Timol who "fell" from the 10th

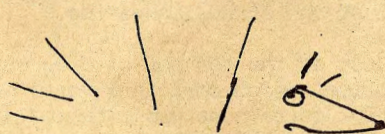
floor of John Vorster Square, Johannesburg, 1971.

Two staffworkers of SACHED (South African Council for Higher Education), Clive Nettleton and David Adler, both of Johannesburg were banned this month for five years. Mr Nettleton had been involved in compiling the education supplement of Weekend World, Peoples' College, before the newspaper was banned last October.

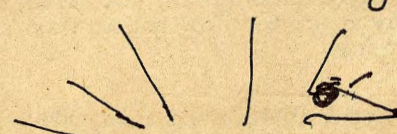
Five year banning orders were served last month on Monde Colin Mkungwana and Vusumi Attwell Msaul: of Mdausang Elijah Ntsizi Moremi of Sebokeng, Transvaal and Gabriel Sindhlo Nyembe of Newcastle.

Robert Wilcox of Diep River and Frank Anthony of Kaalfontein were also banned soon after their release from Robben Island prison. They had spent six years on the island after being convicted under the Terrorism Act in 1972.

- I must say, I've never noticed it myself....



But then, the only program I ever watched was "Noddy".





# White SA Poetry

## — the language of apartheid

This article takes the form of a review of an anthology of English South African Poetry of the seventies: "A World of Their Own" (A D Donker, 1976). It originally appeared in "Work in Progress", April 1978.

by Stephen Watson

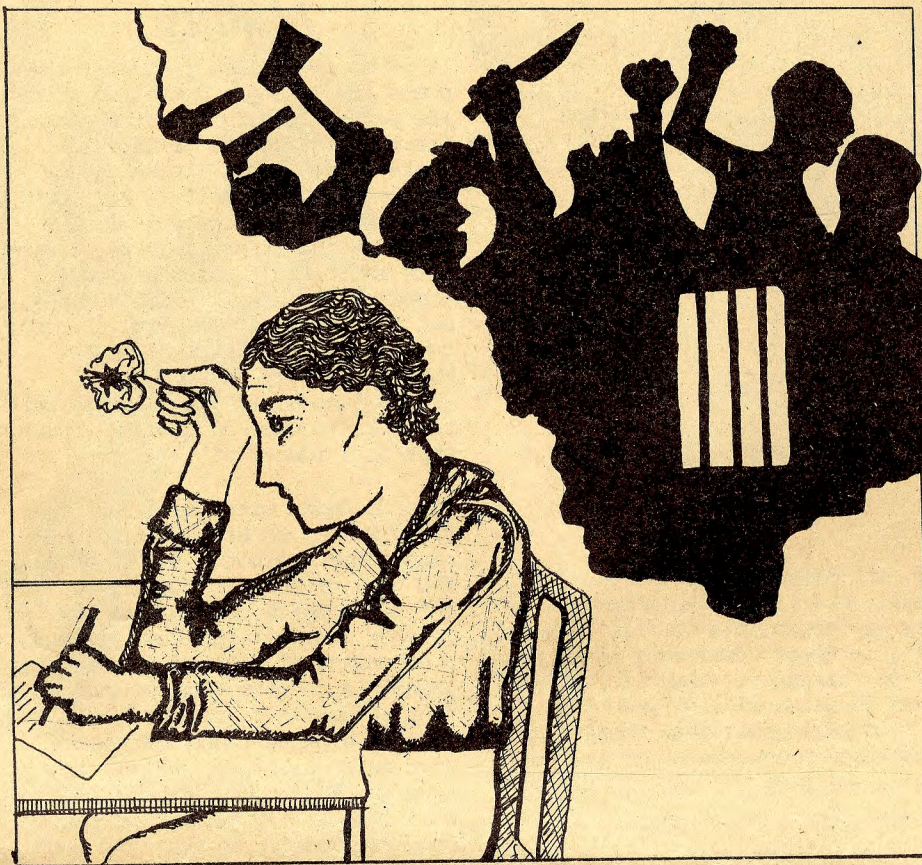
The situation of the White English South African Poet is scarcely a happy one. He creates a form of communication which has been increasingly displaced by mass media. He is restricted by the enforced schizophrenia of apartheid from many areas of experience (cf. the image of the black presented in these poems, evoked through reifications 'houseboy', 'garden-boy' etc., fairly illustrates the consequences of this restriction — the Black is never more than a White label, however ironically manipulated). He lacks a genuine audience for his work — culture is a product of society and not of university faculties. Being generally no more than a dead collection of people it is inevitable that their hunger should be not for poetry, but for those activities — television, most films etc. — which serve to anaesthetize their fear of breaking into a more real existence. Their poetry dies because they are not a community who could imbue it with life through adopting it as an important element in their culture.

### Alienation

The White English poet is alienated by the characteristic way in which he writes. It takes little imagination to discover how poets like Mann, Hope, Greig, Grey, Butler, Livingstone and Swift have attempted to cope with this situation. Presumably they know that things are going to hell and nobody gives too much of a damn about their poetry. They must certainly know that they are poets in chaotic times. Their reaction to this is to keep plugging stoically away at the humane virtues, and to plump for the sanity of social realism. All of which is neatly packaged in carefully crafted verses: a structure.

### Roots

Despite the necessity of structure and despite its almost obsessive attraction in times of especial insecurity, it is often no more than a disguise for an essential vacuity and an inessential cliché. And thus it is with the above poets. Countless structures. These are men who are not going to be caught with their pants down... And in this they reveal something of their artistic lineage. It goes back with a few umbilical hitches to those small English poets of the '50's who rejected the Pound/Eliot



revolution and settled for Hardy again. The result of this was a gray and humble little poetry, self-conscious, ironic, mature, resolutely avoiding taking a long shot at any significant matter and eschewing any intensity of feeling that might just heighten the blush on their pedestrian versifying. But their ironies, complexities and ambiguities à la Empson, Richards and Leavis merely concealed (or revealed) their defeat; their straitjacket versifying, their fear of claiming too much for poetry. And, consequently: a verse as deep as Ditchwater, Academia, suburbia.

### Civilized decency

Most of the WESAP's have dosed themselves with the above formula for the preservation of civilized decency. And if they do transgress it, it is with big, cold toes well in advance. Irony is the survival kit. In 'Being and Nothingness' Sartre writes: 'In irony a man nihilates what he posits within one and the same act; he leads us to believe in order not to be believed; he affirms to deny and denies to affirm; he creates a positive object but it has no being other than its nothingness' (p.47). And thus Chris Mann in the last two stanzas of 'Concerning Most People' nicely accommodating himself to his defeat:

Now I find I watch myself,  
Perform a pantomime,  
In corridors, nodding, courteous,  
Grinning gamely all the time.

That's my life if you want it,  
Spontaneous as bread,  
Staling as the dryness spreads,  
Deep within my head. (p.106)

And that's that. From catelepsy to catelepsy. The poem negates itself through an irony which can only presuppose a perpetuity of grinning and rhyming. And it misses the very essence of irony, that it is a means of taking into account those contradictions whose denial can only mean a foreshortened vision. But it is only a means. But Mann, as do many of the other poets, never gets out of it at all.

### Everyday language

And the language itself? Guy Butler 'launches' his 'Farmer' (note, among others, the seaside cliché) in this way:

The sandstone stoep, festooned  
with bits of biltong  
is the bridge of his liner. From  
there he pilots  
three thousand morgen of good  
Karoo veld  
through sizzilin doldrums of drought  
and stormy good seasons;  
barks laconic orders at the 'boys'  
who, wringing stained hats in yellow  
hands,  
cringe on the blue gravel deck  
three feet below him. (p.17)

Another example, Chris Hope's 'Hell-Bent with Seminarists':

The Trans-Natal Express glides  
through the night  
As I grope down the swaying corridor  
Into the dining-car's uneasy light  
To sit with three young men. (p.77)

The anthology is shot through with this type of language. It is the syntax and lexicon of the bourgeois:

cool, level-headed, dust-dead, the language of the clerk with a briefcase. It is that everyday, 'ordinary' language which expresses an automatized experience of the world. And if this feature is borne in mind it will provide at least one good reason why (despite all the local colour: dongas, velds and Kruger Park creatures) this poetry is deracinated. The bourgeois, let alone their syntax, have never come to grips with anything.

A surprising number of these poems take the form of a narrative. One reason is the security of realism, of the story. Along with this type of pandering to complacency, goes an astute emphasis on the phenomenal world: gin, tea-times — all the paraphernalia of White middle-class life. Presumably this concentration on the actual is to root the poems in 'reality', in 'society'. But since this actuality is so much a matter of facades (gin, tea, etc.) the effect of invoking it is actually to uproot the poems: they become contaminated through their hackneyed use of cliché.

