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JANUARY

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 2, No. 5

SCHOOL NOTES

Oxbridge Results

The following members of the School gained open awards at Cambridge and Oxford in the December Scholarship Examinations. We congratulate them heartily.

Cambridge

P. K. Dews, Scholarship (English).
N. W. Faulks, Scholarship (Maths.).
R. J. Grant, Scholarship (Engineering).
L. A. S. Kirby, Scholarship (Maths.).
M. Davis, Exhibition (Maths.).
D. W. Knox, Exhibition (Nat. Sci.).
T. E. Schollar, Exhibition (Engineering).
M. H. Smith, Exhibition (History).
E. H. F. Waterhouse, Exhibition (Classics).

Oxford

P. A. Moran, Scholarship (Engineering).
M. A. Bridgewater, Exhibition (Mod. Lang.).
M. L. Castle, Exhibition (Maths.).
C. H. Lewis, Exhibition (Chemistry).
N. K. Macfadyen, Exhibition (Physics).
M. J. Perry, Exhibition (Physics).
T. M. Robinson, Exhibition (N. Science).
D. R. Thomas, Exhibition (Chemistry).
P. F. Williams, Demy (Medicine).

The following gained places and also are to be congratulated:

Cambridge

H. D. L. Clark (Nat. Sci.).
R. W. G. Eglin (Economics).
R. Felski (Mod. Lang.).
D. R. Glover (Medicine).
A. J. Gregg (Electronics).
R. Hardy (Classics).
M. Jarvis (Economics).
R. C. Reasbeck (Medicine).
G. B. Rees (Medicine).
R. T. O. Wilson (Oriental Languages).

Oxford

D. N. Allen (Physics).
S. Cutler (Chemistry).
S. Hatwell (Physics).

CAROL SERVICE

This year's service was by general consent highly successful. The very disciplined and accomplished choir gave it an intensity which enormously added to the devotional experience. The readings preserved a careful balance between the traditional and the modern, and were both lyrical and relevant. A collection was taken which was shared between the Save the Children Fund and the Church of England Children's Society. This raised approximately £40, almost as much in one night as previously in two. Altogether, a complete success in every way.

THE C.B.S.O.

It has been remarked that culturally Birmingham is far from being the 'second city.' Glaring Philistinism confronts one at every bleak turn of its industry-ridden streets. Eric Porter made the

point when he spoke to the Dramatic Society a year ago; like many of the greatest actors on the English stage, he had worked with the Birmingham Rep. years ago and had been utterly depressed, then as now, by the poverty of the artistic facilities available to the general public. And now our aesthetic plight is typified by the financial predicament of the City Symphony Orchestra. The City Council refuses to come to their aid because, apparently, serious music is considered to be a minority interest (which it is), and therefore an unfair burden upon the ratepayers should they be required to support it. Has it never occurred to our Councillors that not all city residents feel inclined to avail themselves of the facilities provided by municipal golf courses? or the public baths? or the public libraries? Yet the ratepayer pays for amenities such as these, and not all of them by any means cater for majority tastes. This particular line of argument really is pathetically feeble. It is hardly surprising that our best young artists (in the general sense) should be so keen to leave behind them this cultural Sahara.

According to a previous principal conductor, Hugo Rignold, the C.B.S.O. is at present equal to any in the land, and yet it stands in dire danger. This is hardly a flattering reflection upon the Council's sense of proportion. Provide for the material needs of the less well-off certainly, but provide also for the spiritual and artistic needs of the community, lest we lose what little soul we appear to have left.

MARTIN SMITH

BIRMINGHAM CINEMA

Six months ago this column was being moderately abusive about the contribution of the film to local cultural activity. A number of changes has occurred since then, so I offer a fairly random review of the recent artistic and financial vicissitudes of the cinema in Birmingham.

Birmingham suburban cinema remains unmentionable. The **Scala** has raised its prices again. The **Gaumont** has announced its intention to exhibit a new film every week, so one hopes that the present stagnation in the still waters of 'Hello Dolly' is only temporary. The **Cinerama** on the Bristol Road is still our chief bête noire; the prices are extortionate, the booking system is notable only for its nuisance value, the films are mostly sub-standard and 'The Wild Bunch' apparently eternal. The **Cinephone** manages to stifle its tears of remorse as it makes a consistent profit despite the protests of the would-be culture vultures, although, ironically, the 'Critics' Choice' season there last year showed the best collection of films seen in the city for a long time. The New Street cinemas, **ABC** and **Odeon**, remain popular and successful, the best value for money, with a regular supply of new films, almost realistic admission charges, and a trump card in their accessibility. The **Futurist** continues its odd mixture of horror and mediocre westerns. There seems no reason to suppose or hope that Dracula will cease to rise from the grave for some time to come.

The **ABC**, Coleshill Street, has at last disappeared and will not be mourned, except possibly by the eleven other patrons present at my last visit. The same cannot be said of that refuge of the culture-starved cognoscenti, the **Jacey News**

Theatre. Through the epic struggles of Julie Andrews and Barbra Streisand, the Jacey has kept flying the glorious banners of Hanna, Barbera, Disney and Roach; but soon it will become the Jacey Film Theatre, and orthodox features will, presumably, appear in Station Street, offering a golden opportunity to escape from the ABPC-Rank distribution strait-jacket. Nevertheless, the passing of Popeye must be a nostalgic moment for well over half the population of Birmingham, and it also poses an important question about KES leisure-time activities: what will the Sixth Form intelligensia do with its games afternoons now?

SIMON ARROWSMITH

THE COMPUTER SOCIETY

This term's calendar is liberally sprinkled with notices of meetings of the Computer Society, and people who missed the introductory announcements at the beginning of last term may wonder what it is and how it busies itself.

We are fortunate at this School to be near to three computers, viz., Birmingham University, Aston University and the Q.E. Hospital, all of whose operating staff are willing to help spread their gospel into schools, or, more interestingly, are willing to help us. During the summer of 1969 the Computer Syndicate was generously offered instruction and facilities by the Aston Computer Centre, and I realised then that there existed an interest in practical computer work among senior boys. Accordingly, the Society was formed last term; to ensure a workable size, membership was restricted to Blocks A and B, and some 35 people attended the first meeting. We hoped to attract Sixth Formers of all 'disciplines,' but not surprisingly, the majority were from Scimath.

The group should really be called the Programming Society, for it is not our intention to talk about the machines themselves, the primary object of the Society is to learn to write programmes as solutions to definite problems. This means members must first learn a programming language and so during this term we are concerned with the simple (low-level) language, Mini, and we shall lead on to Fortran, a high-level, internationally-used language suitable for scientific problems.

Programming is far more than another office technique, like typing, shorthand or computer operating; it is itself an intellectual and demanding mental exercise that has the recommendation of being useful too. It is a blend of ingenuity, resource and precision—the programmer must have flair, yet he must know his grammar inside out. The mind and the machine work differently, the programmer must translate his idea of a solution into a method spelled out in complete, fine detail for the moronic machine. It is to develop this skill that the Computer Society, just off the ground, was formed.

R.L.S.

THE HOUSE MUSIC COMPETITION

Mr. Massey began the proceedings by welcoming Dr. Ivor Keys, of Birmingham University. It was not often that we managed to secure the services of so distinguished a musician.

Evans began the programme with 'Canzone' by Purcell, arranged by Geehl and conducted by N. Gilmore. This House certainly subscribed to the theory that there is strength in numbers. In direct contrast, the next effort, that of Heath, amounted to a solo performance. It was 'Trumpet Tune' by John Stanley, arranged, conducted and played by P. T. Wylie. He was accompanied by M. J. Perry on the piano and N. A. Carter on a virtuoso triangle. Was D. R. Thomas' function that of turning over Carter's music? Surely the timpani were an afterthought? Cary Gilson looked more professional and convincing than any 'orchestra' seen so far. They sounded much better, too, as they played a 'Sonata in D minor,' for recorder and

continuo by Daniel Purcell. They were conducted by R. M. Batters. I was, however, very disappointed when the Gifford mascot proved to be mute. But their performance, like that of Heath, depended principally on the contribution of an individual, another trumpeter, C. J. S. Hodges. Their achievement, however, was somewhat greater. Their piece, arranged by C. J. S. Hodges and conducted by C. M. Ellis, was an arrangement of an aria, 'La Vendetta,' from Mozart's 'The Marriage of Figaro.' Jeune's piece, 'Broken Song,' by P. K. Dews, conducted by the composer, is now being filmed for the next edition of Monty Python's Flying Circus. At one point I expected to see the Keystone Cops rush on. The audience clearly loved it. Prince Lee's contribution began with a superb mock-Tchaikovsky passage on the piano. I would, though, have preferred the omission of the bongos. There was, to conclude the work, a somewhat irrelevant piece of banging which was certainly not euphonic. The audience again was very appreciative. Vardy's group, which almost sounded like an orchestra, provided some well-known tunes: 'Jack and Jill' was received with immense delight. Their piece called 'Various Things' was arranged and conducted by R. T. O. Wilson. Levett produced a very accomplished performance which, considering the wealth of talent in that house, was not surprising. They left little doubt as to who would win the competition, although the outcome was to be closer than last year's. They performed an 'Agnus Dei' by Bach which had been arranged by P. Sibly and was conducted by N. K. Macfadyen.

Professor Keys began his summing up by asking not to be attacked as he left the concert hall. He realised that he could probably not please seven-eighths of those present. He admitted that any adjudicator had to find faults, but added that, nevertheless, this had been one of the most lively concerts that he had ever heard in his life. He suspected that N. A. Carter was, in fact, being kept in tune by D. R. Thomas; it emerged, moreover, that various essential implements for playing the tympani were missing. The results which Dr. Keys announced were generally as expected. They were:

Levett	84	Gifford	82	Vardy	77
Jeune	83	Evans	80	Heath	75
Cary Gilson	82	Prince Lee	80		

TOM SCHOLLAR

HOCKEY REPORT

Last year the School hockey team had a very successful season, winning approximately 12 out of 15 matches. However, this year, hopes of continued success were tempered by the departure of over half of the team. A defeat in our first match strengthened such pessimistic thoughts. Yet after initial experimentation, the younger players have matured in their respective positions, with Colin Bromage successfully filling the wide gap left by Ron Middleton—who now plays regularly for Harborne—and with Tim Lewis replacing Nick Pearson equally well. Both were rewarded with their School colours at the end of last term.

The team played comparatively few matches during the Michaelmas term—only eight. Of these, half were won, two were drawn, and two were lost. But the most exciting and entertaining game ended in a draw. Our opponents were Stanmore, who play the Indian style of hockey—keeping the ball near the stick, and making long individual runs. Both sides ended with four goals.

The second and junior elevens failed to win a match between them, and only secured one draw. But the fact that there is now more than one team in existence is a sign of the game's popularity and progress. Under the guidance of Mr. Buttle, the School should achieve success in depth at this sport. I would like to thank Mr. Buttle and Mr. Lambie for their accurate and reliable umpiring in the School matches last term, and to congratulate F. W. Jones, N. M. Whitehouse, P. L. Parker and S. P. Slade on the award of their School half-colours.

EDMUND WATERHOUSE

JUDO REPORT, 1969/70

The School judo team has had a fairly successful year, remaining as yet unconquered. However, senior judo as a whole has suffered somewhat by the loss of most of last year's team. Junior judo on the other hand is thriving, although we lack suitable match opponents; Badsey is a great material advantage. At a recent University grading, the School at last broke the 'green belt barrier' when R. A. Cooke gained that coveted height. Orange belts were awarded to C. J. Barron, P. H. Cooke and D. B. Wilson, and Davies gained a yellow belt.

Therefore, although the Club was somewhat inactive at the beginning of the year, contacts with Warley Schools Judo Association and matches against K.E.S., Nuneaton, and Ratcliffe College have resulted in a high level of Club morale. Moreover, the increasing size of the junior judo class bodes well for the future.

CHRISTOPHER BARRON (Captain)

Team Results

- v. K.E.S., Nuneaton.
Senior 2—2 (1 drawn), Junior A 5—0,
Junior B 5—0.
Overall win, K.E.S.
- v. Ratcliffe College.
Senior 2—2 (1 drawn), Junior 3—2.
Overall win, K.E.S.
- v. Blessed Humphrey Middlemore School.
Junior B 2—2 (1 drawn).
Lost on points.

NIX MCMLXIX (SNOW 1969)

Last year it loved us, it sent us letters.
This year its articles no longer matter;
hints, cold, unshrouded, noisily rapping us
like conscience censuring the movement of an
untrained thought.

Last year was pillar boxes, this year it's
telephones.

Cracked polish licks like the rasp of a bus;
rice cuts our ears harshly, like hairbrushes
—it is unnutritious; casts us with the clouds
out into the cold, cold snow.

PETER DANIELS

PERMISSIVE SOCIETY: TWO VIEWS

There can be little doubt that we are at a crucial stage in the development of our social history. The withdrawal of imposed discipline in many fields has left the individual with many opportunities for self-development, but with the new freedom has come a new responsibility to which he must accustom himself. Much play has been made with the words 'liberty' and 'licence,' and these two concepts certainly do stand at the centre of any debate on the value of a permissive society. The liberty of the individual could result in a natural growth of character that was not possible in the strait-jacket of Victorian disciplines, but there is a great danger that by lapsing into licence, the opportunities offered by 'liberty' will be lost.

This danger, however, does not mean that a re-imposition by society of the disciplines of the past is in any way desirable. In fact, a greater danger is that such a re-imposition will occur as a reaction against the excesses of a permissive society. President Nixon's attempt to use his Vice-President to mobilise the 'silent majority' in America seems to be threatening to lead to such a reaction, and, particularly in view of Mr. Agnew's apparent ignorance of the place of protest in a free society, these attempts are extremely worrying. A person who is allowed to develop by himself is an individual; a person whose character is developed by the state, is often no better than an automaton. Degeneration of the character on one side or a return to imposed discipline on the other must **both** be avoided today. What is required is a new self-discipline based on a vision of what

man could become, and also a sense of responsibility to other men and to God.

GORDON SMITH

The worst aspect of the situation that is described by the phrase 'permissive society' is that the phrase itself has become a slogan. Slogans are an alternative to thought for those who find thinking too complex and hence too fatiguing an activity. They occupy the vacuum that is left by a retreat from reason. This particular slogan has already attracted two quite opposite clusters of association. For one group of passionate and impatient people it signifies long-haired degeneracy and anarchy; for another, equally passionate and impatient, it means an earthly paradise where we all do our own thing 24 hours a day. Both groups are likely to add immensely to the sum total of human unhappiness.

The reason for this has already been hinted at. It is that both attitudes embody extreme forms of the suspicion of reason which has been growing in European thought for nearly two centuries. For the first hundred years of this process it was, on the whole, beneficial. During the present century, as the retreat becomes increasingly precipitate, its beneficial effects become harder to believe in.

It is important that we should reinstate reason by jettisoning the grand simplicity of such catchword concepts as 'permissive society', and think rationally about every single issue or problem that faces us. Individually and communally, life is an aggregate of thousands of particular and specific situations, and we should try to think about each one on its merits. It doesn't take long to see that permissive attitudes are right for some situations, less right for others, and positively wrong for some. This perception is very obvious, but it cannot be proclaimed too often, nor can people too often be compelled by argument to state their position in **rational** terms. Noise and emotion are not rationally convincing. This will make life hard work, and it does not offer the kicks of a steamy, impassioned cause. It will also considerably increase the chances of an extension of human happiness.

A.J.T.

BRITAIN 1969—AS OTHERS SEE US

Those who listen to the radio programme 'As Others See Us,' in which foreigners are asked to give a description of the most striking aspects of Britain today, will have noticed that many of the different points which are raised are similar in one respect. Nearly all of the foreigners are struck by the triviality of the causes which the British find to pursue. One of the examples that were given was the uproar aroused by the new 50 np coin. The speaker was astonished that so much time and effort could be spent on criticising a coin, and even more surprised that the British should be so resistant to change in their change. Perhaps it is significant that only the blind were far seeing enough to accept the new coin immediately. This foreigner pointed out at the same time that the British seemed able to give only the price of butter as an excuse for not joining the E.E.C.

This obsession for the trivial is characteristic of Britain today. We allow details and trivialities to obscure the causes of greatest importance. Dock workers strike for more pay, not realising that, in feathering their own nests, they are ultimately adding to the ruin which will eventually come to this country if the individual does not cease to act in an introverted way for himself, rather than for the nation as a whole.

To find a cure for this British obsession for unimportant events rather than for events on a national and international scale, one must find out why the disease exists. A diagnosis is, fortunately, not difficult to make. Britain is probably unique in having no Great Cause, and no sense of leadership. The U.S.A. is at present sustained by two Great Causes, which will serve as examples. One of these is the war in Vietnam, the other is the succession of moon shots. It has often been argued

that money spent on the space race would have been better spent on overseas aid, and that the Americans should withdraw from Vietnam. Yet both, however wasteful and pointless they may seem to be, have a powerful uniting influence, whether for or against. Britain could not, of course, afford the space-race, nor a war on the scale of Vietnam. We have seen instead, other Great Causes which have united Great Britain, and which have helped to bring, temporarily at least, a feeling of relative buoyancy, although not necessarily prosperity. The most significant Great Cause was the First World War. The last was probably the TSR2. It was the TSR2 that caused the collapse into a sense of national pessimism. It was then that the British people realised that however hard you work, the government will come to throw everything away. The government understood when it was too late that a fatal mistake had been made in abandoning the TSR2. It was decided therefore, to create the Concorde which, as a prestige aircraft rather than a dollar earner, was intended to reunite Britain in a common effort. It was too late. The British people have grown to assume that a project of this size will be a failure like the Brabazon, or a farce like the QE2, or another project to be cut at the last moment like the TSR2.

Britain is therefore seen as a country without force and without direction. One cannot help feeling that the violence which is characteristic of our time would be removed by a national venture or by a war. Perhaps even the show of bad behaviour at the Old Edwardians appeal meeting might have been avoided. Fortunately, a national crisis is still foreseeable in the near future. The Spanish, in trying to take Gibraltar from us in order to make our influence in the Mediterranean weaker, may yet cause enough of a row to enable Britain to show that she does not always back down, and may make our influence in the world stronger. If the worst came to the worst, we could even fit out Concorde to drop bombs on this nation which dares to attack one of the last footholds of the British Empire.

CHEAP BRONZE SWORDS or INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN THE EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.

The force and imagination of 20th century technology springs from the creativity of the Industrial Revolution. Yet the Revolution initiated far more than rapid technological advance; social changes of profound significance not unnaturally ensued, affecting every level of English society.

Industrialisation caused the growth of concentrated urban communities, with a consequent diminution of the scattered agriculturally based population. The aggregation of these new urban centres was the expression of the lure of an increased prosperity, brought by the sudden growth of industry. The affluence of the cities was the cause of greater independence among the formerly land-tied peasants, who were at last presented

with an alternative to dependence on and subjection to aristocratic landlords. The traditional place of the nobility in the government of the country began to be seriously challenged by the rise of a wealthy middle class. For with an improvement in his standard of living, a man had the leisure time to enable him to turn his thoughts with greater freedom to politics. Increased industrial expansion thus resulted in a broader based and new politically conscious middle class, powerful enough to challenge the nobility on a national scale, and to compel state policy to reflect more closely the opinions of the people.

In Greece, during the eighth century B.C., political power lay in the hands of the Eupatrids, the Greek aristocracy, reliant for its power and influence on noble birth and large holdings of land. To the Greeks of this age, the notion of politics conveyed a broad but simple conception of administration. The people had no ideas of interfering in such business: administration was regarded (albeit unconsciously, for they knew of no other system) as the natural preserve of the aristocrats. The peasants had no time in which to reflect on matters unconnected with the running of their land holdings and with making a living for themselves. The aristocratic land owners guaranteed their tenants protection, asking in return, for support, and in some cases, a tithe.

This equilibrium was disturbed by the effect of expanding trade routes, which were reaching as far as Sicily. Because of this network of routes, bronze was becoming more and more accessible and plentiful in Greece. As availability increases, so prices decrease, and so more people could buy cheap bronze swords. At the same time, improved techniques in the handling and the working of the metal further reduced prices. Previously, only the nobility had been able to afford the time and expense of war; the peasants had had to follow their aristocratic masters, cheering and throwing stones, but without effective weaponry, unable to take part. Now that this need was met, war ceased to be an aristocratic game. There arose a middle class which did not depend on the nobility for protection, which had gained freedom from a full-time agricultural life with its continual struggle for survival and small rewards. By selling their farms, the members of this new class could move to settle in ever-growing townships, where trade and craftsmanship offered greater incomes. With prosperity came leisure, and a gradual awareness of political importance was responsible for putting pressure on the nobility to yield, eventually, before their influence.

The rise of a new industrial middle class and a subsequent decline in aristocratic power based on land ownership, tended towards wider democracy; these interconnected social developments were the results of both the Industrial Revolution in the 18th century A.D., and the introduction of cheap bronze swords during the eighth century B.C. Both developments were of fundamental importance to the evolution of the societies which ensued.

EDMUND WATERHOUSE

EDITORIAL NOTE :

We have printed one anonymous article in this issue of the 'Chronicle.' In future we shall not do so. Although the publication of unsigned articles and reviews is a time-honoured practice, it is not one which we like very much. It suggests a spuriously judicial impartiality or an unwillingness to be held to account for what one says. We shall in future, therefore, publish only signed articles.



FEBRUARY 70

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 2, No. 6

THE BUSINESS GAME

The School team has just won their second round heat in the Business Game. The final results were:

K.E.S. ...	+£526,120
Huntingdon School ...	+£306,130
K.C.S., Wimbledon ...	-£1,012,430.

The victory margin was much less impressive than in Heat 1, but in the latest round, our predictions were rendered somewhat useless by the eccentric policies of Wimbledon.

Summary—Periods 1 and 2

Here we adopted the fairly aggressive long term policy of trying to keep a fair share of the market, while selling at a good profit margin. At the end of the second period, we appeared to be just behind Huntingdon, who had adopted a very cautious policy, although our prospects of catching up were excellent. Wimbledon appeared to be losing their share of the market because of excessive pricing.

Period 3

Being now in the knowledge of the results of the other companies, we were somewhat anxious. Our fears were unjustified as we discovered that we had taken 40% of the market and had made a bumper profit. The other companies, having large inventories, would find it difficult to attack our position.

Periods 4 and 5

Here we were totally at the mercy of Wimbledon, who sold first at ridiculously low then at ridiculously high prices. This led to a period of stagnation in the market (a 38% slump), leaving Huntingdon no scope for catching us up.

Board News

N. W. Faulks has, on his departure from the School, been replaced by M. A. Hunt and E. H. F. Waterhouse in the capacity of Managing Director. There have been three interesting additions to the Board: Andrew Burn, Martin Bridgewater and Bill Morle (the latter of whom rode [sic, Editor] into the occasional meeting).

MALCOLM HUNT

EVOLUTION OR REVOLUTION?

It must be an exhilarating experience to find oneself fired with that unflagging optimism, that idealistic visionary zeal which is characteristic of most would-be political and social reforming heroes. Such inspiration may seem to be lacking in most politicians, and 'compromise' may be a dirty word amongst radicals, yet the politicians could be 'right,' for surely, idealism and realism are mutually incompatible, or am I too much influenced by typically and traditionally English philosophic empiricism? Those who are out of sympathy with this tradition are unlikely to be enthusiastic about the conclusions of this article, the basis of which is, quite simply, that revolution has never succeeded in its objectives. No doubt the cry will go forth 'establishment!,' 'bourgeois!,' 'rightist!,' etc. Not so; Bertrand Russell was an empiricist in a strict sense, and there was certainly nothing bourgeois about him.

