

## IMAGES OF QUEENSTOWN – EASTER '84

Some reflections of the South African Climbers Club meet at Hangklip.

*Russ Dodding*

Intimidating in moonlight. George in the grass. God, this slope's never-ending! Dolerite. Big cracks and off-widths.

Into the Arena and the Big Stars – “should we be here?” Big jams – knuckles missing – where's the tape? No longer cold. Lichen like Velcro. Slide the Friends up. Crack looks intimidating – look left – run into blank headwall. Right, steeper still – got to go for the crack. Pumped. Hands wrecked. Scramble and Transkei. Yahoo!

Doesn't look like I thought he would! Yellowbeard, Village Idiot and Blind Peugh – splice the mainsail. Friar's balsam – magic. 'Idiot's Outing' – perfect jamming – just like Gritstone. Alvin (The Captain) – enthusiastic as ever. Mutton tastes good. Tarquin – so smooth. G2, try to follow – hands too small? Happy Birthday Elaine. Ed's still drunk. Natal sucks? Cape sucks harder??

Mallorys – awe. Score: Eastern Cape 3 – Hangklip 0. Why the micros? Flying Pygmy. Abbed-off. Floor's hard. Good to be surrounded by your peers. Dave hates off-widths and George promises not to jam for a week. “This stuff's loose,” says Laurence – crowd dives under cover. Friendly farmer.

Contacts made – Morgan Bay awaits. Thank God for Friends. Mary and Martha in the hazy distance. Is jamming the ultimate climbing form? Cosmopolitan bath. Happy-snaps. We came. We saw. We conquered?

Good times. Queenstown, Easter '84.

.....