### Failing irony

The satirizing of White English South Africa through irony (Greig, Mann and Hope are the main exponents) invariably fails, and not simply through the contradictions inherent in the art form of satire itself. Flaubert understood perfectly that if one is to satirize the bourgeois one has to have an exceedingly refined version of their language. For, if not, the writer undercuts the possibility of effective criticism by being subsumed under that which he is satirizing (and this incidentally, is the fault of Nadine Gordimer's 'The Conservationist'). And thus when Mann writes in 'To My English-Speaking Countrymen':

Whether you're plump  
And stretch the leather of the  
Rand Club  
Waiting for a chaffeur

To take us from the wine,  
Or, skinnier, queue for the bus  
That brings us to suburban meat  
Respectability rules the day. (p.109)

He is not, as Andre Brink maintains in his back-slapping cant in the introduction to this anthology, flaying 'respectability' through 'respectable verses'; no, this bourgeois language is merely consoling the reader with the knowledge that Mann is a bourgeois like himself.

(In general one would think that separation, division and alienation would be themes literally haunting the work of these poets. But, no. These aspects are to be found in the language itself. It could be argued that the very mode of their poetry is a form of apartheid.)

It is a commonplace that South Africa is held together by a nexus of peoples dreaming each other. Myths create the practical barriers which in turn create those bridging fantasies which reinforce the myths. But these poets do not delve into the human psyche, the real home of myths. Rather, they simply couch up with comment their manifestations: 'resettlement areas', 'houseboys', etc. Nor do they attempt to delineate the effects of

continued on page 9



## White Poetry cnt.

unknowing and the consolation of fantasy that this results in on the human psyche, the real home of myths. The result, of course, is that the myths continue breeding happily away in the mind.

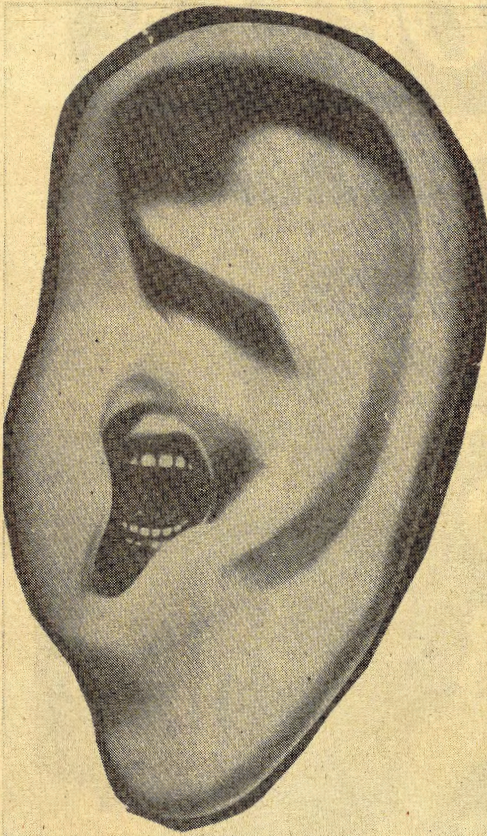
### Commitment

These poets are committed, though. *Engagee*. But the force of the commitment is something like this: we would like to inform you that the situation is getting dangerous, portentous, that while you are at tennis or curing your legs Jackson is honing his panga in the toolshed, that while you are taking tea in your rehabilitated Cape Cottage some by no means celestial darkest night might home in on you - so beware, the Ides are on the march. It's called being aware. One can read the papers for that.

Otherwise their commitment is presumably to Life, the whole polyglot hog of it. And this is all very well. One can, in Zbigniew Herbert's words -

*write of love  
and also  
once again  
in dead earnest  
offer to the betrayed world  
a rose -*

precisely because that is also a part of Life. For the fact is that, with the exception of Livingstone and Cullinan, these poets can neither write of love nor with love



(cf. the 'love' poems of Greig and Gray). And it follows naturally if they are so insipid on this 'eternal', if their commitment is so paltry on this score, they are scarcely going to be convincing when they turn to socio-political themes (cf. Jonker and Breytenbach for a standard of comparison). On linguistic evidence their commitment is effectively to nothing.

This is a disturbing phenomenon. It is obscured in the poems. One gets no sense that these poets have ever questioned why they happen to be writing so much about 'Mom' and 'Dad'. And, in all seriousness, unbelonging and the consequent loss of identity it involves is certainly one of the afflictions of the English in South Africa, nor is it without precedent in the twentieth century as a whole. The English, however, have always evaded this fact through a wadding of dinners and ideas; anything but that radical ultimate, pain itself.

### Identity

It is no incidental fact that these poets should be so concerned with the past in one form or the other. For the past is one of the elements indissolubly linked to any conception of identity. And identity is always a concern of the writer since it provides the framework in terms of which his understanding of things is defined. But the notion of identity causes genuine problems for the WESAP. When he finally has to give up asking 'who am I?', and has to settle for 'to whom do I belong, with what do I identify?'

For, to begin with, he cannot possibly belong to his own kind because they are not a 'kind' at all. The very principle of bourgeois influence which commandeers the life of the White English prevents a community of English people. Its effect is to make them as independent as possible, particularly from each other. And the proof? Have an English poet address his kind as 'My People' and 'My People' will immediately scurry for their handkerchiefs or wives. The Eng-

lish are 'individuals' not a people. The lost tribe lost because they are not a tribe. And so the residual question: 'where do I come from?' and generally the only honest answer would seem to be 'from my parents, from my grandparents - it's from them that I derive my identity'.

### Evasion

And this is reflected in their poetry too. Neither does it 'wound nor does it 'terrify and comfort'. On the one hand this may simply be an artistic failure; on the other, it would seem to stem from an evasion of experience. For from none of these poets does one get the sense that they have been beggared, like Ingrid Jonker and Breyten Breytenbach, by what they have witnessed. And it is not mere conjecture to say that it is perhaps because of this that no real voice has been wrung from them. Poetry like bread for those trying to live and not sack for the bourgeois. When Guy Butler writes in one of his usual flat-footed felicities (he is striving to sound humble):

*Come.  
The hour is yours,  
the invitation open and urgent.  
Come. (p.13) etc.etc.*

one can rest assured that 'Whoever-Whatever-You-Are' (the title of this poem) 'renewal' 'salvation self-knowledge', etc. is certainly not going to come if this stanza really reflects the intensity of his plea for it. Moreover, one can be certain it won't want to come if it is called 'Whoever-Whatever-You-Are'. And it doesn't. We get a moral instead.

## IRONY OF THE KAFFIR PLUM

Last month Grahamstown celebrated the bicentenary of the birth of its founder, Col. John Graham. Wreaths were laid at a monument in High Street by civic dignitaries, judges of the Supreme Court, the Vice-Chancellor of Rhodes and Graham's descendants. At midday the mayoress planted a Kaffir Plum tree in the Cathedral gardens to mark the occasion. She probably didn't appreciate the irony of this gesture.

Col Graham was the chief Kaffir Hunter of the Eastern Cape in the early 19 century - the executor of a primitive Group Areas removal scheme that was more harsh and uncompromising than anything the Nationalist government has attempted.

John Graham, born in Scotland in 1778, served in the Spanish peninsular wars and later fought for British occupation of the Cape before he was appointed Commander of the Eastern Frontier in 1811.

The Governor of the Cape, Sir John Cradock, ordered him to expel the 20 000 Xhosas living west of the Fish River and urged "the expediency of destroying the Kaffir kraals, laying waste their gardens and fields and in fact totally removing any object that could hold out to their chiefs an inducement to revisit the regained territory."

South African histories have it that whites moving east met west

bound Xhosa tribes at the Fish River. Not true. There had been Xhosa living in the Albany Zuurveld since the beginning of written records in the mid 18th century.

The only claim the British had to the area was through a boundary agreement of doubtful validity concluded by an earlier governor with two minor Xhosa chiefs. The governor had apparently put on gloves to shake hands on the deal.

It was in 1811 that Cradock decided that it wasn't on to have Kaffirs, who did not recognise British sovereignty while living on "British territory".

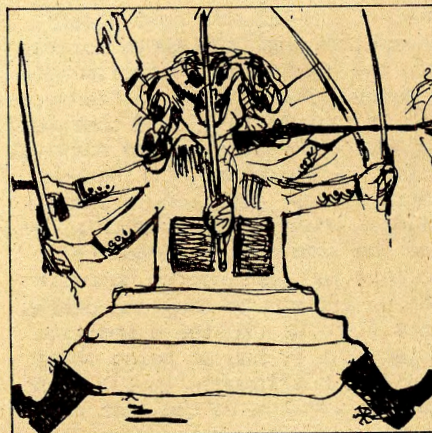
In came Graham. "My intention is to attack the savages in a way that will leave a lasting impression on their memories," he said, and moved into action. He refused a request from the Xhosas to stay on until their crops were harvested.

"We deliberately chose the season of the corn being on the ground," he said "that we might punish them for their many crimes by destroying it."