But let us examine our terms of reference. It is assumed that by 'revolution' we mean rapid, radical, usually violent political or social upheaval (although this may not necessarily be its literal interpretation); it is assumed also that by 'evolution,' on the other hand, we refer to more gradual processes of change, usually non-violent. These assumptions are, I believe, common currency.

On this basis, then, we shall discuss briefly the three great revolutions of modern European history, beginning with that of 1789. The French Revolutionaries sought to end the tyrannies of the Ancien Régime. They derived their inspiration from the 'philosophes' (and, for that matter, from the 'anti-philosophes,' and hence Rousseau: 'Man is born free, and is everywhere in chains.') In what were they successful? It is true that they brought down the régime, but the only ultimate consequence of their efforts was the emergence of an every worse tyranny under Bonaparte. The Revolution failed in its creditable objects, 'liberté, fraternité et égalité.'

Secondly, let us take a look at the example provided by the 17th century English civil wars. It is not now fashionable (or indeed accurate), to speak of the Puritan Revolution, but whether we think primarily in terms of political, economic, religious or social upheaval, few can deny the validity of the application of the term 'revolution' itself. The opposition to Charles I in these years was all of radical and violent, and certainly no-one had ever previously claimed to be entitled to conduct legitimate regicide before. But it needs no historian to point out the consequences of these events. Charles II was restored to the throne in 1660 amidst general rejoicing; Cromwell, surely one of the great tragic figures of history, had failed to find an adequate substitute for the rule which he had repudiated. Again, the Revolution had failed.

Finally, let us refer to the Russian Revolution of 1917. The Bolshevik intention was to destroy Tsardom, which it did. But would Marx have approved of the Stalinist purges? Can modern Russia be described as in the least respect Utopian? Personally, I doubt it. Revolutions have a curious way of doubling back on themselves.

But what of the historical processes which have had a permanent and beneficial effect upon civilisation? Have they not all been evolutionary in nature? Take, for example, the case of that prime misnomer, the 'Industrial Revolution' (no revolution at all, in fact). This movement was a largely continual and gradual process, although it did accelerate in the 1780's and 1790's. The celebrated names of this period in this industrial context, owed a tremendous amount to their antecedents. To take just one example, Newcomen was operating primitive steam engines as early as the reign of Anne, half a century before James Watt came into prominence. The industrial movement was a social upheaval in the progressive sense, and certainly owed nothing to romanticising, garret-bound, hair-brained revolutionaries. Its effects were cumulative, not instantaneous.

The Reformation provides another example of a historical process which was of, if not beneficial, certainly of permanent importance. It is an excellent instance of the developing nature of man's

permanent 'socio-religio-politico-cultural' achievements. Luther's direct and indirect predecessors, men like Wycliff, Erasmus, Dante and Huss, some of them religiously motivated, some of them mere anti-clericals, were active up to a full 200 years before Luther himself. It would be naive in the extreme to regard the Reformation as having been initiated solely by Luther's 1517 Wittenburg gesture.

Finally, it is possible to look profitably at a movement like the Romantic Revival, and make a clear differentiation between the ephemeral quality of revolutionary aspirations, and the lasting quality of evolutionary developments. The Romantic Revival, so called, had a dual nature, embracing both political revolutionary and cultural evolutionary aspects. Political aspirations were, in fact, shared by many of the Romantic poets, Wordsworth, in particular, and rose to a fever pitch in the 1790's in sympathy with the supposedly libertarian developments across the Channel. Revolutionary fervour was obviously of serious importance in the England of this period, for Pitt the Younger deemed it necessary to effect a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

The passage of events in France mentioned above, accounted for the disappointing failure of this particular movement. The hopeful radicals were acutely disillusioned; Wordsworth had a mental breakdown. The effect on him was life-lasting; ironically, he voted against the Great Reform Bill of 1832. Tom Paine, perhaps the Romantic revolutionary hero amongst the Englishmen of his time, died abused and poverty stricken, only narrowly himself escaping the guillotine in France. Political radicalism, by way of provoking reaction, only resulted in Victorian conservatism.

The cultural evolutionary aspects of the Romantic Revival however, were of permanent significance. They did not develop rapidly. Just two examples will illustrate the point. The 'nature' poets could trace their immediate inheritance back to Thomson's 'The Seasons,' published over 50 years before the 'Lyrical Ballads' of Wordsworth and Coleridge which appeared in 1798. Likewise, the Victorian taste for the Gothic can, in literature, be traced back as far as Horace Walpole's 'The Castle of Otranto,' published in 1764, or in architecture, to Walpole's Strawberry Hill residence, built in the 1750's. In short, the permanent legacies of the Romantic Revival must be assessed from an analysis of the progression of artistic and intellectual ideas over the evolution of some 50 years or more. All is achieved in its own good time.

To conclude, I defy anyone to point out to me a single instance in history (and, heaven knows, there has been enough of that), in which any revolution of even moderately large proportions has secured its objectives and maintained its achievement. What reason, then, have we for expecting anything different in future? No, for a realisation of improved social conditions, for hope of better things to come, we should look not to the extreme S.P.G.B. (Socialist Party of Great Britain), but, for example, to the achievements of the West German Social Democrats, or even, with qualification, to the evolving social improvements of the British Labour Party. After all, the raising of prices and taxation and the murder of the Biafrans does constitute in all fairness, only part of Wilson's record. The standard of living has also risen, an Ombudsman, even if as yet with insufficient powers, is in existence, abortion law reform has gone through and hanging has been finally abolished. There is a great deal more to be done, of course, but this can be achieved within the limits of the present constitutional structure (although this is in itself in need of an overhaul), providing we can steer clear of backwoods Tories and highly suspicious notions like that of 'law and order', which, one feels, is not quite all it seems.

So down with the Revolution!

MARTIN SMITH

"THE WINTER'S TALE"

Any intending director confronted with the prospect of producing 'The Winter's Tale' must experience a mixture of excitement and dread, for the play, with its swift transitions and sharp contrasts of mood, offers both unusual pitfalls and unusual opportunities for good theatre. Above all, the 16 year jump-cut which was, in this case, Shakespeare's method of condensing the familiar late play cycle of destruction-regeneration into a single work, imposes upon the director a special need to devise an approach and construct a production which will make the play's underlying unity apparent to an audience in the theatre.

In this year's School play, the required effect was achieved with great success through a fine balance of emphasis between the stylised, masque-like formality of the play's dramatic progression and Shakespeare's profoundly human presentation of character and emotion. The formal side of this balance was aided greatly by the costuming; I have seldom seen costumes so intrinsically attractive and yet also of such considerable functional importance. The single colour worn by each actor in the opening first half of the play, enhanced the impression of stylised pageant. The outfits worn by the Shepherd and Clown in the penultimate scene were the apotheosis of vulgar luxury. In this respect, the lighting too played a well-calculated yet unobtrusive part. The return of Cleomenes and Dion at the start of Act III was especially striking: and congratulations on a deft handling of that notorious bear!

The formal elements of the play, however, were not so stressed that they began to impose a rigidity upon the presentation of character. Kevin Lee's Leontes was a fine performance. Throughout the fevered soliloquies of the first Act, he held the stage completely, his flexibility of tone matching the impulsive emotion of the jealous king. Yet even in the depths of his callous folly, a sense of majesty remained. What Paulina calls his 'noble heart' was never completely lost from view, and upon this base was built the resigned and melancholy figure of the final Act. Marian Ginn's portrayal of Leontes' queen was pleasantly far removed from that of a lifeless paragon of virtue. She showed in the opening scenes a quality which must belong to Hermione-sexiness. Her vivacity of tone and gesture made the light-hearted banter at the start of the play come alive. A whole atmosphere was struck dead by the menace of Leontes' words, 'At my request he would not.' In the trial scene the same qualities were subdued and transmuted into a moving plea for justice.

In this half of the play, Stuart Rogers and Chris Hodges both gave accomplished and precise performances as Antigonus and Camillo. In his larger rôle, Paul Norton seemed at first a little unsure of his overall approach to the character of Polixenes, but he strengthened greatly in the second half. Sue Cochrane's Paulina was a woman any man would think twice before tangling with.

The volte-face from tragedy to comedy at the centre of the play was accomplished with great agility, Antigonus' nightmare giving way first to Chris Gibbons' fondly ironic portrait of the Shepherd, followed by the humour and sheer gusto of Andrew Summers' admirable Clown. This transition from court to country seemed to mark the ascendancy of nature in more ways than one, for the actors and actresses who made the pastoral frolicking of Act IV Scene IV so amusing and delightful seemed to a large extent content to be themselves—and with great success. Undoubtedly, much of Pete Biddle's own character strayed into his reading of Autolycus, yet his performance was one of the highspots of the play, relaxed almost to danger point, but held in check by an acute sense of theatre. The whole pastoral sequence was both entertaining and firmly coherent, centred around the verve and lyricism of Sally Fairhead's

Perdita and Gordon Smith's tender but firm-minded portrayal of Florizel.

The production was not, of course, completely unflawed. In a play where the poetry is of special importance (the famous exchange between Polixenes and Perdita, incidentally, was excellently done), the occasional patch of verse came over rather flatly. The odd gesture tended to appear over-mechanical, and audibility was not always what it should have been. But these are minor quibbles with what was undoubtedly a very good production. The atmosphere back-stage after the last night (and I report as an eye-witness) was not merely one of relief. There was triumph in the air.

PETER DEWS, O.E.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

'This House doubts the value of compulsory physical exercise.'

'Debating Characters' of the July, 1953, 'Chronicle,' says of D. H. Benson: 'He has a weapon peculiarly his own—the funny story—which by devious means he relates to the motion. Behind his gay and careless manner there is a great depth of sincerity which is not always apparent.'

Indeed, a funny story about a wicket-keeper was just about the only form of defence he could put forward against the combined onslaught of Mr. C. H. C. Blount and M. H. Smith. The former 'veritable Apollo' and his amanuensis (in the description of the seconder for the proposition, M. H. Smith), armed with Lennon spectacles and the gospel of the 'Free Anti-Compulsory Physical Exercise League,' produced the infallible arguments of their own physical condition.

After the chairman, Mr. J. M. Hatton, had done his best to get the proceedings off to a rollicking start, Mr. Blount, proposing the motion, opened. He treated the audience to an introduction to the art of debating, proceeding with a somewhat dubious joke about Mary Quant. As always when Mr. Blount is speaking, the impression was one of inexorable, irrefutable logic.

Opposing, Mr. Benson attempted serious argument but briefly, which on reflection, seemed less in the spirit of the occasion than the above-mentioned funny story which followed.

M. H. Smith, seconding the motion, proceeded along the line that Mr. Blount was so obviously a superior physical specimen as a result of however many it was years of non-compulsory physical exercise, that no further argument in its favour was required. At this, R. W. G. Eglin, seconding for the opposition, appeared to be nonplussed.

The speeches from the floor were of very low quality, although Mr. Symes, 'ex Rem C,' made a spirited attempt to extricate the opposition from its hopeless predicament.

Summing up for the proposition, Mr. Blount repudiated opposition comments about his physical exterior by remarking that his 'well upholstered form' might look funny, but was in fact 'exceedingly comfortable'; he also denied having played a Nobby Stiles rôle at Malvern School in the halcyon days of his youth (the point of this having been explained to him by his seconder). Mr. Benson had previously summed up his case with more funnies.

A vote was taken, and the motion was passed by 21 majority.

J. M. BURLING

MUSIC

The Musical Society and Music Circle have recently been justifying their existence in grand style. On Thursday, February 5th, the members of the Circle heard a talk by Mr. Wragg on Liszt. This was a splendid lecture on the famous 19th century composer and virtuoso pianist. Mr. Wragg

ably outlined the background to Liszt's life, and showed how this background influenced the composer in his work. For instance, the facts of Liszt's deep religious sense and great admiration for the violin virtuoso, Paganini, are basic to an understanding of his music. Mr. Wragg also played records of Liszt's 'Sonata' and 'Années de Pèlerinages,' and various extracts on the piano to illustrate his points. This was a very enjoyable evening.

For those less interested in analysing music in detail, the Musical Society offers an opportunity to sample some very varied musical styles. In the lunch hour on Monday, February 9th, there was a concert of 'Medieval and Early Renaissance Music,' which attracted a record audience of 80. This concert illustrated the very beginnings of 'modern' music, emerging as it was from plainsong to polyphony. It was representative of the period, and included isorhythmic motets and solo instruments of remarkable authenticity.

The consort from the University sang accurately and sensitively with well balanced accompaniment on various percussive and wind instruments. Our own vocalists made things difficult for themselves by choosing for performances several hard but beautiful motets. Although the balance of voices was slightly wrong, it was no small achievement to have performed such pieces. The star of the concert was undoubtedly Mr. Loane, who displayed amazing virtuosity on recorders and crumhorn. It is a pity so little of this early music has been heard at K.E.S.

CHRIS HODGES

CHESS

The 'Sunday Times' Competition

For the first time ever, the School has two teams in the zone finals of the 'Sunday Times' Competition. The 1st Team ought to beat Wolverhampton G.S. in their final, while the 2nd Team ventures into the unknown when they play Crypt School, Gloucester.

Results so far:

1st Team

Beat St. Chad's	6 — 0
„ Duddeston Manor	6 — 0
„ Tudor Grange	5 — 1
„ King's Heath G.S.	4½ — 1½

2nd Team

Beat Bromsgrove	6 — 0
„ Holly Lodge 2nds	4½ — 1½
„ Holly Lodge 1sts	4 — 2

The 1st Team also have a 100% record this season in the Junior League, and with Lloyd and Stoker improving quickly, prospects are bright.

MALCOLM HUNT

DISCOTHEQUE

Once when I was holding a girl in a slow dance
Suddenly, I was playing a saxophone,
So I ran my fingers up and down her vertebrae
And blew, hoping she'd understand.
But no sound came out.
She is a polite girl.

PETER BIDDLE

FILM SOCIETY

'The Taming of the Shrew,' 3rd February, 1970

'The Taming of the Shrew' is a rumbustious, Tom Jones of a film, directed by Franco Zeffirelli and starring Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Alfred Lynch and Cyril Cusack, amongst others. The cameraman is Luciano Trasatti. Shakespeare's story is a farce and Zeffirelli treats it as such, flicking us along at tremendous pace and with great humour. Whatever may be said of Zeffirelli's stage productions of Shakespeare, there is no doubt in this reviewer's eyes at least that his technique as applied to films is magnificently

successful. Zeffirelli concentrates on environment quite as much as character, though the environment he creates is a tissue of living, credible human beings. We believe ourselves in Padua; we are caught up in the festival; we feel with the crowd mounting excitement as the groom finally approaches.

The towering whore and the caged drunkard at the gates of Padua establish the prevailing mood of a sensual and earthy film. Zeffirelli, like Bergman, appears to enjoy such symbolic images: witness the lyrical image of the lovers surrounded by white doves in a summery garden, Kate (Elizabeth Taylor) standing beside white lilies immediately before her wedding, and the thunderstorm which breaks immediately after the wedding, presaging a sad time for poor Kate. Crowd scenes are brilliantly managed by Zeffirelli: the camera goes in close and pans through a hotch-potch of colour, movement and excited faces. And there is much subtlety in the treatment of small groups and individuals. Zeffirelli makes play with alterations of camera angle. Our first view of Petruchio is appropriately from below, while we look down upon the gulling of the Pedant by Alfred Lynch as Tranio. Occasionally this is overdone, as when we view Petruchio feet first in bed, though the tricky foreshortening is soon forgotten as we move into the silent comedy of his apprehensive attendants offering rose water and music. Selected details are brought out vividly, such as the eye of shrewish Kate as she watches the approach of her suitors through a crack in the door; or the tapping fingers of Baptista (Cyril Cusack) as he wonders how low he can keep the dowry without losing the providential husband. There is also effective cutting back and forth between the group of suitors outside patiently hauling on the bell, and Kate in full swing inside all but flaying Bianca. Mirrors and reflecting panes of glass are well used to provide visual elegance and variety of viewpoint: similar relief from the prevailing anti-romanticism is provided by the pretty scene where Lucentio chases Bianca through rows of washing. Indeed, the film does have its moments of tenderness and pathos (e.g., when poor Kate scrambles soaked from the river), which serve to give extra edge to the farce. Colours are soft, but a vital ingredient of the formalities and whirl—even the walls are subtly aglow with tapestries and marble. The music is appropriately rollicking (though slushy violins do occasionally intrude) and is infectious enough to be taken up by Petruchio in his dusty old country house.

The production is genuinely amusing. Sometimes it adds to Shakespeare, as with the fast cut from chickens fluttering to chickens spitted and roasting; or when Petruchio in the wedding ceremony puns 'Marry, I will!' At other times the production makes the most of the humour Shakespeare himself offers: the pushing over of 'priest and book and book and priest' during the wedding ceremony, let alone the quaffing of the muscadell, could be downright offensive so far from being amusing, but Zeffirelli treats them with a sure hand and we laugh.

Richard Burton carries Petruchio along most excellently. He swaggers and cackles with the best of them. He even contrives to suggest elements of tenderness which lie beneath the bluff

exterior. His, after all, is the part with the beautiful imagery:

'Kate like the hazel-twigg
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazelnuts and sweeter than the kernels.'

Elizabeth Taylor gives us a convincing Kate, with eyes flashing and arms flailing. She bridges well the transition from raging virago to wifely paragon, and her final speech on the duty 'a woman oweth to her husband' is delivered with a sincerity which leaves us (rightly) no room for supposing that this is all a sham, a pulling of the wool over Petruchio's eyes. Of the minor characters I particularly enjoyed a rather fay Hortensio with straggly, shoulder-length, peroxidized hair: in his Litio outfit he looked a cross between John Lennon and the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

The film was well received by the audience, which was large but not bursting the Ratcliff seams as expected. Our copy of the film had a number of torn sprocket-holes, causing a few jumpy frames—but luckily there was no breakage. At the next meeting of the Society on Tuesday, 24th February, at 4.15, which is the last one planned for this year, we shall be showing the film of the OUDS production of 'Dr. Faustus,' starring (again) Richard Burton and (rather briefly) Elizabeth Taylor.

M.J.T.

MODERN PAINTING IN THE BARBER INSTITUTE

If seven-eighths of the population of K.E.S. did but realise it, the Barber Institute is only 200 yards from their form room blackboard. It houses two galleries of painting well worth considering.

If you can bring yourself to disregard the superb collection of Italian Renaissance work and the breath-taking Guardi view, you arrive in the gallery devoted to modern painting where, once recovered from the shock of a hideous Monet portrait, fully 12 feet tall, you can be sure to enjoy the rest of the collection. The French Impressionists are well represented by paintings by Bonnard, Vuillard, Monet and Degas, though, unfortunately, Monet's work and both those of Degas are covered by glass screens. Toulouse-Lautrec's inimitable style is epitomised in 'La Songeuse.'

When one moves to the Post-Impressionists, one is immediately hit by the wealth of colour in Gauguin's 'Pont-Aven,' which seems to be a legacy of Lucien Pissarro. It is advisable to treat Van Gogh's 'Old Woman Digging' with the greatest reverence. It is original, and on close examination the texture comes to life and the form and tonal qualities strongly resemble the style of Cézanne.

I have deliberately left the realists until last, only three paintings, but each a gem. Eugène Boudin's 'Trouville' is a carefully constructed sea scene, the shawled old woman bending against a salt-sea wave. The Barbizon School is represented by Théodore Rousseau; 'Paysage d'Auvergne' is a tiny but temptingly dense section of mountain scenery. But Courbet's 'Roche Percée, Entretat' dominates the entire modern section, partly by its size, but chiefly by the sheer wonder to be derived, even from the Master's signature. The painting is landscape extraordinaire.

PETER GOAKES



MAY 70

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

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A JOINT HERITAGE?

I recently went to see a play at King Edward's Camp Hill, one of the other schools of the foundation. Not an event remarkable in itself, perhaps, but I wonder how many people at the King Edward's, other than the chessboard wizards, have ever actually been inside one of the other schools of the foundation? How many even know how many there are? It seems to me that an attitude has developed that we are in some way different from and superior to the rest of the foundation, and that they are therefore something below us, on the way down towards the comprehensive or secondary modern school, while their reaction to us is equally disparaging. Our only contact with the rest of the foundation is at the annual Foundation Service, where they do little other than fill up the rest of the church. Such an attitude is unfortunate and unwelcome, and I feel something should be done about it. Opportunities are perhaps few, but if there is to be any sense of unity within the foundation, some action should be taken. The obvious field in which to act is sport. Our contacts with the other schools in this direction are very slight, but it would surely be much easier and cheaper to arrange a fixture with Camp Hill than with Denstone, for example. It might be more difficult for our already ailing societies to arrange joint meetings, but some sort of fifth—or sixth—form conference with participation from all the schools of the foundation ought not to be impossible to organise. I feel that if the foundation is to remain in existence as a meaningful unit rather than simply a group of schools bearing the same name, some action must be taken, and it must not be too long delayed. Otherwise we are in danger of becoming extremely narrow-minded in our outlook.

Further contact with the rest of the foundation must be a relatively long-term project, but there is one direction in which a move can be made with little difficulty. Those creatures who live on the other side of Winterbourne and have a different special 'bus from us also belong to the foundation, and there are no problems over distance between the two schools to discourage mixing. The difficulties are rather caused by people in both schools, who seem to regard any form of integration between us as blasphemy. The mere sight of a girl in our precincts is enough to cause raised eyebrows and remarks, while the appearance of a boy, without handcuffs and an armed escort, in the holy of holies, is unheard of. I regard such a situation as, to say the least, ridiculous, but any attempts to improve it seem doomed to failure. There are two implied objections to more mixing between the two schools, one moral and the other practical. I intend to ignore the former, as it is patently ludicrous and not worth my time or yours discussing it. The practical objection is serious, but with co-operation from both sides it can be overcome. It is simply the divergence of our timetables, which causes most societies holding joint meetings to meet at 4.15 rather than 3.45. Joint society meetings are always inconvenient and sometimes impossible. At least one embryo society has suffered abortion in the last term because of this difficulty, but it is one that can be overcome. A

close examination of the two timetables shows that they are compatible and it merely needs a little reorganisation for them to be arranged so that the equivalent blocks of each school finish at the same time every day. This simple step towards co-existence would inconvenience nobody, and would greatly assist the organisation of the schools' social activities which are, after all, an important guide to their internal condition, which at the moment is less satisfactory than it should be.

Obviously, this suggestion cannot be implemented until the beginning of the next school year, but I feel that if the social life of the school is not to die completely, as it seems to be in danger of doing, some action must be taken to revive it, and this action cannot be made by individual societies. What I am suggesting is hardly revolutionary, but it is an important step in the direction of progress, and unless it, or something very similar, is implemented in the near future, the situation looks black indeed.

RICHARD MALTBY

RUGBY FOOTBALL 1969-70

The 1st XV season has been good in parts. The XV has put up some good performances to produce a fine win over Ratcliffe, and excellent draws against Warwick and Henry VIII School, Coventry, but all too often we have let victory slip away. Since Christmas the XV has drawn with Henry VIII School, beaten Bishop Vesey's, lost narrowly to Belmont Abbey, and been thrashed by a far too strong O.E.F.C. Extra 1st XV. This somewhat mediocre record was not alleviated by a tour of the Lake District, during which three games were played and three games were lost.

