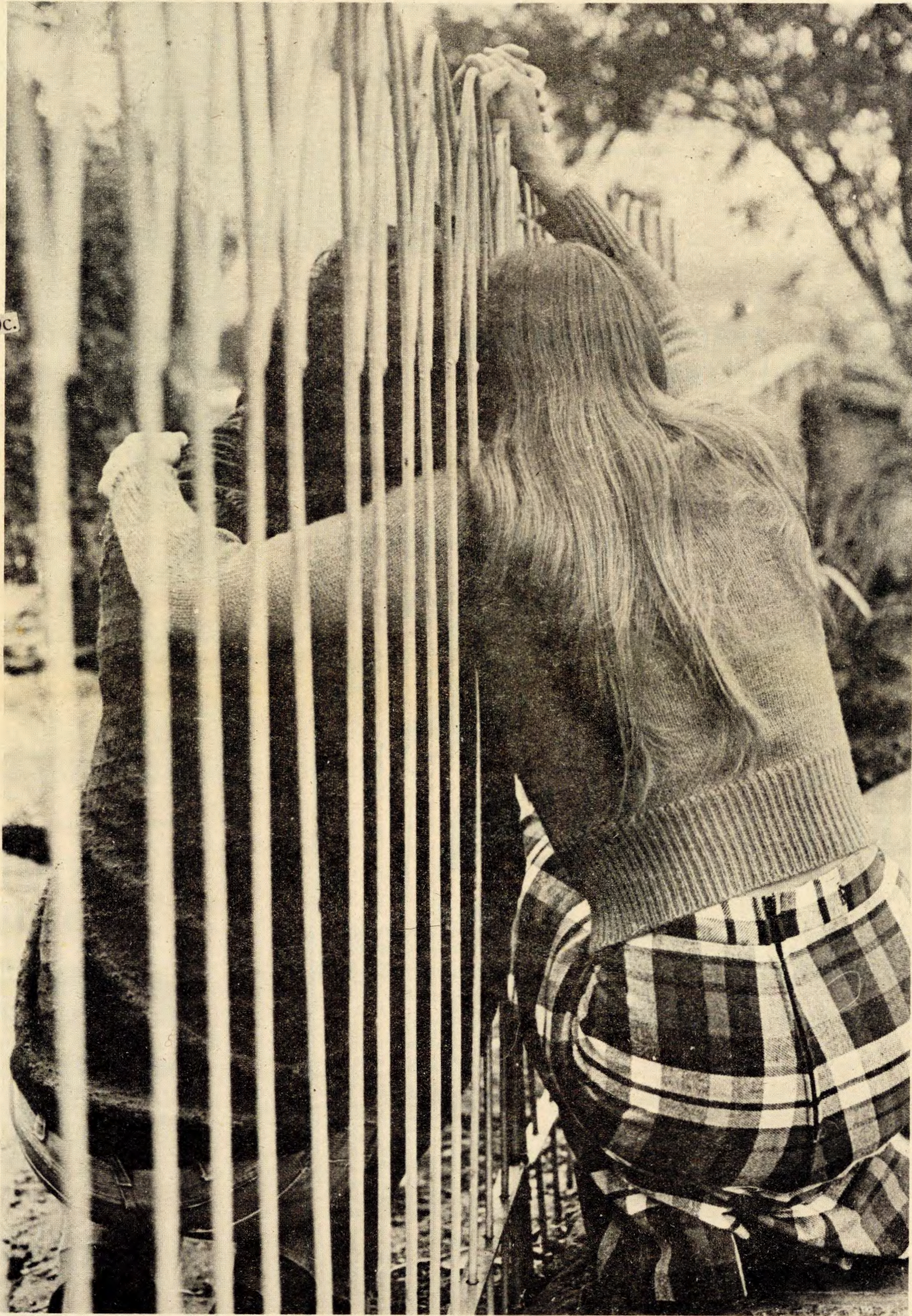


# rhodeo

VOLUME 28 NO 2 3<sup>rd</sup> OCTOBER



10c.



LOVE  
IS....

Spending a Sunday afternoon with your arm caught in a fence .....



# FASHION '74

HAIR;by Maison Pouve, cut short this summer, conditioned then a light touch of green to bring out the highlights, plus the new bRandy perfume on the top to attract the dickie-birds in spring.

SHIRT;from Fenwicks,a lightweight light blue nylon velvet laceless buttonless air conditioned crinkle-free shirt, wonderful for parties.

JACKET;herring-bone, pin-striped, tweed and plain all rolled into one to produce this exquisite wide lapelled jacket in light and dark fawn, great for shopping, available from all chemists.

PANTS;dark grey striped trousers with a flair for any fashion. This wonderful new material can be washed at least five times without coming apart at the seams.Safty pins from Truworthis, last for years.

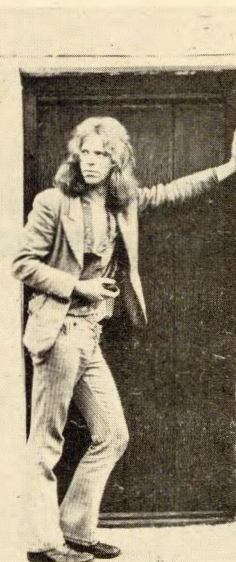
SOCKS;

SHOES;your very own squeak sewn then chemically moulded into each pair of these dark-brown leather laced black-soled boots, also available from chemists.

PIPE;stuffed with Rum and Maple on the outside then polished off with a nice layer of wood.

DOOR;old oak and pine then coated ten times with a cheap dark green paint and left outside for a few years.

PHOTOS:NIKON



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Extract from political speech June 1973.

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after action -  
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# Damlin

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RHODEO 3/10/74



# editorial

## 'Affected Organisation'

A few press reports, even some space in a Sunday Editorial column, a voice or two of mild condemnation, a request for parliamentary debate, and then - IT'S ALL OVER.

Without having to call in the Army to quell riots, without any police baton charges, without any arrests, without any court cases and without the slightest hint of disruption in society Nusas is declared an "Affected Organisation".

It is fairly easy to do when one considers the opposing forces. On the one hand is a Nationalist Party government who after 26 years of rule have succeeded in becoming a complete dictatorship, aided by an effective propaganda machine and an opposition party who meekly attempt to find differences between their policy and that of the government, but in most cases seem to enjoy collaborating.

On the other hand is a petrified majority of Blacks and a small group of Whites, who have been told to chain their hands, gag their mouths, block their ears and be sure to blindfold themselves - or else. Big brother will do it for you.

No doubt they mean it, we have seen them do it to thousands. (Or should I say those who have not yet blindfolded themselves have seen them do it to thousands).

The words "Affected Organisation" sound very legitimate and in keeping with basic judicial jargon. A very nice and short way of saying "We are scared to hell that Nusas may open up a few too many people's eyes, so we will have to squeeze the fuel out of them, (to the sum of R70,000)". Add to that a weekly smear campaign on student activism, possibly impose a few more banning orders, and the arena is clear for a pack of wild dogs to run free, digging their teeth into anything that smells like legitimate opposition.

Within a few weeks the words "Affected Organisation" will have slipped far into the doldrums of our minds, until such time as another organisation is declared "Affected". Who knows, it might just be the SPCA and then animal lovers throughout South Africa will be rising up against the inhuman treatment. But between now and then and thereafter, who will give a thought for the prisoners receiving Nusas education, for the illiterate receiving Nusas tuition, for the scholars and potential scholars relying on Nusas bursaries and for the community and workers who respond to the value of Nusas project work.

## Raid

While Kaiser Matanzima and his colleagues were hotly denouncing at the U.N. General Assembly in New York, that they were the lap dogs of "Jolly John" Vorster, the weekend of September 27, saw the banning of meetings to be held by a Transvaal Youth Organisation in Soweto, the 4a.m. raidings of the offices of S.A.S.O., Blacks Peoples Convention and the Black Communities Programme, the confiscation of typewriters and roneo machines, as well as raids on the homes of office-bearers (including banned Steve Biko, ex S.A.S.O. President resident in Kingwilliamstown) and the confiscation of private correspondence and publications. Moral indignation is pointless.

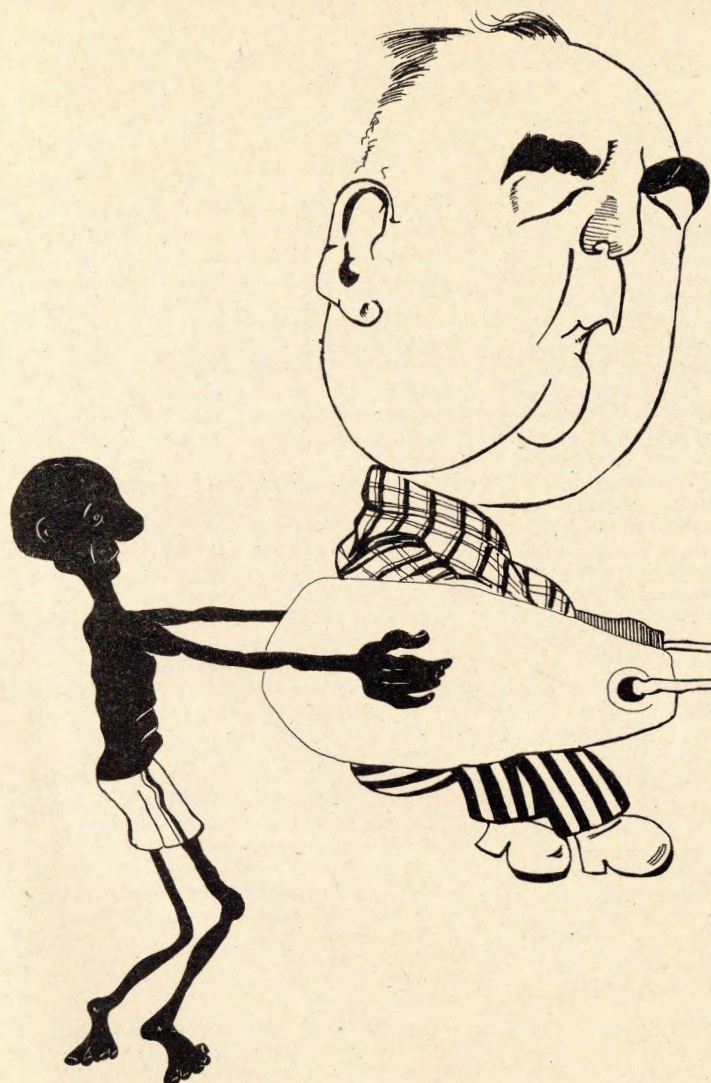
Good luck Mr. K. Matanzima, in the face of this who will believe you now?

## Afkortings

ASB, NUSAS, SASO, BCP and BPC. NP, UP, PP, DP, BJV, SABC, AA, SACC, AAC, SACBOC, SPCA, AB, HNP, ANC, PAC, SACP, SAP.....

What do we have in common?

RSVP.



South Africa's  
Evil Knievel

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### Rhodes Staff

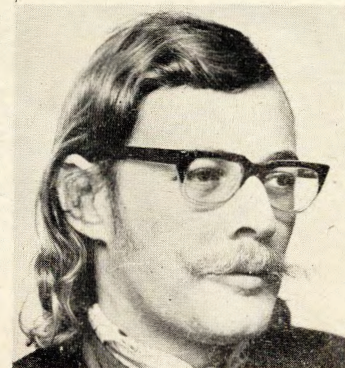
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# NEVILLE CURTIS...

## Guilty or Not Guilty?



ville Curtis is free - he has slipped out the country without being caught. Good for him. I hope he enjoys his freedom and uses it well.

Neville has emerged as something of a legendary figure - a legend that was encouraged to no small extent by the hysteria directed against him by the Schlebusch Commission reports, the bannings and the SABC on 'Student Activism'.

Now the hounds will bay - "This man demonstrates his guilt; he leaves the country shortly before he is due to appear in court. Everything we have said about him is justified."

So we must ask, what is this guilt, what was it that led him to have to appear in court recently? The charge was that he had broken his banning order - the charge assumed his guilt by assuming the validity of the banning order. Why then was he banned?

After having served as Vice-President of the Wits SRC, he was

elected President of Nusas at their 1969 Congress. This was at a crucial time in the life of the National Union.