Parties of men were sent out to destroy gardens and burn huts and villages, taking with them oxen to trample down the gardens. Moving cordons of soldiers miles long were used to root out the Xhosas in the hills.

"Hardly a trace of a Kaffir now remains," exulted Graham after a particularly successful operation. "Almost all that the troops saw were killed or wounded."

But amidst all this bloodthirsty slaughter, one must not overlook the moderating influence of Sir John Cradock. "No more Caffres shall be shot than will be found absolutely necessary to the attainment of the desired end of exterminating them from the Zuurveld," he told Graham.



There must not be shed more Caffre blood than would be absolutely necessary to impress on the minds of these savages a proper degree of terror and respect. It may happen that Caffres become your prisoners, upon whose fate circumstances may render it difficult to decide. It is within your discretion to retain them in custody but

I do not foresee the grounds upon which a distinction can be formed - the last extremity is justified by self preservation." In other words you may shoot the Kaffirs you take prisoner if you feel like it.

Just under a year after his appointment Grahams was able to report that most of the 20 000 Kaffirs had gone. "All straggling men Kaffirs seen in the Zuurveld are to be considered as enemies and treated accordingly," he ordered. A line of 25 forts was established along the Fish River to keep the Kaffirs out.

In recognition of Graham's "able exertions" in expelling the Kaffir tribes from "that valuable district" Cradock ordered in August 1812 that the military headquarters for the area be named after him - Grahamstown.

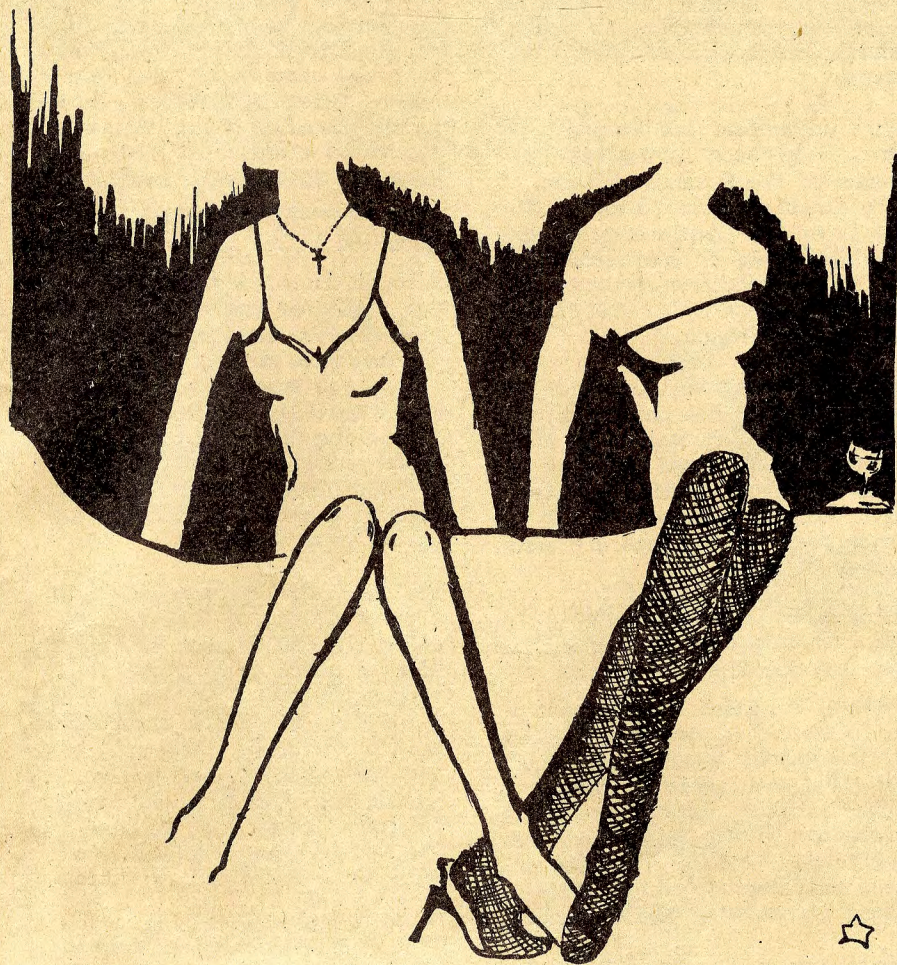
The Xhosa, shunted across the Fish River, felt rejected and totally bewildered. Years later Xhosa chief Gaika said in a letter to a British officer, "Why is my place destroyed? And why are my people shot? And why are my children left without food?"

The Xhosas watching the mayoress at the tree planting ceremony last month were probably as bewildered as their ancestors 160 years ago.

The irony of a Kaffir Plum.



## Bi the Gay — a birds eye view



Okay, so the only reason you know little or nothing about gay society is because you're too damn scared to get involved.

You don't mind hanging about with ultra-heavy drinkers because alcoholism is regarded as a social dilemma and is neither condemned nor condoned but just accepted as the illness it is.

You go to Nusas seminars and sit in on anti-apartheid rallies because it's a dead cert attention grabber. You're either going to be admired for your involvement or disregarded as a miscreant. But, whichever way you look at it, it's still okay.

Even prostitution is something you don't exactly mind. So, some people, they can't get no satisfaction under ordinary conditions and, as with most business ventures, what started as a loose fling here and there eventually becomes a rip-roaring tax-free trade.

These, together with other cocktail chatter about bank robberies, rape and the latest movie on the circuit, are quite acceptable as mishaps of an unethical society.

Homosexuality and lesbianism however, are strictly taboo. Taboo based on fear. The fear that *you* might qualify as a candidate for this 'weird' society. Fear that you may have been ogling Glenda Jackson or Farrah Fawcett-Majors with a sexual slant rather than mere awe.

And that's a no-no. You go to Punk parties as an excuse to rid yourself of your social inhibitions. Socially. But gay life is something you simply don't discuss or do. Instead, you joke about it and giggle (nervously) about it and your cultured curiosity leads you to reading every bit of literature you can lay your hands and eyes on in this connection (behind closed doors): a sophisticated observing in *Darling*; a sensationalized scandal in *Scope* or an uncensored version of the bare facts (complete with technicolour photos) in *Cosmo*.

Here, then is yet another drab tale — and I hope the ink doesn't leave tell tail (sic) marks when you wipe your ass with it.

### Sexy

I'm writing from a female view point, not because I'm discriminating or differentiating in any way, but because I obviously haven't experienced male gays, by virtue of the fact of what they are. I'd also like to make it quite clear that my impressions are not, perhaps in accordance with those of a confirmed gay as I have to admit to being a bit partial to men — one bit in particular.

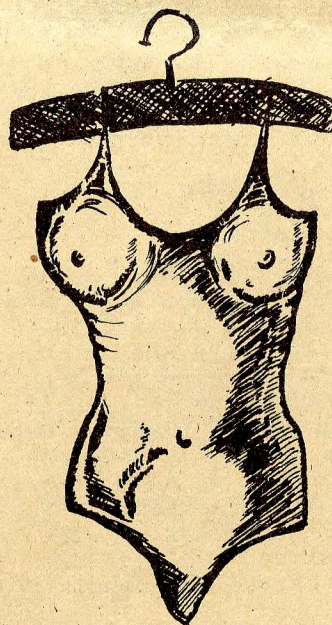
I was initiated into gay life rather unawares. Why the hell Rene was gay in the first place I really couldn't quite comprehend. She had all the (external) qualities

which make a *Playboy* centre spread, plus she was incredibly intelligent and a socially fantastic person. But she had what she termed a penis phobia and found the male anatomy a total turn-off.

I must confess that I'd always thought of lesbians as brash butches who didn't shave their legs, spoke in practised rough baritone and wore big boots and after shave. Maybe some are, but Rene wasn't. She was, is and always will be chic, she may have been a (degreed) electrical engineer, but she always wore sexily tailored clothes to enhance her natural assets. And she was never loud or pushy.

### Sincerity

We often went round to an elite Northern Suburban gay club, and a friendly word of warning to all you rugger buggers out there: next time you have a masturbatory Eblo fantasy about some of the gorgeous darlings in magazines — they're a rip-off. What you see is not what you get. They're making money not love with their looks. I've seen them in their true colours and it's a real kaleidoscope — if you happen to be femme.



*Femininity — a body hang-up*

Gays are real people living with a real problem in an unreal society. A problem arising from society but which society seems to regard as non-existent. They are the people who are dropping all pretences and doing what they want to do; despite social repercussions. But social pressures, riddled with non-comprehensions, force them to do so with guilt so that there are far too many living in suppression

Most gays are sincere confident who accept 'straights' if they sense honourable intention. This acceptance is not mutual. They are sensitive and have a tremendous sense of rhythm, taste (in cuisine and culture and couture) and current affairs.