There have, however, been some extremely good individual performances during the season, and the following are to be congratulated:

- J. G. WINSPEAR for scoring 100 points, and while playing against 'A' University XV for leaving the opposing full-back, a certain D. C. Everest, grovelling at his heels as he calmly touched the ball down between the posts.
- A. R. D. STARR for running in many tries and providing a studious image that the rest of the team could admire.
- T. L. WENMAN for actually getting on to the pitch despite his injuries and 'accidents' and post-match moans.
- R. C. REASBECK for becoming a milkman after Christmas and for keeping Brian Hanna quiet before Christmas.
- D. K. McLEAN for playing both full-back and fly-half while playing in the centre.
- B. L. HANNA for taking out his false teeth at breakfast while on tour.
- G. B. REES for causing mirth both on and off the field.
- A. G. BELL for being an excellent pack leader and vice-captain.
- C. G. WATKINS for hooking and acting as secretary equally efficiently.
- S. M. HOLLINGWORTH for daring to have a hairstyle so contrary to the wishes of the captain.

- A. L. BURN for getting all our lineout balls and singing so tunefully.
 G. P. TRANTER for filling what was becoming an all-too-obvious hole in the pack.
 D. R. GLOVER for finding his way on to the pitch each week.
 S. G. JOHNSON for talking, talking, playing rugger, talking, talking, playing rugger . . .
 M. A. BILSON for sharing a room with D. K. McLEAN on tour.
 G. T. RUSTON for sharing a room with S. G. Johnson, T. L. Wenman and P. Wright on tour.
 And finally Mr. Everest for putting up with us and missing his own Saturday afternoon rugger.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
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STEPHEN WILLIAMS

RUGGER TOUR TO THE LAKE DISTRICT FEBRUARY, 1970

As the remainder of the School broke up for half-term on February 19th, the 1st XV and five reserves departed to the Lake District, an area unknown to K.E.S. rugby teams. For transport we used two 12-seater mini-buses which, once the luggage has been stacked inside, proved to be remarkably short of body space, especially for large rugby players. The discomfort was exacerbated by the somewhat eccentric driving of Messrs. Benson and Everest. As a result, the journey was frequently interrupted in order that everyone could untangle his legs and relieve excruciating attacks of cramp. This gave people the opportunity to sample the usual greasy motorway fare, to hold impromptu lineout practice in a Westmorland garage and at the same time to terrorise an unfortunate garage attendant, who found himself caught in the crossfire of a snowball fight. The party proceeded to Keswick, and after sampling some Lakeland brew of dubious origin, continued to the Bassenfell Manor Hotel, where it was to stay for the duration of the tour.

The following day the three-match programme began. The team was under no illusions as to the difficulty of its task in an area where the League code is as prevalent as that of the Union. It soon proved that much of the physically hard tackling and scrummaging evident in the professional game had influenced the tactics and style of play of the schools we encountered. Indeed, all three matches were lost—against Workington G.S. 3 points to 9; against Cockermouth G.S. 0 points to 11; and against Kendal G.S. 3 points to 8—admittedly by narrow margins. At Workington we were treated to the delights of a lunch à la Cumberland County Council, after which Miss Chaffer's popularity rating zoomed to an all-time high. The matches against Workington and Kendal were lost, not because of inferior ball-skill, but on account of the opposition's domination of set and loose play and the inability of the K.E.S. players to penetrate their opponents' strong tackling defence.

In Saturday's match against Cockermouth the School played extremely well, despite the adverse score. Having played Workington the previous day the forwards were prepared for a physical battle, and, not stopping to rub their shins, succeeding in pushing the Cockermouth eight on several occasions. In the loose, however, Cockermouth gained an advantage, and this provided one of the best back divisions in the area with the sort of second-phase possession it required. Only desperate defence kept the score within reasonable limits. It was, in fact, easily the best performance of the tour and was made all the more creditable by the fact that we were without J. G. Winspear, who had developed migraine as a result of a tackle the previous day.

Despite the disappointments on the field, however, the tour did not lack incident or enjoyment

off it. The hotel proved to be ideal, and was equipped with a very pleasant bar which was, in the words of their brochure, 'a very popular meeting place.' On Friday evening the D. H. Benson (posing as Omar Sharif) and D. C. Everest Bridge Circus moved in and lost heavily to 'the professionals,' W. J. Morle and D. R. Glover. Despite staking their moustaches on the rest of the match, they returned to Birmingham with them intact. All attempts at sabotage failed. Mention should be made of an assault on the captain by somebody or something known as Johnny Walker, after which he gave an ample demonstration of how to go blind.

The whole party would like to extend its thanks to Mr. Everest and to Mr. Benson for their organisation of a very enjoyable weekend.

ANDREW BURN

PERSONAL SERVICE GROUP

The Group remains a little-known senior activity, which quietly provides some of the School's most useful service to the community. The vital Friday afternoon visits to Birmingham hospitals and to the old people of Balsall Heath continue as the most important work.

The visits to Birmingham hospitals are probably the most difficult for they involve very close contact with chronic human suffering. Despite this, boys regularly visit such hospitals as the Birmingham Accident Hospital and attempt to cheer up some of the patients. It is difficult to realise how disturbing these visits can be, when boys are asked to visit fire victims in the Burns Unit, or to talk to a middle-aged man reduced to the mentality of a child because of a road accident. The list of suffering is endless, and unfortunately it changes from day to day. However, those who visit such hospitals are providing a very worthwhile and much-needed service which too few people appreciate.

The Balsall Heath visiting, though normally less demanding, is as vital to society as is the hospital work, and the Group concentrates much of its efforts towards cheering up and providing help for the old people of this 'twilight area.' Balsall Heath has a great number of old people, often living alone, who despite the advancing technical world around them are slowly being lost and forgotten by the society they helped to create. All that faces them now is the likelihood of a lonely old age in the squalid terraced houses of Balsall Heath, or even worse, ending their lives in a characterless modern flat in Chelmsley Wood, forced out by the often unimaginative, sometimes ridiculous re-housing schemes of Birmingham Corporation. Whatever happens, these old people are frightened of change, and turn in on themselves when they receive no encouragement from society. These are the forgotten members of the city, but the Group is striving to remedy this state of affairs. Under the professional guidance of Miss Jones, the Group now visits more than 300 old people, though many remain unvisited.

This type of visiting follows a basic pattern, the inevitable gardening and shopping, but often just a chat and a cup of tea. For the members of the Group it may become a boring routine, but for the old people the visit is probably the one highlight of the week, the only person they see from Friday to Friday. The Group can be seen to be helping to create a much happier atmosphere in Balsall Heath, and so it is very important that the visits continue and expand.

As a direct result of Balsall Heath visiting, the Old People's Club at Spring Road was founded to provide Friday afternoon entertainment for about 30 old people every week. Today it is well established and is enjoying increasing popularity. The Club is run by four boys from School and three or four girls from the High School, as well as Miss Jones. Between them they are expected to pro-

vide tea and cakes for the old people, followed by some form of entertainment. Despite the continuing reliance upon well-trying favourites such as bingo, charades, folk singing and on one memorable occasion an inspired game of passing the parcel, the old people return week after week and seem really to enjoy their outing. Many could not visit the Club if they were not brought by cars, driven by some of the masters, or by the infamous Birmingham Settlement vans. However, there is a lack of interest within the School for the Club, yet if more were known about it, perhaps offers from younger boys to put on short plays or revues for the old people would come pouring in. They would be very welcome, for the old people appreciate anything that is done for them, and most important, they enjoy coming to the Club.

Other small groups visit Winson Green Wives' and Families' Centre, decorating work has been done in Tyseley and Smethwick on Friday afternoons, and outside Friday afternoons, the Group is beginning to expand its services. This stems from the abandoning of Saturday morning school since it leaves Saturdays relatively free and gives a general sense of more spare time, encouraging Group activities on Saturdays. These activities have taken several different lines, normally only affecting a few members.

An enterprising link with an Approved School by means of a chess tournament has been forged by volunteers from both the boys' and girls' schools, and a return match is anticipated. Further work with children is being carried out in Handsworth, Erdington and Sparkbrook. In Handsworth, help is being given at the Adventure Playground, normally on Saturdays and Sundays, but occasionally during the week. The work entailed is simply to help the children to play, encouraging their imagination to grow in an area of Handsworth which, without the playground, would stifle that gift. The results are encouraging, and other playgrounds are growing, the one in Erdington being a direct descendant from observations made at Handsworth. The Erdington playground was built in the Easter holidays by Group members, and it remains to be seen whether it will succeed. Apart from these districts, Sparkbrook is visited, where a Youth Club is being run under similar lines but for older children.

The interesting development of services within the Group is seen to be concentrated mainly on children and teenagers, and even includes actual English teaching in one case. Most of these improvements have come from requests to help from the Probation Officers, and there is still an immense amount of work both with old people and children left undone. If the Group were given more definite support from the rest of the School, it might achieve far more than it does today. The Group needs to expand, but before it can do so, the School must be reminded of its existence.

ANDREW SUMMERS

THE SCHOOL TRIP TO ROME, 1970

Have you ever eaten cold pasta? No? You've never lived! However, we were able to endure this tedious diet during our stay in Rome on account of the variety of interesting activities to pursue there.

We spent our first day in the eternal city in American style, travelling round the sights on an introductory coach tour. This gave us a taste of what the ensuing days would be like—exhausting but fascinating treks from church to art gallery to ancient monument. The variety and sheer numbers of the buildings and works of art was overwhelming. Every period of architecture was represented from the weathered Roman ruins in the forum to the modern sports stadia, and the paintings ranged from Michaelangelo's incredible frescoes in the Sistine Chapel to the delicate works of Fra Angelico. Coach trips were arranged to Ostia Antica and the superb ruins of Hadrian's

Villa at Tivoli. A party from 'King Edward's Angelican School' (quote, the Pope) attended an audience in St. Peter's in the Vatican. After such tiring days, the pleasant evenings were spent in 'carozza' rides (horse-drawn carriages) round the city and in sipping a 'capuccino' (coffee) in the local bars.

A train then took us to Florence, via Assisi, where we spent an afternoon in this small mediaeval hill-town. The two days in Florence demanded even more energy than Rome. We saw the early Renaissance buildings of Brunelleschi, and churches in contrasting Gothic and Romanesque styles. In addition, there were the great Uffizi and Pitti galleries, which house some of the most famous works of art in the world. We were fortunate in having an excellent hotel which combined the advantage of overlooking a huge Renaissance palace with the disadvantage of standing in one of the noisiest streets in Florence.

We returned to Rome by coach, stopping at Siena for lunch. Next day we had an uneventful flight back to England after a memorable and most enjoyable holiday, for which we would like to thank the organisers, especially the Chief Master.

Personalities

Il Duce—in full battle kit—with his very select band of crypt-crawlers.

Il Bruce—one of our resident connoisseurs—armed with sketch-book and camera. (Why the camera?).

Mad Mike—with his Crazy Carozzi Circus.

Christina—our guide—Amazon prop-forward with a passion for fast Ferraris.

Guest appearances were made by: His Holiness, Sophia Loren, Ira Fustenburg, the spirit of Miss Wilks, the Chief Master's former classics master, a Haitian revolutionary called Pierre, the School Captain's official receiver, and the communal illusion of an Irish abbot, searching for a 2 ft. 4 in. midget called Giovanni Battersby.

Quotable Quotes

'No!'

'Michaelangelo, spelt BERNINI.'

'Lively, but not too vigorous.'

'Time and tide . . .'

'Of course, it's not REAL money,' or 'How much is that in REAL distance?'

'Non video custodio in giardino.'

'Si, si . . . WHY NOT?'

'Captain, your plane is leaking.'

Final Score Card

King Edward's (Anglican) School v. Italy

Captains: The Revd. Canon R. G. Lunt, M.C., M.A., B.D.; His Holiness Pope Paul VI.

Round K.E.S. Italy

1	0	10	(Cold Pasta).
2	10	0	(Two own goals by the Pope).
3	15	15	(Carozze).
4	0	5	(Luke-warm Pasta).
5	5	0	(Ira Fustenburg).
6	0	15	(Ice-cold Pasta).
7	10	0	(Prego, Padre).
8	120	0	(Hot Pasta).

Final scores: K.E.S. 160, Italy 45.

Well done, all concerned!

BY SEVERAL HANDS

THE CANAL TRIP, 1970

On April 10th, under the command of Mr. Wingate and Mr. Hill, 13 boys from the Lower School and two from the Sixth Forms started out from Brinklow, near Coventry, in two boats, the 'Maid Mary Stella' and the 'Maid Mary Godiva.' With us were six boats from the City of London School, and our route was to take us down the Grand Union Canal to Brentford and then up the Thames to Thames Ditton.

On the Saturday and Sunday we sailed through two tunnels, both over a mile-and-a-quarter long, and owing to the steering of Mr. Wingate and Martin Cardinal the 'Godiva' emerged from the tunnels minus two fenders. Roger Cooke decided to throw a mallet into the canal which, after an hour's search, we gave up for lost. Our losses so far had cost us 78/-. All went fairly well until the Wednesday, when we decided to play a football match between the two boats; this resulted in one crew scoring eleven goals and the other nine, the final score being counted as six-all. Thursday was not a very happy day for Roger Cooke as he fell into the canal, and, on his way back from a trip to London, got completely lost, even though he had a map and is a staff sergeant in the C.C.F.

Owing to a breakdown on the 'Godiva,' an engineer was scheduled to come the next day, but arrived four hours late, only to tell us that he could not repair the fault and that the 'Stella' would have to tow the 'Godiva' to London. This was rather lucky for all of us, as it meant that we did not arrive that night until 10.30 p.m., at which time all the boys from London were at a concert they were putting on (and in which we had been expected to perform), and so we were able to replace some of the missing objects with parts from the London boats.

On the last day we received the prizes for having the cleanest boat during the week and the prize for getting top marks in a competition held at the Waterways' Museum earlier in the week. One boy from London went for an involuntary swim fully clothed and greatly assisted by Biel who claimed that he was defending Gilbert. Wheatley also decided that he wanted to have a dip in the canal before he went home, and also omitted to remove his clothes beforehand.

The cruise finished at 2 p.m. on April 18th. Everybody had enjoyed it and intends to go again next year.

PHILIP HADLEY, BARRY ELKINGTON
STEFAN BIEL

SCHOOL TRIP TO NAUDERS, 1970

The trip got off to an eventful start when one of us dropped a bottle of lemonade in the middle of the concourse at Euston station. The Channel crossing was very calm, and the staff spent their time teaching one of the sixth formers on the trip that Ben Nevis is 4,406 feet high. The S.N.C.F. part of the journey passed without incident, except for one youngster who decided to vomit in his couchette and wake the rest of his compartment. The last part of the journey was the usual hair-raising coach journey, for part of which we shared the coach with some Austrian children who would not sing us their national anthem even after we had sung ours.

The hotel, which we occupied solely, was owned by an Arab whose cuisine was superb. There was a variation between European and Arabian dishes, all of which brought praise from everybody except someone who tried to tell the proprietor in German that he thought the food was terrible. There was a well-stocked bar with some special schnapps that the proprietor's father-in-law made.

The ski-ing was excellent on the first three days, by which time the snow was melting at an alarming speed and we thought we would have to go all the way up the mountain, but during the night we had a snowfall of about two inches. The greatest joy as far as the ski-ing was concerned was the fact that there was no walking uphill, as there were three drag lifts and one chair lift all centred on Nauders. On the third day we were split up again, and four of our group were joined with another party from London, and together they formed the 'very advanced' group. The next group were the people who had been at least once before, and Mrs. Everest tried to keep some kind of control over this group by fining people for

swearing and dangerous ski-ing. For people who have seen O.H.M.S.S. this dangerous ski-ing may jog their memory, for a certain member of the party tried to jump a road and failed, but luckily there was a snow plough there. There were only two serious injuries, one dislocated kneecap and a torn ankle.

The après-ski consisted of a short walk to the centre of Nauders where there were numerous cafés. There was a discothèque in the village where the cheapest drink was 5/- and the newest record was Guantanamera. We visited this place only once, where a certain gentleman, who shall remain nameless, was 'picked-up' by one of the London party. The last night was spent in the largest café of the town, where everybody was presented with a certificate as a prize for competing in the races on the same morning. Mrs. Everest came first in her group, for she was the only woman in the group, and Mr. Tomlinson narrowly beat Mr. Everest in their group. Max Oates and Tom Bradbury won the other two races for their groups.

The return journey was very quiet. Three members of our group tried to make up the sleep lost the previous night when, on returning home quite late, found the doors locked, and spent the night in the London party's hotel. The younger members of the party tried to persuade the elder members of the party to take in alcohol and spirits for them, but most of them were already taking in their full quota of duty free concessions. We finally arrived at New Street at 7.50 p.m. on Cup Final day, very tired but happy after such a good holiday. The thanks of all the party go to Mr. Tomlinson and Mr. and Mrs. Everest for their good humour and understanding throughout the holiday.

KEITH McLEAN

SCHOOL CONCERT, MARCH, 1970

The first half of the concert consisted of less than first-rate music, and the performance did not always make the best of what was there. If Delius' 'La Calinda' had been taken slightly faster, the tendency to thud would have been eliminated and we would have experienced more of the grace the piece demands and which the orchestra quite often produced. Similarly, some of the humour of Rossini's Overture 'The Thieving Magpie' was lost by taking it a little too slowly, at a pace demanding better tone and attack than was fair to expect. Musical jokes must be played well; the audience must be assured that laughter would not be unkind, but welcome. Mr. Wragg played Mendelssohn's G Minor Piano Concerto with considerable technical skill, though the piano seemed to deaden the playing rather than be enlivened by it. Also, the dynamic range was very limited so that the work tended to sound as a dialogue between soloists (mezzopiano) and orchestra (forte). I felt that none of these performances penetrated to the core of the music chosen.

The second half of the concert came as rather a shock. In Haydn's 'Mass in D minor,' the choir sang with such accuracy, balance and brightness of tone that they stole the evening. The orchestra coped quite well with a difficult score and sometimes shone; they were at their best in the 'Qui Tollis' when they produced a fine robust gentleness and responded sensitively, as elsewhere, to the conductor's careful phrasing. The performance was marred by the soloists, who were not always even competent (excepting Neil Murray), and never did justice to Haydn's ravishing solo-writing. But attention turned always to the choir. Admittedly there were lapses. The taxing 'Credo' sounded a little tired and control of phrasing was weakened; intonation suffered a little in the 'Sanctus,' fineness of tone in the 'Benedictus.' But the choir never strayed far from thorough competence, and the 'Kyrie' and the 'Gloria' were, despite some variations of tempo in the latter, triumphs.

STEPHEN ABBOTT, O.E.



JUNE 70

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 2, No. 8

SCHOOL CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

At the General Committee Meeting of the School Club, the following motion was accepted nem con :

That the annual subscription for membership of the School Club be raised to £1/10/- (£1.50p).

The increase has been necessitated by rising costs and inflation, and it is the first increase in School Club subscription since 1957.

THE BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

After two years of silence to the editors of 'Chronicle,' it is time for the Biological Society to expose its secrets to the public once again. To the bulk of School members, this Society would seem much like any other in that meetings are held three times a term on divers topics; it probably achieves little else.

However, a certain amount of real work is attempted by boys throughout the School, on behalf of the Society. Such work is devised and accomplished to varying degrees of success, by the members without the guidance of a master, in most cases, in subjects beyond the School syllabus. We hope that this work will be a useful introduction for boys into the field of simple research, i.e., educating oneself rather than being educated. Study can be adapted by its instigator to cater for the scientific knowledge of any member of the School, and we are especially pleased to welcome members of the Classical forms into the Society.

Those intending to take Biology at 'A' level ought to remember that they must have experience of practical study as a requirement for the examination. The Biological Society's annual publication, named 'BIOS' since 1968, will this year consist almost entirely of the reports of the organisers of various fields of study—subjects including hormone synthesis, amino-acid separation, effects of light on algae growth rates, ecology and pollution analysis, plus, it is hoped, an article by an Old Edwardian working for his Ph.D. on respiratory cycles. Members of the School are therefore urged to buy, at nominal cost, or ask their parents to buy, copies of 'BIOS' which will be available from Speech Day, in order to acquaint themselves with the opportunities open to them.

Finally, it is hoped that a good number of you will attend the Society's meetings, especially that on the 30th June, when a visiting lecturer will talk about the biochemical control of genes. Please do not disregard the activities of the Biological, or any other society, simply because that topic does not interest you, but investigate those activities fairly before finalising your conclusions.

COLIN ROBERTS

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

Maybe Richard Maltby had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote 'A Joint Heritage' in your issue of May, 1970. If he does believe all he said, I am sorry for his powers of observation. Although there is need for a greater feeling of unity within

the foundation and there are many areas in which co-operation among the seven schools could be increased, to write that 'our contacts with other schools (of the foundation) . . . in sport are very slight' is to reveal an abysmal failure to keep his eye on the calendar.

Looking through the calendars for the School year we find that there are regular fixtures on the rugby field against Aston and Five Ways, while players from all four boys' schools frequently meet in trials and matches for Greater Birmingham and in seven-a-side competitions.

Teams for all four schools run in the Birmingham Cross Country League, and in the course of a year visit many schools in the city. Fives matches are held against Five Ways, and basketball fixtures will increase from the occasional to the frequent when our Games Hall is in use next term. Swimmers from the four schools compete against each other in various events throughout the year, and the Camp Hill club uses our pool for training.

For many years now there have been regular athletics matches involving all age groups within the foundation apart from the district, city and county meetings. Foundation cricket matches are less frequent, but not unknown.

This list becomes boring. Suffice it to say that, on the games field at any rate, the members of the four boys' schools of the King Edward's Foundation are no strangers to each other. There is a strong sense of rivalry; beating the 'High School' is still fair game, and this happens often enough to prevent KES feeling 'superior to the rest of the foundation' as Maltby bemoaned.

MARTIN LEE

ATHLETICS, 1970

The Athletics teams have so far this year enjoyed rather mixed success; the Seniors have beaten five schools and lost to five, while the U.17 and U.15 teams have vanquished all comers. The record of the Junior teams speaks for itself, but the Seniors have suffered from lack of strength in depth to back up some excellent individual performances. A greater indication of the enthusiasm for the sport has been the unprecedentedly large numbers of people regularly training and competing.

Throughout the winter, training sessions were well attended, reaching a high point during the Easter holidays, when staggering numbers of people turned up. A useful boost to the School's training has been the Warwickshire Schools Coaching Scheme, aimed at producing a county team capable of winning the National Championships in July at Solihull. As the county team consists of only 60 athletes, the number of people from KES benefiting from these courses has been smaller than we would have liked. A more universal opportunity for coaching was the Midland Counties A.A.A. course at Birmingham University. Nine athletes from School took part in this three-day scheme, all of whom derived great benefit from it. Thus the foundations of success were well laid.

So far the School has competed against ten schools in five matches, beating all but King Edward's Five Ways and Warwick School overall.

The first match of the season was held last term at Shrewsbury, against Shrewsbury and Denstone. That the match was completed is a tribute to the ground staff of Shrewsbury, as there was a layer of snow on the track until a couple of days beforehand. We waited until the first week of this term for our next competition—the annual Foundation match, held at the University track. As is customary on these occasions, there were some excellent performances—probably the most notable of which was a 'double' in the 400 metres and 800 metres by T. E. Scholar, now sadly departed.