The way in which the National Union was functioning had reached a particularly sterile point, and the Black students in Nusas had just broken away to form the all-black South African Students Organisation.

In this period of challenge Neville provided a dynamic leadership which gave the National Union a surge of life and a direction that was to make its participation in the South African arena considerably more relevant. Nusas recognised Saso as being the body best able to represent the views and aspirations of the black student community and focussed upon increasing its effectiveness as a predominantly white organisation.

The major consequence of this focus was that, at the 1970 Congress, Neville's first as President, the affili-

ates, Nused, Nuswel and Aquarius, devoted themselves to specific areas of action and were autonomous within those areas. This meant that the National Union developed an action orientation with the emphasis upon project work and a de-emphasis of high-profile press statements, etc.

Since then the needs of students and their understanding of their situation has developed and, arising out of the decisions of the last Congress, the affiliates dissolve at the end of this year. This will facilitate a new direction in the National Union, one likely to actively involve a greater number of students in the activities of the National Union.

However, we have learnt a great deal from the affiliate structure, and are building upon firm foundations laid under Neville's leadership.

### RESULTS

His "guilt", the banning, was a result of his committed opposition to South African injustice. Whilst Neville's leadership of the National Union will always remain a significant contribution to the struggle for a free South Africa, his life cannot be evaluated only in terms of his participation in the life of the National Union.

At the time of his banning, Neville had moved out of any involvement in politics, student or otherwise. He had moved to a farmhouse near Citrusdal, a small farming village in the Western Cape. He shared the house there with

three other people, all of whom were concerned with exploring a more personally based existence - to involve himself, with his friends, in the politics of life-style.

This experiment was cut short by the banning orders that issued from the bowels of the Government late in February 1973. His concern with implementing a community-based, alternative way of living was radically hampered by the banning. However, he stayed on for over a year, working at this concern with different groups of people.

### WHAT CRIME

Now he has left South Africa and is in Australia. How can we respond to him in this new situation?

He has made a considerable contribution to the life of the National Union. His thinking and his work have opened up many new possibilities for us as students, and he is a leader that we can be proud to be associated with.

He was branded guilty of what? By the banning order, and subsequent smears via the Schlebusch Commission report and SABC have labelled him as guilty of a most heinous crime...what?

His 'crime', like that which the National Union is being accused of now, is his longstanding and uncompromising resistance to the unjust power structure in South Africa, and his insistence that we search for and work towards solutions that will be acceptable to all the people of South Africa.

## SUCKER

Rhodeo brings you the following scoop - no other magazine has it yet although we have heard through informed sources that, that bastion of moral protection 'Scoop' will soon follow and print these important documents.

In the interests of public security we feel obliged to give you these revelations of the sin that abides in our country. We would also like our national parliament to take them into account in their next investigation of NUSAS (the New Underground Sexual Athletes Society).

And so without further ado we give you ..... the secret diaries they forgot, or How I flew from Stockholm to Jo'burg with 20 men, two gorillas and one cat.

FRIDAY JUNE 10 - Flew into Jo'burg over Rhodesia. Met at Jan Smutty (airport) by two men. Jan Kristofel (big men) who took me back here to their flat. They've both been good to me. Tomorrow we go to Excelsior the first stop on my tour organised by Organ Morgan. Still haven't met him but from what I've heard he is really worth meeting. Can't wait.

SATURDAY JUNE 11 - What a day - wow so much to tell. First met Organ today and we made a scene straight away - his ideas on the whole scene are really radical. There's hope in South Africa yet I think. On the bus to Excelsior we all drank wine and played games, getting ready for the real thing. And then into Excelsior after getting ready.

Taken straight to this place

Taken to this place straight out of Hugh Hefner land. Met this fantastic guy ... Paul Precarious and after dinner we got down to talking about it all. Finished about four this morning. Organ passed out earlier - couldn't stand the pace of it.

The diaries carry on in the same way and haven't the space to print anymore.

We are however willing to make these diaries available to the public but in the interests of the general good we do not think that we should print more as these diaries are subversive and one never knows what may happen if small children and green people get hold of them.

You can never tell with green people as that famous philosopher once said.

On her tour this subversive woman visited no less than six towns in South Africa, finishing her tour at that famous resort on the East Coast, Kowie.

We do think we should publish what she had to say about this town as it will give citizens an idea of the evil that is a foot in our land.

SEPTEMBER 12 - Last stop of the tour. Kowie. A small but beautiful sea-side resort. Went for a walk through the back streets and was immediately reminded of the backstreets of Stockholm - except of course the bookshops and cinemas look like cafes and general trading stores. But the underground network is enormous.

Saw pink movies but the books were boring - nothing comic. Must tell Xavier to come here sometime. She would like it.

Tomorrow fly off again from Jan Smutty. Will be in Russia in twenty four hours. But I hear that the scene there is much the same as it was here - porn wise.

Is that not enough. We ask you in all good faith Is THIS not enough, When will it stop, where will it end. Soon our children will be like Linda and when people practise actions like that is it not time then to say enough. To scream enough, from the tallest buildings in our fair land.

Just remember then to always look to see what is beneath your bed at night. (see page 10).

## S.R.C. Out For '74.

There is no likelihood of an SRC being formed on campus this year.

Following the informal referendum of last term, which indicated that there did exist a strong feeling in favour of some form of student government at Rhodes, a meeting was held between the Dean of Students, Prof Chapman, and two of the students who were behind the move for an SRC, Wouter Holleman and Graham Watts.

At the meeting the referendum was discussed and Prof Chapman provided the two students with some personal opinions about how Senate may react to the various proposals were they to be put forward as the basis for a new SRC constitution.

The results of the referendum are as follows:

Proposal 1 in favour of no student government .....45  
Proposal 2 in favour of the present Societies Chairmen Council being recognised as a representative body..26  
Proposal 3 in favour of a five-man administrative body .....184  
Proposal 4 consisting of a ten-man SRC consisting of three student body elected members and seven interest group representatives .....304  
Proposal 5 in favour of a 16 member body none of whom would be directly elected by the campus.....424  
Spoilt votes.....10  
Total .....993  
Percentage poll....45

Following the meeting with Prof Chapman, Graham Watts and Wouter Holleman, whose respective proposals, 4

and 5, drew the most votes in the referendum, met to discuss the possibility of a compromise proposal being drawn up and presented to the student body.

Indications of possible Senate response to the proposals provided by Prof Chapman during the meeting were taken into account. At the time of going to press no definite compromise had been reached, but tentative trends indicate that:

- \* the body would include several members directly elected by the student body;
- \* the Nusas local chairman - the key Nusas figure on campus - would probably be elected by the student body as a whole and not by the Nusas local committee as in the past;
- \* specific interest groups and societies would probably be represented on the body so that the student body would be indirectly represented by the people elected to these posts.

It is likely that a further meeting with the Dean of Students will take place in the coming week and a definite proposal put to the student body before 'swot week'. In the event of the student body indicating its support for such a proposal, a constitution would be drawn up in consultation with Prof. Chapman, and elections held in the first term of next year.

Graham Watts and Wouter Holleman have indicated that they would be pleased if students would approach them with further suggestions regarding the constitution of an SRC.



# 5-star service .....

## at R7 a week

Rhodes campus, Sunday morning, about 11 o'clock in a women's residence.

Student Jean has just woken up, somewhat the worse for wear after last night's party. She staggers along the corridor to the bathroom, mumbling "Morning Sissie" to the Black woman standing there among her cleaning utensils.

This woman's name is Lena Matiawani. She enters Jean's room, makes her bed, dusts, sweeps, empties the waste paper basket. It's called serviced. The Latin word for slave is servus.

Lena Matiawani's Sunday begins at about 5 am. Her one-roomed home that she shares with her family of six has neither water nor electricity. She needs roughly an hour to get to work by 6.30.

She has 18 rooms to service every day of the term. This must be done in the morning. In the afternoon and evening she works in the kitchen. She leaves the university at about 7.15 pm getting home after 8.

Lena Matawani works every day of the term. She has every Monday afternoon and every other Sunday afternoon free. She is 49 and has worked at the same women's residence for 18 years now. She earns R29 a month. She receives R1,70 per week during the term as a food subsidy.

That's quite a lot, considering. The university budgets about 70 cents for Jean's three meals a day - meat at two of them, vegetables, fruit, dessert at supper, as much bread and jam as she will risk eating.

And let's not forget. Lena Matawani's eldest daughter works too. Her job is also a daily one; she works in a Grahamstown home. She earns R7 a month.

And what about the R1,70 food subsidy? Jean's food costs 70 cents a day. It comes from a kitchen that has fidges and from a money supply large enough to buy in bulk. R4,90 pays for Jean's food for a week.

Lena Matawani can never buy in bulk because she never has enough money. She has no fridge at home to store food. This immediately inflates her cost of living and devalues what little she does earn. R1,70 a week can't be much help.

Perhaps she's quite lucky to have

a job at all. Even one that pays R29 a month for a seven-day work week (three afternoons free in every two weeks).

Jobs are scarce for Grahamstown Blacks. The laws that force thousands of people to live here fail to provide work for them. Instead there are other laws restricting the type of work these people may do.

If an employer in town pays R7 a month, there is a distorted logic which tries to say that Lena Matawani's R29 plus certain benefits is probably quite good - relatively, you know, Jean admits, thinking of the R30 a month she receives as pocket money for extras, over and above such minor essentials as board and lodging.

Perhaps if the university paid its Black staff more, it would employ less people, swelling the numbers of the unemployed. Totally undesirable! Perhaps if the university paid its Black workers more, residence fees would have to go up again. Impossible!

Tough luck, Lena Matawani. It looks as though a pay rise for you is still a dream.

But do you have to come to work every day? Like Sundays? Must you wait patiently in the corridors until Jean and her friends finally wake up and allow you to make their beds for them?

If Jean and her friends and their counterparts in every campus residence made their beds every day, maybe you would lose your job. But if they saw to their rooms every Sunday, perhaps you would have a regular day at home.

The South-African-traditional-way-of-life type of Sunday - a day with the family.

Jean is a "concerned student". She has heard that there are students, she thinks they are in NUSAS, who are running an S.O.S. campaign - Sundays Off for Sissies. Other students in various residences are drawing up petitions to get their fellow students to say they don't mind making their own beds on Sundays.

Jean is troubled, but she is so busy ... and the Sissies live somewhere else, out of mind and sight, and they don't wear placards saying: I earn R29 a month; I have six other people to support almost unaided; I come to work seven days a week; I never see my baby awake.

And the Sissies are so anonymous. One doesn't even have to discover their names. "Sissie" is quite adequate for what minimal communication there is. They don't speak English anyway. They don't speak English very well, so it's hard to get through to them.

But Jean is concerned, and she wants to do something...sometime...can something be done...sometime?

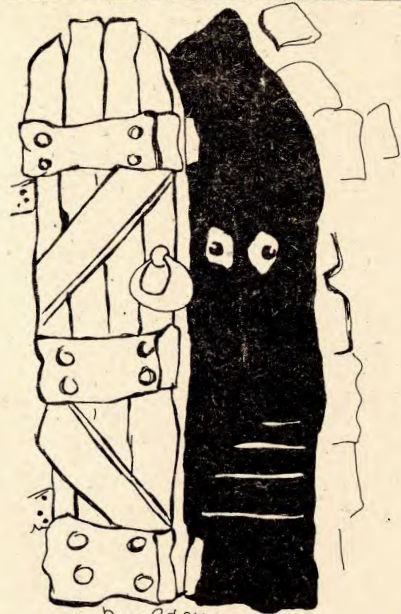
We'll start with graffiti. Remember what is used to be? Personal revelations, profound and not so. Anatomically sound not so. Anatomically unsound artwork. Even intellectual, with the occasional dry pencilled Elliot. And so the stuff that began taking over was unrecognisable at first, but we soon came to accept (as we had the flush-once-an-hour-only-toilets) misquoted Whitman and Ginsberg.

Then, of course, those technicolour collections that have traditionally adorned students' bedroom walls. Stolen street signs, Easy Riders, Raquel Welch's; sure, they're still around. But about that ever increasing number of Mark Spitz's, in kinky coloured briefs and fetishist-type gold chains about his neck. And the muscular black stomach of a topless Jimi Hendrix. And the lifesizers of that sturdy Batman and his lithe, youthful partner, Robin.