Sexually, a gay relationship is both stimulating and satisfying. Because love-making is a process of intense patience, understanding and *sincere* emotional involvement, there is a 'satisfaction guaranteed' sticker on each bi-product.

I'll be the first to agree that one can't compare hetero and homo-sexual bedroom olympics, but each experience is a new and wholesome experience, not a routine, social obligation. It is a pleasant change from the rugger bugger attitude of 'foreplay before you lay' then on and done' which seems to reign supreme. Basically, mutual masturbation rather than penal penetration guarantees sexual satisfaction. Sorry, guys!

### Companions

From my experience, homosexuality may arise from a number of causes. There may be mental and genetic complications, where the patient is seriously ill with such side effects as sadomasochism, fetishism, paedophilia and exhibitionism. But these appear to be fairly rare.

One of the basic reasons is the need for companionship. Few people are eccentric enough to be able to exist entirely alone. Two women living together may never experience a sexual relationship but, instead derive great satisfaction from a mutual intellectual understanding.

A gay affair might also be a complementary relationship where one or both partners finds in the other those virtues she feels she lacks. An academic scholar may be attracted by the care-free disposition or the athletic ability of another, and vice versa.

This might arise in an identity crisis and may disappear once each has become confident in her own abilities and assets. However, a sense of sexual inferiority and inadequacy may lead to total disinterest in hetero relationships and this feeling of failure might, sub-consciously, be

*continued on page 11*



# TOWN & AROUND

## Local Yokels

Resident punk rockers Shaun Johnson and Craig Tyson, were on the spot for *Rhodes* for the coming of the Punk and New Wave movement to Grahamstown.

Ever since the publication of the *Peddle Spectacular*, Punk Rock has pogoed forward in the true spirit of Johnny Rotten, Rat Scabies and Co. This was evident at the most recent collocation held by the Rhythm and Blues Club.

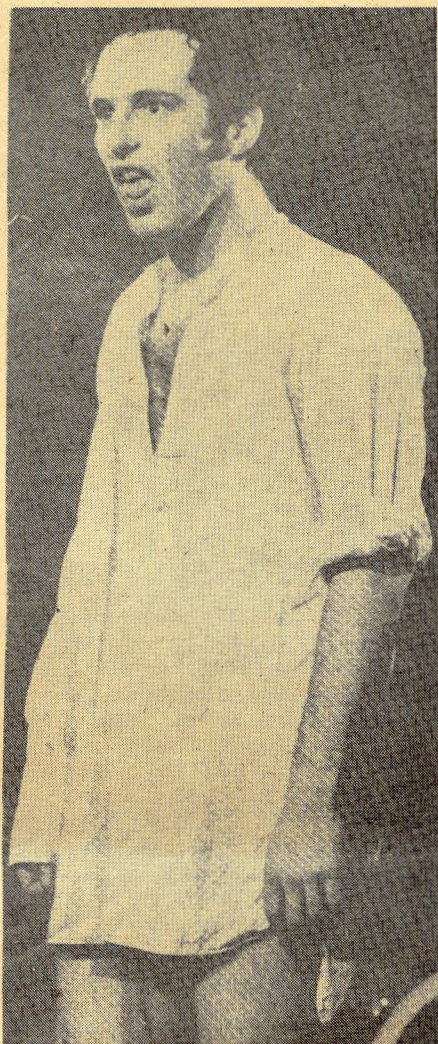
Some 50 odd people (and we mean odd; ever heard of a normal punk rocker?), jammed into the mecca of punk, and mulled around the Elvis-Costello-type protege, local man Billy Ballbag, who was to unwrap his unique collection of punkness. It is apt that he should choose *Rhodes* as the launching pad for this momentous event, due to the swelling following the movement enjoys here.

Adverts simply said "Never mind the June exams, here's the Sex Pistols and friends". The call reverberated through the hallowed corridors from Icythology to Tick Research, and its isomorphism was widely apparent - notably in the attendance of well known figures on the administrative payroll.

Shock of the evening was the absence of legendary lead guitarist of the now-defunct "Hersiekteges", Sakkie Smut, who denied rumours of a possible fusion with the Sex Pistols. Asked why he had not joined the rest of his group in Jamaica, he retorted "Oi don' wanna 'oliday inna sun!". At this pun the crowd chortled, slapped their thighs, and combed his hair.

However - back to the main event of the evening: Enter Bill Ballbag! (Appearing like a shining

safety pin out of the gloom). Clad in jacket, whitish shirt, and narrow puke-green tie; he greets the buzzing crowd with a cordial: "Good evening, I'm from Punksoc - in case you couldn't tell - my given name is Billy, and we're doing ...very well."



Local punker Billy Ballbag aghast after losing his pants pogoing

Someone shouts "Necrophilia is dead!"; he is jovially stomped on by eager, friendly punks and punkettes. The older faction of Punksoc is ably represented by a founder member who has a calming influence on the wildly excited mass. Rising unsteadily he proclaims his "inability to remain", and staggers towards the door, apologising profusely.

With a nonchalant nod to his producer, BB heralds in the sizzling strains of the Stranglers with their classic "London Lady". Minutes later the complacency of the sniveling punks is shattered by Iggy Pop's grandiose rendition of "Search and Destroy". The Blitzkrieg Bop has begun.

Mesmerised megalomaniacs click and cluck in awe of the patriarch of all punks who once walked on the sea of adoring raised hands at one of his concerts. With 50 watts of potent Pistols punk bolstering the anarchy, adrenalin rates are sent soaring skywards.

High-powered punk and new wave music, interspersed with anecdotes, info, and descriptions of the movement, followed for the next hour or so. U.S. new wave legends, "Talking Heads" wowed uninitiated music fans with their blammer "Psych Killer". Reggae fans had their share of the vibes when the Clash played "Police 'n' Thieves", a true Rastaman vibration, Jahwooshed in, blowing plenty minds.

Listeners were further astounded by, in quick succession: the Adverts; Richard Hell and the

Voidoids; Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground; Television; and the supersmooth Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers. The Ramones, dubbed the 'perfect pop-group' by overseas media, stretched speaker linings to their utmost, with the Stranglers keeping up the beat in the form of a magical medley.

With the strains of "God Save the Queen" (Pistols version), as well as the toonfull toons of maestro Ian Dury, ringing in their ears; fans and Bill took a break, and room temperature dropped to a moderate 111°.

Seconds out... and possibly the best music of the evening came from the two leading exponents of the new waww music: Graham Parker and the Rumour, and 'the King' Elvis Costello and the Attractions. The writers of the article plead inability to bring to life the wondrous talents of these musical giants - suffice to say it was easy *skanking*!

The shocking lyricism and catchy dittiness of good 'ole Ian D., ended the gig but not the spirit. After a quick demo of the 'New York shuffle' by two local bored teenagers, the Ranch erupted into a *pot-pourri* of wugging, nizzing and phreoleasing punks, having the skid of their lives. "Wot fun", said one, wending his his way lecturewards the next morning.

To those who couldn't take the pace of pogoing to the Boomtown Rats, and the much-later quiet sup at the adjacent punkpub, the Grim, we say a hearty "Bollocks to you!"

## Shootout on High St.

So who says that nothing exciting ever happens in Grahamstown?

Anyone who was downtown last Saturday morning, strolling nonchalantly along breezy, sunny High Street, would have heard the growl and seen a mean "Silver Streak" motor-machine tearing up and down the sidewalk, driven by a helmetless and obviously dapraved maniac.

Riding pillion was another helmetless, depraved anarchist, mercilessly shooting down the passers-by --- with a movie camera.

Chris Weare, a Speech and Drama honours student (of *40 Years On*, *Zoo Story* and other fame) is busy making a movie starring the vivacious Ashley le Grange. The drama on High Street was a sequence of the movie being shot.

The scene shows Ashley, fitted-out in a low cut white running vest and cute little blue running shorts jogging up the High Street sidewalk, weaving in and out of the pedestrians. Cameraman Paul van Zyl filmed the sequence by following le Grange along the sidewalk on the back of a motor-bike, also weaving in and out of the pedestrians.

The movie is about the loneliness of a middle distance runner and questions the purpose of running. It shows other sequences of Ashley running, contrasted with physical contact sports such as rugby.

Van Zyl had a loose scrum collapse on top of him two weeks ago, to the great delight of the spectators, while filming a rugby match on the Great Field.



## Gay way cnt.

"punished" by the self-denial of the ultimate feminine experience - childbirth.

There is also the mother-image attraction to be considered. The dominant partner will either have grown up without a father and found herself assuming this role over other members of the family or will have, what Freud described as "penis envy". Most girls go thru' the tomboy stage but some don't outgrow it. The other partner could have been deprived of maternal love in some manner and is seeking a replacement. Each then finds an outlet for her feeling, but the heavy demands then made by someone seeking a sexual partner cum-mother-image may lead to sever jealousy within the relationship. This childlike feeling will, more than likely, arise from the mother-seeking influence of that partner.