Our first match at home took place a week later when we were hosts to Bournville GTS on the remains of the Eastern Road circuit. Although no races longer than 200 metres were possible, it proved to be a splendid match, with many School records and personal bests. The match also furnished an excellent opportunity for assessing the not inconsiderable talent lower down the school. A week later the two senior teams departed for the exotic reaches of Leamington for the Holden Trophy match against Warwick and RGS, Worcester. Owing to a misunderstanding, Solihull School competed in the match, although they did not count in the trophy results. Despite an excellent performance by the U.17 team, the Holden Trophy was lost, for the first time in three years, to a very powerful Warwick School team. Our last match to date was that against Ratcliffe College, which took place on a glorious Saturday afternoon at Ratcliffe. We had become so accustomed to competition whilst soaked to the skin and freezing to death that the heat took us quite by surprise, consequently, performances never approached our best, although the match resulted in a win overall for the School.

In addition to school matches, various members of teams have been competing in individual competitions. The first of these was in January, when three people took part in the National Indoor Championships at R.A.F. Cosford, S. G. Johnson gaining second place in the junior high jump and M. C. Lee third place in the junior triple jump. In the heats of the Birmingham Grammar Schools meeting, four people successfully reached their finals, which will be held in the near future. Finally, 11 members of the School will represent Kings Norton in the Birmingham Schools meeting on June 6th.

Besides the bare facts of competition, the season has produced its lighter moments. The spectacle of Steven Johnson attempting to decapitate everyone within range whilst throwing the discus at Ratcliffe must have been very amusing to those out of the line of fire . . . how is it that Tim Wenman only records good times when suffering from a particularly virulent form of plague . . . ? champion hammer thrower Roy Clarke has abandoned experiments with his six-turn technique, having screwed himself into the ground three times in the past fortnight . . . shot putter Brian Hanna no longer trains on whale meat and biscuits. Instead he now uses the conventional concrete circles!

Mention must be made of the track. It is faintly ironic that in a year when we are particularly fortunate with the number of quality athletes in the School, we are somewhat limited because of alterations to the track. Mr. Holden has performed a great job in producing the usual splendid surface on that part of the track we can use, and preparing a 400 metre circuit on the South Field. To him we offer our grateful thanks, as we do also to all those people who have given up their time to encourage and coach us, particularly Mr. Symes.

The following School records have been broken this season :

Senior 100 Metres : A. R. D. Starr, 11.1 secs.

Senior 100 Metres Hurdles : M. C. Lee, 15.2 secs.

U.17 Discus : S. G. Johnson, 42.10 metres (138 ft.).

U.17 100 Metres Hurdles : S. G. Johnson, 15.0 secs.

U.17 High Jump (equalled): S. G. Johnson, 1.67 metres (5ft. 6in.).

U.17 4 x 100 Metres Relay : S. D. Jones, S. G. Johnson, R. M. Clarke, T. L. Wenman, 46.9 secs.

U.15 100 Metres : M. Galilee, 12.1 secs.

U.15 Triple Jump : R. H. Perks, 10.65 metres (35ft. 1½in.).

MARTIN LEE

A SCHOOL MOUNTAIN CLUB

At a brief meeting on 29th May, a score or so of boys and masters met to express their interest in the revival of a School Mountain Club.

A cursory review of post-war Chronicles reveals the existence of an earlier club formed in 1950 by Mr. W. D. M. Lutyens. Its life was vigorous but short, for there is no account of it after the departure of its founder in 1952. However, there is no shortage of evidence of an enthusiasm for mountaineering at KES, both before and after this club's brief reign. Many expeditions to mountainous regions at home and abroad were led by Messrs. Benett, Dodds, Mathews and Whalley, among others. Their aim was two-fold : to introduce boys to mountaineering, and to combine with this geographical, geological and biological field-work. Other boys, through the generosity of the governors, extended their experience under the auspices of the Outward Bound Trust and the British Schools Exploration Society. In addition to these enterprises, successive generations of boys have received their invitation to mountains through the annual ventures by the Scouts and CCF.

Why then a Mountain Club in 1970? For several reasons : The national increase in an interest in climbing; fewer boys remain in the Scouts or CCF in their senior years; scarce instructors must be economically used; the abolition of Saturday morning school has facilitated weekend expeditions.

"The Mountain Club" was deliberately chosen as the title to include many aspects of mountain life. It is very much hoped that all boys who find themselves attracted to the mountains—as biologists, geographers, hill-walkers, photographers, rock-climbers or skiers—will be able to gain from and contribute to this club.

C.K.S.

DRAMA

The West Country Tour

King Edward's Treatre Group's 'The Winter's Tale,' in Falmouth, Taunton and Street.

After a fortnight's rehearsal, the company left Birmingham on a misty Saturday morning. Twelve days later, it arrived back on a wet, dull, Wednesday afternoon. In between times, the company had quite a lot of sunshine, with a few wet patches, plus much praise and experience. The tour taught us several things—how not to get on each other's nerves, how to play bridge on a coach without looking as sick as one felt, how not to throw darts, how to make a ginger wine last one hour, how to cope with threatening insanity amongst one's companions. Above all, the tour gave us the benefit of playing to strange audiences, with no reason to patronise (unlike school audiences), in buildings intended for theatrical performances (unlike Big School).

The main reason for the tour was to see if we could justify ourselves to people who were interested in theatre rather than in an annual social function. The audiences—much larger than expected, much more appreciative than ever dreamed of—came to see 'The Winter's Tale,' not out of a sense of duty to the School or their child, but because they wanted to. The tour pro-

vided us with invaluable experience in this respect alone, that we had to convince strangers of our worth. We not only convinced them, but impressed them. And we also had the unenviable task of selling Shakespeare to young children, who were more interested in fidgeting, talking, giggling, dirty jokes and nose-picking, than in 'The Winter's Tale.' We like to think we won them over.

Presenting our work to outsiders was fundamental to the progress of drama in the School. The School performances in January produced wildly differing reactions, from extravagant praise to the bitterest hostility. It was necessary to judge our work by another yardstick. This we did, and in this we succeeded: all the critics who came liked us, some to distraction, and comments from others were tantalisingly pleasant. But because of our success, there is no reason to feel totally reassured. We have put our drama to one test, and have come out on top; but it is the first of many tests. And there is still a small, nagging doubt that the critics' praise arose from a sense of relief at seeing a play uncluttered by sets and farcical landladies, that was obviously better than what they usually have to sit through. If we were judged by the comparatively low standards of West Country drama, then the critics' praise is hardly definite proof of our quality. It remains to be seen whether we would succeed in a more competitive, critical region.

It is necessary for King Edward's Theatre Group to continue touring as much as possible, in order to be able to view their work objectively. If it does not, it is in the greatest danger of losing sight of what theatre is about, cushioned away in an enclosed, unreal institution, which encourages complacency and cliquishness.

KEVIN LEE

The Junior Play—'The Insect Play' **May 19th and 20th, 1970**

After last year's successful liaison with the Music Department for the opera and play, 'Noye's Fludde,' the Junior Dramatic Society this year, under the direction of Mr. Trott, turned to the clearly allegorical drama of 'The Insect Play,' by the Czech Capek Brothers. The suitability of this play choice as a junior play must be questionable, since it does not offer the opportunity for the ebullient style of acting which has been an important factor in the success of junior plays prior to 'Noyes Fludde,' both under the direction of Mr. Alldridge, and in the later 'Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew.' It is true that the play has one vital characteristic of junior plays—a large number of parts, but this must be balanced against the fact that the play requires the continual presence upon the stage of one major character—The Tramp. This meant that at an age when the acting ability of any person is inevitably undeveloped, one actor had to be called upon to take a part which is demanding, both physically and in terms of acting ability.

Suitability as a junior play apart, 'The Insect Play' has a limited dramatic effect. The dialogue is often banal and uninteresting, and the political/social allegory between the insects and man, 'The Lord of Creation,' is often so emphasized as to become jarringly blatant.

Despite this choice of play, however, audiences on both nights enjoyed performances unmarred by the embarrassing halts in the action or complete breakdowns that the audience dreads when watching junior school drama. This in itself represents a considerable achievement and shows that all the boys taking part were involved in their parts, however small. The ever-efficient stage staff and technicians also played a vital part in this achievement, as did Sue Cochrane, who took on the part of Mrs. Cricket at two days' notice—a fact which was certainly not reflected in her performance.

Three other individual performances are worthy of mention. Badsey, in the vital part of The Tramp, suffered from the widespread fault of insufficient pointing and projection of lines, but managed consistently to convey the impression of word-weariness which is central to The Tramp's character. Unkind people in the audience murmured that 'he was just like that normally,' which may be true, but is not particularly valid as a criticism, since few stage performances can be totally divorced from the actor's personality. Inglis appeared as the self-appointed, instantly-operational pesticide, the Ichneumon Fly, and not only generated a stage presence which was understandably missing from many performances, but was also, along with Michael Reasbeck, one of the actors who maintained clarity of expression throughout. Both he and Reasbeck were successful within the limits of their parts, and, given the opportunities presented by larger roles, may be actors for the future.

The purpose of the Junior Play has always been to present entertaining performances, while giving would-be actors stage experience, and to present other younger boys with the difficulties which accompany any production. This, the Junior Play achieved, and can therefore be considered a success.

GORDON SMITH

Two Poems by Michael Jackson

CHRISTMAS, 1969

A snowflake cuts into the earth
In front of the window. Those
White flecks are little more than
Frozen imagination.

Cold comfort time again, and a dearth
Of friendship is indicated—Meung
And Genet disputing a rose—
Which is nothing less than the
Symbol of the dying ages.

Constantine conquers here in
A quiet valley, and the peasants
Find God in the kirk by the lake,
Which is iced at the edges, and
Beginning to crystallise completely.

High in the steel shard
Night, on the hard-as-night crags
Of Stac Dubh
The eagle folds its Christmas
Wings to rest.

And here the snow still
Falls on the mother-warm earth.

ECLOGUE

E.M.G. :

My faded light blue lover is ill,
And now lies abed without light.
What is in the wind?

E.M.G. :

The angels must come and take her to sleep.
The morning is yet to speak out.

E. M. Grey :

But when the raven comes and calls
The morn, the mourning notes will fall
And unto hell's dark banks
She will slip and be
Black nothing for a hundred
Long-life years of life-death.
Does the sun shine deep in the grass?

E. M. Green :

But when the seas are dust
And the land is air, that
Nothing will wail across the skies
Until laid to rest in
The Valley of Death.
Yes, but a cloud scratches into the new sky.

E. Marie Grey :

I shall sing my songs
Of Woe, and the Death-
Dirge will weep again through
The breath of Pluto.
But how do the green fields see it?

E. Marie Green :

However, in the black days of
Horror, the light-blue lark will be
Uplifted, until the black-long night
Turns to the grey mist of pain
That will raise itself from the East.
Dusk must say it yet.

Elsbeth Marie Grey :

And when the final note is sounded over the
Sky, the Worm will finally
Lift its head to Heaven and laugh
For sorrow's sake, till it moves to find
Another place, in the black of another black.
Do the sandsnow-trees say other things?

Edward Marie Green :

But until that long-lost day
The chanter must weep on the hills,
For the piper must fulfil his tune.
And now we must return home, for
It is the day's end.

THE BUSINESS GAME, 1969-70

KES entered the Business Game, run by International Computers Limited, in conjunction with the Institute of Chartered Accountants, at its incipience in 1967. There were then only 27 competing schools. This year that number was trebled, so popular has the game proved.

The results of the first two heats were printed in previous 'Chronicles.' The third heat was fiercely contested and ended in a narrow KES victory. All three teams made large profits in excess of £4,000,000, KES winning by only £250,000. This victory was achieved under boom conditions when the correct policy was clearly to raise prices and simultaneously expand production. KES were less timid than their competitors (Brockenhurst and Alleyn's School) and spent lavishly on reaserch and development, the beneficial effect of which was to reduce their unit cost of production. They correctly advanced their share of the valuable 'home' market from 45% at commencement to an average of 57%, and also penetrated the away areas. They finished the game with a comfortable gross profit of £17 per unit and a vast net profit.

Having reached the semi-finals, KES were in turn to experience the frustration of a close defeat at the hands of St. Dunstan's College. The issue was in doubt until the fourth and final play, when St. Dunstan's raised their prices to what seemed a suicidally high level, but their gamble succeeded; they collared a sizeable and highly-profitable percentage of the contracting market and were still able to withstand a fairly large inventory. KES played a sensible game throughout and were only beaten into second place by £140,000 (Tonbridge were third). They were inclined to over-market, particularly in Period I, and also started too

cautiously, the result of over-estimating the elasticity of the product they were selling.

This was easily the most successful foray the School has made into the Business Game. The Board revealed many of the qualities held to be vital to any successful management team—expertise, judgment, and a willingness to take risks. Hunt and Waterhouse particularly proved to be embryonic entrepreneurs, and useful, if sometimes tacit, support was given by Morle, Seabrook and Bridgewater.
D.B.G.

VENTURE SCOUT TRIP TO Ffestiniog

After spending some time looking for an unusual half-term activity, we hit upon the idea of working as volunteers on the Ffestiniog railway. This is a narrow gauge line that runs between Portmadoc and, eventually, Blaenau Ffestiniog. The line was constructed about 100 years ago to accommodate the needs of a prospering quarrying industry. But as the local demand subsided, so did the number of railway workers, and the line is now run with only a skeleton staff. This means that volunteers are more than welcome at any time of the year to do simple labouring and maintenance tasks.

We left School a mere two hours late in a 12-seater mini-bus hired very cheaply from the University. The slight delay was because someone had forgotten to obtain one or two essential items—like food and petrol. Once under way everything went smoothly, and Mr. Nelson removed all secret doubts by proving to be a fairly competent driver. Apart from a brief halt to take on milk, the only stop was for a meal in Bala. The journey continued and we arrived at the camp site near Portmadoc with just enough time to pitch the tents before dark.

The following morning most of us got up at an unearthly hour, and those who did not were democratically elected to do chores. Amazingly, we arrived for 'work' on time, but we were slightly over-awed at our allotted tasks. The major job was to dig up a siding 50 yards long, which had not been touched for 90 years, and to relay the track. The enormity of this task will be realised if you have ever tried moving a rail single-handed.

However, we made such good progress that we were given a complimentary ride up to the present end of the line at Ddualt and back. The ride was an excuse for a rest, but it left one wondering why people paid money to sit in 'sardine cans' and squint at not very pictureseque countryside. The railway is used for both local industry and tourists, and until it is completed it is more suited to the former purpose.

The return journey was uneventful except that Mr. Nelson's statement had to be modified to 'We haven't hit anything moving,' after a little incident with a Cortina bumper. The only probable traffic delay was at Bridgnorth, and this was avoided by local knowledge of country lanes. We arrived back exhausted, and everyone looked forward to the beginning of school as a chance to recover from the effects of half-term.

PETER SOUTHERN



SEPTEMBER 70

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 3, No. 1

School Notes

MR. E. V. SMITH

At the end of the summer term the School said goodbye to E. V. Smith. From 1933 to 1970 he had been Senior Mathematics Master and, during the last 25 years, Second Master. K.E.S. always admires and appreciates a master who is on top of his subject and E.V., a wrangler with distinction in 1926, was certainly that. But he was more than that; he had a quality of gentlemanliness which made him loved and respected by those who were fortunate enough to be in his sets. During his last years at K.E.S., in which illness severely curtailed his mobility, our admiration was intensified and this fact was revealed in many small ways. In the Dining Hall, when self-service became the rule, there was always some boy to find out what E.V. wanted and to serve him. The lovely garden at Mayo House, in which E.V. and his wife took such pride, was a testimonial also to the work of several Maths. VI boys who helped out in the years when E.V. found it difficult to do all that he would have wished there. The farewell present to him from the School included donations from many former members of the Mathematical Sixth who wished to join in.

He will be sadly missed around the School by boys and masters, but we are grateful to him for his influence and example during the last 37 years. We wish him and Mrs. Smith many happy years of retirement in Cheltenham.

M.A.P.

MR. F. L. KAY

With the retirement of Frank Kay from the Common Room after 35 years' service the School loses one of its most versatile masters. Born in New Zealand, he first graduated there, and then took a further degree in Classics at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He continued his Commonwealth-trotting and lectured for a time at Toronto University. His first teaching post in this country was for a single term at a school somewhere in Wales, which, to judge from his reminiscences of it, might have been the original of Evelyn Waugh's 'Decline and Fall.' When the first XV had a tough fixture or were depleted by injury or illness, the young master from Canada found himself perhaps in the scrum, perhaps at stand-off half. His departure from that Llanabba-like institution was preceded by a holocaust: the masters, frozen by a hard winter and denied a fire in the Common Room by the Headmaster, broke up the Common Room furniture for fuel, and were thereupon sacked in a body by the Head.

'Llanabba' was followed by a short time at Stamford School, Lincs., after which Mr. Kay came to King Edward's in 1935, originally to teach German as well as Latin. For some years now his work has lain mainly in the Classical Department, where his scholarly abilities and interests have made a notable contribution to Sixth Form teaching. But as a Form Master he has also been at home in the hurly-burly of Middle School life. During his long service here he has been in charge of School swimming, has done some Scouting, and has directed school music (recent generations

of Edwardians may not realise that music is his chief hobby, that he has been an accomplished flautist, and that he has tried his hand—and a deft hand it is—at composition).

Humani nil a me alienum puto. If that may be translated, 'I regard nothing in the human scene as outside the scope of my interest,' then it will suit F.L.K. He has a versatile and ever-alert curiosity, and a remarkable ability to master a book or a subject in next to no time. Both his colleagues and his pupils will remember his fluency of speech and the scope of his knowledge; and those of us who have been treated to a lift in his Mini will not easily forget his unerring dives into the short gaps in Bristol Road traffic. We wish him and Mrs. Kay a long and happy retirement.

F.J.W.

MR. A. C. GOSLING

At the end of the Summer term we were all far from happy to say goodbye to Mr. A. C. Gosling, a well-beloved and talented colleague of many years standing. From Trinity Hall, Cambridge, war service in the Intelligence Corps in Italy, and a short period in Carlisle, he came to us to teach French and German throughout the School, and on many occasions he also took a considerable share of our Spanish. In his spare time he was a major organiser of our dining hall facilities and of the elaborate medical care which has now become commonplace in educational establishments, and he still had time left over to write plays, novels, and radio scripts. All of us felt that we had lost an able colleague, a man of keen humour, and a very kindly friend. In his retirement we wish him all the happiness which he so well deserves.

V.J.B.

INDIVIDUAL MUSIC COMPETITION

7th May, 1970

The object of the Junior Sections of this competition is of course to provide an opportunity for younger musicians to perform in public. Inevitably, the lack of experience in this sphere means that in most cases the battle is one against nerves rather than against the other competitors. However, although the term 'promising' can so often be synonymous with 'bad,' there were several performances, notably among the junior string players, which augur very well for School music generally in a few years' time. Furthermore, P. C. Russell and H. Rees are already, in the Upper Middles, quite accomplished pianists, and J. A. Cowsill potentially an excellent flautist.

In the Senior Competition there was a refreshing number of polished performances, outstanding among which were Neil Macfadyen's performance of a Mozart Violin Sonata, Timothy Cranmore's song, and the Christopher Hodges' Show. Neil Macfadyen is technically a very fine violinist, and is, in addition, a first class and dedicated musician who works very hard at his playing; the result of such a combination is always an excellent performance in every respect, tuning, tone and phrasing. Timothy Cranmore's singing deserves mention (even though he did not actually win his section) simply because of his superb bass voice, and the way in which his vocal range caused gasps of

amazement and despair from the other competitors in the solo voice section. Both that and the Woodwind and Brass section were won by Christopher Hodges. He, too, combines technical skill, both in trumpet playing and voice production, with dedication, and being a first-rate musician, is not content merely to make a noise on the right note at the right time. He works hard to achieve a high standard of performance.

The evening as a whole was enjoyable for the (unjustifiably small) audience, and valuable for the performers, of whatever age. Professor Keys, the adjudicator, was faced with making some very difficult decisions, some of which did not please everybody, but his remarks on individual performances were always relevant and helpful, and sometimes amusing. It is significant that it was the organ, and not he, that expired at the end of the evening.

NORMAN MACDONALD

OXFAM CONCERT

At the interval of the Oxfam Concert, it was embarrassing to be asked for an opinion. The untidy performance of the Schubert did not fulfil promises in the programme of 'glowing melodies and witty rhythmic schemes.' Both the Purcell anthem and the Haydn chorus suffered from a uniformity of sound which suggested no attempt at detailed phrasing or at shaping the whole piece. The momentum and brevity of the Haydn, with the impressive noise of the choir, carried it off; but the Purcell dragged; it was not a wise choice. Palestrina's music, too, has to be shaped with elaborate, delicate care in order to penetrate the audience's mind, and I don't see how we can expect such rare qualities at an Oxfam Concert. The Gloria, though, was successful, for both choir and audience were kept alert by its changing demands. I found this very moving. I was also impressed by Chris Hodges' attempt at effective phrasing throughout the Hummel trumpet concerto; it didn't always sound convincing but the attempt was made with skill, and often came off very well.

After the interval, embarrassment yielded to pleasure. The English Folk Songs were a good choice; their effect is immediate, and they are encouraging to sing; the result was pleasantly varied and full-blooded. Personally, I find the juxtaposition of such words with Vaughan-Williams' rather naive polyphony often very funny, and, surely, when singers, especially schoolboys, sing in such a style about the affairs of such a pretty, bonny lass, the incongruity of the situation cries out for witty emphasis. The spirit behind the performances seemed dutiful rather than enchanted, in fact; but the music came over well to the audience.

The Rumanian Folk Dances were a great success, and Nos. 2 and 4 were especially well-controlled; both pianist and violinist exuded confidence and skill, and deserved their success. 'Zodak the Priest' concluded the concert (is it worth doing without a string orchestra to play the marvellous opening?). At first the choir's tone was coarse, but the improvement was enormous, and the control of those long semiquaver runs very impressive.

There are one or two other things, finally, which the performers ought to know about. Great attack on certain consonants in certain places sounded professional, but also ludicrous, because there was no consistency. Kkkyrie eleizzzon, sang the choir, but some words disappeared altogether in the Folk Songs. In other words, the attack seemed more an affectation than part of an overall attitude and interpretation. The other point is that, pleasant as it is both to conductor and to audience that the conducting should be flamboyant, I'm not sure that it is as helpful to the performers as a plainer style would be.

The concert raised £63 gross for Oxfam.

STEPHEN ABBOTT.

THE FIFTH FORM CONFERENCE, 1970

Faced with the unenviable task of keeping a horde of fifth formers from this school and K.E.H.S. profitably entertained for the three weeks between the 'O' levels and the end of term, the Chief Master and Mr. Trott arranged a series of lectures, films, plays and discussions which were generally interesting and enjoyable.

The films were certainly the most popular items, particularly 'In the Heat of the Night,' starring Sidney Poitier and Rod Steiger. This was an excellent film dealing with a controversial topic which provided plenty of material for discussion afterwards. The others, including the classic Western 'High Noon,' were possibly less successful because of their age, but were still enjoyable relaxation. The two plays that were presented by touring theatre groups provided most people with their first introduction to contemporary drama. The productions themselves were good, but it was only after a discussion with members of the casts about the dramatic techniques used in the plays that most people began to appreciate them. This was particularly true of 'The Lesson' by Ionesco, which was an example of 'absurd drama.'

The most interesting of the talks was that by Dr. Anton Stevens on the rudiments of psychology, and it was disappointing that a following lecture on psychic phenomena did not live up to its predecessor in the number of fascinating revelations it made. However, the two talks left a lasting impression, and will probably account for any dabbling in black magic or amateur psychoanalysis among next term's Divisions!