In fact, just what is it that is



The gap.



OH MY GOD

OUR CLEAN, WELL-LIGHTED

PLACES ARE BUMMING UP.

motivating students to indulge in all this 'interior decorating'? Their rooms are laid out in the most practical manner, to facilitate the best working space and light. Is this occurrence space and light. Is this current indulgence due to the fact that they wish to do something other than work and sleep there?

This shocking evidence seems to suggest a host of unpleasant conclusions and the most unfortunate and shattering of these must be faced up to now: Ours is a solid system, devised to protect and uphold healthy, heterosexual Victorian social codes, but, God help us, it is unwittingly undermining the same.

Scandalous? Embarrassing? Exciting? Well, put yourself in the position of a male student under these circumstances:

During the morning, and perhaps for a while in the afternoon, you attend lectures where (apart from taking notes) you are mixing freely with both sexes, neither of whom are restricted in the clothes that they may wear: women may be in tight slacks or short skirts; men in shorts, with shirtsleeves above the elbows and, very often, open necks. (Fortunately this atmosphere of totally uninhibited social intercourse is completely false and superficial, and the situation returns to normal again when students go to their meals in separate dining-rooms, and meet again in an orderly fashion, properly dressed and

by formal invitation, at the numerous Balls).

So, after leaving the unreal aura of these lecture rooms, you will probably go in for a little sport, be it an official game or just a quick round of squash or tennis. It is after this that the familiar 'ritual of the shower room' takes place.

Fifteen or so sweaty people crowd into the showers in the half-hour that they have available before supper. The sticky yellow walls become obscured by steam and the place fills up with thickness and swearing and laughing and traditional 'in the tub type' singing. But be warned! This steam is the disguise and chaos of the devil himself. Beyond the laughing and inter-urinal glee contests, lurk forces which await and beckon young converts.

It is only the very strong who will take three solid months of this, and even you might be seeing Walt Whitman among the watermelons as you sit down to supper staring at the scrubbed, shining face of the owner of that hairy chest and firm pair of thighs.

Ginsberg's fateful message screams from every cream coloured, well lighted box; 'Later a mortal avalanche, whole mountains of homosexuality, Matterhorns of .... Grand Canyons of .....

It is burden enough that we must wage a constant war against modern day Pankhursts, Rubins, bra-burners, reds, rock and the rest. These can only be beaten once we have dealt with 'the enemy within' - our own system!





## Carrot for a Queen

They blush, they titivate, they giggle and smile coyly - all so very, very proud of having been chosen for the Rag Queen Finalists.

For years the Rag Royalty have been selected merely on looks - that elusive thing - on charm, but most of all on sex appeal and cleavage. But now, at last, (but a little late in the day, you might say) the organisers have decided to make the ladies prove their worth, and the one who rakes in the most boodle wins (what ARE they going to do if the ugliest one makes the most, I wonder???)

So, at last the cattle parade is no more, but has been replaced by the dog show, where the ladies have to prove their pedigree, in other words, how much are they worth in hard, cold cash, to get anywhere... shades of the oldest profession in the world?

The whole concept of having a Rag Queen has always amazed me. I mean, are the Rag Organisers so unsure of the charity of the public, their unwillingness to give money for worthy causes that they have to have a pretty little woman all dressed up sitting on a throne to entice them to part with their hard-earned cash? Also, is it really necessary to create such competition, such a battle of beauty between the 'cream of

the crop' with all the usual bitchiness, hair-do's and making-up attached? When one reads of the lives of some beauty queens all over the world one wonders whether all this overpowering physical beauty is in any way an asset when facing life in the raw - what's the use of having beauty and poise when there is no natural warmth.

Okay, Rag Day is over, the Queen has collected a lot of money to qualify for the honour of being Queen of campus, the money is handed in and distributed to all kinds of good causes ... But what has happened to the little ladies who, for a short while, were so concerned about raising money for charity?

Married, engaged, back to their social whirlwind, ignoring the beggars on the streets - WHAT'S CHARITY? Do they only need a carrot, in the shape of the wonderful golden crown to lead them on the path of charity, good causes and caring for others (for a change) - something like a donkey carrying his load because he's hungry. Hungry for food for the ego and being praised and toasted at the end of the journey for his good work, and then put out to pasture for the rest of his life, letting some younger, prettier donkey take over...

*Before Rag last year Rhodexo investigated charity in South Africa in an article called "Rag" and you". It said that charity is not only a sop to White middle-class consciences, but also provides "nice" publicity for Big Businesses to "prove" their concern. White charity, it said,*

*perpetuates and reinforces an exploitative labour system by temporarily alleviating suffering which at the same time replaces Black initiative to campaign against starvation and disease. The article below is a reply to these allegations.*

The first allegation against the use of Rag fund donations is, that Rag handouts are replacements ... i.e. replaces Black initiative etc.

The point is that in our society many Blacks are in fact prevented from waging their war against starvation etc. When a man cannot seek employment wherever he wishes or wherever it is available, or he has to face a below poverty datum line wage structure in certain categories of employment, what happens to him and what happens to his family?

They have as much of a present need as the aged who cannot work, the homeless and the orphaned who have no-one to take care of them. We recognise this present need, and we have a duty to assist.

Rag does a tremendous amount of relief work of this nature and I cannot see how anyone can oppose this work as of no value or as a sop to conscience.

But the accent in the decision where rag money goes has shifted much in the last few years. The above category of handouts now form the smallest section of rag grants and its recipients are

carefully selected.

We have declared policy favouring self-help schemes. This type of scheme assists other welfare groups or approved bodies with funds for the provision of the necessary structure which individuals need in developing themselves educationally, materially, spiritually, etc.

For instance, rag assists with the subsidisation of bursaries for school and university-going Blacks, construction of schools, business concerns for Blacks such as Makana Handicrafts, subsidised health services, etc.

This is not charity if charity means holding Christmas parties and giving presents. This is the type of charity approach where assistance is only given to those who intend to help themselves, but need a start.

This is not temporary relief, it is not not a sop to conscience, but an attempt by us as students to assist our brethren, whether they be White or Black or any other shade. The only criteria is that they need the help we can give and that they will help themselves thereafter.

## 1975 — pedigree vs ego

Rag King Willie Marais says that ego-trippers are out for Rag Queen elections this year.

In an interview with Rhodexo he stated that speech, personality, articulation and 'charitableness' would be the major criteria for this year's elections.

Willie made it clear that the Rag Queen elections were to be strictly anti-ego. The interviews and the compulsory raising of R200 by each nominee were to this end. As an added incentive paid-up holidays were being offered to the winners.

Willie stressed that this year's Rag would strive to create a new image: definitely oriented towards welfare. The elimination of ego-trippers from the elections is hopefully the first step towards this. All members of the Rag Committee have been informed that they are to direct all contributions and efforts solely towards welfare and any members who had other intentions would be asked to resign.

Willie pointed out that Rag contributions were often the sole means of financial support for the organisations which they were distributed to. The contributions are distributed on a non-racial basis to charitable institutions in the Eastern Cape.

Speaking to the thirty-eight members of Rag Comm. and guests assembled at a cocktail party last week, Willie, wine-glass in hand, hoped that all these well-endowed ladies would be able 'to use what they've got for the best service to everybody' - for the purpose of fundraising, naturally.

To gauge what the nominees themselves

thought about their intended new image, Rhodexo ran a couple of random interviews:

Pat Eames, 19, BSc (Pharm) 1. All for the new idea, Rag Queens should definitely concern themselves primarily with fundraising. Pat lives in Rhodesia and hopes to raise money by holding jumble sales and raffles. About the beauty queen thing in general? Well, you shouldn't take it too seriously; accept that you've been nominated and try your best.

Di Kringel, H.P.T.C. 1, 19. Anything associated with Rag should involve the fundraising angle, but the glamour traditionally associated with beauty queens should not be completely discarded. The women's lib views on beauty queens? It doesn't worry me.

Fi Green, B.A. 1, 19. Fi is determined to go all out to raise the bread, but she envisages some difficulty doing so in the small community in which she lives. She hopes to obtain her donations from local businessmen. Women's Lib? It's for the birds.

Jenny MacDonald, B. Phys. Ed, 19. Rag Queens should be chosen on personality more than anything else. Jenny hopes to raffle whisky in Rhodesia and hold a Christmas Ball to raise her contributions. Women's Lib angle? Jenny declined to comment.

Wendy Jamesk, L.P.T.C. 1, 18. The new welfare oriented angle is a great idea. Wendy hopes to raise money by organising functions in her local church hall and approaching the big wineries in Paarl, which is where she lives. Women's Lib? Men should remain dominant.



## Rag bosses answer allegations

In this way they will, as Rhodexo suggested last year, be able to work towards their own betterment. We can do no more. We are not a political organisation.

Rag then launches a two-fold attack. It gives funds to assist with the clothing, feeding and housing of those who are not able to do so themselves and who would without our assistance, suffer further compounded hardships.

Secondly rag assists, and this is its greatest function, in providing the basic needs of groups whose individual members wish to help themselves.

This is simply what we work for and the other arguments as to the motives of those who give can be answered only as follows:

We have got to a stage, long ago, in fact, where rag organisers make very little money out of simple appeals to peoples' consciences by way of arousing their sympathy or their guilt feelings. Most of our money comes from straight business deals. Rag sells a service... it sells advertising in the rag mag,

at its functions, etc. Further the entertainment it provides is a very big business concern and we run a very smooth professional operation, showing a high margin of profit.

The rag committee's attitude against drinking as an 'integral part' of rag has been stated repeatedly. We are very unhappy that this tradition has persisted. It is not to the credit of fund raising nor to that of the university. We have no desire to see our fellow students running through the city streets on rag day in various degrees of inebriation, ostensibly under the auspices of rag. That we continually oppose and condemn.

We would far rather see that money being given to charity. But then, those individuals who we are talking about probably do not care very much about the cause of welfare work anyway.

Willie Marais and Mike Howard. Co-chairmen.

For further information, contact: Willie at 3316 or 4983 Mike at College House.





# Masters And Pets..

## Campus Dogs

by Chris Marais.

"To piss, or not to piss. That is the question," mutters Turdy, disgusted at once because of his ever-declining quality of wit.

At present his philosophies and bladder are centred on the rear wheel of someone's Honda buzzbike. He lifts his leg.

Turdy the Terrier. Turdy is old. Turdy is grey. Turdy is rather elegant. But Turdy is disrespectful. So is the owner of the bike swipes Turdy's head with a rolled-up Daily Dispatch as the little vandal trots by.

But old Turdy is more than that. He is the midday-rambler, the canine Plato and the fourth year Rhodes steward.

He supports student activism, is an ardent follower of NUSAS - hates vegetables who have never picketed or voted before. Turdy is only seen in intellectual company. His look is far from pleasant when patted by a nobody in the radical world.

Turdy is often seen trotting about the vales and hills of Grahamstown - a sniff here and a slash there as he passes along. He has given up the company of others in the dogworld, for they are too bone-minded and utterly bourgeois to suit his tastes.

Turdy dreads the day when he will have to pack up his ideals and leave Rhodes. For then he will be placed in his groove, and play out the role of a lapdog followfish Terrier serving his Peke-eyed mistress.

He wants to be a leader of dogs and men. So far, because of a slight language barrier, only the dogs can hear his wisdom.

This self-styled king of Grahamstown has entertained thoughts of settling down, having pups and living with a bitch of a wife. But somehow life passed him by. Dammit, most good-looking girls here are so tall - trust Turdy's luck to be struck over a Ridgeback!

So Turdy will spend his remaining year in scorn of pleasures and social delights. He will devote himself to learning and improving the lot of the under-privileged. Somehow, by mass meetings and candle-light vigils, he hopes to lead his fellows against the world of injustice, dogtatorship and bad res food.

Sometimes, on a rainy morning, this diminutive oldster will rush to the nearest puddle to see his own face. There he spies a steely-grey doggy beard, a fanatical, ultra Marxist pair of eyes, and a cast-iron sky overhead.