A girl may feel inadequate as a child if her parents (especially the father)

insinuate that they would have preferred a son. She then assumes a masculine image to prove she is capable of being anything expected of her - even if she is (only) female. Penis phobia generally develops as a result of some bizarre childhood experience. The child then grows up with intensified feelings of hurt, hatred and repulsion.

The causes are many, but lesbianism based on sexual desire seems less evident and exposed than male homosexuality. Possibly women seem to be more sentimental and/or inhibited about their sexual desires whereas guys usually look for more on the floor, behind the door or with a whore.

Whatever the case may be, lesbianism is present. It should not be viewed as a disease but rather a side effect of a sickened society.

We need to acknowledge the symptoms before we can treat the cause.



# MUSIC

Patti Smith: *Easter*

Tony Wood

Many people don't like Patti Smith.

Even among those who are fans of hard rock music. Perhaps they don't like her singing style, which is unconventional to say the least, or the often incomprehensible lyrics of her songs.

Perhaps they feel uncomfortable with the image of a skinny, half-crazed New York woman who fanatically worships Arthur Rimbaud, Jimi Hendrix and Keith Richard, spewing out every unspeakable object of her consciousness in a garbled, anarchistic, erotic sado-masochistic, rebellious, indulgent stream of manic energy; having also the pretentiousness to call herself a poet.

At first listening to her you have a kind of weird disturbed feeling, you know, like should you actually be listening to all this raving.

From that point you either start liking it or loathing it; you accept a new definition of the terms *rock* and *poetry*, or you ever after try to prevent anyone putting a Patti Smith record on the turntable in your presence. Not that it's all such heavy stuff of course; sometimes she really does sing sweetly, but what the hell is it all about?

This music works like a kind of drug, and like many drugs it requires the right state of mind to have the desired effect. One has to submit, become susceptible; it's something for people to come together and get high on, to transcend their everyday reality, even if only temporarily.

During a particularly frenzied performance last year, Ms Smith apparently lost control of herself completely, fell off the stage and broke her neck. Undoubtedly intoxicating stuff; will you risk it?

*Easter* is perhaps not the best of the three LP's credited to Patti Smith, but all the vital ingredients are there and it's still more than a bit of alright.

*til victory* is a powerful opener, and *space monkey*, featuring Richard Sohl (who has since left the group) and Allen Lanier (of the Blue Oyster Cult) on keyboards, is very funky - but the first real high faint comes with the third cut, *because the night*. This is a beautiful, ecstatic song co-written with Bruce Springsteen and is potentially a great hit single:



Then there is *ghost dance*, which the sleeve notes describe thus:

*the ghost dance was a movement initiated by the plains indians in the late nineteenth century in order to resurrect their forefathers - those gone from form. a system to survive-revive-and conquer. the beauty of the dance was the call to convene. communication w/past and future thru the sounds and rythmms of the present. the failure of the dance was its racial aspect. no souls - living or transcending - were welcome if not american indian. here then is offered the neo-ghost dance. dedicated to the union, the communion of the future setting the space for the year to come - 1979 - the year of the child.*

*may the tribe increase...*

...an interesting departure with the acoustic guitar chords and repetitive chant, but the edge is taken off the vocal attack and the cut goes on too long.

*take me now baby here as i am  
pull me close and try and understand  
desire is hunger is the fire i breathe  
love is a banquet on which we feed  
have i doubt when i'm alone  
love is a ring, the telephone  
love is an angel disguised as lust  
here in my bed til the morning comes*

*babelogue* which follows is Patti Smith's stream of consciousness at its most potent. Without musical backing the words tumbling over and running into each other, then the climax with a solid rock beat creeping up in the background: *i am an american artist and i have no guilt.*

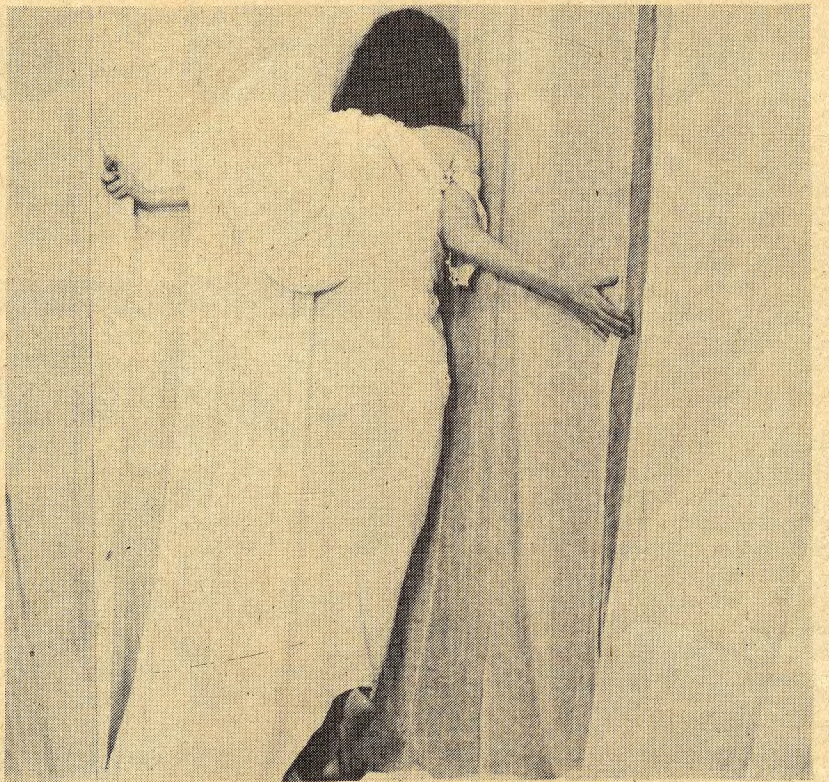
Patti Smith has a way of presenting physical passions and desires in sharp juxtaposition with intense spiritual longing which adds up to a unique and disturbing vision:

*oh god give me something  
a reason to live  
oh god i'm waiting for you  
waiting to open your 98 wounds*



## high on rebellion!

*electric planets we will glide  
we will go for all that were worth  
oh babe here on the outside  
on another planet called earth*



## whataway to spendeaster

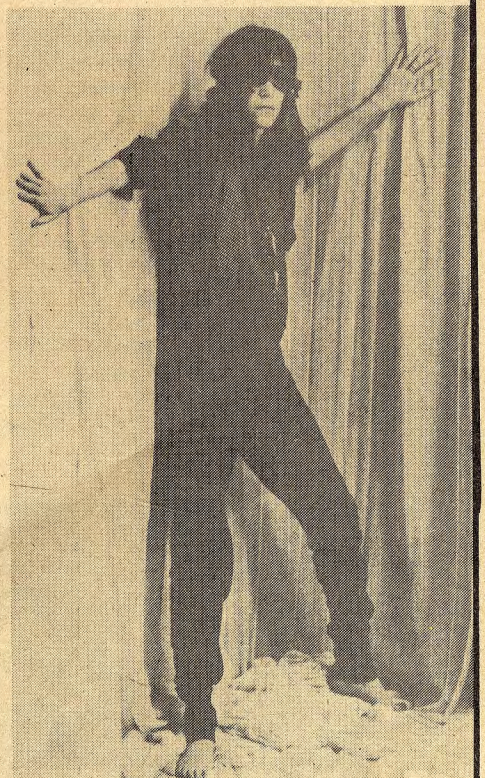
*easter* itself closes the album in the same sad/strange tone as *elegy* did with "Horses" and abounds in religious symbolism and imagery. It's a mournful sounding song and it leaves the listener torn between several emotions, the only cure for which is to flip back to side one again.

The excitement can't be easy to capture on cold vinyl and the lady's records are reported to be nothing in comparison to her live performances. Jimmy Iovine, however, does a more or less adequate production job excepting with *high on rebellion* where the singing is mixed too far back and becomes disappointingly incoherent.

Patti Smith, who incidently is 32 and only just beginning, may never reach as many people as she would like to, but she remains by virtue of her tremendous and irrepressible energy and sexuality one of the most exciting singers of the seventies, male or female; she transcends many categories, including gender.

Play this record very loud and experience about forty minutes of unselfconscious freedom.

*on the stage she could feel him  
carved like the score  
that the people were keeping  
manic and sore  
he entered the scene  
he moved to the right  
leaning and laughing  
obliterated by light  
come on sacred spasm  
come on comic heart  
instantaneous/simultaneous  
whine of a fart  
our odor is rising  
our love is exotic  
got my EDS  
fender duo sonic*





## SOCIETY

# Cannabis – a commie p(l)ot..

They smoke LSD, inject themselves with dagga, inhale pep pills and swallow model aeroplane glue. They have hair down below their knees and are part of a Communist plot to take over the Voortrekker Monument, to destroy our youth, to subvert our culture and to advance the revolution.