The main feature of the conference, however, was the small discussion groups into which we were divided. After each lecture or film we were despatched in these groups to various rooms, where we discussed a wide range of subjects, usually inspired by what we had heard earlier that day. Despite occasional periods of meditative silence, the discussions gave people a chance to talk freely and seriously, and so filled a gap left by the usual school curriculum.

The conference as a whole was wound up by a highly organised two-day conference called 'The Challenge of Industry Conference.' A team of managerial executives took over the leadership of the discussion groups which now fixed their attention on the problems of management, the material having been provided by short films and talks given by representatives of management and labour. The conference was persuasively and intelligently led by Mr. Jim Brown and proved informative and stimulating. Its organisation, by Mr. Brown and Miss Rosemary Peddar, was excellent.

The majority of people were left extremely satisfied with the arrangements that had been made for the past weeks.

JOHN FAULKNER

SPEECH DAY EXHIBITIONS

Notable amongst the Speech Day activities were three displays held during the week-end. Most striking of these was the art exhibition which gradually invaded the western half of the lower corridor and part of the Science School during the week preceding Speech Day. In the Art Department itself the versatility and ability of many 'non-artistic' members of the School was testified by a wide array of craft and design, while the entries for the art and architecture competitions showed what had been achieved this year by the specialists. The corridor exhibitions certainly impressed the work of the Art Department on those boys who have never ventured up there since the Removes; decorating the walls with our own work seems a very satisfactory idea, and it was unfortunate that the exhibition was not up longer.

The new laboratories of the Science School were filled with an impressive maze of scientific apparatus, going until the title of 'Science Conversation.' Those who had the time and inclination to study the displays found them interesting and informative, but those with only a few minutes to spare were overwhelmed by the complexity of the matter. The subjects chosen for demonstration were most commendable and a lot of effort must have gone into their preparation. The scientists reacted well to the opportunity of showing what they attempt and achieve.

The smallest of the exhibitions was a compact and concise introduction to geology given by this year's geology syndicate. A comprehensive and well-arranged display of maps, models and specimens was very informative, but because this exhibition was almost forgotten about until the last moment, it probably did not get as many visitors as it deserved.

JEREMY GRAY

C.C.F. GENERAL INSPECTION, 1970

This highpoint of the C.C.F.'s social year was held on May 15, Air Vice Marshal H. A. V. Hogan, C.B., D.F.C., attending as the reviewing officer.

The massed band, sadly depleted and consisting of only three musicians, provided the music for the march past, but the precision of the marching did not seem to be affected by the lack of volume from the band.

As it was rather a warm evening, we were envious of the R.N. section's canoeing demonstration, which was falling into the swimming bath and rescuing itself with regular efficiency. I did wonder whether the rescuers were meant to keep hold of their paddles during the operation, but even if this was not the case, they managed to improvise adequately.

Outside the swimming bath, the R.N. dinghy was hove to after its circumnavigation of the parade ground. Its occupants were briefed to answer questions on points of sailing, but often seemed more concerned with verifying the old saying: 'All the nice girls love a sailor.'

A third naval attraction was the aerial runway, powered by hordes of sweaty bodies, holding on to ropes, trundling up Park Vale. The cunning design of this runway meant that it started in one tree and finished in another. The first tree presented no problem, but hurtling towards the second, one began to realise that all did not bode well. For all but very keen botanists seeking an impression of the bark of *Acer Pseudoplatanus*, premature descent—into Mr. Holden's conveniently placed compost heap—was recommended.

The R.A.F. had brought its glider into service again, and everyone was startled, not least the pilot, when it reached a greater height than at any time in the previous 10 years. The pilot quickly descended from 15 feet and landed just out of range of the Scout Group's display of ancient weapons.

Those parents with the killer instinct were invited by Mr. Cockle to try their luck in the shooting range. Others visited the Signals Section display or the displays and film show in the Geography Room.

Meanwhile, back on the South Field, a mock battle was raging. Connolly Company's attack on Vince House was being resisted by the occupants of a pseudo-fort, and several groups of curiously-garbed people spread across the South Field. Amidst loud reports from thunder-flashes, a display of Verey lights, occasional cries of 'Bang-bang' from the School captain, and derisive comments from the occupants of the student residence, the attack was pressed home. At last the goodies overran the outlying pockets of resistance, and then, withdrawing their blood-covered bayonets from the still-twitching bodies, they attacked and destroyed the fort.

There then followed the address to the assembled corps, during which some unfortunates, overcome by the heat and the sight of blood, were whisked away by those manning the first-aid post (courtesy of the K.E.S. Scout Group) for recovery.

And this concluded the evening's entertainment.

ANDREW BELL

C.C.F. ARMY CAMP, JULY, 1970

Blandford Forum, Dorset

Thursday, 16th—

Incredibly hot train journey to Salisbury via Bristol. Accommodation: five large wooden huts to be demolished on our departure—if not earlier—as the entire camp is being modernised.

Friday, 17th—

Our hosts, 30th Signal Regt., are on 12 hours stand-by because of the docks emergency. No regular instructors are available, so our own versatile N.C.O.s muddle through the S.M.G. We visit the museum of the Royal School of Signals over the valley, containing medals, uniforms, stuffed carrier pigeons, and, oddly enough, a fair number of radios.

Saturday, 18th—

Slim Pl. give a demonstration of a night fighting patrol—slow but successful. Realism is one thing, but walking around with blacked-out faces under a sweltering sun is NO joke. Afternoon visit to R.A. Open Day at Larkhill. As a grand finale, a £1,200 bang whizzes past our noses going west. Exit the total expenditure for the annual firing of one Honest John. If you get fed up with the bangs, there's always the refreshment tent.

Sunday, 19th—

Free day. Vyse Pl. en masse go mackerel fishing at Weymouth. Slim and Vyse Pls. are busily engaged on night operations; mopping up continues until the early hours.

Monday, 20th—

There is an element of mass hysteria but underneath morale is good. The seniors spend a restful afternoon in the back of 3-ton trucks, and have an impromptu visit to Portland Bill. We learn about the S.L.R. and several radios.

Tuesday, 21st—

More radios and drill. Slim go under canvas on Salisbury Plain, and suffer with one degree of frost.

Wednesday, 22nd—

The whole contingent moves to Salisbury Plain. Main attraction: Section and platoon attacks with lots and lots of blank ammo. Two night ops. very successful, but limited in scope. Many think they would have been better if there had been one large scheme.

Thursday, 23rd—

Return very tired to camp. Sleep all way to R.A.C. Bovington Tank Museum—a superb collection of tanks of all shapes, sizes, vintages and nationalities. Sleep on way back to camp.

Friday, 24th—

Leave camp exhausted but triumphant. To the traditional question: 'Did you enjoy it?' we reply: 'Mmm . . . er . . . Yes.' In fact, we shall be talking about this camp for a long time.

CHRISTOPHER HODGES

SWIMMING REPORT, 1970 (or the Andrew Freeman Show)

Unhappily, the belief seems to be prevalent throughout the School that swimming, as a sport, is purely one of the various face-savers for those lesser beings not endowed with the divine ability to hurl a ball accurately at one another. Indeed, the status of the school swimmer has sunk to such a low level that he is now not merely accused of resorting to a minor sport, but actually of possessing hidden gills, webbed-feet and clandestine blow-holes.

To defend this glorious sport has previously proved to be of no avail, and yet one can but try. But how many people will listen when told that swimming requires a very high level of fitness, both physical and mental, and regular and intensive training; and at a more advanced level, an acute knowledge, not only of the human constitution and its various systems, but also of the vastly complicated nuances of stroke technique. Indeed, how many would believe that swimming is one of the most technical competitive activities recognised by any sporting organisation in the world?

In terms of school swimming, perhaps, the sport is rather more straightforward; but surely the fact that the 1969-70 season has left the senior and U-14 teams undefeated yet again has some significance; and one cannot but feel respect for the deprived U-16½ team, which, robbed of all its best swimmers, nevertheless trained its heart out, and won all but two of its matches.

Water polo produced its apparently inevitable series of successes, and had it not been for a doubtful result at Solihull, our players would again have romped home to face the Old Eds. with yet another undefeated season tucked under their speedo strings.

The thanks of every swimmer are extended whole-heartedly towards Mr. Cotter for his tireless efforts on their behalf; and sad farewells are bade to Mr. Morris and his wife (towards whose continued involvement in school swimming we feel much gratitude, and whom we wish a very happy retirement), and also to D. R. Glover, whose efforts as secretary have not passed unnoticed, and whose infallible 'flip-shot' will shine at Caius, though lost to K.E.S.

ANDREW FREEMAN

Results of School Matches, 1969-70

K.E.S. v. Trent

Seniors won 52—35. U-16½ won 47—41.
U-14 won 49—38.

K.E.S. v. Bromsgrove

Seniors won 58—38. U-16½ won 37—35.
U-14 won 38—28.

K.E.S. v. Repton

Seniors won 58—30. U-16½ won 37—29.
U-14 won 38—28.

K.E.S. v. Malvern

Seniors won 52—25. U-16½ won 41—26.
U-14 won 42—25.

K.E.S. v. Wrekin

Seniors won 60—29. U-16½ won 40—27.
U-14—no match.

K.E.S. v. Solihull

Seniors won 51—27. U-16½ lost 37—43.
U-14 won 32—24.

K.E.S. v. Shrewsbury

Seniors won 48½—18½. U-16½ won 36—31.
U-14 won 30—26.

K.E.S. v. Rugby

Seniors won 90—55. U-16½ lost 50—67.
U-14—no match.

K.E.S. v. Oundle (new fixture)

Seniors won 90—30. U-16½ won 50—39.
U-14—no match.

CRICKET REPORT, 1970

The season promised a great deal for before the first match there were more than 11 players who had previously played for the XI and several with experience in club cricket. The weather was fine throughout, wickets were good, and all seemed set for a splendid season. And so it eventually proved, but not before inconsistent batting—by a strong batting side—had resulted in three defeats, against Wrekin, R.G.S. Worcester, and Denstone. June and July, however, brought better batting form, and victories were recorded against King's School, Worcester, the Common Room, Solihull, the O.E.A., Hardye's School, Dorchester, and D. H. Benson's XI. In their defence of the Warwickshire Grammar Schools K.O., the XI reached the semi-final before bowing out to Bishop Vesey's G.S., the eventual winners. Despite the poor start and defeats by very strong M.C.C. and Gentlemen of Worcester teams during cricket week, this was a very successful and what is more, a very enjoyable season. This can be measured by the fine individual performances recorded, and also by the fact that there were only three draws during the season. In none of these games—against Warwick, Trent and the XL Club—was the XI guilty of defensive cricket. Indeed, the latter game was drawn with the XI needing two to exceed the opposition total of 233—a superb finale to a very enjoyable season.

There was a fine team spirit, and everyone contributed in some way during the season, either on or off the field. S. C. Williams, an astute captain and successful all-rounder, enjoyed a fine season, typified by a quick-time century against Trent College and 6 for 38 against the O.E.A. He was a fine social skipper who survived dire threats to his hair by S. M. Hollingworth. R. W. G. Eglin, the unwilling bearer of the mantle of senior pro., bowled steadily throughout the season, and emerged as an aggressive batsman in the last two

RESULTS OF THE COCK HOUSE COMPETITION, 1970

		Cary	Gilson	Evans	Gifford	Heath	Jeune	Levett	Prince Lee	Vardy
Rugby	30	20	70	80	60	50	10	40
Fives	10½	24	6	18	10½	3	15	21
Chess	6	12	10	8	14	2	16	4
Water Polo	4	1½	5	7	1½	8	6	3
Gym	1	7	5	3	8	6	4	2
Music	6	4	8	1	7	5	2	3
Cross-Country	8	5	4	1	7	6	2	3
Athletics	24	12	18	42	48	36	6	30
Tennis	3	14	16	8	10	3	6	12
Swimming	6	18	42	36	12	48	24	30
Cricket	16	44	24	32	56	8	44	64
TOTAL	114½	161½	208	238	236	175	135	212
Overall position	8th	6th	4th	1st	2nd	5th	7th	3rd

R. J. GRANT, Recorder

games. His 37, in a partnership with M. R. Seabrook of 53 in 14 minutes to win the game against Hardye's, will long be remembered by those who saw it. Despite early promise, S. D. Taylor's fast bowling failed to achieve the accuracy essential on the prevailing hard wickets, but he was a great social success, and on one occasion in cricket week the captain ruled him unfit to bowl before lunch. J. G. Winspear is a fine batsman who bore the comments about his press agent with considerable good humour and emerged with an excellent innings of 85 against King's, Worcester, and a mature one of 52, whilst wickets were falling, against the Gentlemen of Worcester. A. Mitra revealed himself as a pie-eater on a gargantuan scale, and at one time was reported to be going for his thousand in May. As for batting, he struggled somewhat early on, but his 62 against the O.E.O. (11 fours and a six) was a model of superb aggression and the basis of a large total. T. I. Lewis came into the side late on and bowled in-swingers with such success that he topped the averages. A. K. Chambers played steady cricket, but his batting suffered as a result of mysterious trips to Newcastle, after which running between the wickets presented a considerable problem. S. M. Hollingworth bowled well early on and took five wickets against Denstone, but his bowling suffered horribly as a result of his purchase of 'The Complete Leg-Break Bowler,' which he studied at lunch and tea. M. R. Seabrook, a utility all-rounder, had a very good season. He scored 82 against Warwick, took a brilliant catch in the O.E.A. match, and 4 for 19 against Solihull. As an opening batsman, G. C. Holt did very well in his first season, scoring over 200 runs, including 94 against the Common Room. He filled the role of team mimic admirably and seemed to relish the team's social gifts. M. A. Hunt, a left-arm bowler, played a few games before defecting to the Midland Bank. He played for the O.E.A. against the School and took 3 for 35, much to his own surprise. F. W. Jones came in for several games as a middle-order batsman, a role he filled with no little success.

All in all it was a very fine season, and the thanks of the whole team must go to Mr. Benson and Mr. Cockle for their good humour and efficient guidance which made for such an enjoyable season and such a splendid cricket week.

ANDREW BURN

Editorial Note.—The delicacy of the above writer has evidently prevented him from mentioning the fact that he was himself by far the most successful and consistent batsman in the side. He scored almost twice as many runs as anybody else, achieved an average that was almost twice as high as that of his nearest rival, and registered the highest single score (139) by a K.E. batsman during the season. The fact is that he scored 668 runs at an average of 51.38 and his runner-up, Winspear, scored 377 runs at an average of 26.93. There is no more to say.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS

This year's athletic sports were unusual in several ways, all of them improvements as far as the spectators, at least, were concerned. In the first place, the work being carried out on the track at Eastern Road made it necessary to hold the sports on the South Field. Here, the bank on the South Terrace provided an excellent grandstand from which the spectators had a commanding view of all events, both track and field,

without having to leave their seats. And in the second place, the unusually late date increased the likelihood of fine weather. Moreover, these changes proved beneficial to other people besides the spectators. 'Shelter' gained from the fact that everyone remained in his seat, the victims were trapped, and so collecting was easier; and the tuck shop gained the custom that the pavilion shop lost and from the roaring trade in cool drinks which the hot weather stimulated.

Among other changes for the better was the much improved loudspeaker service which both provided more information and was clearly audible to all, and the inclusion of a 1,500 metres event in the programme. There can be no doubt that it is the long-distance races which provide the best entertainment for spectators, and if in future years even longer races, such as the 5,000 metres, or—now that the Eastern Road track has a water-jump—the steeplechase, could be fitted into the programme, they would be well received.

For the competitors the sports were, perhaps, less enjoyable. The heat made running uncomfortable, the South Field has a slight slope, and a grass surface cannot hope to be as good as a cinder one, so it was not an afternoon for breaking records. But Mr. Holden must be congratulated on, and thanked for, his excellent achievement in providing as good a track as he did, as must all the organisers of the sports for their efficiency in providing a most successful and enjoyable afternoon.

ROY BATTERS

TENNIS REPORT

Owing to some holiday practices and coaching, the School beat three schools from Warwickshire in the first round of the Glanville Cup. Two weeks later, the School came second to Wrekin College out of four schools. Of the normal nine-rubber matches, little need be said except that the team began fairly sedately, but as the season progressed, played better and more attacking tennis. At times the standard of play was very high, while at other times it more closely resembled ladies' friendly tennis. Regular members of the first team are J. T. Gould, M. A. Bilson, R. E. J. Ryder, M. N. Bluck and D. H. Knott. The second team have played well under the captaincy of T. G. C. Bird. S. A. Cooper and R. Wood, playing second pair, manage to annoy all their opponents by their steadiness.

We would like to thank Mr. Tomlinson and the other masters who have given up their time to transport the team to away matches.

KEITH McLEAN

K.E.S. SCHOOL SAILING REGATTA

The School's annual sailing match against the Old Edwardians took place on Saturday, 20th June, at Barnt Green Sailing Club. The wind was mainly light to moderate, good conditions for sailing the Enterprises in which we raced. It was a very enjoyable afternoon's sailing despite a tendency to chaos in the organisation before the start. The tea provided in the club house was excellent. Of the three schools taking part, however, K.E.S. alone lost to its Old Boys' team, and was also the only school without a permanent sailing team.

DAVID WILMOTT

BARROW'S RESTAURANT

Prints of Constable, chromium-plated handrails,
incandescent strip lighting, cheap beige trays;
unnaturally crowded, herding humans watch
yawning cash registers sing a sultry midday's
aria; "almost human" croons our Kate; thus she
has recently completely become a parrot.

PETER GOAKES

THE BIRTHDAY SPOT

It was Pamela's birthday,
so we all went to visit—
that town where men and angels
lick their brains
of burnt-out thresholds.

Sleepy day,
you stole my hat away,
floating downstream towards modern plains,
where bullocks will for company.

Lazy, praise him for his mighty Acts,
as you gaze at her limbs
on the opposite bank of this steaming fizz,
and winking Mary-buds: arise, arise!

Whisper the willows know no time,
hiding your stigma spire of light:
A young unicorn plays in your shadows.

PETER GOAKES

(from) THREE MOMENTS

The day at its start is damp
And as becomes a summer's morning
A mist is evident over the fields
Marking with an indelible stamp
The weather of the next twelve hours
—It is clearly discernable from this dawning
That petals will be unfolded by flowers
And the pollen treasure unsealed.

Black had turned to white,
Darkness twinkled to light.
It was a brief end
Between the pauses.

An older day will wear on and on
The sweeping vortex of that sun
Will rise to its full unearthly height
Dusting the hours with an intense heat
And blistering all that dares stir.
Yellow glad it will never falter.

Cyclic moments pass tranced around
Time moves on slight altering landscapes
Transitional particles are unnoticed
In the midst of greater driven wedges
And all that is seen is reflection.
The second which first saw dawn
Has slipped away callously unheld
And morning strolled in silence to the sky
Fading everything into a shady mergence.

NICHOLAS STANLEY

PORTRAIT

you came in the colours of the morning
when the sun has touched awake
the first golden flowers of the day
in the wood on the hills
you wandered with an understanding smile
that no-one noticed but me
the sad fire in your eyes was lost too
when you shook your head in bewilderment
but looked at me as if to say
come, I will lead you where the ferns grow close
and slow and hide the paths and the fallen stones
you will see people and lovers and fields of corn
and touch the earth with your silent body
and after love you will know the flowers
and the colours of the still warm owlsky
Time passes. Listen. Time passes.

and in the late fallen sun evening
you rose and left and walked across the cornfields
and left me hidden by the leaves that lay
in scattered patterns beneath the trees
and the trees with their long budless branches
caught the moon and held its soft glow
and looking up I saw reflected in its eyes
the depth of my loss and my despair.

RICHARD BARLOW

MATADOR

The international matador,
Who was born an urchin in the streets,
And died a king of bulls, and men,
Leaves spaces in some minds.

They are born in square blocked streets,
And live there 'til they die,
They can't escape from poverty, for they're not
poor,
But stay entombed in uniformity.

Nothing to lose but what they've got,
This precious seems when uncertainty's beyond,
They've heard from unaccepted travellers
Of shattered faith, and mocked ideals.

And so, from here no fantasies of unaccustomed
wealth,
No adventures sought, ambitions gained,
Their weekly post from Liverpool, or from a
shopping firm,
Enclosed appeals for agents for their saving
schemes.

The drab grey rain will fall incessantly,
The afternoons of jollity soon subside.
Now, brave fronts withdrawn, depression latches
on,
And aching heads succumb; feeble minds give in.

The stress of being a nobody,
But just the contents of a well-built house,
Demands well-known pale looks, anaemia, loth
To take an active way from this normality.

Television evenings close the day,
But their minds will always wonder at the tales
Of matadors and stars and people with exotic
lives,
And query why their parity is self-contained.

JOHN MALLATRATT



OCTOBER 70

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 3, No. 2

A CALL TO THE BARRICADES

It is a sad reflection on our levels of interest that the Debating Society obtained an audience of almost 50 to listen to less than 10 people discuss inanely the irrelevant "this House would hi-jack K.E.H.S.," while the Civic Society raised only a meagre 30 for their discussion on Student Protest. I am as tired of uttering, as you must be of hearing, my outbursts against the mass apathy which pervades this degraded establishment. There is solace for the reactionaries; if you are typical of the mass of school-children being reared for tomorrow's universities, then student political protest has three years to burn itself out. You can replace it only with your inarticulate violence, the belief you seem to have that you have no need to accept limitations on your actions in society, any society, and your unexpressed demand that you should be entertained rather than educated. At school, it is all too easy to 'drop out', to take no part, other than the bare minimum 9.30 to 4.10 with an hour off at the Union, in the community that is forced on you by the presence of 700 others in the same building. It requires an effort not to do it, an effort which you no longer seem prepared to make. I write out of a sense of frustration, even of anger, at the way you waste your opportunities without even realising what you are doing. If you find that trite, it is so simply because of the number of times you have heard it with closed ears. The school has a place for non-conformists, it can even breed them. But the mere fact that you do not conform to the most easily accepted fashion of the society you are obliged to live in is no cause to dismiss that society. If you disapprove of your institution, change it, don't reject it. By doing what you are at present doing, you are simply destroying yourselves, through your own short-sightedness. The elements of reaction, and God knows they are prevalent enough in the upper echelons of the school authorities, feed on your destructiveness. You have to prove your right to dissent, to decide your own futures, to be responsible for yourselves. Otherwise you have no right whatsoever to object to your treatment by authority. In trying to show you reject your community, you have debased yourselves to a point where you are not worth your place in that community. You are no longer, it seems, prepared to supply any raw material, but you demand as your right the finished product, your education, which should so hold your attention as to be your entertainment as well. There is a bare minimum that will suffice, but at the same time it can do nothing but destroy the soul of your society, and in time your own souls as well. If you are not prepared to accept your positions of responsibility, and every single person in the school has a position of responsibility to everyone else, others will deprive you of any position at all. There is a simple solution to the problem of your apathetic non-co-operation with yourselves; it can be imposed on you, and its authoritarianism gives you nothing other than a seat in a classroom and orders you are not able to disobey. There is a much more difficult solution, that in time will give you what you want. The choice is yours, but it must be made; the situation you have enjoyed for the past two years will shortly no longer be available to you.

RICHARD MALTBY.

C.C.F. EXPEDITIONS WEEKEND

This Expedition Weekend the C.C.F. broke with tradition.