Good luck with your ideals, Turdy, but don't put too much faith in your pack as you lead them down High Street. You'll probably only get as far as the Graham Hotel.

### THE SPECIALIST

"I'm a star!" woofs Phantom as he strolls up to St Mary's tea. Muscles and more muscles ripple under the morning-beachsun colour of his Labrador pelt. Phantom, the specialist in the world of females. His charming eyes have skittled many a dogmarriage in the past.

Phantom enjoys himself. He also enjoys the library, that social cesspool where you either make the topdog

grading or land up among the whining, begging plebs.

Phantom is the only dogger-bugger who is really brave enough to pass through the swing-gate of the austere, Miltonian reserve library.

A kindly whitehaired lady turns her wrath on him, and he slinks out. In fact, Phantom's only fear lies in the small army of lecherly librarians who prevent his social expeditions time and again. Phantom, just for the record, also uses his bladder badly.

There is little love lost between him and Turdy, who hates the fact that Phantom's name has been etched on many a beautiful lady-dog's kennel in the past year. And it seems to Turdy that every breeding season brings about an onslaught of Labrador mongrels to Grahamstown.

But Phantom's reign is short. Time will overpower this beautiful and potent dog until he is but a toothless, slobbering old man, with nothing but memories for breakfast.

### DINNER DATE

Kimber is a little mixed-up in his breeding, to say the least. His huge, ungainly collection of bones is held together by a lightbrown bag of skin. His enormous broweyes inquire searchingly at everyone as if to ask, "What time is it? I have this dinner date." Kimber is always on a dinner-date with some bone he hides in the garden.

He is the property of a philosophy lecturer, and I hear an interesting story attached to his otherwise uninteresting birth - I warn you, it might not be true.

When his parents informed him that he was to belong to a professor, Kimber immediately pointed out that he was not varsity material, and thus would not fit into the Rhodes system at all. It was, and still is, his belief that eating and

In this age when mediocrity is deemed laudable, when reality has become the battle-cry of the intellectual, when sub-normality is rate average, it must indeed warm the hearts of those with any vestige of culture and pride in Tradition, to learn that there is now a new bearer of the standard, a new defender of all that is worthy, honourable, valiant and British.

This pioneer among the lost tribes of England is the recently-established British Kaffrarian Secessionist League, formed at Rhodes last term by a core of true patriots and sons of the Empire.

According to the League's Articles of Faith, inter alia, it seeks "to proclaim, establish and maintain the unquestionable sovereignty of British Kaffraria, the Land of our past, present and future, our Hope and Inspiration." Furthermore, members of the League, being persons of quality, will express their opposition to British Kaffraria's continued occupation through such symbolic acts as:

- \* playing polo in the Botanical Garden's flower beds;
- \* holding fox-hunts in the corridors of the Monument;
- \* interrupting Town Council meetings with cries of "Up the Monarchy", "Keep the peasant in his place", "British Kaffraria for the British Kaffrarians", "One Settler, One Vote" and so on.

The League also believes in "the time-honoured principle of the Divine Right of the Monarchy, and will resist any attempts to denigrate that noble institution."

Applications for membership may be left in the SRC General Office, along with a Certificate of British Pedigree and a copy of your family tree.

dozing are so time-consuming that he would never find a moment for serious study or contemplation. Anyway, he went off to satisfy his parents (who, to this day, are very proud of him) and found that varsity life is what you make of it.

So now Kimber plays with the children and shuns any person who would speak to him of "higher things". He avoids Turdy, impartially, because that tiny, mouselike doglet plays havoc with poor Kimber's I.Q. at every opportunity. Phantom is on such an elevated plane that Kimber has lost all fears of confrontation with him.

Kimber follows the other campus dogs around when the children are at school. He loses himself in a pack and never has anything to bark. An ardent supporter of student apathy, he believes in wasting time, eating and dozing his youth away. Probably the safest way for any young gent to spend his days.

### KRISHNA

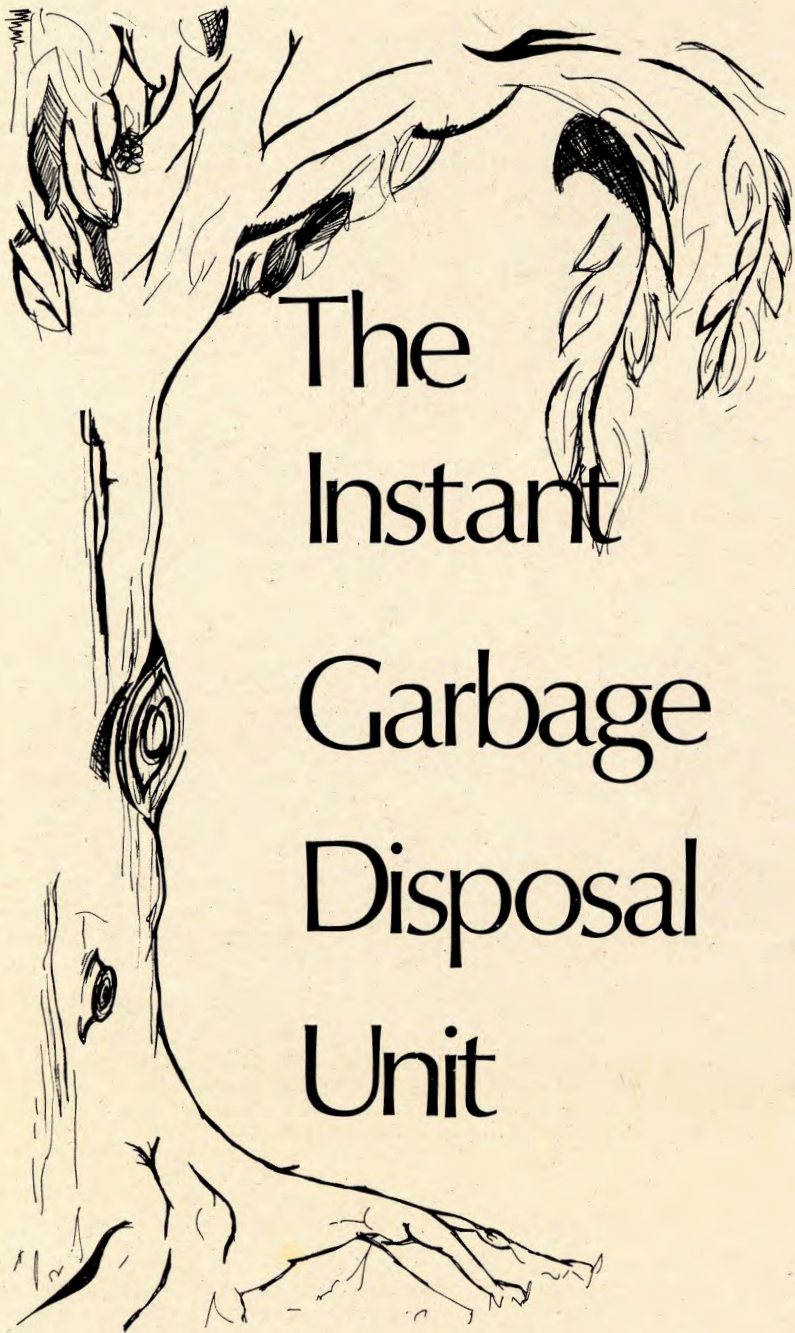
Rhapsody is into Krishna. His nostrils are never tainted by any whiff of fresh air. Incense is the road to salvation for him. Rhapsody, because of his religion, does not take drugs, but is very keen on abolishing drug laws. This shaggy Afghan hound spends long hours deeply involved in watching a worm crawl across the road. He has limited his barkabulary to one "Woofna" and is generally a very pleasant dog. He is economical to feed, because of his vegetarian ideals. But he plays havoc with the flowerbeds in the Botanical gardens.

Rhapsody, however, is trying to survive in a society while not partaking of its evils. In his efforts to do this, he has turned to many creeds. Perhaps he will be a Flat Earth Society dog next year, who knows?

So out in the noonday sun steps four dogs.

You have all seen them, 'though you might have your own names for them. They look so like dogs, and they think so like us. When you next discuss politics in Kaif and you see Turdy staring at you, don't think he wants your food. He's probably dying to join the argument and prove you wrong. And for God's sake, don't take Phantom drinking with you. He'll probably booze you to pieces and woof it up with the best of the bunch.





# The Instant Garbage Disposal Unit

*Friends of the Earth, an international ecology action group with United Nations representation, recently began a study of the headwaters of the Kowie River in Grahamstown. The project involved photographing areas of the river in an attempt to get together enough information to stop the pollution of the Kowie River by Grahamstown businesses and residents.*

Rhodeo reporter Duncan Simpson (himself a member of the Grahams-town branch of Friends of the Earth) went along with Karl Edwards, a psychology student and activist in the field of ecology, to look at the river ...

Early morning in Grahamstown, about the time you'd normally be running around and trying to make it to first lecture. The sun is out but it's hidden by thick early morning cloud as Karl alias Zachariah runs the car down the hill to get it started.

Going through town there are few people about: not early enough to meet the blacks on their way to work but too early to meet the whites rushing in their cars.

Karl stops the car on York Street, pointing out the river we're going to walk along. It runs through the bottom of town, the dividing line between the black location and white Grahams-town - clean and shiny and beginning to warm up behind us.

It looks as though the day will clear as we climb through a barbed wire fence and slip down a steep bank to the stream. The water comes rushing out from under the bridge, flowing well after the recent rains and all together looking as you would imagine a river should look.

Karl points to the bank opposite, steep and thickly covered with bushes and flowering creepers. All down the bank from a fence to the water's edge, there's a trail of litter from

a near suburban garden where some clean housewife comes everyday and dumps her garbage.

Instant garbage removal, she probably thinks. And free too.

But it isn't instant. In fact it isn't garbage disposal at all. It makes an ugly trail down the bank and chokes the river.

The stream flows away with a load of empty milk cartons and paper; it litters of empty milk cartons and paper; tin of empty milk cartons and paper; tin cans litter the bed of the river.

We stay for a moment taking pictures of the garbage and Karl goes under the bridge looking for swallows' nests. He doesn't find any.

Then we move down the river. A light grey keeshond following us, turns back, his nose in the air. The stink is too much for him, but Karl and I, push on through the smell.

The stream smells faintly of Hemmingway's big, two-hearted river, but overrun with stink of human garbage.

The river is joined by another stream and begins to soften to a sickly yellowish colour as though it is struggling with some fatal disease.

Coming around a twist in the stream, the first thing you see is more garbage choking the water. And along the banks there's a thick scum of brown algae caught in grass that hangs in the water.

## Pollution....So What?

Pollution of a river does not only mean that it becomes an ugly sight flowing through the country. There is more to pollution than dirty water and garbage which spoils the aesthetic delights of the countryside.

Pollution kills and destroys the natural environment of man.

Karl Edwards gave Rhodeo the following information about pollution's effect in a river.

When sewerage is pumped into a river without treatment, the resulting pollution causes all pre-existing forms of life to die or withdraw from the river, and these life-forms are replaced by undesirable algal blooms.

Sewerage is solids and oxidising agents such as detergents, soaps, toothpaste, lavatory cleaners and even small amounts of insecticides - generally things which go down the toilet.

At the top of the river high concentrations of chlorides, nitrates, phosphates and other solids result. These substances lead to a decrease in the oxygen content of the water and the tainting of the water.

This in turn leads to the extermination or withdrawal of sensitive organisms like fish.

In the Kowie River examples of these fish which are affected by such pollution are eels (two species in the Kowie), barbus minnows - rooi-vlerkies or gielieminkies (two species), canary kurpers, springers migrating from the sea (mullet), whitebait (which also migrate from the sea), moonfish (also migrate from the sea) and one species of the Goby fish.

Other forms of life which withdraw or die are river mussels (bi-valves), frogs, toads, turtles, insect life and water weeds.

All the pre-existing forms of life vanish in polluted portions of the river and are replaced by undesirable algal blooms.



The river is dark yellow as it sifts through the grass hanging to the banks ... a slow weary dance of death.

Further along the river we come on it suddenly - a thin trickle of clear water nosing into the main stream. But sanity fails in the yellow-brown wash. The healthy trickle is lost.

The stream goes bubbling on and now you can even see human turds floating in the river, leaping and doing cartwheels, like jesters in the dance of death.