The use of drugs in South Africa is hardly new; dagga has been an accepted custom for centuries. But this habit has also entered the protected nurseries of white adolescents. People are using drugs all over the world. But them Communists is crafty and they just wantu lull us inna false sense o' security, and this is *very* illegal.

It grows readily in the non-arid areas of South Africa and imports of finest quality Malawi and Zanzibar heads do occasionally enter our pernicious pipes. The African users often grow their own or buy grass from merchants in the locations and townships. Vast quantities are grown in the Drakensberg for export to the cities where it reaches black and white consumers. Is this part of a super-plot by Communists? Do merchants chant the thoughts of Chairman Mao under their sickly breath as they destroy the minds of bourgeois capitalist swine? Hardly: the motive if profit rather than politics.

## Lucrative

Use of dagga has spread to the white youth only recently because of the belated rousing of a drug culture in South Africa in the wake of the US and UK. The drug market that has developed in South Africa was specifically to supply this demand not a red conspiracy to corrupt and enslave our youth.

According to William Burroughs the drug market works as a pyramid of numbers in a serial relation. Druggies are the irreplaceable base without which the pyramid crumbles. If the pushers and merchants are eliminated others enter the highly lucrative market to supply the need — yage, junk, seonna-pod tea, APC, alcohol, cigarettes, shoe polish.

The Commie-plot thesis makes out that all the opiate drugs that enter South Africa are from China, Vietnam and Korea. Quite possibly they do; the only other supply is

Turkey, where it grows as a cash crop. Some undoubtedly comes via hospitals and "kind" doctors.

In South Africa it was the artists, bohemians, surfers, students and hippies who first took to using drugs — the strata of white society that the forces for the maintenance of law and order normally find hard to tolerate. The market spread to bored, rich urban teenyboppers and fuzzy hell broke loose. Suddenly a Communist plot reared its slimy head.

Drugs appeal to their users for various reasons.

Marijuana is used by white youth for "raves"; but Africans and Coloureds use it to blanket the horror of poverty, despair and starvation. Conversation with a Coloured workman at Rhodes revealed that dagga banished the monotony from his work and, ironically, kept him out of trouble with drink. It usually produces a hallucinogenic high with space-time distortion, heightened perception and euphoria.

Similar in effect, but varying in intensity are LSD, mescaline, yage vine, DMT and morning glories. None of these has proved to be physically addictive, but use by certain people may lead to psychological addiction and dependency. Dagga is still the most widely-used hallucinogenic in South Africa since it is readily available and cheaper.

## Raving

Why ingest, smoke, sniff or inject chemical substances which might make you blind, mad, sterile, screw up your chromosomes, drive you to acts of violence or sexual mania or cause you to fly from tall buildings?

Some ravers want kicks and are not fussy how they get them. They subsist on grass and tabs and go on super-raves with acid and coke when they can obtain or afford it. Being high becomes a way of life. Others, mostly students, blow grass and drop tabs as a social thing. It goes with listening to music and being together and seldom extends to acid and opiates. Regular users of opiates continue because they like it (initially). Junk is part of their metabolism and they need their regular intake to maintain a "normal" existence.



A small section of the drug community scorn opiates and tabs and use the hallucinogens to expand their minds, for meditation and introspection. Some of them are disciples of Leary, Buddha or a "way".

Their drug taking is use, not abuse in my terms. They are turning on and tuning in, not merely raving.

The dangers of drug use are not a Commie plot but possible progression to the hard stuff, opiate or tab addiction, or any psychological addiction to any drug.

The benefits are what the user makes of them. The hallucinogens are powerful tools for introspection and self-analysis. Used with proper guidance (a turned-on guru or one of Leary's books) they can yield amazing results.

They have had a strong influence on contemporary music, art, literature and philosophy, but are condemned by the elites who have vested interests in alcohol and tobacco manufacture. In the "drug menace" the so-called Government of South Africa has a new stick to beat the long-haired libs and Commies.

They resent and fear the "other" world of drug users — the liberalising effect of the drug culture that discards and despises the norms and laws of the very straight society.

Quite another class of drugs are the opiates. The story goes that the invention of morphine was hailed as a boon to the cure of opium addicts; then, to cure the morphine addicts, they invented heroin, the most addictive of all opiates. Hooked on any of these, the addict suffers withdrawal as soon as his intake of the drug ceases. Tolerance to the effects of the drug require a progressive increase in the intake. The effect is a low euphoria, with possible hallucinations — romantically described by De Quincey and horrifically by Burroughs. Use of opiates in South Africa is not yet as extensive as in America, since most of its potential victims are too poor, and escape on grass.

Tabs, barbiturates and amphetamines are the large number of prescription drugs which provide ups and downs. They are physically addictive. Since their source is from chemists, doctors and abused subscriptions, there is little evidence of a Commie plot with these drugs.

The ardent freak can grow his own cannabis or morning glories or concoct DMT or mellow yellow in his kitchen; without resorting to the hammer and sickle pushers. He can destroy his own mind and moral fibre.

Reprinted from Rhodeo, Sept 1970



DAGGA RAID: Police harvesters



## ..and cause for mind games

*Towards the end of last term the narcotics squad detained several Rhodes students in connection with alleged drug offences. Some were held for up to a week without recourse to family, friends or legal representation. This article was submitted to Rhodéo shortly after their release, but the editors decided to withhold it in case it prejudiced the outcome of the students' trial cases. It should not be seen necessarily as reflecting the opinions of the editors themselves.*

He had started on K's case at once, of course, and the first plea was almost ready for presentation. That was very important, for the first impression made by the defence often determined the whole course of subsequent proceedings. Though, unfortunately, it was his duty to warn K, it sometimes happened that the first plea was not read by the court at all. They simply filed it among the other papers and pointed out that for the time being the observation and interrogation of the accused were more important than any formal petition. If the petitioner pressed them they generally added that before the verdict was pronounced all the material accumulated, including, of course, every document relating to the case, the first plea as well, would be carefully examined. But unluckily even that was not quite true and in most cases, the first plea was often mislaid or lost altogether and, even if it were kept intact until the end, was hardly ever read... K must remember that the proceedings were not public; they could certainly, if the Court considered it necessary, become public, but the Law did not prescribe that they must be made public. Naturally, therefore, the legal records of the case, and above all the actual charge sheets, were inaccessible to the accused and his counsel, consequently one did not know in general, or at least one did not know with any real precision, what charges to meet... In such cases the Defence was naturally in a very ticklish and difficult position. Yet that, too, was intentional. For the Defence was not actually countenanced by the Law, only tolerated, and there were differences of opinion even on that point, whether the Law could be interpreted to admit such tolerance at all.

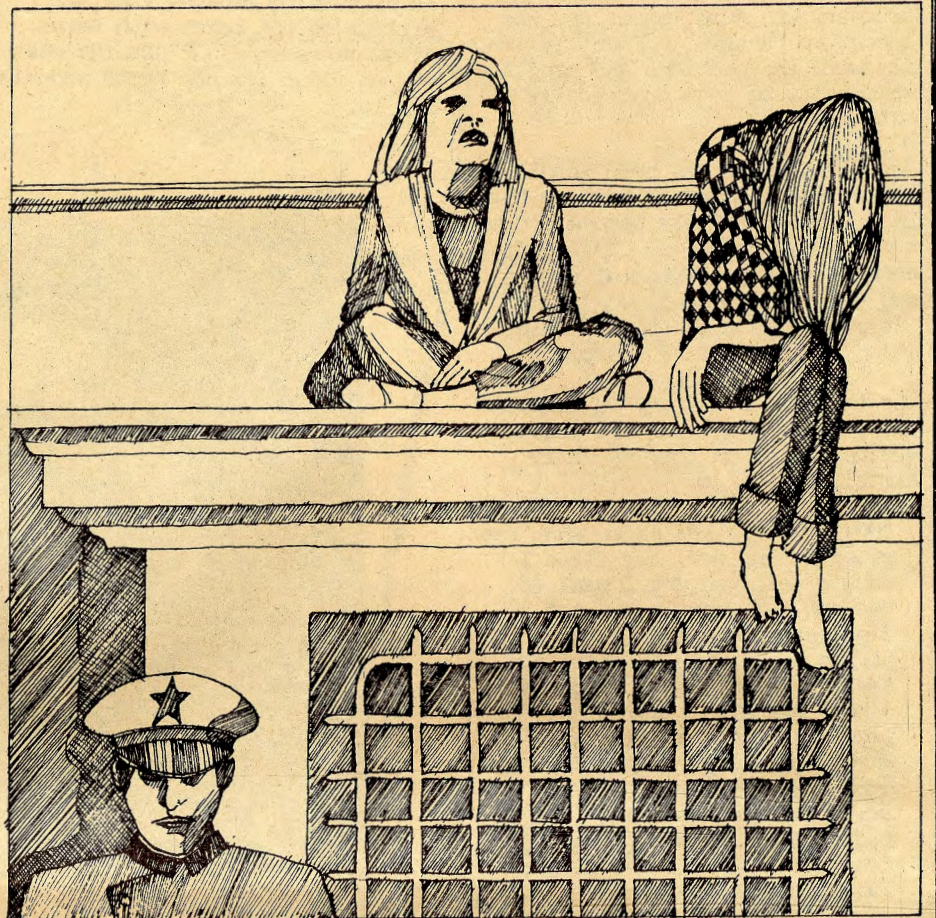
That, people, is from Franz Kafka's novel *The Trial*, written in Europe in the 20's. But his nightmare vision is not restricted to that time and space: in past months at least 25 people have been through an equivalent process in our very own little Grahamstown.