Gone were the rains of Leek, Staffs., the springless beds, the rotting huts, the training area suitable only for map reading exercises and, of course, Mr. Ramsey's "Haggis and Chips." For this year we went to Proteus Camp, Ollerton, Notts. Though by no means as luxurious as, for instance, Watchett, and, as many people agreed, unsuitable for an annual camp, Proteus was ideal for weekend training, and therefore the camp was successful.

We arrived by coach at 5.30 p.m. on the Friday, and after settling in, we had a meal, which was cooked by civilians, and so notably better than some army food, especially as regards the tea, which lacked some familiar army ingredients. That night there was a night compass march, for which the preceding lectures were crucial, especially as most of the new cadets had never used a compass before. However, no-one went severely astray, and most people ended up where they had started by 10.30 p.m.

Saturday morning proved to be something of an eye-opener for Connolly as, much to their surprise, they were turned out of bed at 6.30 a.m. and forced to wash, which some people were evidently not used to. Breakfast was at 7.30 a.m., and training began at 9.0 a.m. This was quite a test for the junior N.C.O.s who had the unenviable task of teaching the same subject all day long to cadets who kept appearing at regular intervals from various places. This ended at 5.30 p.m. when, after an impromptu foot inspection made by Major Buttle, we had tea and rested before the night-op.

The area for the night-op was not ideal because it largely consisted of one football pitch, unfortunately illuminated by pools of light from nearby street-lamps, affording very little cover in most places. The two platoons attacked each other's bases at opposite ends of the football pitch, in which were conveniently placed red flashing lamps, which it was the object of the game to snatch. Each platoon, of course, broke just about every rule which Major Buttle and Cpl. Mann had devised and, in most cases, forgot even the most elementary principles of night-patrolling (a fact which the Major made manifestly clear at his de-briefing the following day). The night-op itself finished much earlier than expected, and so to round off the evening everyone was assembled at one end of the football pitch, from which they proceeded to stalk Lt.-Col. Cooke. This proved to be the high-spot of the evening, and I am sure that he will never again have such a nerve-racking experience as having 50 wild-eyed boys suddenly appear and converge upon him from all directions. Lights were finally out at midnight, but the exuberance shown in the earlier operations of that evening seems to have carried on into the night in some cases. Details are, of course, obscure.

On Sunday we were allowed to 'lie-in' until 8.30 a.m. (!) The first half of the morning was taken up with handing back stores and cleaning out the huts. During the second half of the morning we all went over the assault course, which, for the younger cadets, was ideal, but for even the most physically illiterate of the N.C.O.s—men-

tioning no names—was not very taxing. Lunch was at 12.0 and we finally left at 1.0 p.m., to arrive back at school at 3.30 p.m. All agreed that we had had a thoroughly good time.

TIM NEWMAN.

EXPEDITIONS WEEKEND

R.A.F. goes to Long Marston

After joyous celebrations that we weren't going to Leek again this year, everybody was a little apprehensive about this new place, which sounded all right but was an unknown quantity. It gives me great pleasure to announce that Long Marston lived up to, and even excelled, all hopes we had of it. The food, cooked by an Army chef who had given up his weekend off to relax by cooking for 20 cadets, was more than adequate, definitely edible and always on time, if not early. The accommodation was warm and comfortable, and there was no walking from barrack-block to cook-house, only to wait in a queue for your turn at breakfast—everything was in one building.

The Saturday exercise was most enjoyable for the major part of the section. A few people suffered blisters owing to incorrectly sized shoes or incorrectly sized feet: one little lad had to put his feet down at least twice as many times as the rest of us, so in his case at least it wasn't surprising. The weather was just right, with sunshine tempered by a slight breeze. For the most part the countryside was interesting, our route taking us through several lovely Cotswold villages.

Sunday saw us insulting the assault course. With the effects of Saturday's amble now showing clearly, many people felt apathetic about leaping over 12ft. brick walls or swinging in some superhuman fashion from ropes swung over a patch of grass. However, once the competition started everyone became most engrossed and the morning proved enjoyable, if exhausting.

After handing over the block about an hour early, and faced with the prospect of a long wait outside, lo and behold! what should appear on the horizon but our Gliderways coach, so thoughtfully early after being two hours late last year.

Our thanks must go to Mr. Traynor (aided and abetted by Mr. Freeman) without whose help the whole weekend would have been an utter failure.

PAUL NEDWELL.

We regret that the Naval section failed to submit a report—Ed.

PHILYMPIA

The Philatelic Society Trip to the International Stamp Exhibition, September 19th, 1970

Early rise to reach New Street Station on time. Party reaches the swinging city in 95 minutes. Pendulum slows down, we take over an hour to Kensington (Olympia). Queue to leave station. Queue to enter Empire Hall, by-passing Textiles Exhibition like everyone else. Queuing still, for almost an hour. Freedom inside Philymphia, unless one wants to look at any displays. Refuse catalogue at 10s.; refuse stamps at £150; take free leaflets. Interesting exhibits by De la Rue and Bradbury, Wilkinson & Co. Ltd. (they can't both have the Finest, Most Up To Date And Yet Still Unique Printing Process Developed Solely For Printing Stamps). Lots of stamps from Crown Agents. Lots of leaflets. Lots of people.

British Post Office disappointing after excellent pre-exhibition previews, mostly written on behalf of the British Post Office. No time to visit exhibition cinema; no time to rest. No vacant seats either. Lose yourself among air mails. Rare stamps from the British Museum look dull. Miss queue for U.S.A. moon landing exhibit, but still see only stamp and cover postmarked on the moon. Selling free souvenir cards at 1s. a time. Trouble for younger boys with even younger girls: soon fell flat. Trade Fair, for dealers only. Nothing inside

worth seeing anyway, on closer inspection. It's airmail day, so what? Rush to find Queen's priceless collection. Ignore numerous frames. They're all stamps anyway. No readmittance under any circumstances.

After the successful trip to London the Philatelic Society held its first meeting of the term at school on October 1st. In the form of a stamp quiz, it attracted the very encouraging attendance of 30 boys. The prizes, for which the society had paid almost £1. were won by T. E. Webb (Sci. Div. 3) and S. R. Gould (4A), with P. R. Willetts (Shell 3) winning the Shells' prize.

DAVID KILVERT.

DRAMA GROUP

During the long lunch hour on September 24th members of the Drama Group gave a poetry reading in Room 136. It was very well produced and I found it a very enjoyable entertainment. The partially dramatised presentation was successful—and such attempts can be excruciating—because of the very considerable sincerity of all taking part. This validated techniques which would otherwise have been just modish, for instance the obligatory Poetry-Reading-Sweater. The subject of all the poems—no prize for guessing this first time—was death. But the choice of poems was excellent and the readers really projected them. They did so, moreover, without mannerism and without much of the insufferable over-dramatisation which disfigures nine out of ten poetry readings on the B.B.C. The range was wide, from that superb seventeenth century poem, Henry King's "Exequy" to Ted Hughes' almost equally superb "The Martyrdom of Bishop Farrar," taking in Louis MacNiece (who showed up very well, as he usually does), Sylvia Plath and several less substantial but still impressive contemporaries en route. Paul Norton organised the whole show and did so extremely well. I hope that he'll organise more and give the large numbers of boys and girls who came some inkling of the range and variety of experience which poetry has to offer.

A.J.T.

ANAGNOSTICS

We were pleased to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Lambie, plus a good contingent of new members, to our first meeting of the term on October 2nd. The play chosen for reading was Aeschylus' "Agamemnon," with N. J. Cleverley in the (regrettably short) title role, and Elizabeth Goulder as Clytemnestra. Owing to its length and complexity, and the large number of choruses, the Agamemnon would be a difficult play to read at any time, and, with little time to prepare it, most readers tended to struggle, especially towards the end, but not for want of effort. Inevitably, much of the relentless drama of the prelude to the murder was lost; but the main fault found with the play was at its end, where an entirely new character, Aegisthus, was introduced. It was impossible to follow up all the points in M. R. Webster's introduction, but during a short discussion about the ending of the play, A. Mitra did impart to us some of his knowledge of Greek tragedy. All in all, since the play had not been read for a long time previously, the meeting proved to be of some use, and it is hoped to follow up this marathon by reading the other two plays from the trilogy.

ANDREW SMITH.

RESULTS

Rugby

- 1st XV v. D.C.E's XV—Won 17-3.
v. Warwick—Lost 12-29.
v. Denstone—Lost 3-21.
v. Tettenhall—Won 19-3.
2nd XV v. Warwick—Won 28-8.
v. Denstone—Lost 6-14.
v. Tettenhall—Cancelled.

- 3rd XV v. Warwick—Won 15-3.
v. Denstone—Lost 0-35.
- U.16 XV v. Warwick—Lost 0-55.
v. Denstone—Lost 8-25.
- U.15 XV v. Warwick—Lost 3-19.
v. Denstone—Lost 13-24.
v. Tettenhall—Won 26-6.
- U.14 XV v. Warwick—Lost 0-35.
v. Denstone—Won 27-10.
v. Tettenhall—Won 11-3.
- U.13 XV's v. Lordswood 'A'—Lost 3-28.
v. Lordswood 'B'—Won 12-0.
v. Warwick 'A'—Lost 0-3.
v. Warwick 'B'—Lost 3-12.

Hockey

- 1st XI v. Moseley Modern—Drew 0-0.
v. Dame Elizabeth Cadbury—Won 5-1.
v. Moseley Grammar—Lost 0-3.
v. Moseley Modern—Drew 0-0.
v. Stanmore—Drew 0-0.
- 2nd XI v. Dame Elizabeth Cadbury—Won 6-0.
- U.16 XI v. Lee Mason—Lost 0-1.

Basketball

- Seniors v. Common Room (H)—Lost 21-30.
v. Bournville (H)—Lost 32-66.
- U.15 v. Stanmore (A)—Lost 10-51.

Cross-Country

September 19th

- 1st team: 1 K.E.S. 39 pts.; 2 Five Ways 39 pts.
2nd team: 1 K.E.S. 30 pts.; 2 Five Ways 49 pts.
U.13 team: 1 Five Ways 37 pts.; 2 K.E.S. 41 pts.

September 23rd

- 1st team: 1 K.E.S. 36 pts.; 2 Camp Hill 71 pts.;
3 St. Philip's 73 pts.
- 2nd team: 1 Lordswood; 2 K.E.S.; 3 Moseley.

September 30th

- 1st team: 1 St. Thomas Aquinas 32 pts.; 2 K.E.S.
64 pts.; 3 Handsworth Tech. 91 pts.

October 3rd

- 1st team: 1 Queen Mary's G.S., Walsall, 36 pts.;
2 K.E.S. 43 pts.
- 2nd team: 1 K.E.S. 36 pts.; 2 Queen Mary's G.S.,
Walsall, 45 pts.

October 7th

- 1st team: 1 Lordswood 32 pts.; 2 K.E.S. 64 pts.
3 Camp Hill 91 pts.
- 2nd team: 1 Camp Hill 40 pts.; 2 K.E.S. 45 pts.;
3 George Dixon 93 pts.

Water Polo

House Competition

Round 1:

- Evans v. Heath 2-1; Gifford v. Cary Gilson 3-0;
Levett v. Jeune 2-1; Prince Lee v. Vardy 2-1.

Round 2:

- Evans v. Gifford 4-0; Levett v. Prince Lee 4-1;
Heath v. Cary Gilson 3-0; Vardy v. Jeune 2-1.

Round 3:

- Evans v. Levett 2-0; Gifford v. Prince Lee 3-1;
Heath v. Vardy 2-1; Jeune v. Cary Gilson 2-0.

Final Order:

- 1 Evans; 2 Levett; 3 Gifford; 4 Prince Lee;
5 Heath; 6 Vardy; 7 Jeune; 8 Cary Gilson.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

We seriously doubt the value of compulsory Physical Education to the Upper Sixth, and suggest that 20 minutes spent, every Monday morning, running ourselves to exhaustion, either in the Gymnasium or at Eastern Road, is scarcely beneficial to our state of physical health.

We suggest that the school reverts to the recently abandoned practice of discontinuing compulsory Physical Education for boys in the Upper Sixth year.

N. W. G. Alexander
S. M. J. Arrowsmith
R. Barlow
T. G. C. Bird
D. C. Bromage
J. M. Burling
J. Burnie
M. J. Cardinal
N. J. Cleverley
A. D. G. Cumming
N. J. Faithorn
A. C. Foster
P. A. G. Friend
P. G. Glover
P. D. Goakes
S. R. Harris
A. D. Hollier
M. N. T. Jackson
C. B. Jones
M. L. Jones

J. L. Mallatratt
R. G. Maltby
A. Mitra
A. K. Morgan
A. J. Morris
P. A. Morris
R. J. Nicholas
C. R. Norton
R. E. J. Ryder
J. M. Shaw
S. P. Slade
A. C. Smith
G. H. Smith
A. R. D. Starr
G. P. Tranter
N. M. Whitehouse
D. R. Williams
W. A. F. Workman
P. T. Wylie

REVIEW

"God's Englishman—Oliver Cromwell and the English Revolution"

by Christopher Hill

"God's Englishman" is very much a political biography of Cromwell, rather than a personal one; and Dr. Hill makes no attempt to repeat the detailed life of Cromwell recorded in Firth's imposing biography of him. Each stage of Cromwell's career is carefully isolated, and his political position considered. The early part of Cromwell's career is thus dealt with quickly and is mainly concerned with developments affecting Cromwell's future. For instance, the importance for Dr. Hill of Oliver's marriage is that it "brought him closer to the heart of the powerful group which was to lead the Parliamentary opposition" rather than Cromwell's love for his wife.

Dr. Hill is at pains to show us Cromwell's political abilities. The Self-Denying Ordinance of 1644 he regards as a superb political tactic, though very risky; for its introduction enabled Cromwell to rid himself of his commander, Manchester, whom he disliked. We are also left in no doubt as to the significance of Cromwell's means of selecting his troops on merit. By ignoring the old feudal system and by making his troops really care about what they were fighting for, Cromwell was the man responsible for the confrontation between Army and Parliament after the civil wars.

The importance for Cromwell of the Barebones Parliament is rightly emphasised; after its failure to unite God's people, Oliver's high hopes disappeared. "He was a tired, disillusioned old man, still confident that he enjoyed a special relationship with God, but with few positive ideas left, on the defensive." For Dr. Hill, however, the quashing of the Leveller movement at Burford in 1649 was the high point of the Revolution; from this point onwards, for the Marxist historian, Cromwell became the champion of the propertied rather than champion of the people. Whether we accept this hypothesis or not, it is worth consideration since it was in 1649 that Cromwell became actively concerned with the drainage of the Fens rather than the protection of the oppressed inhabitants.

Dr. Hill's Marxist interpretation of events does however have one serious drawback—his interpretation of Cromwell's religious beliefs, and how they affected some of his actions, although he does not deny that Cromwell's faith was strong. He is sarcastic when mentioning Cromwell's conversion to Calvinism in that Oliver's gaining of spiritual riches occurred at the same time as his gaining the temporal ones of his deceased uncle; and he refuses to see much religious motivation behind Cromwell's foreign policy. Instead, he considers it commercially orientated, but using religious pretexts as a means of effective propaganda. In defence of this view, the political value of the massacre of the Vaudois is emphasized, in that it

gave Cromwell just the lever he wanted against the French in his negotiations with Mazarin; and the refusal to help the Venetians against the Turk is seen as arising from commercial considerations.

Yet if the book suffers somewhat from Dr. Hill's Marxist viewpoint, it is nevertheless fascinating. The discussion of how Cromwell was conditioned by the society in which he lived and his development from a boisterous and confident leader of the 1640s to a tired, disillusioned old man is as interesting as it is novel. Whether we accept the author's views or not, this book is imperative reading for a serious student of the period, and the greatest contribution to thought on Oliver Cromwell for a long time.

MARTIN CARDINAL.

OXBRIDGE (Phase 1)

(in which the bearded professor gets his oats)

If, for the normal belief that Cambridge University is an institution devoted to the pure and honourable aim of spreading knowledge, the idea be substituted that the University's primary function is to extort as much money from prospective students as reason (plus 10%) permits, then the motivations behind the letters received by Oxbridge candidates become more understandable. For this function is fulfilled with the skill and eagerness which is only possessed by the avaricious. The latest polite demand to arrive on the doormat is one for the five guineas entrance fee, which was in fact paid in July. This optimistic request was a P.S. to a letter thanking me for attending a pre-exam interview: supposedly the subject of this article.

The interview itself is a fairly terrifying experience. For the scientist, it may only last ten minutes; for the artist, it may last an hour, and the victims may subsequently be seen stumbling around the college precincts, wrecks of uncoordinated thoughts and limbs. For the interviewer, or at least for mine, a most important consideration was that the whisky was behind the curtain, and the sherry in the bureau, yet strangely enough the object of attention, grovelling in his armchair, cannot appreciate the importance of these facts. He feels, perhaps, that if he grips feverishly onto the arms of his chair that there may still be hope, but that it would be too much to expect that with nerves dancing around like unstrung marionettes he would be able to bring mouth and sherry glass into a desirable proximity. He sits and exercises his mind by running through the multiplication tables.

After ten minutes, he is not quite sure what he has said, or whether his spasmodic utterances have had anything to do with the questions which have been asked. The bearded, apparently charming, professor is talking about Shakespeare, the late plays. This is quite reasonable, a familiar subject; one to put firm ground beneath the candidate's feet, and relaxation into one or two insignificant muscles. This, however, is Shakespeare with a difference.

"Don't you dare mention themes (smiles) because there's no such thing."

"Oh no! well . . . of course not. Who would ever have thought of . . . no theme?"

Then comes this charming man's amazing leap from Shakespeare to Jane Austen, leaving the baffled victim groping around somewhere in Augustan England.

Contemporary Romantics . . . yes . . . alienation (Brecht!) . . . Austen . . . that Elizabethan Noel Coward . . . 'Mansfield Park' . . . Marxism! . . . give me air . . . twelve elevens are . . . a second Shakespeare . . . sixteen hundred? . . . Shakespeare the Romantic . . . Shakespeare the Classical . . . Shakespeare the dinner-bell? Intimations of cold suet pudding through recollections of earlier braised beef . . .

Well, it's been very nice . . .

Interviewee shakes hands with what might have been the bearded professor, but was more probably an unusually short and pleasant lamp-post.

GORDON SMITH.

POETRY

The Old Soldier

I hunch my shoulders to the wind and hear the
sound of a muted violin,
Recalling days of glory as the saviour of my people.
For that glory my glorious lungs spit, cough up
glorious blood,
And my shoe lets in water.
They have gone without me.

The road is lined with trees to weep on me and
puddles for my feet to cry in.
It runs forever filled with memories of marching.
A dirty old man in a shabby brown trench-coat,
and his dead friends.
Still my shoe lets in water.
They have gone without me.

RICHARD MALTBY.

Sandalwood, a child's dream,
Innocence in a hat.
Past dangers make me think
Of kindness that could be—just that.

The mystery of life folds out
Its perilous shreds, whereon
My words are written in letters
Of ice.

Yet the boy looks on
At these ancient
Wonders, and marvels,
Drops to avoid the noise
Of the present generation, and
The colour of his unborn
Love dull spirals
In his head.

MICHAEL JACKSON.

Picture of a Monk

A man in brown running
clutching his golden book in his pale hand;
seeing with eyes the colour of the pines, the angels
crowding behind him in the forest where he thinks.

The man in brown is running
to mattins from his dusty hut;
he jumps a bank, his arm balancing
so delicately the folds of his ginger habit
and the solidity of the golden book.

The angels look upon him, reverently echoing
the darkness of their hutted grove
in the deep green thought, mounted so prominently
on his halo, as
he runs to mattins.

PETER DANIELS.

Apologia Pro Vita Mea: Looking For Pam

In the grapevine by the lake of sighing,
In the bed where you lay gently sleeping,
Where the flitting moth's delicious weeping
framed you there.
I searched, and tried to feed my hunger,
I looked, and maybe you were younger;
if it is true that I was blinder,
the blind led the blind.
I caught you in the crystal fountain,
the midnight grass, the marble statues,
but where were last year's splendid frescoes?
nowhere was Beatrice in the dark.
So I have lived another chapter,
And I have gleaned some small remembrance,
But glistening barley lines my pillow,
while yours is stone.

PETER GOAKES.



NOVEMBER 70

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol 3, No. 3

LETTER

Sir,

The P.E. Department regards the letter from members of the Upper Sixth (October Chronicle) as being written too hastily, too soon into the School year. As a check of their P.E. periods would show, the Upper Sixth have spent two periods only in the gymnasium, being worked to "exhaustion." They have, in fact, had a six-choice options system in P.E. periods since well before publication of the October Chronicle, thus supplementing their games day options and offering an even wider choice of activities.

To suggest that running to "exhaustion" is not beneficial to their physical health is simply untrue. It may not be much fun, but surely many of the subjects we learn and activities that we eventually benefit from, are not enjoyable all the time. Increase in strength and stamina can only be achieved if the body is exercised to its maximum, and fitness is measured by the rate of recovery after exercise. Many senior boys certainly lack both strength and stamina. The P.E. Department, therefore, is particularly keen to assure itself that a minimum level of general fitness and overall strength is being maintained, particularly as some of the games day options can be both sedentary and unsupervised. There is fairly conclusive proof that regular exercise helps to prevent heart disease, which is today the biggest single killer of men in the prime of their lives. The time to get into the habit of regular exercise is now, and not to assume that we can easily take it up later, when the stresses of modern life are upon us and the easy way out is so simple. For many senior boys, their P.E. period is their only real exercise of the week.

This I would suggest is an important reason why P.E. should be compulsory at school, and surely one period per week devoted to our physical well-being is not asking too much time, even of the Upper Sixth. There are other sound reasons for compulsory P.E. for all, and these can be found in the Statement of Objectives of the Schools' Council's Physical Education Committee, copies of which are available from the P.E. Department.

D.C.E.

COMMON ROOM XI v. PREFECTS XI

The annual soccer match proved rather disappointing to the spectators, because none of the masters was seriously injured (not from want of trying, however). This year the Common Room changed the spirit of the game and imported several stars to ensure victory. Their plan succeeded, and they turned out to be easy winners at 4-0.

The main weaknesses for the Prefects were in goal and in mid-field—goalkeeper George Ruston seemed to forget that he had hands, and tried to kick (hack) everything clear. The path to victory stemmed from mid-field domination, and here the Prefects, despite the efforts of John Winspear, were outplayed. In attack, the forwards made very little impression, and they were easily out-jumped by Mr. Nelson and out-thought by Mr. Nightingale (or maybe it was the other way round . . .).

The Common Room played much more as a team than the Prefects, with Mr. Everest using his forwards' speed to set up all the attacking moves. The Prefects' defence held out until Andrew Burn moved forward to add some weight to the attack and nobody dropped back to take his place. During the second half, Mr. Hames limped off, and he was replaced by a gleeful Mike Jackson, who promptly carried out his promise to hack someone down. I don't know if Mr. Tennick realises it, but he very nearly parted company with his head on one occasion, as Warwick Ewers' boot lunged forward.

The game was excellent refereed by Mr. S. A. Cooper (Acocks Green), and was enjoyed by all. The only consolation for the Prefects is the prospect of revenge next year.

P.S.—Just to keep a promise, quote "Simon Hollingworth" unquote.

PETER SOUTHERN

FOUNDER'S DAY

Founders' Day was celebrated in the customary fashion in Big School on Saturday, October 10th.

The beginning was notably musical, including Bach, Widor and some flamboyant improvisation on the organ, trumpet descants and S. S. Campbell's anthem "Sing We Merrily." After the Quatercentenary Song, the Chief Master welcomed the Lord Mayor, Alderman Stanley Bleyer, who, in his refreshingly succinct and witty reply, commented on the close connection between School and City.