And what else did we find? An old rusting car ... the tail pieces of a red rocket lying symbolically in the stream.

An oak tree hovers over the corpse. You could sit on one of its branches and watch the fish ... if there were any.

You could also wade and splash about in the stream ... if you were immune to disease.

But we've had enough. Like perverts wallowing in the filth of Grahamstown. We climb from the sewer that used to be a river, panting up the slope of the bank next to Fort England.

A contrast ... the mental hospital looks clean and sane. You can hear birds singing and I feel like running up the driveway to the door, past the sign that says 'Trespassers will be Prosecuted', and declaring myself and all people insane.

### THE ACTION COMES LATER

Other teams covering different parts of the river also come back with stories of pollution.



Lauren Vlotman, organiser of the river project, gets on the phone to Lou Pretorius of the Department of Water Affairs in Port Elizabeth.

True to his promise, on Thursday he's here in Grahamstown. With members of the FOE river project they visit all the spots where we found pollution.

Below York Street, raw sewerage still flows in the river. Lou Pretorius takes oxygen samples in the water above where the sewerage comes into the river and says the oxygen content is normal.

But a sample below where the sewerage flows into the river shows that the oxygen content is extremely low. He speaks in technical terms, but the effect is undiminished: the river will not support life at that point.

We go to the Municipal rubbish dump where white Grahamstown's waste is dumped into the dry river bed, where many blacks find what pass for meals. When the stream flows after rains, how-

ever, the waste is flushed into the river system.

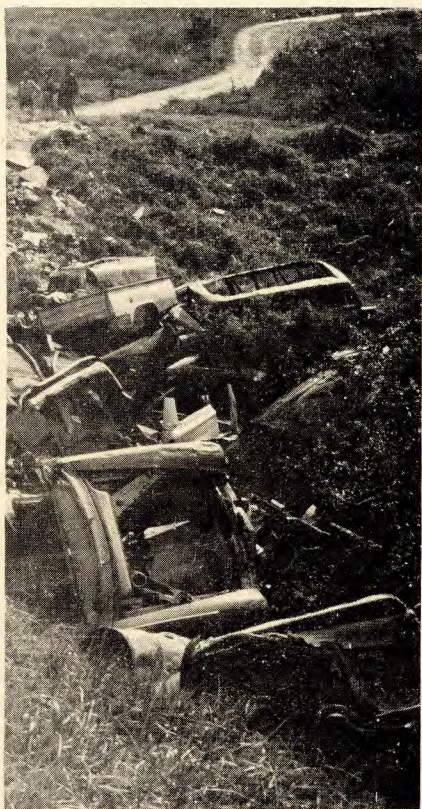
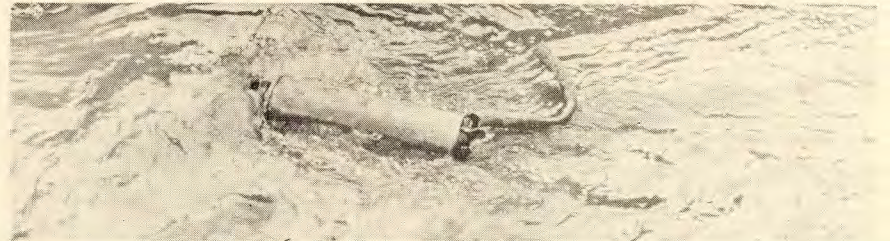
We visit the other sights in Grahamstown: a garage where sumps are drained into the stream, another spot where waste oil and run-off is allowed to mingle with the river.

After this short tour of Grahamstown's unscented spots Lou Pretorius leaves to see the city engineer - promising to write letters to firms that are polluting the stream.

No the waters of the Kowie in Grahamstown aren't what you would expect: no crystal clear pools and bubbling water; no haven for a modern day Wordsworth.

The instant garbage disposal unit is dead.

Only the frogs plop dejectedly into the yellow water as you pass, sanely swimming to the opposite bank as quick as they can.



Left: Grahamstown Municipal Rubbish Dump.

Above: Testing the oxygen content, from left to right, Anton Boch, Pete Richer, Lou Pretorius, Lauren Vlotman.

Above Right: scenes along the river. Right: the river, flowing through Grahamstown.

## The Kowie River

The catchment area of the Kowie River is divided into two and Grahamstown is at the headwaters of the Bloukrans fed by several springs in the Grahamstown area. All these springs flow through the town.

The pollution of this catchment area is detrimental to the health of the river primarily because the people in Grahamstown and in particular the authorities are not aware that their way of life and methods of disposing of their effluent and waste are inefficient and destructive.

By polluting the catchment are one eventually adulterates the entire river system.

Effluents are particularly dangerous during dry spells when large concentrations of effluent accumulate in the pools at the headwaters. At the onset of rains the mass of effluent moves down the river and kills off most useful forms of aquatic life before the effluent can be broken down by the normal processes of stream bed reaction and sunlight.

In the Kowie and the Bloukrans mass fish deaths have been recorded, probably as a direct result of pollution from effluent and possibly from pineapple fertilisers.





## IN THE FORUM

Welcome as Forum is, it seems in many ways yet another of those South African magazines suffering from the symptoms of poetic debility.

Its aim, as set out in the editorial, is "to provide a boiling pot for all kinds of creative expression; not only for conventional types of writing and drawing, but also for experimentation and innovation within the usual genres."

An editor should however no more publish an unsuccessful poetic attempt than a scientist a failed experiment. These failures have a very definite value - the gradually modifying of perception into a very potent tool, but they are not the stuff of which literary journals should be made.

In a letter of 1818, Keats wrote: "If poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree it had best not come at all."

Although this opinion seems incompatible with the discipline implied by experiment, it is not so at all, as Keats' own manuscripts and development clearly show.

In the poems presented in Forum, neither the paradoxical freedom-restraint of poetic form nor the subject matter tend to come as naturally as the leaves.

Certain general remarks can be made about the style manifest in the Forum poems and prose. With one or two exceptions, the language on the whole seems to suffer from malnutrition. This is perhaps the result of trying to embody a spirit that is not there.

Poetry has been such a starved waif for years that some of D.M. Simpson's bold, Eliotesque imagery and Sandra Will's tangible, delicate Haiku come as a welcome relief.

The E.E. Cummings-inspired lower case letter poems are making use of an outworn convention. The usual reasons - one doesn't think in punctuation marks etc. - just don't hold water anymore.

"i" for "I" seems a little more than inverted egotism. So, unless there is a very special reason for confining oneself to the lower case letter, the habit should be dropped since the immediate impression is one of cliché.

The content of much presented in Forum seems terribly thin. The brevity of Lloyd Holliday's poems does not allow one to go any further than the words, which is a pity for there are moments of real poetic power in some of his lines.

Annette Fourie's poems always seem to reduce a fine moment to bathos in the last lines. The idea of a poem in a pocket lexicon is beautifully accurate in its fullness of meaning, but the poem comes down with a thump in the phrasing of the last two lines.

Sue Blackbeard's gentle little "Poem" strikes one with a rich reality - it has a lived quality which makes the experience as real to the reader as to the poet.

Giles Hugo's prose seems to suffer quite strongly from some of the drawbacks pointed out earlier. It fails to bring the experience to immediacy, which is fairly clearly his intention. The imagery seems messy (intentionally?) and never quite pinpoints the mood or thing portrayed: "delicated razor peace" or "a razor blade coiled ready to strike".

Jane Hoskyn's graphics, both of landscapes suggest organic leaf and insect forms. The leafy one (p 13) has a satisfactory understated vigour not equalled by the second one in which there has been some loss of subtlety.

In spite of the editorial, this review does take Forum seriously, for it is only if one views current work critically that future work may grow, avoiding the mistakes of the past.

A.E.Y.

# Folk Heroes

by Chris Marais.

Three bloodlights flood the stage. Shades of crimson weave wall-patterns and dance to the silent music. Five gleaming mike-stands sprawl at grotesque angles and beckon the players onstage. A dead piano crouches nearby. Saturday 7 pm, and the show will soon rock on.

The Great Hall is still in the throes of pre-trash mausoleum melancholia. A few of us creep around, testing retested microphones, wallplugs and light effects. A group goes onstage to practise a song. "One...two...", and tune the banjo.

Turn into the song and listen for distortion. Then shout at some lonely figure huddled at the back, "Was that too loud?" "Fine."

Try to gauge what the audience will think tonight, that omnipotent mass of anonymity and sherry bottles that hoists you onto a ski-hi pedestal or slashes your heart with silver daggers.

Visiting artistes file in, laughing and oozing the blue juices of selfhood. Local fokies treat them like minor war-heroes and dote and fawn and listen to their jam sessions with globe-eyes.

"Oh God, I'd give my left eyeball to be able ... when I saw them in Durbs ... this guy handles his harp ..." etc, etc, all trying to signify. Later on, the nonchalant tone of, "Oh, him. Yes I sang in the same show as he did, last month. Can't say he went down very well though."

But we're all buddies now, assuring these strangers that the audience is so terribly starved of the kind of music they play, and that they'd receive piles of encores, and so on. It is this half hour before the show that sends me back in time to find out why I'm sitting here shewing my eyelashes to shreds.

### THE NEEDLE

Public taste for music is one of the more complex mechanisms in life. So often you pick a song which you thought would fall right into the mainstream of society's music vein, and your needle misses the artery completely.

Think of Tarzan the jungle man. That's the folk artiste who copies other people's songs. See Tarzan stand on his platform up in the African drumbeat-jungletype trees.

See Tarzan confronted with 60 vines (he has to pick the safest one to swing about on). These vines are the songs the jungle man can choose from.

See Tarzan pick a weak vine. See Tarzan land on his face. Watch as the singer creeps off-stage, after having planted a dudsong among the audience.

So we listen on campus, when people talk music. We make a point of finding out what they want. We hear the song, and if it provides us with a certain amount of self-satisfaction (ooh yes, that's so, so important), it's a cert for the next show.

### GREEN GOBLINS

And we practise. Till the words and tune are chasing each other around in our minds, like little green goblins dancing about the hearth.

Lectures take a tremendous knock as far as I'm concerned, because I sit humming to the tap of my feet all daynight long. Sometimes I'm so sick of the song by folknight that I have to prick myself to sing it with enthusiasm.

That's only me. Other guys learn a song in ten seconds and play it to an audience straight away. They either land on the dungheap, or get parked in the fur, so to speak. Cavalier-type spontaneity always has that tingle of excitement and chance about it. Know what I mean?

Long evenings spent in the teeny-weeny confines of the piano room. Miles and miles of cigarette-ends, guitar tune-ups and dissatisfied frowns. Harsh words and sound advice. Listening to your own voice. Blending it with other voices. Picking a comfortable, no-strain harmony.

Opening frustration-slucies by jamming for an hour on a rock 'n roll wavecrest that you wish you could ride forever. Adding little frills and sideshows to songs. Drinking sherry and horsing around. Impressing and being impressed. Getting to know other musicians as you play together. Experiencing times you'll never know again. These are but some of the vegetables one puts into the broth that is served up to the students on folknite. A broth that the cook enjoys best.

So the gates are open and people stream in, followed by blankets, bottles and floortrailing sleeping bags. It's a big show, and the hall fills and swells. Even the R.U. Rat has to squeeze and nudge his way around to fit his tail in. After a deal of shuffling, comfortabilising, noticing your neighbour and the level of his wine bottle (worth meeting or not?), the main lights go off.

### VOLUME

Most of the performers are seated up front, near the stage. They give the player onstage a warm reception, out of pity or anticipation. They look after him, controlling his volume on the amp, and setting his mike up just as he wants it. The odd sig of vino comes in handy too. But I'll come to that later.

I have a thing about those red lights they use to light up the stage. Once the spots are on, it looks as if someone has hurled a bloodbomb up there, causing some kind of perpetual stain that even envelopes artistes as they play.

So I sit there, waiting my turn to play, thinking about the bloodstage alone and how much more warmgushing, throatnumbing vino I have to drink before my little toes cease their nervous twitching.

As the evening rolls on, my mind becomes more relaxed. It bends over sometimes, until relaxation becomes stupor. That's when those hours of practice come in handy - you're so used to the song that alcoholic paralysis is no problem.