And this process, please note, is not the accidental result of inefficient or inadequate prison facilities, or of bumbling and forgetful police officers. It is specifically designed to operate in this way. The people concerned were pulled in for possession, suspicion of having possessed, suspicion of knowing other who possessed, suspicion of at one time or another having sniffed, seen, touched or smoked dope.

The law which allowed them to be subjected to the process is the fairly recently enacted section 13 of the Drugs Act. It provides for the detention of anyone, on suspicion, for two week periods renewable for up to six months, without being charged or brought to trial. During this period they are not entitled to see lawyers, relatives of friends.

### Crucifixion

The central aim behind this method, it appears from the Grahamstown arrests, is to terrorise the individual to the point where he or she is prepared to make a statement incriminating others. Most of the Grahamstown arrests took place in the early hours of the morning. People were hauled from their beds to the police station. They were threatened with solitary confinement under section 13 unless they incriminated others. Another



frequent tactic, was a police assurance to detainees that they had already been "crucified" by their friends. This was the level of the mind-games that went on.

While all this was happening, the detainees were kept going on the absolute minimum, and less, of food and sleep. Exhausted and permanently confused as to what was happening to them or where they stood legally, they were shunted from place to place in the back of vans for hours on end. Most of them were farmed out to various Eastern Cape towns for indefinite detention. For some this meant seven or eight days.

Quite plainly, this was not a case of apprehending the breakers of a positive law, charging them, trying them and meting out punishment to those found guilty. The effect of the means employed was rather to undermine, by a sustained state of confusion and psychic terror, the very beings of those concerned.

### Section 13

That is, not to change, specifically, their attitudes to dope, but to extinguish in them that spark of freedom that they intuitively grasped was theirs as young people. To crush in them that ability and desire to think for themselves. To suppress in them the vision of a different world and the energy to change their present one. To quite simply scare the shit out of them and turn them from potential truth-seekers into neurotic yes-men. To break them as real people and so ensure their silence.

And to whom, people, is this silence beneficial? To one entity and to one entity only - the State. It takes no legal brain to recognise that Section 13 has been modelled directly on Section 6 of the Terrorism Act: the clause providing for detention without trial. A well-known handbook on drugs states this quite explicitly.

How, you may wonder, has personal consciousness-expansion become equated with terrorism as a crime against the State? Well, for a start, as outlined above, it fosters a spirit of independence which is inimical to any State. Then, as a lesson learnt from the

coincidence in America of the drug-culture and anti-Vietnam fervour, it is doubly-inimical to a State-at-war. Allen Ginsberg, pondering the national trait of aggression, points out:

*An answer to this tough problem of human aggression? Medicine, three lumps hashish daily quiets 75% of Aggressiveness. This fact courtesy U.S. Arms Control Disarmament experiments, Princeton 1970.*

In conclusion, just in case it is a generally foregone conclusion that Rhodes University is above all a liberating influence, and as such is not run by State-owned-heads: The institution shed its corporate liberal tears and cried for "habeus corpus" when the death of Steve Biko brought the horror of detention without trial to the fore. But when the most fundamental rights of its own students were being violated in exactly the same way, it didn't utter an official sound.

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## DRAMA

# The Zoo Story

A highly successful production of Edward Albee's play *Zoo Story* was staged in the Rhodes Theatre last week directed by Carl de Gouveia.

John Burch and Christopher Weare were cast as the two very different archetypal New York characters Jerry and Peter.

The play was highly acclaimed by students who were there, and who seemed to be able to identify readily with the problems and conflicts which this play so graphically illustrates.

Jerry and Peter are both intellectuals, the difference between them being that Jerry has become a dropout and Peter hasn't. This difference obviously is crucial to the way each examined his world and his relations with other people, which is the meat of the play.

The theme of *Zoo Story* is loneliness and alienation in the modern world, the human zoo; as Jerry himself says:

"Now I'll let you in on what happened at the zoo; but first I should tell you why I went to the zoo. I went to the zoo to find out more about the way people exist with animals, and the way animals exist with each other, and with people too. It probably wasn't a fair test, what with everyone separated by bars from everyone else, the animals for the most part from each other, and always the people from the animals. But if it's a zoo that's the way it is."

Director Carl de Gouveia feels that the play, written in 1958, is a forerunner of such contemporary American movies as *Taxi Driver* and *Midnight Cowboy* in the way that it deals with modern society and the American Dream/Myth; the illusion that human beings are effectively communicating with each other only the schizophrenic can see through.

However he says, "The audience shouldn't feel any sort of despair; there is hope in accepting the human condition as it is. The play is about liberation. You can equate it with the death of Christ, death as a rebirth."

Interestingly, a parallel can as well be drawn with Sartre's *In Camera*, which we also saw at Rhodes recently.

Both plays featured a very small cast on stage throughout with a few items of furniture. Both were about the individual torments of people, the one actually set in hell, the other a different hell, New York City. Both plays seem to end with this rebirth idea, optimism for the future.

The characters themselves were very authentically presented: Jerry in the street clothes, check shirt and sneakers, Peter with his bow-tie and pipe.

These details (actually altered slightly here from Albee's originals) are important, because together with the dialogue they are all we have to go on; as the director explains, "The action develops only through the process of different thoughts - no action is written in."

"Peter of course is Mr Average American with his ridiculous notions, which he is even prepared to die for. The middle age bracket don't like the play very much; they find it disturbing because they are sitting on the bench with Peter. Albee makes him look absurd, wanting to fight for the bench and kill for it."

Another was that Peter doesn't show enough fear, "you couldn't have him playing it too big, then it would have become comedy."

"You could do this play a hundred times; you discover new things all the time - it's so beautifully written - packed with images."

Tony Wood

Playwright Edward Albee



John Burch and Christopher Weare

"It is also this territorial thing; Jerry never gets near him until the point where he tickles him, which is in itself absurd; like with the dog - he is trying to reduce him. The dog you can almost equate with Peter - he will not make contact - very much like modern man; there is neither love nor hate."

Jerry is a permanent transient, obviously an intellectual, but he's dropped out. He is schizophrenic - people mustn't forget - but he isn't a raving nut.

"He was described by a psychiatrist actually as a very good picture of schizophrenia, a clinically accurate study. The rooming house he talks about you can equate with the human zoo theme."

The accents of the characters were also pretty authentic New Yorkese, well, almost all of the time. "John wanted to play it straight, with no accent or an English accent, but you can't do it - you lose the atmosphere, the flavour of the thing."

In his interview with *Rhodes*, de Gouveia went on to discuss some of the criticisms of the play, that the death of Jerry only provides a shocking ending.

"One of the weaknesses being the death, but it's a very academic argument. This is after all absurdist drama."

"Albee himself denies completely the parallel with Christ. I think the most horrific part was the tickling; the death was nothing."

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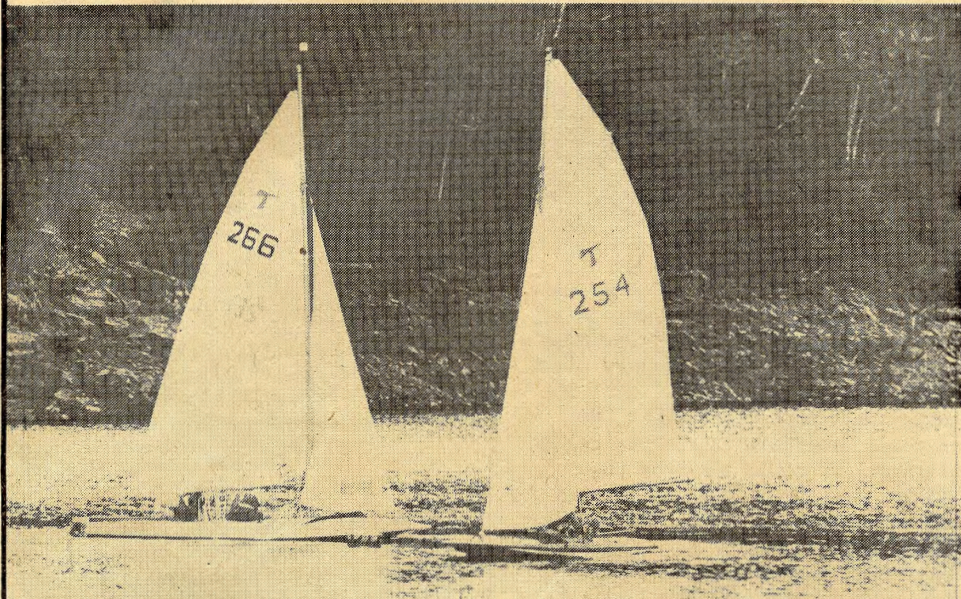
The Rock of The Perm





# SPORT

## "WE'RE DOING OKAY" IN OUR LITTLE OASIS



A popular sport at Rhodes - sailing on the tranquil waters of the oasis.