The Chief Master then reviewed the School's activities over the past year. Academic progress had been promising, and there was a satisfactory crop of G.C.E. results. The Chief Master explained the reasons for the abolition of the four year "express" course, and proclaimed his optimism about the success of such a change. After a brief résumé of the multifarious cultural and social events in the School, he invited the Bailiff, Alderman Harry Watton, to speak.

The Bailiff, too, reflected on the School's connection with, and duties to, Birmingham as a whole. He spoke of the pious benefactions of Edward VI and then gave an account of refuse disposal. Alderman Watton hoped that the School would show a more active interest in civic affairs. He then presented the prizes and was duly thanked by the School Captain, A. L. Burn.

The proceedings ended with the jubilant strains of Bossi's "Etude Symphonique."

It is a pity that the enjoyment of an otherwise impressive Founder's Day was somewhat marred by the boorish loquacity of part of the Lower School, which regrettably incurred some adverse criticism from the guests.

JULIAN BURLING

R.A.F. ALCONBURY

At 10 a.m. on the morning of Monday, November 2nd, there assembled on the forecourt of K.E.S. those members of the Aeronautical Society who were going on the Society's trip to Alconbury, home and H.Q. of the 10th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing.

Alconbury still retains the preceding letters R.A.F., even though it is used by the Americans.

This is because it is on lease to the Americans under NATO. The job of the 10th TRW is to supply NATO with any photographic evidence which is required.

The 10th TRW operates RF-4C Phantoms, which are the reconnaissance version of the famous Mach 2 shipboard strike plane. One surprising fact about the RF-4C is that it can only travel at 600 m.p.h., some 1,000 m.p.h. slower than other variants. The RF-4C can carry eight types of camera in the nose, one forward, one vertically down, and usually two obliquely. Each camera plane carries ten cartridges of either five or six pictures in each. 120 flash cartridges are carried near the tail of each plane for night missions and are synchronised with the cameras. Sgt. Bleigh warned us that we were not allowed to take any photographs of any classified parts of the aircraft he showed us over; these included the cockpit, the cameras and the jet nozzles.

Inside the hangar we split up into two groups, Sgt. Nunn taking one and Sgt. Bleigh the other; in turn they explained to us the uses of leading-edge flaps and other external controls. We also had a look inside the cockpit; Sgt. Morris, who also went up the steps, explained the controls to us.

Apparently, the previous Wednesday, they had had a serious accident. One RF-4C landed with the port engine on fire and the starboard engine suspected also of being on fire. The exhaust nozzles were stuck in the wide-open position and the re-heat was not functioning; the plane was therefore losing all its thrust. Holes had been burnt in the wings and fuselage and the pilot had been killed. The navigator was only just flying it on limited controls and instruments from the rear cockpit. Fortunately he managed to land it safely, and they were still trying to find out what had happened when we visited the base. The two sergeants then took us over to the other side of the airfield, where the two helicopters of the rescue flight were stationed.

The C.O. of the flight was Major Henderson, who explained what he did, and the helicopters he flies. They were Kaman HH-43B Huskies with twin rotors. The normal crew consists of the pilot, two fire-fighters and a medical orderly. In bad weather or at night, a co-pilot is carried. The helicopter has a powerful winch with a 100-foot cable.

If a plane crashes on fire outside the base, the helicopters are alerted and take off within three minutes. Hovering, they fix to the underside a large sphere, with ladders and picks attached. This sphere contains hydrogenated cattle fats and water, and when released under pressure, the contents expand eight times and a thick foul-smelling foam is formed. When the helicopter arrives near the wreck it lands to drop off the two fire-fighters and the sphere, and then takes off again. The two rotors cause a draught of wind forwards and backwards. The pilot uses this to fan the flames away from the cockpit of the wreck. One of the fire-fighters lays a carpet of foam to the cockpit, rescues the crew and passes them to the other fire-fighter. The helicopter then lands and picks all of them up. It then acts as an ambulance and takes them to the nearest hospital. The crashed plane is left to burn.

After we had taken a good look round the helicopters, Sgt. Bleigh showed us the rest of the base, the quarters, the schools, the stores, and so on.

Having spent a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, we thanked Sgts. Bleigh and Nunn and then set out on the return journey home, and arrived back at school at 7.45 p.m.

PHILIP HADLEY
PHILIP ALLDRIDGE
ADRIAN BAKER

MUSICAL SOCIETY

To write a review of a concert two-and-a-half weeks after it has taken place is not an easy task, and the fact that I feel able to undertake it is in itself a tribute to the memorable concert given in the Concert Hall on Tuesday, 13th October.

The programme opened decisively with its most ambitious item, the aria "Give me back my Lord," from the St. Matthew Passion, with Christopher Hodges as soloist; he showed an intrepid command over the whole of his vocal range, evident particularly in the frequent leaps to its extremes, and even the longest and most intricate phrases were admirably controlled. But one felt that a certain fire, expressed in the words, was missing from the music; this may have been partly the fault of the accompanist, who faltered a little, although anyone who knows how awkward piano-reductions generally are to play would have sympathised. A simple solution would have been to use an obbligato instrument which is in this case, or so I guess from the figuration, the violin—surely a competent violinist could easily have been found?

The soloist followed the Bach aria with two delightful songs written in the Elizabethan Primavera, and then "For the mountains shall depart" from Mendelssohn's Elijah, a "piacevole 6-8 in F major" sung with serenity and power.

Next a quartet sang Lassus' madrigal "Matona mia Cara." Here the words suggested a serenade, though a light-hearted one; the performance failed to put this across, or indeed any determinate mood, the singers were breathy and ill at ease, and pitch seemed too low for comfort.

Christopher Hodges now returned to sing, accompanied by piano and "Pan-pipes," Papageno's song, "Now tell me, did you ever see"; his humour and light, confiding tones realised Mozart's intentions exactly. Finally, he was joined by Julian Burling for "Dialogue between Orpheus and Charon," in which the expressive subtlety of Purcell's music was well conveyed.

In conclusion, may I make one non-musical point: in a chamber concert like this the performing and listening situations would have been transformed if the audience had been asked to fill up seats from the front. A dispersed audience makes communication more difficult, and the madrigal group in particular must have felt this keenly.
R.N.M.

THE BROMSGROVE MATCH

A blue tramline jersey, hoisted proudly on a festive Charford flagpole, greeted my annual pilgrimage into the world of butch. The Bromsgrove match is worth attending, our last stronghold from which to re-state our faith that footballers are not just lovable but rather brutal fairies, and to voice our enthusiasm for and identity with the school.

The game itself centres on the fate of a misshapen ball. The team came on to the pitch looking cool, tough and very authoritative, and within a minute Peter Knee had kicked the ball through the posts from a dastardly penalty; we found this most encouraging. However, the game then entered a bad patch. Bromsgrove had a few factors in their favour, a home ground, a large (but inarticulate) support, a snaky-hipped, smug little fly-half who couldn't kick . . . but let's not be bitter.

The play stopped for a cold-footed, orange-peeled interval, when insolent little natives pelted us with acorns, an encounter noted only for its impotence and insignificance—nasty little hippies.

The second half was swift, lost in a mêlée of hairy legs, raucous rattles, sweaty scrums, loose balls and dropouts, Andrew Burn and Starr, suitably garnished with delicate expressions from the visiting support. We must not forget the referee, a jolly fine chap. It ended dramatically, an opponent lying butchered on the field; someone bitterly suggested that Peter Biddle should be on the stage, I don't know why.

And so we left, like the inimitable, inestimable, beauteous shird, with dignity and subdued emotion, muttering that perhaps it didn't really matter whether we won or drew. We lost.

CHRIS JONES

OXBRIDGE—PHASE 2

(in which we serve)

It may just be the strain of getting to school on time three days out of five (well, it looks good on paper), but somehow my educational potential seems curiously unexploited this term. The massed bands of the Old Edwardians, forward for the School's renown, cast an accusing shadow over my every move; the midnight oil is all burned up; summer is icummin in (Llude sing goddamm).

Yet meanwhile, back live in the Cartland Room, Laszlo "This is Tom Jones" Bogart, cheery mad-cap of the Upper Sixth, is slumped listlessly in a heavily padded blazer, musing on His Life And Hard Times. Thinks: it was only when Jimi Cleverley began to drape the walls of Big School with a banner bearing the legend "Welcome to Fillmore East," that I first began to suspect my academic career might be going to pieces . . .

One could write a great deal about the fringe benefits of life in the Upper Sixth, but ultimately the Cartland syndrome offers too much of a sanctuary not to be abused. The dirty coffee cups and peeling window seats mysteriously breed a kind of passive contempt for the lower reaches of the school—even the element of instant reform keeps its explosions almost entirely verbal. This, in turn, has its effect on Oxbridge incentive. Through no fault of their own, those already awarded places, or retaking "A" levels, don't help. Yet a system which subordinates six or seven years experience (I won't call it work) to a single term's dense and narrow study is one of its own worst enemies. The individual social frustration is really that of privilege, even power, without the potential or responsibility for reform. In this, as in much else, a term seems either weeks too long or months too short. Early leavers are already calculating their Christmas bonuses, and last year's defunct Sixth Form is moving in its own direction at its own pace, at university, at art college, even on the buses. The real problem: change is now too close for comfort—all these people chose their framework for action recently; my last choice was over six years ago. "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." Not an immature urge to stampede my education, but just a desire to precipitate the next stage and maybe fill the intellectual vacuum. Even our senior citizens seem worried by the shortcomings of this year's bridge four.

Still, the Cartland Room does make it a lot easier to assume a certain battered trendiness in one's old age. Without a lock on my locker, where else could I as satisfactorily conceal my lipstick and back numbers of "Rugby World"? Without the agony of regular journeys to the Union, where else could I as completely maintain my command over contemporary in-crowd trendese (World War II, after all, had bad vibes)? Without a brain in my head, where else could I as successfully stave off the encroaching reality of Oxbridge? Never mind. Your cup and cards are on the chair, sonnyjim. Your chocolate shorty is clutched in your sticky fingers. If it is stale, you need but speak.

SIMON ARROWSMITH

COT FUND NOTES

Money given to the cot fund at this school is usually given for the wrong reasons, either because giving is a norm of the community or because it is "good" to give to charity. There is involved here a question of principle which is rarely asked and even more rarely given an intelligent answer. Why give to charity?

The answer depends on the type of charity concerned. By the word "charity" we mean any material assistance given purely out of unselfish concern for others. Because there is one word for a variety of widely differing causes, we tend to take them all together and regard a penny in the tin marked "R.S.P.C.A." as equivalent to one in the tin marked "Shelter" (—money was given to "charity"). Yet there is a vast difference between these two causes and an even greater one between the former and organisations such as "Oxfam" and "Christian Aid." As the reasons for giving, therefore, differ according to the nature of the cause, it will be most useful to discuss only the two charities to which this term's cot fund proceeds are being sent.

"War on Want" is one of the growing number of organisations devoted to the relief of poverty and hunger in the world. It operates in much the same way as "Oxfam" and "Christian Aid," while tending to be more adventurous in its outlook. The problems which it is concerned with centre on the fact that the world's wealth and food are unevenly distributed to the point where three million people starve to death every year, the starvation being aggravated by the population explosion, so in 30 years' time there will be twice as many mouths to be fed as there are now. It has often been said that if the necessary action is not taken now, there is little prospect of feeding anything like this number, and that there must follow a catastrophic famine, with tens of millions dying annually as a result. Of the various ways in which the world seems to be heading for a disaster this is, if not the most spectacular, the most difficult to avoid. "War on Want" is a part of the solution to the problem—is it worth supporting?

The other half of the cot fund is to be given to the Hugh Anderson Memorial Fund, which was set up a few months ago to pay for the university education of black South Africans. Whether you believe that the government of South Africa is a fascist régime ruling in its own interests or not is surely beside the point—the fact is that the majority of South Africans, the blacks, live an ignorant life in conditions of poverty and squalor, and that their only chance of escaping from this situation lies in education. Money given to this cause can be seen as relieving the sufferings of an oppressed people or as helping a nation in its infancy along the way to adulthood. Whichever is your viewpoint, you must surely sympathise with and want to help this section of the world's deprived. Is this cause worth supporting?

We give to charity basically because we want to make the world a better place to live in. We want to help the poor, the ignorant, the sick and the down-trodden, and we can have various motives for doing it. We can see it as a duty to God or to the human race. We can see it as making the lives of others better, or as, in the long run, helping us. Whether motives are religious or secular, selfless or selfish, they can be found. What is essential is that we must all think about the problem and make up our minds about it. We must find out why we give and what we should give to. If this is not done, charity does become a sop to middle-class conscience. The two causes to which the cot fund is being devoted this year seem to me to be two of the most worthwhile of all, but of course, there are others. If you honestly feel that the others are better, then by all means give to them. But please know why you are doing it.

PAUL NORTON

THE LONG JOURNEY

Nothing had gone right for him that day, nothing. He sat on his brief-case by the bus-stop and thought about it. An unlit cigarette dangled from his upper lip. He lit it, slowly and methodically. He fingered his thin, straggling beard with his lean fingers.

Not that it had been a really bad day, but things had gone wrong, and he had had to stay behind at work that night and tidy up, just when he wanted to be home early. And as he walked down the works' drive, the atmosphere had struck him. So quiet, yet so noisy. So strange, yet so familiar. It was a peculiar feeling and it gave him food for thought.

As he climbed on to the bus into town, he swore at his boss for not offering him a lift home, although he lived near him. Swine! He sat down and looked at the darkening sky and the lights. He listened to the women chatting, and laughed silently.

He alighted from his bus at his stop, walked across the road and into the arcade. Suddenly he was conscious of thousands of birds singing. He looked up and saw them, flying gracefully over the busy city and hanging onto the corners of buildings. He looked away and thought.

As he reached the bus-top, he saw the millions of coloured lights and advertisements, but they didn't sink into his dream. When his bus arrived there was a space of temporary reality as he climbed onto it, but when he sat down again he lapsed into a haze. The lights were just a blur to him. He looked at the reflections in the glass. He caught a glimpse of himself, and laughed at himself. He looked so tired and dazed. He stared at the other people, looking hard at their faces and listening to their talk. There were only a few people on the bus for it was late at night, and he thought of everyone else at home, while he was here, cold and lonely.

Then he began to think of irrelevancies and slowly began to emerge from the shadow which had enveloped him. As the bus came nearer home he became more and more in the present, until, when he got off, he was back to complete reality again. And as he walked up the dark, uninviting street towards his home, he realised that he was hungry.

J. C. BETTERIDGE, Rem. A

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

"None of all the modern languages has acquired a greater force and strength than the English, for in richness, in compact adjustment of parts, and in pure intelligence, none of the living languages can be compared with it." The German philologist, Jacob Grimm, thus eulogised our language in the 19th century. I doubt if he would say the same now, for the English language is slowly losing its beauty. Our ability to use words in an individual and poetic way is declining; a flood of frightening, mechanical verbiage has seeped into every newspaper, many magazines, far too many pulpits, every political speech, especially if it is made by a student, a conservationist, the Duke of Edinburgh, or an idealist (the worst kind of politician). A generation is growing up in homes where there are few books or none, who are nurtured on incessant television, and whose vocabulary is perhaps limited to a mere few thousand words in everyday, conversational use, or is at best soulless, fit only for a computer or an examination paper.

In the hands of such people, words are twisted and then petrify. Look at the word "relevance," for instance. This word has taken on a sacred significance in modern jargon. "The "now" is the only thing that really matters; anything that has no direct, immediate application has no worth. This is the nonsense that lies behind much everyday use of this dangerous word. Another such word is "stagnation," found normally in conversation about the sterility of the status quo and the dangers of a static society. In fact, this word is quite misleading: some things do not necessarily grow mould and vegetate, as a pond will do, just because we do not tamper with them and allow them to remain as they always have been. We are forced to applaud a piece of atonal, progressive music merely because it displays "originality" (no

virtue in itself) or "freedom." Similarly we have to acknowledge poets who have just produced some fatuous rubbish (see any university magazine), simply because it is "valid self-expression." Perhaps the worst of the modern linguistic sins is the by now almost instinctive association of the word "newer" with "better." This association is part of the popular quite unscientific fantasy, that through "evolution" we are moving into better and more perfect forms. It is also part of our modern, drab, meaningless vocabulary which, if we do not curb, will take hold of most of us and turn us into gibbering idiots.

MALCOLM SPENCER

Reviews

BLOW-UP

"Happiness Is a Warm Yes It Is Gun"
being a 5th dope fable

There was a man with a simple story but everyone wouldn't believe it, there had to be a hidden meaning, secret, not to be shared with anyone, changing with the wind, like the monk who discovered the meaning of life and killed himself because he couldn't believe it was so simple. Enter stage right or perhaps stage left (memory fades) a crowd of students in a gaily coloured plastic bag. The man with the simple story understood life as he lived it, which is enough, not too far, but just far enough so's we can say that we've been there, and every day was followed by every night.

To understand the futility of life, you only have to experience life (must be one of life's tragedies), which isn't difficult, it just takes thought if you can spare the time. The man with the simple story, his simple story was one of watching life from a distance; when he saw it close-up a part of him, a part of it, life, he was disturbed, but he still understood—the futility of life, there's nothing you can do. But it took time and despite his understanding he had to have it thrown at him, the whole pop culture—Yeah, Heavy and a Bottle of Bread—his understanding was made complete. You can't communicate with those in communion with God, you're shut out, they're in.

Silence is the totality, absence of sound fulfils everything you always tried to be involved with. Absence of speech where speech is the norm is the beginning of an understanding, not everything is futile, only life, pervasive like the grey air of dawn by the coast, there isn't any life, only a pause before death. Enter stage right once more or perhaps stage left again, a group of students (didn't I see you in the Prisoner?) in a gaily coloured plastic bag with the circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one explaining what each one was for to be used in evidence against us . . . the man with the simple story becomes involved in their fantasy, forgets the reality of life and its futility, and there's nothing anyone can do about anything except hide.

Fade to strains of wistful recollections and didn't something happen sometime.

Produced and probably directed by Michaelangelo Antonioni, starring David Hemmings, Vanessa Redgrave, a group of students, and a number of photographs.

RICHARD BARLOW

"CROMWELL"

(The Gaumont, Birmingham)

To claim that this film is a historically accurate statement, as its makers do, is plainly absurd, for it is littered with historical inaccuracies. The House of Commons and the House of Lords are amalgamated; Cromwell and Ireton become two of the "five Members" (these were, in fact, Pym, Hampden, Haslerig, Holles and Strode); Ireton is portrayed as being Cromwell's assistant in 1640 (they first met in 1643); Pym dies in 1646 (he actually died in 1643); Cromwell and Manchester are at the Battle of Edgehill (both were in East Anglia at the time); and the Short and Long Parliaments are combined. These are just a few of the literally hundreds of factual errors in this film. Thus those who go to see this "spectacle" should beware. To treat it as history, as opposed to entertainment, is clearly impossible. This leads to the question of why film makers change already dramatic events, not to make them more dramatic, but apparently simply from whim. The producer and director in this instance have succeeded in deceiving themselves, for they claim that the film is a project in which "realism, not romance, would be the keynote," in which what "looked right" would at no time influence what "was right," that it is a "visual form of carefully documented history," and that the film is "a definitive statement on an extraordinary personality." The public, and young children taken to the film by their teachers in particular, should be protected from this form of misrepresentation (which at its fullest extent is the propaganda film), for at no time have the producer or director admitted that factual changes have been made. If, however, they made it clear that their film was a visual "historical novel" as opposed to serious history, then no-one would complain, and the film would lose nothing. Even more confusing are the glaring discrepancies between the synopsis of the actual events, written by Dr. Maurice Ashley in the programme, and the film itself.

The sets and costumes contain few outstanding errors, although Laud's robes are a trifle dubious, and there is a hint of Victorian "mock-Gothic" in the King's chambers at Oxford. The music, however, is quite appalling. While genuine Caroline music may have been difficult to do, it could surely have been possible to find something a little more appropriate than the abysmal cacophony that was actually perpetrated. The battle scenes suffer from being fought by small numbers—any attempt to make two hundred men look like fifteen thousand is doomed to failure—although the cavalry actions are quite well done.

Of the individual performances, easily the best is that of Sir Alec Guinness as Charles I. His slight speech impediment, his hint of a Scots accent, and his performance in total, brilliantly caught the essence of Charles' character. Richard Harris, as Cromwell, on the other hand, was not in the same class as Guinness. His attempts to portray Cromwell as a 17th century mixture of Robert Owen and Billy Graham, although forced upon him by the script (written by the director, Ken Hughes), was foredoomed to failure. The other major fault in Harris' performance was that he was made up to be too young, for Cromwell in 1649 was 50 years old, while Harris looked a well-preserved 28. The portrayals of the other characters were in the main quite good—that by Geoffrey Keen of Pym especially (aided by his close personal resemblance to the portraits of Pym)—except that by the late Patrick Wymark of the Earl of Strafford. His attempt to portray the gifted and highly intelligent Strafford as the archetypal Yorkshire mill-owner was a senseless and unpleasant caricature.

My final complaint is against the bias of the script. The attempt to draft 20th century conflicts between "capitalists" and "democratic" com-

munist on the 17th century is a spurious attempt to find a modern "moral" where there is none.

Cromwell's final speech reads: "I shall give this nation its self-respect. We will walk in this world with our heads high. I will liberate men's souls from the darkness of ignorance. I will build schools and universities. This will become the golden age of learning. I will bring the law within the reach of every common man." (This last the Tudors and Stuarts had already done by Star Chamber, abolished by Parliament in 1641 because it had done just that, defending the "poor" against the power of property). "There will be bread and work for all. This nation will prosper because we are a Godly people and walk hand in hand with the Lord." This shows an amazing misconception of the views of Cromwell on the role of government. An attempt to turn Cromwell into a 17th century socialist demagogue just will not work, and those who make the attempt are deceiving themselves and misleading others. Despite this, as entertainment for the mass of the public, as a view of what might have happened and as an exercise for the student of history in mistake-spotting (anyone finding less than 50 ought to do some revision), this film is quite enjoyable. It is worth seeing for Guinness' performance alone.

PETER WYLIE

"CROW"

by Ted Hughes

(published by Faber and Faber, £1.00 net)

Over the years, Ted Hughes has steadily, almost stealthily, forged for himself the reputation of being the country's leading poet. His search for the essence of everything he sees or experiences has led to statements of the greatest perception in "Lupercal" and "The Hawk in the Rain"; and the verse he has produced has matched them in its rhythmic control, variety and compulsion. His thoughts have been bred largely among the hills and moors of Yorkshire, his utterances have the texture of granite—or best nutty slack. Yet, about everything up to now, there has been a sense of the prefatory—he has seemed to be working towards some kind of definitive testament, a credo of his attitudes and poetic beliefs. With "Crow" that testament is achieved.

It is almost impossible to offer a brief summary or appreciation of this work for it contains such a rich variety of forms, so many notions, that—although it revolves about the central idea of the "King of Carrion"—only a particular account of all the poems could really do the work justice. One can only consider the underlying theme and try to make some general judgments about Hughes' achievement of idea and form.

What, in fact, is Crow? This is a question that must be asked again and again, for his role is so varied and his menace so vast; as the sequence of poems develops he looms with ever greater vitality and evil and hideous attractiveness that he ultimately assumes a persona greater than Milton's Satan—he becomes indeed an anti-God, greater than God.