But unfortunately you tend to forget the fancy frills and little touches of class that could make you famous. Once I'm drunk, I always end up bleating a song, flogging it to an untimely and lamentable death.

### SHINY-TOOTHED HEROES

It's time. Clumsily we shuffle up to the stage. The microphones are adjusted, tested and revolved. The audience becomes impatient. But Quadrant takes its time. No more are we the small-time, small-town, average-but-trying little band of socalled musicians.

Oh no, we're stars now, in this tiny encapsulated moment we become bloodlighted, spotlighted, shiny-toothed heroes. Greg and Charlie wink at me and I laugh nonchalantly at the applauding audience. But my right knee sells my image. It quivers, shakes and embarrasses.

The introduction (Neil) and the first chord. No longer are those bloodbathing lights skittling my thoughts like empty beercans. No longer shakes I. A 20-foot Malibu wave of relaxation and incomparable joy hits me.

The end of the first song brings a flood of applause, ringing like Christmas bells in our ears. The four Tarzans caught the right vine this time. We smile at each other, fully confident at last, and finish our gig.



# 'RELAPSE'

I remember reading through the play at the beginning of the year and thinking that it was painfully dull.

The framework of the play seemed disorganised and I genuinely thought after our first 'read-through' of the play during the second term that it was twice as dull with only a flicker here and there of comedy.

But perhaps I was too hasty. The reading was not easy and was made more difficult when the director faced us with the challenge of reading it fast. "It must be played like Rossini, fast, wittily, at times furiously and don't play all the notes", he said. After that reading, the casting was decided and the play was forgotten until the last term.

The third term began with another 'read-through' of the play on the first night of the rehearsal period. Most of the cast suddenly started asking each other "what is comedy?" No-one had any bright ideas except one person who suggested that a cigarette machine should be installed in the theatre. The professional actor reading Foppington seemed to wake things up a little.

Raymond Davies, who played the part, gave us the confidence to begin developing our parts as well. Amazingly, the bulk of the play was put on its feet in only four days. All of a sudden comedic ideas were blossoming, the director with ideas spinning demanding that we keep up with him. Confused faces, "who's a fool, I only did what I was told". That was not enough. Now the actors found they were stumbling on ideas too.

We found ourselves being called for extra movement classes. "Stand this way, bow like this, use your handkerchief with meaning" - it seemed a bit like a pre-historic fashion parade in jeans. If that was not enough, we were then told we had to dance. Not being students of mathematics it seemed a bit beyond the best of us to walk around to the strict count of the dance master, 123456, 123456.

A two becomes a four and a five a one, then 10 and behold, you're lying on the floor, flat on your face. We spent many hours going over and over the

## Behind the scenes

dance steps until we could all finally count to six with our "mouths shut" and "grinning broadly at the audience".

After the first week of "blocking" the production began to take shape and slowly the robust humour of the play began to peek at us. As we progressed the laughs got louder and the grinning faces tired.

The tension of going over the same bit of "business" time and time again and trying to retain one's concentration is very exacting. We had to retain so many factors in our minds. We had to move differently, the play dictated its own style, we had to speak differently...

An added problem we had to face was the fact that by introducing music (composed by Michael Tuffin of UCT) into the play for scene changes, many moves became very intricate. One rehearsal with Young Fashion and Lory consisted of them making an entry to music. They had to come on in step with each other, turn in step and come to a halt on the right beat. This may sound extremely simple, but to get the entrance right consisted of roughly an hour's rehearsal. A move that only took a few seconds during the actual performance.

The last week of rehearsal started and the play seemed far from ready. Director and associate director were seen clasp their brows, "shall we call it off?" The costumes arrive three days before we started. The play began to look like a play. Suddenly what had seemed strange in those period movement classes made sense, our stance, our walk, and the fluttering of the handkerchiefs and fans all fitted. Our first dress rehearsal was death. Would the play work?

Six performances and one corgi later (a guest appearance by a stray corgi in the arms of Lord Foppington brought the house down) The Relapse became something of a theatrical landmark for Rhodes.

William Burdett-Coutts.

# 'OLD TIMES'

The Daily Mail (London) 28th November 1967, quotes the following exchange between Harold Pinter and a mystified playgoer: "Dear Sir, I would be obliged if you would kindly explain to me the meaning of your play 'The Birthday Party'. These are the points which I do not understand: 1. Who are the two men? 2. Where did Stanley come from? 3. Were they all supposed to be normal? You will appreciate that without the answers to my questions I cannot fully understand your play." Pinter replied as follows: "Dear Madam, I would be obliged if you would kindly explain to me the meaning of your letter. These are the points which I do not understand: 1. Who are you? 2. Where do you come from? 3. Are you supposed to be normal? You will appreciate that without the answers to my questions I cannot fully understand the meaning of your letter."

Harold Pinter, as playwright, has often been accused of weaving unintelligible patterns of obscurity into his plays for reasons of deliberate pretensions and misleading purpose. In the light of the above-quoted exchange I would like to discuss this apparent obscurity as being an integral and particularly relevant part of Pinter's dramatic technique.

tic technique.

"I think that we communicate only too well, in our silence, in what is unsaid, and that what takes place is continual evasion, desperate rearguard attempts to keep ourselves to ourselves. Communication is too alarming." Harold Pinter.

Communication, the problem of a lack of adequate expression and resultant alienation, has been a particularly prevalent theme in modern and Absurdist drama. In "Old Times" there are no victors, the verbal duel for possession of Kate has no real resolution: Kate? He suggested a wedding instead, and a change of environment--neither mattered." For Pinter silence has a dual meaning: the silence of suspended articulation, and the silence of a disturbed torrent of language. The gaps between dialogue are taken as being as important as the words themselves, a transition period for the metamorphosis of emotion and a technique to foreshadow or undercut prior and future lines. Deeley: "As a matter of fact I am at the top of my profession, as a matter of fact, and I have indeed been associated with substantial numbers of



articulate and sensitive people, mainly prostitutes of all kinds."

In the above instance, speech becomes akin to silence: a stratagem to cover emotional nakedness. Deeley's desperation as he feels his possession of Kate slipping. (For this reason, the lines should be spoken at a relatively high speed.)

There is a minimum of authorial intrusion on the "natural" mode of expression of a character in "Old Times", reflecting a belief that Pinter stated in the programme brochure to his play "The Dumb Waiter":

"The more acute the experience the less articulate its expression." This brings me to my major concern, the kernel of obscurity in all Pinter's plays, "Old Times" included.

Deeley, Anna and Kate are all, to a certain extent, unintelligible: that is, the author provides no clue as to their motivations or origins. We are not told why Anna comes to visit or if Deeley is in fact a film producer. Some reflection on everyday events will, I feel, provide reasons for Pinter's use of this technique. As bystanders and witnesses of part-

icular events, we rarely experience insight into the characters and motivations of the people involved. When we witness a tea party, a drunken brawl, we may know nothing of the prior events leading to the occurrence, but may yet perceive the relevance of the action as a manifestation of the pressures of social requirements.

"...You and I, the characters which grow on a page most of the time were inexpressive, giving little away, unreliable, elusive, evasive, obstructive, unwilling. But it is out of these attributes that a language arises."

(Harold Pinter quoted in Sunday Times, London, 4th March, 1962.)

Thus, in "Old Times", the thematic core of the play may be termed "opaque". The distinctions between present reality and past reminiscence are indefinite and blurred. The memory of "Old Times" is an active and vital force in the present, for the present is worrisome and absurd. We, the audience, are quite ready to be lured back into an attractive past by the lyrical quality of Anna's lines: Anna: "...I mean the sheer expectation of it all, the looking forwardness of it all, and so poor, but to be poor and young, and a girl, in London then..."

There is no positive and comforting present to relate to in the play. In "Old Times", the characters are fixed in a balance between nostalgia, a preference for the reality of the past, a hatred of the past, and a concern for the slightly absurd future: there are 3 odd men out!

"I can only speak And you cannot hear me. I can only speak So you may not think I conceal an explanation, And to tell you that I would have liked to explain."

(from The Family Reunion T.S. Eliot)



# Schlebusch and Christ

If you were one of the 150 or so who bothered to pitch up at the meeting about Schlebusch last term, you might remember that the speeches there presented contained almost as many quotations from the Bible as from the Report itself - an interesting, if not immediately explicable, phenomenon.

I feel a lot happier, therefore, about drawing to your attention a passage in the book of the prophet Ezekiel, in which God warns the Israelites to post sentries round their camp, in case they be attacked unexpectedly; "if he sees the sword coming against the country, he sounds his trumpet, but pays no attention, the sword will overtake him and destroy him; he will have been responsible for his own death".

I think South Africa has had her fair share of prophets, both collective

and individual. Trumpets have been sounding in this land for a long time, warning our people to change course, or to suffer the consequences of ignoring that warning. Unfortunately, one can't help feeling that even massed brass bands parading down the green carpet of the House of Assembly would fail to divert our MP's attention from their voting themselves a pay rise.

By and large, the alarms have gone unheeded or been dismissed as "Made in USSR". From South Africa's point of view, it would seem that Harold MacMillan's "winds of change" were little more than an indiscreet burp.

The inevitable question therefore arises - what of the future? What prospects are there for meaningful, peaceful, and substantial change in South Africa (presuming, of course, that such change is our goal)?

Let me say at the outset that I

claim no special insight or wisdom about "the answer to our problems". All I wish to do here is state some of the conditions which I feel to be necessary to change of the type mentioned above. I do not claim that these conditions will be sufficient, that they alone will provide the complete answer to our dilemma. The situation is far more complex than we imagine, and so I provide my thoughts merely to provoke further thought and discussion, hopefully to be continued within the pages of *Rhodes*.

It's only too easy to talk about change in South Africa in abstract terms. We can make scores of recommendations about the redistribution of wealth, the sharing of political power, the restoration of individual rights, and so on. These are, of course, important areas in which action is required. The problem, though, is that we tend, on the whole, to limit our thinking to those fairly

refined regions, often failing to make the application to ourselves. And so I would like to switch the emphasis in thinking about social change to a rather more personal level.

I think that there can be little argument about the need for substantial change in South Africa's political, economic and social order.

For this reason, we ignore the trumpet calls of the sundry sentries only at our own peril; and more particularly, it is at our own peril that we ignore their call to a substantial personal change on the part of the individual - you and me. If there is to be social change, there must be change on the part of the members of society. Before I'm charged with indulging in methodological individualism or any other -ism, let me add that I'm not trying to prescribe which change should come first. It just seems to stand to reason that meaningful change necessarily involves attitudinal change at some stage of the game.

This being the case, we are required to make a thorough re-examination of

our own attitudes and our own life-style.

In particular, we need to look at two specific aspects: our personal motivations, and our relationships with other people.

At the risk of over-simplification, I want to suggest that a fundamental problem with our society, and indeed all human society, is that of Man's concern for, and preoccupation with, his own skin.

This problem is dealt with only by facing it; Western capitalism gives up and encourages Man to acquire and to preserve his own interests, while Marxism suppresses Man's acquisitive nature without solving anything.

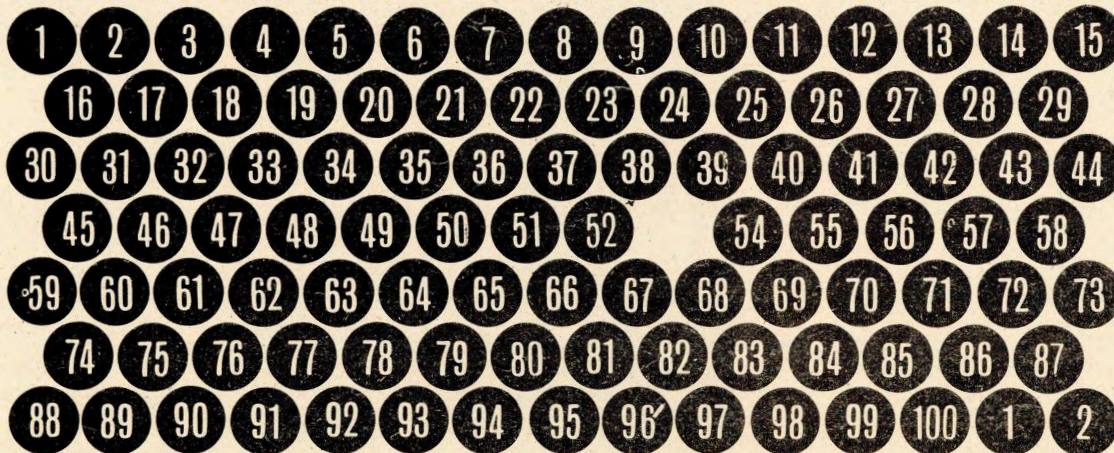
This problem wouldn't be particularly worrying if we weren't social beings. But because we are, our personal motivation, that of selfishness, affects our relationships with others. It seems, for example, that a fear of losing their jobs to Blacks prompted the workers on the Rand to push for protective legislation at the beginning of this century, resulting in such discriminatory laws as the Mines and Works Act of 1911, the Native Labour Regulation Act of the same year, the Industrial Conciliation Act of 1924, and so on, right up to the present day.