The main MCP sports at Rhodes - rugby, soccer and hockey all seem to be in for a good season.

The soccer and rugby teams have both only lost one match each this season; the soccer squad to Hume-wood, an acknowledged stronger team and the rugby to Police in the first match of the season.

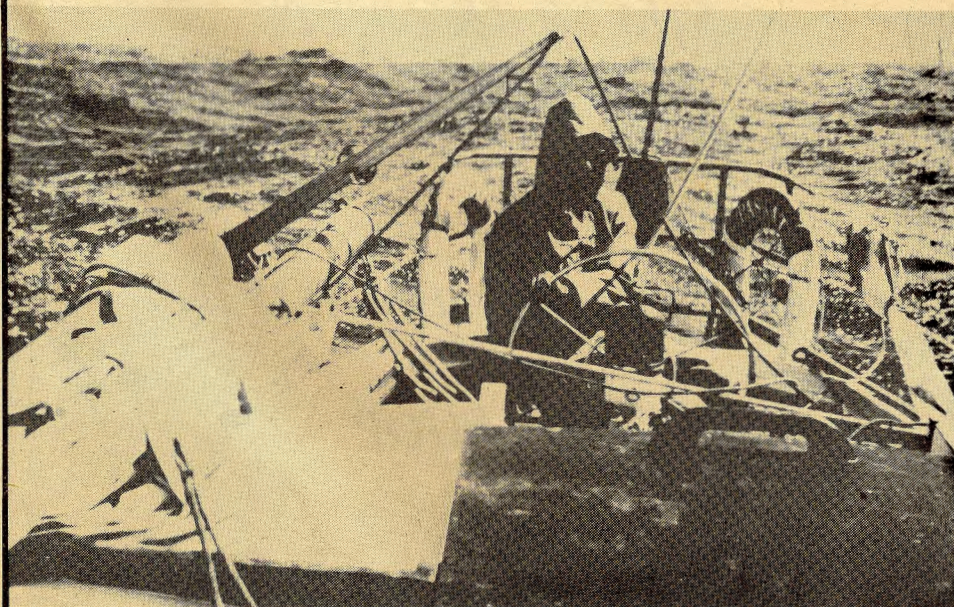
The Rhodes 1st XV beat Cambridge 21-19 in their first win over this club in five years. The soccer 1st XI beat log leaders Westview in an away game.

The 1st XV side has been given a kick in the rear with the inclusion of players like Tim Bruckman. Bruckman played for UCT for three years and for the WP B side; he played as vice captain of Border in their last match. The new faces have had a marked effect on the team's performance.

The men's first hockey side led last year's table until the end of the season when they slacked off to finish as runners-up to Old Grey a weaker side. This club has had such a boost this year that up to six of last year's 1st team are no longer assured of a place in the 1st team.

The same has been the case with the 1st soccer and rugby teams. Soccer coach, Graham Watts, a lecturer in the Journalism Department, said that this year's team has the best potential he has seen on campus in seven years. He forecast a season "more pleasing to the eye than a Russian ballet".

But these successes must be seen in the isolated contest of Grahamstown and the Eastern Cape. Of course some of us like our little oasis.



Meanwhile, on the the stormy waters of the open seas, the sailing is not so smooth.

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## MIGHT IS RIGHT

College House are unbeaten in the house rugby competition and are favourites to win for the first time in goodness knows how many years (no-one approached could remember far back enough).

Most of the matches have been won by at least a 20 point advantage. Adamson didn't manage to keep their appointment with College and so conceded a 20 point win to the favourites.

Oppidan House, favourites in the competition for many years, have lost their spirit and domination in the inter house rugby. This is mainly due to the decision to split the house in two for competition purposes because of its relatively large size in comparison with the other houses.

## sports flashes

\* The 1st rugby team lost their second game of the season when they went down 18-19 to Swifts on Saturday in an away game.

\* The 1st soccer side lost the season's second game when they lost 4-2 to Volkswagen, a relatively weak Uitenhage side.



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# SPORT

## HOCKEY... not so stimulating

by Boy Johnson

### INTER- VARSITY

This year's Rhodes-UPE intervarsity is not going to be determined on a points system - the winner of the 1st XV rugby match now takes all the honours.

In an interview with Rhodoo, Bruce Smith, the Rhodes sports officer said that the points system had been scrapped to promote more contact on a sporting level, especially amongst the lower teams.

Previously, if a team had no chance of a win, it simply wouldn't enter. Competition would now be on a sporting level rather than a cut-throat competitive one, he hopes.

Rhodes sportsmen are expressing disquiet at what they see as UPE's use of 'bought players'. UPE does not offer sports bursaries as such, but gives each sports club a subsidy to spend as it wants.

In a Sunday paper some months ago a UPE spokesman commented that they were tired of being underdogs to the bigger universities and would therefore follow a policy of 'buying' sports personalities to boost their ranks.

Having surprisingly beaten UPE in 1976, and drawn the match in 1977 Rhodes stands a better chance this year of beating their Port Elizabeth rivals.

When a hockey club has senior provincial players doing service in their second XI you can predict with some confidence that they're in for a good season. And this is the happy position that the Rhodes Men's Hockey Club finds itself in in 1978.

This year has seen the influx of a particularly talented crop of new players, including a Springbok trialist and a SA Schools player. Add this to a solid core of experienced old campaigners and you have a formula - on paper anyway - that is guaranteed to make all but the most pessimistic of coaches feel a little smug.

And the Rhodes side has certainly not dissatisfied so far this season. Entering the Eastern Province indoor league for the first time in '78, they lost the final play-off to decide who goes to Champion of Champion tournament by the odd goal after extra time.

The field side, led by last year's EP captain, Pete Rawson, are playing a 4-2-3-1 system this year. After a few teething problems early in the season the Ists seem to have settled down and have recorded some devastating victories - like 9-0 against Pirates.

Six Rhodes players have been included in the E.P. senior side to play in Port Elizabeth next month. Pete Rawson has since withdrawn from the side.

A particularly pleasing aspect of Rhodes Men's Hockey this year is the depth of talent, especially among the younger players. Six Rhodians were included in the EP U21 side that played in the national U21 champs in East London recently. Pat Hornby made the SA U21 side.

This is the first time for many seasons that a men's hockey side from Rhodes has been able to entertain hopes of taking the annual intervarsity. Ironically, though, it could also be the first year that Rhodes will not be sending a team to the competition.

The rearrangement of the intervarsity schedule which will mean that the women's sides will virtually have completed their programme before the men's sides start, has made several gregarious Rhodians as mad as snakes. A segregated intervarsity just won't be the same, they claim. It will be like eating strawberries without the cream.

The E.P. Festival team to do duty in Johannesburg in August also has six Rhodians in it.

### ...in brief

The border U20 rugby team to play E P on Saturday looks suspiciously like the Rhodes U20 team (with some 4ths included). The Rhodes players are D Gallow, R McQuine, C Kriel, P Vogel, P Wood, M Sperinck, C Clarke, D Hardy and C Hattingh.

Nine Rhodes women hockey players are included in the Albany women's team to play in the June/July interprovincial in Stellenbosch.

They include R Hanson, M Hobson, M Naude, H Roodt, B Second, C Terblanche, S Wilson and S Couch.

## WATTS' FOLLIES

Soccer coach Graham Watts has promised us a season of football "more pleasing to the eye than a Russian ballet".

He has, however, only succeeded in giving the few spectators who turn up to watch home games an improvisation less pleasing to the eye than Commedia del Arte.

The team has not settled down into a smooth football playing machine. Goalkeeper John Arnesen has been playing a regularly bad game, and

a meek defence, own goals are becoming frequent.

After drawing 1 - 1 with UPE some weeks ago, they went on to beat Walmer Celtic 2 - 1. Playing in an almighty wind, both sides continually lobbed the ball so that the elements were the eventual winners.

A slack referee allowed two bad fouls on striker Fredericks to go unchallenged. Rhodes scored their winning goal from a penalty in the second half.



The Rhodes 1st soccer squad. They are: middle row (left to right) G. Black, G. Morton, J. Arnesen, P. Holliday, A. de Gruchy, C. Fredericks, S. Isaacson, and B. Nunn. Kneeling: G. Watts (coach), D. Byer, M. Domann, A. Swatz.

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