What's the answer, then? It's as complex as the problem, but it is my belief that a necessary condition of any solution to this situation is that you and I have, somehow, to re-orientate ourselves towards a radically different life-style. That will involve a creative subjugation of the Self, and the cultivation of a selfless regard for the Other. How is that to be done? I think that Paul provides a clue in his letter to the Ephesians:

Your mind must be renewed by a spiritual revolution so that you can put on the new self that has been created in God's way, in the goodness and holiness of the truth. (4:23, 24)

I have a nagging feeling that if everyone came to terms with himself by accepting his own weakness and imperfection and then accepting the fulfilment that only Christ can bring, then social change would be infinitely less painful and infinitely more just. Utopian? Perhaps. But if this sort of transformation can take place in the individual, why shouldn't it be translated into the society in which we live? Maybe then the trumpets will be sounding not in alarm, but in jubilation.

By Mike McCoy.



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## Cricket League

It was a cold and dark September day when we opened up the sportsroom door ... and drew a ball for the only match likely to eclipse the World Cup Final... Botha versus Beit ... the first soccer game for many years in the Lake Districts of the King Field.

The match started 15 minutes late while players and playeresses strapped on frogfeet. With a little help from Pat Nightingale who skidded out a weak clearance Beit looked set to score until Mighty Mills sent threequarters of a muddy puddle into some Jenny's face. What a sliding tackle! With the penalty put home Beit led 1-0.

Then Ozite Nelson and Fat Stoops sent Pat Nightingale, who was playing a double role - centrehalf for both sides, in to equalise.

Battle continued with regular stops for changing clothes and positions - 69, etc. Beit drew ahead to be 6-2 up despite Botha sweeper Marsberg's attentions - Dirty Harry they called him after his swim on the penalty spot. The spectator was waiting for it and it had to come - a Botha attack. Rugby hooker Piston (Hurl) Midgley hurtled through a passion gap - sent the ball to lightning Alan Cameron, received a return pass and floated a tidal wave including the ball into the centre. Twinkletoes Nelson side-footed it into the net past the Heavy Metal Kid and swam back to the halfway line.

Thus it stayed but no-one will forget the high temperatures that resulted from that brilliant welter.

# Interhouse Sport Suffers

Perhaps the most unfortunate blow suffered by interhouse sport this year is the scrapping of interhouse soccer in favour of an interhall competition.

The most common reason given was that the standard of play was so poor that it had become comical and served purely a role of entertainment on Sunday mornings.

For the first years' enlightenment: every male res had a side, these were divided into two sections and on Sunday mornings there would be two games in each section - each game lasted 40 minutes (20 minutes each way).

The games were often poor, but all the players and the normally large crowd enjoyed every minute. The sportsmanship was exemplary - just the opposite to interhall soccer, where first team players in opposing sides try to write each other off. This is because the first team is so dismal that these are the only games the players have a chance to win. Oppies and Drostdy are the contenders for top spot.

Off-campus teams have been included this year; they are Defence, Fort England and Grahamstown.

House squash ended, as scheduled, late last term with the two sectional winners Botha and Oppidans battling it out. It looked to be Botha's match with games 2-2 and matches 2-2 and Graeme Bell leading 7-2 but Roley Wilmore's experience carried him through

to 8-8 and then the two match points.

Interhall hockey has been keenly contested this year. Occasionals and St Pauls are both entered in our competition. Anyone could win the competition but the personal tip is the Struben (Drostdy) side. A mottley bunch, but full of talent.

Two interhouse-and-hall athletics events have been held this last term. Walker won the Round-the-Block relay with fine running by Frampton, Jacobs (a fine time) and company. Botha were placed second although a non-entered town team actually ran second.

Founders won the interhall cross-country mainly because Denis Molyneaux was the only 'organiser' sufficiently keen to raise a team of qualifying proportions - for the record

nine Botha runners and Steve Burnett of Matthews, who came fourth, ran for the winners. Ashley le Grange won the individual event.

In the first term while we all looked for ours, interhouse athletes found their feet. Despite the postponements of some events, Mr Coghlan saw everything through smoothly. Oppies only dropped two points, they were followed by Walker and then Botha.

Table-tennis is run on interhall lines but is in its earlier stages. Founders, represented by K and A Date Chong and Pete Whalley, seem to be most favoured.

And so on to that filler of pages - house rugby. Bad news and good news. First ze bad news. There are few rules in interhouse rugby but many seem to think they are only made to be stretched and broken. Some players not eligible to play have played, but due to divine justice neither of the finalists were offenders. Oppidans won their section without any difficulty at all but not so the other section.

Cory/Matthews and Botha went through a nail-biting period in the replay after their 0-0 league game. Botha won 9-3 after many tense moments. And so the final which, due to little publicity, was watched by a far smaller crowd than was anticipated.

Mighty Oppies threw themselves onto the attack from the outset and after Philip had scored a try it seemed the score would mount but it was not to be. A drop by Cedric Finlayson saw Botha creep to one point behind and thanks to straight tackling by their backs, brilliant terrier-like play by their scrum and inept kicking - including a daz-zling miss 20 yards from touch and try-line - it stayed that way - and Oppies retained the trophy.

## Cup Final

For the first time, the Grahamstown Cricket League organised a competition for the schools' and country second teams (including Rhodes and the Cathcart Arms) in the 1973-4 season. Rhodes won the cup after losing but one game and drawing two others.

However the results, all agree, are totally unimportant. What does matter is the camaraderie that develops amongst these most affable country folk and the students. We have had a fabulous time at every away game and try hard to provide such at home. Never is there any tension in the air and a dropped catch usually results in a down-down at the next interval, but no scoldings.

Schalk van Wyk took the League Bowling Cup, which has still to be found, on his Sidbury showing alone in which his 7/11 helped to dismiss them for 27 while Steve Frampton had a fine batting average helped similarly by the Sidbury game when he hit 65 not out on a chronic wicket and followed this with 100 not out the following day against Cathcart Arms.

Mentioned with praise too must be Dan Smit, one of four players to captain the side, who hit 101 not out in the other game against Sidbury and John Downie who knocked up 102 against Salem and promptly retired from Rhodes cricket until late March.

Oh yes, we must not forget the other Rhodes game for so it was billed: Rhodes 111 vs South African Breweries in Cape Town. We incorporated several UCT first leaguers and so did the Breweries. Apart from Mike Olds of UCT's fine 76 in 30 minutes before going to a dental appointment, just one notable occurrence occurred. Neil Thompson, star hockey player, in bowling his first ball in serious cricket since 1968, uprooted the off-stump of Mike Ronaldson, Cape Town Cricket Club first team no.5 batsman.

## Tennis

### Revived

There was a remarkable revival of Rhodes tennis this year, and the prospects for next year are even better.

The club played two friendlies in P.E. of which one ended in defeat, the other in victory. The club has been reaccredited into the Central Albany League on a trial basis and of the seven matches, Rhodes won four, lost one and rain took the other two.

The highlight of the season was the victory of Rhodes tennis over UPE at Intervarsity. The team deserves congratulations on this score mainly because it was against all odds.

The R.U. Champs were played in good spirit and poor weather. Philip Wolk won the Men's Singles and inkette Jane Streak the Women's Singles.

Other results:

Women's Doubles: Pru Andrews and Patti Green

Men's Doubles: Mike Francis and Ron Kingwill.

Mixed Doubles: Ron Kingwill and Patti Green.

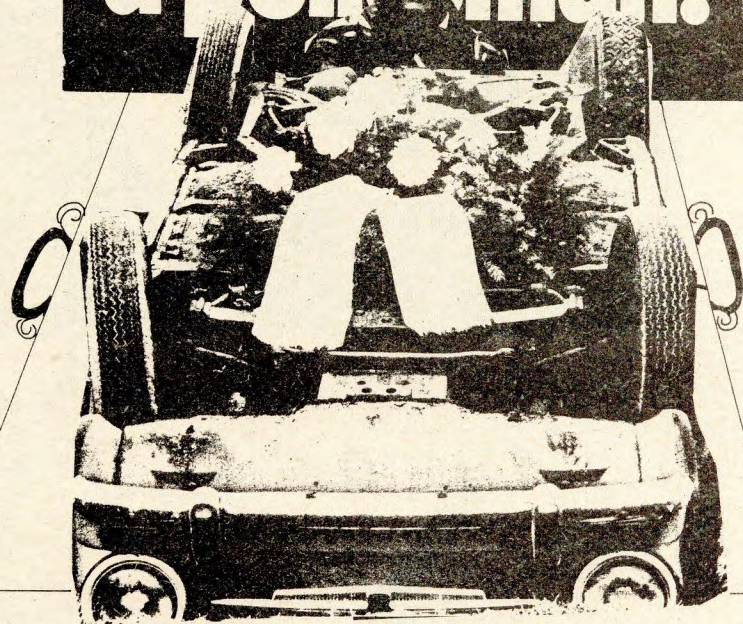
Another highlight of the season was a Round Robin tournament which attracted 74 players. A pleasant social function followed the tournament.

National Intervarsity will be held at RAU in the long vacation and this will be preceded by a tour of the Rand.

Finally, the sports editor would like to extend his good wishes to the club for the coming season and congratulate the outgoing committee on its excellent year.

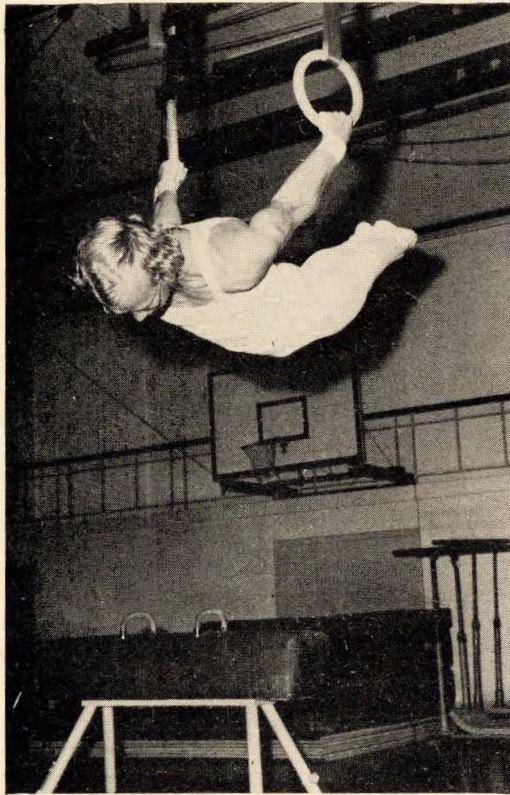
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I parked  
the car on  
a policeman.



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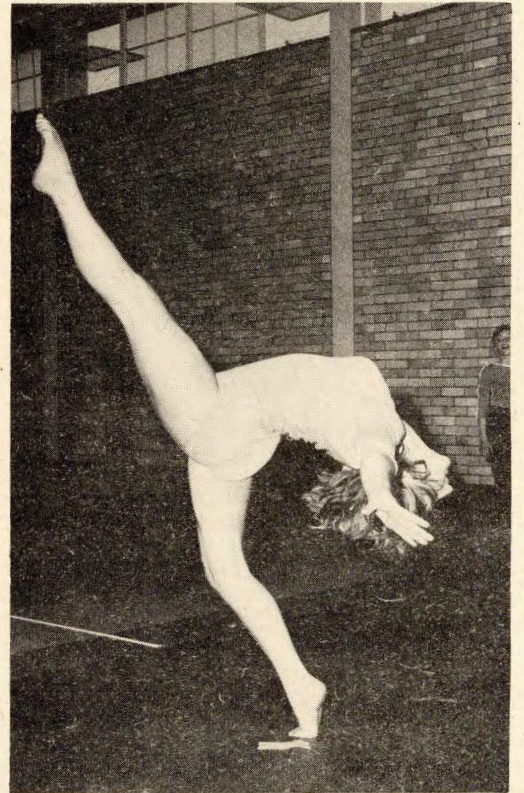


Flight 745 landing now - Dave Erasmus



# RHODES

## Gymnastics



Drummie kick '75 by Patsy Rose

The 1974 season was a successful season for Rhodes gymnasts.

At the annual S.A.U. Intervarsity, which was held at Stellenbosch this year, the Rhodes women's team took a commendable second place, with two gymnasts outstanding in their performances. They were Patsy Rose, our Protea from 1973 (she toured Europe with the S.A. University side) and Ingrid Phillips, who represented a Protea invitation side against Boland on the final night of the competition. Mention must be made of Terry Wolter whose hard work as women's coach got our girls through their exercises with considerable success.

Unfortunately we were unable to raise a men's side, and Dave Erasmus and Rob MacLean were the sole entrants from Rhodes. They came 6th and 4th respectively in their grade.

The July vacation was followed by the Eastern Province trials and Dave and Rob were selected represent Eastern

Province at the S.A. Senior Grades competition which was held in Cape Town over the Settlers weekend.

Patsy and Ingrid, although selected to travel to the competition were unable to make it.

At the competition, Dave won a bronze medal on the rings and overall he and Rob performed well. Their aggregates were well into the 7's. These two gymnasts only having started last year are to be congratulated on their efforts as there is no coach at varsity and training has largely been a case of learning by trial and error.

The club looks forward to a successful year in 1974 and hopes that there will be more participants in this very rewarding sport in future.

\* I would like to thank Mr Wallace and the rest of the Hepburn and Jeanes staff for giving much time to take photographs of the gymnasts in action. Some of these are here published. Sports Editor.



Your Sports Dealer



Rob MacLean hangs ten



Ingrid Phillips does the splits on the bar

Sports

Shorts



**Women's Hockey:** The committee for 1975 is:

Captain: Trish Fitz  
Vice-Captain: Phil Evans  
Secretary: Karen de Wet  
Committee: Cheryl Maree  
Margie McGraw.

**Underwater Club:** Rhodes were narrowly defeated by the Border underwater club at the RU Open Scuba competition. RU's Andy Marais was overall points winner in the competition involving the construction of a wood and metal underwater cabinet. Andy took 12 minutes 24.1 seconds for a gross time of 18.24.1. Unfortunately three RU divers were disqualified for having no construction. At the time of writing preparations were in full swing for the last weekend of September's spearfishing championships at Kenton

**Athletics:** The first half of this year's athletics saw most of the meetings cancelled due to inclement weather - as a result nothing of note has happened. Gordon Shaw has excelled as a cross-country and road runner - he even got the Percy Owen Sportstar of the week award some months back.

**Rugby:** The season tailed off with Rhodes losing points and interest. Brian Jacobsen was selected for Border against SA Prisons as were several other Rhodes players. The last home game of the season was played on Saturday, Rhodes beat in Swifts 16-0 in a dreary game. Other results have been vs Old Selbornians 10-12, vs Transkei 52-3. vs Cambridge 9-25, vs Police 13-13. Still to play Hamiltons at time of this report.

**Soccer:** The Soccer Club prefers to keep its embarrassment private. They are totally disorganised and sit very close to the bottom of the log. I reiterate the results I gave in the last issue: won two, drawn three, lost about 10, the last of which was 1-8 to Walmer Celtic on the 21st September.

**Basketball:** Unfortunately Rhodes finished last in the E.P. League here as well. This was not due to lack of organisation but lack of skill, Graham Herbert has several times represented Eastern Province this year.





Support your local Sports Officer.

## HODDER

### Sports Officer

When Dave (Boss) Alberts resigned from his post as sports officer in June this year, the university had to find an interim replacement and quickly.

Their first choice was Nigel Hodder, a 1973 Rhodes graduate working for a Cape Town insurance company.

You will be asking yourself: why one so young and inexperienced in matters sporting? Young? Nigel is 26. Inexperienced? Read on and dispel your doubts.

Athletics has always been Nigel's line of sport, ever since he represented Matabeleland Juniors and the Rhodesian full team as a sprinter while still at Milton High School.

In 1969 Nigel came to Rhodes and here follows a sketch of his athletic success:

1969: Ran for E.P. in the 2nd half of the season. Ran second in SA Universities 100m behind Paul Nash. (This race produced his personal best 10,3 secs.)

1970: Ran for E.P. 2nd in 100m and 4th in 200m at the Nationals. Won SA Universities 100m and came 2nd in 200m.

1971: Ran for Rhodesia. Injured in the SA Championships. 4th in 100m at the first Multinational meeting.

1972: Captain of the ill-fated Rhodesian Olympic Games team. Went on self-sponsored tour of UK before the Olympics.

Oct 72 - 73: Bad muscle injury laid him low.

A truly distinguished career.

When asked about the organisation of sports clubs at Rhodes, Nigel said that his prime headache was those clubs which were just not organised. Success, he added, can only come with organisation - hence the failure of the soccer club and success of the Rowing Club. There is little liaison between the clubs and the Sports Officer (not for want of trying on his part either) which should soon be rectified for everyone's sake.

Then I learned, ironically enough, that while our interview was going on, elsewhere on the campus the applicants for permanent Sports Officer (starting next year) were also being held. Well then, what plans does Nigel have for his future (starting next year)?

He hopes to go on a two-year sight-seeing trip which will include a season of indoor athletics in Europe in 1975 before he retires from athletics.

When he gets back, what sort of job would he like? Sports Officer, of course.

## Rowing

### Club

### Fine

### Achievements

The Rowing Club has had some fine achievements this year. These stem mainly from a core of dedicated oarsmen numbering between 12 and 15.

Because the rowing season begins in September, the club returns at the beginning of the year to face the highly competitive tail end of the season.

This is obviously a disadvantage as they still have to select and train crews in a period of eight weeks before the season ends. However this will change from 1975 as the season will hopefully be extended until June.

Once again the members of the club travelled extensively to reach the top competitions. The first crew went to Johannesburg to the Wemmer Pan Sprints while the whole club went to Pretoria for the national Intervarsity which included a week of training.

The Intervarsity was very successful with Rhodes winning two out of eight events for the first time in many years. The first crew won the coveted Bennett Shield for the first time since 1959. The second crew won

# Sport Moments

Before you read this article just think to yourself what great sporting moments you have seen or heard about at or concerning Rhodes this year.

Now let me tell you that there have been none.

On the whole, sport has not been as well-supported or performed as one would have expected this year. The arrival of a touring team normally heralds renewed keenness in the respective sport but not so 1974. Here are several examples:

**Rugby:** The Lions gave us a thorough lesson at the game and were watched by vast crowds wherever they went, yet our club found itself struggling in the latter stages - more so than in past seasons. Even the Paris University tour received mediocre publicity. House rugby floundered after the second term.

**Badminton:** We couldn't raise an intervarsity team through a lack of players and incentive. This year the Netherlands side visited South Africa.

**Women's Hockey:** SA drubbed the United States teams over here and yet the standard of play at Rhodes has hardly deserved praise with, I will concede, some notable exceptions.

The problems at Rhodes are almost always within the clubs. Some clubs try to run themselves even when they know they won't succeed, others have internal clashes which no-one hears about until too late. The manifestations of these troubles are visible both to the casual observers and the sports authorities.

If a particular club needs funds badly they should organise attractive means of obtaining them. The Rowing Club knows its equipment is expensive and they are always coming up with bright ideas to mint money.

The Underwater Club, I believe, will be holding a function which I sincerely hope all and sundry will support wholeheartedly. It's the least you, the student or staff-member, can do.

On to pleasant conjecture. Which sportsmen and women could be in line for this year's Sportsman of the Year Award?

Craig Martini was selected as Springbok shottist.

Donovan Neale-May excelled at rugby, most especially against the Lions.

Clive Connellan's admirable approach and dedication along with his great skill saw him selected as a 'regular' for the Eastern Province senior hockey side.

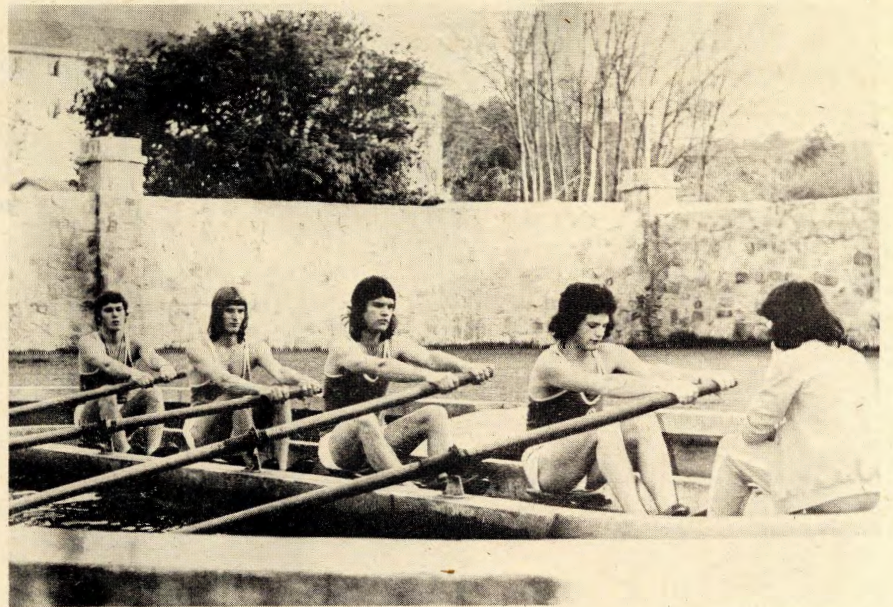
Mary du Plessis represented the Proteas Hockey side against the USA.

Rae Green has excelled at golf.

Rob Armitage represented EP at cricket.

A word of praise at this point for the Intervarsity organising committee who did a very good job, especially Jumpy Wilmot and Rick Kershaw who kept us amused all afternoon.

Some teams suffer from acute inferiority complexes. Take some consolation from this - the two top goalscorers in the Munich World Cup were members of the all-amateur Polish underdogs - Andrzej Szarmach and Grzegorz Lato. No-one gave Poland a chance, and they came third.



The Rhodes Rowing Club first crew practising in the tank.  
From left: "Irish" Cole, Kippie Mundell, Mark Chapman,  
Dave Urwin and cox Nigel Sinclair - Thompson.

the Brambell Bowl for the Maidens Coxed Fours.

The contingent sent to Intervarsity was the largest for many years and the club continues to go from strength to strength. This was evident at the local Intervarsity where Rhodes entered five crews. Here we won both the Wiehalm and Muscott Trophies.

The club has just had its Annual General Meeting and Dinner and the new season begins with Dave Urwin at the helm assisted by a strong committee.

The first race of the new season takes place on the Swartkops River at P.E. and takes the form of a 4.25 mile Boat Race along the Oxford-Cambridge style.

Anyone wishing to join the Rowing Club should either contact Dave Urwin in Botha House or come to the Rowing Tank (next to the swimming pool) any afternoon at 5 pm.

Possible rower of the year? Shaun Cole performed a remarkable feat at Intervarsity by rowing for both the 1st and 2nd crews and winning both events!

The rowing club has a very strong camaraderie which many clubs would do well to emulate. The junior members are willing to accept advice from more experienced members and all members turn out regularly for 6.30 am. training sessions when required.

Lastly, mention must be made of coxswain Nick Binedell who will be on AISEC work in Sao Paulo, Brazil early next year. He has done "vast goodness" for Rhodes rowing and a great proportion of their success must be due to the dedication of the "Little Admiral". He is a winner!





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