"Well," said Crow, "What First?"

God, exhausted with Creation, snored.

"Which way?" said Crow, "Which way first?"

God's shoulder was the mountain on which Crow sat.

"Come," said Crow, "Let's discuss the situation."

God lay, agape, a great carcase.

About him there is, simultaneously, a sense of being the wonder of God's physical creativity and also a challenge to the very power that made him:

When God went off in despair

Crow stropped his beak and started in on the two thieves.

And yet, time and time again, Hughes' ideas revert to the directly animal; Crow is still a bird that is ugly at birth:

Flogged lame with legs
Shot through with balled brains
and can still finish up, like all predatory vermin,
upon the gibbet of a wire-strung fence:

Crow dangled from his one claw—corrected.
A warning.

In fact, the only way to crystalise the brute is probably to say that he is anthropomorphic quintessence—at one and the same time a bird, a synthesis of legend and lore, an observer of humanity, and a spirit. And perhaps the one line which best summarises him comes from the poem which more and more seems central to understanding of the whole, "Crow Communes":

Crow, the hierophant, humped, impenetrable.
Begat of Scream, "flying from sun to sun, he found this home"; and now, whether "spraddled head-down in the beach-garbage, guzzling a dropped ice-cream" or "Looking close in the evil mirror," he rationalises the world with its disasters and sensations and tries to determine the essence of All. Perhaps on Ted Hughes' behalf.

In his role of priest he talks to God and explores all the vulnerability that He has in our world. As a sacrificial executioner he ranges from the grub in the earth to the sexual human and kills both "Limpid among the glaring furnace clinkers." As an observer he

"... gazes into the quag of the past
Like a gypsy into the crystal of the future..."

and sees birth and death, war and dearth, the land and the bed, and knows the squalor of them all. Finally, at beginning and end—it is tempting to say Alpha and Omega—he reverts to his very self, flapping across the sky to roost in his "palace of skulls." And through these various changes Hughes gives him the most precious capacity; to express Man's experience from creation to the self-destruction of the present, and to examine all parts of that experience, beauty, conflict, love, hate, pain, and even conscience:

Crow flew guiltily off.

The original intention of this sequence of poems was that it should be an epic folk-tale with Crow as a unifying symbol. Clearly that plan has been changed for the narrative element of such a tale has not come through. But in all other respects the collection has the qualities necessary for a tale of epic stature: the character of Crow himself is heroic, expressing both the frailty of the earth-bound and transcending life with super-human magnificence; his experiences take him both into the core of the world and the spheres of air; and, as we read, we learn more and more about ourselves. So that, finally, as Crow returns to "the blindness and dumbness and deafness of the gulf... To reign over silence," we feel that the poetic expression is carved out of time and is timeless.

If the substance of this collection is demanding and wide-ranging, then so too is the verse. Ted Hughes' verse has always commanded respect for its impeccable craftsmanship and its vitality, and here the full range of his talents is on display. The actual form of the poems is remarkably varied, and the language employed has a correctness which demands the most careful reading and considera-

tion. Each word has clearly been placed with precision to achieve the maximum impact and the slow build up of the various streams of imagery gives the individual poems an extra dimension, and the whole collection a sense of ever-increasing force and dynamism. Blackness, the scream, blood, the smile, mythology and man all appear, reappear and interact in a way which reminds of the technique used by Eliot in "The Waste Land" and "Four Quartets"; and the cumulative effect is similar. Again, only a detailed study of most of the poems could yield a full appreciation of the quality of verse and language; perhaps it is therefore best to allow one of the last poems to demonstrate them for itself:

"Glimpse"

"O leaves," Crow sang, trembling, "O leaves—"
The touch of a leaf's edge at his throat
Guillotined further comment.
Nevertheless

Speechless he continued to stare at the leaves
Through the god's head instantly substituted.

Of course, in a work of this length and variety, there are areas of weakness, parts where the attempt seems to have failed or the verse to have lost its way. If universality be accepted as one of the great forces in the collection, then Hughes' desire to employ a vocabulary with the greatest possible breadth and implication must also be allowed; so too with the verse forms. And this does lead to an occasional sense of unease. Sometimes it seems as though the structure is being coarsened for a particular (even unnecessary) dramatic effect: this is the case with "Song for a Phallus" and "Snake Hymn." And in several places the modern word or image sits uneasily by the side of Hughes' more abstracted vocabulary:

He jumped into the plane but her body jammed
in the jet—

There was a great row, the flight was cancelled.

It may even be argued, with some justification, that the attempt to range through all experience and contain every possible emotion and sensation has led to the use of some ultra-aggressive linguistic devices which jar where they should harmonise, distort where they should reveal.

He smashes the eggshell object to a blood-rag,
A lumping sprawl, he tramples the bubbling
mess.

The shark face is screaming in the doorway
Opening its fangs.

But in the last analysis, all these faults merely serve to demonstrate the validity of the collection. Ted Hughes has sought to bring together in one place his feelings and assessments of his world, to give shape to the very essence of Experience; in doing this, it was inevitable that he should not always be totally successful. And the rare moments of less than perfection only highlight the staggering quality of the great bulk of the work. It is one which demands constant return for re-reading and re-valuation; and, as it is surely the nearest thing to a statement of personal belief, so it may also rank in the future—along with "Four Quartets"—as one of the great poetic utterances of the 20th century.

M.P.



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JANUARY

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 3, No. 4

OXBRIDGE AWARDS AND ENTRANCES 1971

AWARDS

Cambridge

- C. B. Jones, Scholarship in Natural Sciences, Pembroke College.
- S. M. J. Arrowsmith, Exhibition in English, Queens' College.
- J. M. Burling, Exhibition in History, St. John's College.
- M. J. Cardinal, Exhibition in History, Magdalene College.
- R. G. Maltby, Exhibition in History, St. Catharine's College.
- G. H. Smith, Exhibition in English, Selwyn College.
- A. R. D. Starr, Exhibition in Engineering, Clare College.

Oxford

- W. A. Ewers, Scholarship in Engineering, Worcester College.
- N. J. Faithorn, Scholarship in Physics, St. John's College.
- A. Mitra, Scholarship in Classics, Keble College.
- A. J. Morris, Scholarship in Music, The Queen's College.
- R. J. Nicholas, Scholarship in Physics, Christ Church.
- S. P. Slade, Scholarship in Modern Languages, Oriel College.
- A. C. Smith, Scholarship in Classics, Exeter College.
- P. A. G. Friend, Exhibition in History, Pembroke College.
- P. D. Goakes, Exhibition in History, Exeter College.

PLACES

Cambridge

- D. J. Aspinall, Selwyn College, to read Engineering.
- J. Burnie, Downing College, to read Natural Sciences.
- A. D. G. Cumming, Emmanuel College, to read Engineering.
- A. C. Foster, Sidney Sussex College, to read Natural Sciences.
- A. T. M. Freeman, Gonville and Caius College, to read Classics.
- S. R. Harris, Selwyn College, to read Geography.
- J. P. Minkes, Downing College, to read Law.
- A. D. Monk, Fitzwilliam College, to read Engineering.
- P. A. Morris, Gonville and Caius College, to read Mathematics.
- R. Osborne, Peterhouse, to read Natural Sciences.
- J. M. Shaw, Peterhouse, to read Classics.
- G. P. Tranter, Sidney Sussex College, to read Classics.
- D. R. Williams, Magdalene College, to read Engineering.

- N. M. Whitehouse, Clare College, to read Economics.

Oxford

- T. G. C. Bird, Magdalen College, to read Chemistry.
- D. C. Bromage, Trinity College, to read Metallurgy.
- N. J. Cleverley, Magdalen College to read Classics.
- A. K. Morgan, Corpus Christi College, to read Physics.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The First XV has enjoyed mixed fortunes this season, and by Christmas it had registered six wins as against seven defeats. D.C.E.'s XV was easily beaten, but then the XV lost twice to strong sides from Warwick and Denstone. A detailed list of results appears at the end of this report, and of these, undoubtedly the most pleasing was the match against Worksop. This was a game in which the XV gained the initiative at the start and never lost its control of the game. P. L. C. Knee scored 22 points, and this match seemed to bode well for the future. Unfortunately, the side could not maintain the flair and urgency which it had demonstrated in the match against Worksop, and slipped to defeats by Lawrence Sherrif, Bromsgrove and Wrekin. A narrow win over Solihull and wins against Cotton College and Universities XV at the end of the term restored the confidence of the side.

During the Christmas holidays, S. G. Johnson, G. T. Ruston, A. R. D. Starr and A. L. Burn played for Greater Birmingham Schools, and S. M. Hollingworth played for the 2nd XV. Two performances in particular stand out. In the match against Herefordshire, Starr, with a forceful display of wing three-quarter play, ran in four of Birmingham's seven tries, while laying on another for Johnson who is to be congratulated on his selection for the Midland Schools XV—a notable achievement.

A glance at the results of the other XV's shows that school rugby is flourishing. The Second XV has recorded several notable victories and its strength is indicated by the fact that a selection rota has been instituted. The Third XV is having its best season in living memory and the hard core of its players must be congratulated on their unfailing enthusiasm. The U.16 XV has had a difficult time, although it has some promising players. The U.15 XV, after losing its first two matches to Warwick and Denstone, has been undefeated. This team has all-round strength and it is to be hoped that this success will continue in the senior teams. The record of the U.14 XV is equally encouraging. After a disastrous 35 point defeat at the hands of Warwick in the first match, this team carried all before it and registered a 44 point win over Lawrence Sherrif. Their success is based on a strong, mobile pack, supported by incisive three-quarters. The U.13 XV suffers from lack of size, but despite this handicap, still manages to play good rugby.

1st XV Results

D.C.E.'s XV	Won	17—3
Warwick School	Lost	12—29
Denstone College	Lost	3—21
Tettenhall College	Won	19—3
Worksop College	Won	28—3
Lawrence Sherrif	Lost	5—13
Bromsgrove School	Lost	16—28
Solihull School	Won	9—8
Ratcliffe College	Lost	3—20
Wrekin College	Lost	6—13
King's School, Worcester	Lost	3—5
Cotton College	Won	15—12
Universities XV	Won	17—6

Overall Results

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
1st XV	13	6	0	7	153	164
2nd XV	10	6	1	3	116	66
3rd XV	7	4	1	2	89	107
U.16 XV	8	2	0	6	49	146
U.15 XV	9	6	1	2	136	64
U.14 XV	9	7	1	1	187	80
U.13 XV	10	4	0	6	114	94

The following have represented the 1st XV during the Michaelmas Term :

P. L. C. Knee, R. J. Sheppard, A. R. D. Starr, J. P. Burton, T. L. Wenman, G. T. Ruston, R. C. Crocker, P. S. Russell, P. Wright, S. M. Hollingworth, G. P. Tranter, A. L. Burn, C. G. Watkins, S. G. Johnson, A. T. M. Freeman, P. J. Southern, P. M. Biddle, R. N. Webb, P. A. Glover, R. H. Pope, H. J. Smith, J. E. Hamlin,

Tries and their scorers :

Starr 3, Ruston 3, Biddle 2, Burn 2, Webb 2, Wenman 2, Knee 2, Burton 1.

Dropped goals :

Knee 1, Pope 1.

Colours have been re-awarded to C. G. Watkins and awarded to S. M. Hollingworth, S. G. Johnson, G. T. Ruston and A. R. D. Starr.

ANDREW BURN

THE BACKGROUND OF WESTERN CULTURE

This year, to replace English and Divinity lessons in the Divisions, a compulsory syllabus has been devised which deals with topics which have contributed to the development of culture in the West. The timetable has been arranged so as to have one lecture a week and two periods in which the Block is divided into seminars for discussion, and one more period for extra study of the week's topic or matters arising from it. The lectures are not so much a history of western civilisation as necessarily rushed educational discourses on topics which Divisions ought to know more about.

The lectures and lecturers for the Christmas Term were :

The Holy People.	M.J.G.
The Polis.	M.J.T.
Greek Science.	R.P.
Humanism.	F.J.W.
The Roman Imperial Ideal.	F.J.W.
The Third Race.	M.J.G.
The Break-up of the Empire.	R.G.L.
Byzantium.	R.G.L.
The Holy Roman Empire.	C.H.C.B.
Monasticism.	A.J.T.
The Nordic World.	W.M.J.H.
Music in the Church.	R.M.
Four illustrated talks on Classical to Romanesque Art.	J.B.H.

Reactions to the course are conditional on each individual boy's interests, knowledge and aims. They fall, however, into two predominant categories.

Type A. It is interesting that not many members of Type A can level any actual criticism of the course other than the fashionable remark "It's such a drag." Conclusion: Professional drop-out. DOES know but doesn't care. If thrust upon him at an earlier age, before he grew his hair long, might this course have yielded better results?

The Type B boy knows slightly more of the topic under discussion than Type A, and is therefore more interested in it. His comments will be mainly concerned with each lecture week by week. Many people might get a lot more out of the course if they thought of the relevance of each week's topic to themselves now.

The course was not intended as a mammoth history lesson, but the lessons to be learnt from all the lectures have a bearing on contemporary society. For instance, the underrated talk on monasticism was dismissed by some as being irrelevant and boring in content. Looked at in the light of contemporary society, it can be seen that monasteries and monks can offer a refuge and a useful occupation to those who wish to withdraw in part from modern society. Monks at least have a creative belief whereas the 20th century Hippie has a destructive and isolating belief. The Greek "Polis" system, as was pointed out, had the following to offer: democratic ideals, rights and responsibilities for the individual, community spirit and involvement, a high cultural level, and freedom of expression. These ideas outlasted Grecian civilisation and are today held to be of paramount importance to society.

Once all seminars start to discuss contemporary problems, the amazing potentiality of this course becomes apparent and the "mass apathy" of R. G. Maltby's article in "Chronicle" Vol. 3 No. 2 disappears. I would reply to him that it is not so much "mass apathy" as unfortunate ignorance of the relevance of contemporary problems to the individual which pervades our school. Incidentally, ramming an article like this down people's throats will certainly not help.

The "Background to Western Culture" series offers a remarkable opportunity for people to reflect on why and how contemporary society became as it now is, instead of taking many other turnings (notable turning points being dealt with under the headings "Greek Science, Humanism, Protestantism, Renaissance Art and Architecture"). It will be a measure of the success of the course if, in two years' time, the present Divisions do not have to conceal ignorance when faced with someone using the word "Manicheanism," and have the knowledge and intellect to submit and defend their own possible, reasoned and fair judgment of the topic.

CHRISTOPHER HODGES

THE HOUSE MUSIC COMPETITION

Part I—Tuesday, 15th December

The outcome of a competition on the Games Field is such that points for a House Championship may be awarded quite objectively. The referee can do little to alter the fact that the team with the most innate talent or brute strength will win. An orchestral competition, however, cannot be as clear cut, and the adjudicator's task is so subjective that it is nearly impossible. Should he give credit to a House whose choice of piece is exciting even if its performance is precarious, rather than one whose pedestrian offering is competently played but dull for musicians and audience alike? Should he reward a large orchestra with a wide range in its members of age and performing ability, compared with a smaller group of older, more experienced players, leaving out the throaty recorders and the squeaky violins best played only on open strings?

One suspects that most adjudicators rely on a general impression, and using this guide the performances of Vardy and Levett stood out from the rest. Vardy let the imagination of Gray play on

ideas of Bach. A very suitable creation for the available resources, it was played with great confidence, but the steady increase in tension progressed towards a climax which was quenched before it had really happened. In a very different style, Levett played a motet by Thomas Weelkes. The ensemble playing was excellent and the contrapuntal texture of the music was clear. Most important, the movement was tightly controlled and without this it could have been disastrous. This type of piece is not particularly approachable at first hearing, but it was a good choice for competent players.

Gifford's Mozart rondo—essentially a trumpet concerto—was immediately attractive, and a good sense of rhythm kept it going near the beginning, when a few notes went astray. Heath also presented a trumpet solo, and their arrangement worked well within the scope of the considerably smaller resources. Timothy Newman's "Quodlibet" was played from memory—in itself an impressive achievement—and the flute and piano sections were extremely effective. Jeune would undoubtedly have been higher placed had the guitar sections seemed more an integral part of the piece.

Evans had by far the largest orchestra, and attempted two movements from Handel's "Water Music." The effect was, of course, marred by the parts which sank from time to time, but the problem had deeper roots: the performance was hesitant and lacked the sparkle it could have achieved had there been adequate direction. Charles Spicer's original composition for Prince Lee produced interesting timbres and a variety of orchestral colour. Intonation problems seriously hampered its effectiveness, but the piece itself seemed to lack unity and a sense of direction. Cary Gilson's choice was perhaps unwise, even if we attribute some of the insecurity to an absent violinist. Purcell's music can be excruciating to listen to if the performers do not have the necessary confidence and technique.

The task of the adjudicator may be difficult, but that of a House Music Director is worse—persuading unwilling boys to appear for rehearsals at the extremities of the school day. But at least the competition itself is no longer the stomach-jellying ordeal before 600 boys on the Big School stage that it was when Professor Willis Grant was Director of Music at KES.

P.G.W.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT, 1970

The Chapel Choir carols were perhaps the most enjoyable part of the first half of this concert. The standard of performance was very high and the enunciation of the words especially noteworthy. Once or twice, particularly in the now familiar 18th century version of "Adeste Fideles," the attack of the choir should have carried rather more conviction, but this was outweighed by the accurate and rhythmical singing of the mediaeval carol "There is no rose of such virtue," and by the excellent balance between the soloist (Christopher Hodges) and the choir in "The Three Kings."

Of the orchestral section of the programme, the Vaughan Williams' Marches displayed great feeling for the music combined with accurate rhythm and tuning. The Intermezzo seemed unhappy at the beginning, but the pleasant wind solos helped to gloss this over and the strings gained confidence as the movement progressed. The Air of the "Water Music" showed off some warm and flowing string playing, while the Bourrée was also convincing, especially when the whole orchestra was playing. The very well-known Allegro was competently played, but could have been more lively.

The organ solo, "Rapsodie sur les Noël's," is an interesting piece, and Mr. Pryer exploited its full range of emotional effects in its juxtaposition of

the joyful and the mystical elements of the Christmas story.

The St. Nicolas Cantata displayed some fine singing from the soloist, Philip Russell, especially in those lyrical passages where Nicolas dedicates himself to God, and in the final death scene. He executed the taxing part with power and feeling. Perhaps the most notable sections from choir and orchestra were the Boyhood of Nicolas, where the varied combinations of voices and instruments led to an exciting climax; the Creation of Nicolas as Bishop, where the gallery choir (ably trained by Miss Douglas) played an effective part in working up to the splendid fugue passage; and the story of Nicolas and the pickled boys, in which chorus, gallery choir, orchestra and soloist combined to make it the most moving section of the Cantata. The storm scene was a little disappointing, since—although the music does not perhaps equal that of the storm in "Noye's Fludde"—there is scope for more excitement in the build-up and at the height of the storm than was made manifest here.

However, the evening, taken as a whole, was most enjoyable, and high praise must go to all the participants, and especially to Mr. Massey, who had prepared this delightful—and delightfully varied—pre-Christmas festival, and who conducted with such verve and infectious enthusiasm throughout.

And, at the end, a note of appreciation too, to Christopher Hodges and his team of bell-ringers, who sent us home with such a lively and disciplined medley of Christmas cheer.

JONATHAN HOMER (O.E.)

BLINDNESS

Blind people see in colour,
Not monochrome,
That would be too dull
And add to the monotony;
Instead, perception is heightened,
They see maroon, ultramarine,
And the sky.
They see the blood pulsing through their eyes,
The veins in their eyelids stand out blue.
They see the colour of the pupil
And wonder what colour is,
Try to remember orange,
And read the braille telling them which flower
they smell.

NICHOLAS COOKE

VOLCANO

Hot gore vomits from the torn earth's crusted
hide
and bright fires claw the stars;
the riven ground explodes in fury;
the air is fume and fire.

The land tilts and crumples.
Fire wheels turn in the smokey madness
and the ash-falls,
like the rains of hell,
link the burning sky and the ruined world
in a maze of fire and thunder.

The scorched earth splits
and blood fountains from the raw wound.

But . . . framed in fire, the question:
Who wields the blade that wounds a world?

THOMAS HOSTY

a statement

Yes folks, it's take-over time.

RICHARD BARLOW

a letter

Dear Sir,

I'm standing there watching the parade/feeling combination of sleepy John Estes. I've reached the conclusion that a writer can achieve more from beyond the grave.

This is my suicide note.

ARLO

P.S.—This is a joke.

P.P.S.—Honest.

a review

"Don't Look Back" and "Monterey Pop" (both directed by D. A. Pennebaker).

"Don't Look Back" is the better film, as a film, mainly because Dylan, like Clapton, is God; but also because Dylan, his music, and everything else about him, will last longer than most of the artists in "Monterey Pop." Dylan gained immortality because he's a genius; Jimi, Janis and Otis were all good, yes, but they gained immortality because they died early. "Don't Look Back" is a sort of "Hard Day's Night" for real—there's nothing like Ringo Dylan walking soulfully through London photographing soulful milk bottles and sandwiches curling up at the edges—but it's hard to know how real it all is: "I'm glad I'm not me," says Dylan as he reads the articles about himself; and there's people like Donovan and Eric Burdon trying to be cool and ingratiating at the same time. "We play a lot of your numbers and we try to get the kids to listen to the words," says Mr. Burdon. "Well, you shouldn't do that, you should just play and if they wanna listen they'll listen," says Dylan. Eric immediately agrees with him but still thinks the words are important.

The surprising thing is that Dylan comes out of the film so well: his songs really are as good as you always thought they were. He never sings a song all the way through because they're always cut up (after all, this is documentary), but he starts off "Come gather round, people, wherever you roam," and never sounds tired of it; he's still going to get people to listen. He always will.

"Monterey Pop" scores over "Don't Look Back" because it's in colour. It's a record of the Monterey Pop Festival of 1967, that's all it sets out to be, but consequently it's a bit dated—not by the music (except for Scott McKenzie), but by the signs saying "A Festival of Music, Love and Flowers." However, it is important since it was one of the first big Festivals, the beginning of the yellow brick road to Woodstock; and it introduced America to Hendrix; it introduced Janis Joplin (and showed what a terrible band Big Brother and the Holding Company was). Amongst other things.

The film doesn't carry any great message, except perhaps that the Festival was a success because everyone wanted it to be a success (there's a girl cleaning the seats, of which there are around 50,000: "How did you get to clean these seats, did you have a friend somewhere?" "No, I'm just lucky, I guess."). It merely shows the Festival, or at least part of the performances, some of which (Hendrix, The Who, Otis Redding, Ravi Shankar) are really exciting; others (Canned Heat, Eric Burdon, Jefferson Airplane) make you wonder what the fuss is about. But it makes the Festival seem very clean, very cosy, as if nothing went wrong (even the cops are smiling), as if nobody ever did wonder what happened to all that money. Perhaps Mr. Pennebaker was dazzled by his own colour; black-and-white does help make things look sordid. And Dylan never got a penny from his film.

RICHARD BARLOW

a article

Restless farewell

(being a third attempt to communicate)

This article is a culmination of thoughts and opinions expressed and improved upon in two previous articles which didn't get printed—the first reached Editor-in-Chief stage and was rejected on the grounds that we'd heard it all before. (Point One: constant repetition and revelation of new ideas—new to this school ideas—is the best way of having them accepted); the second reached Editor stage where it was mutually decided that it would never be printed anyway. (This is by way of an excuse for having this article printed after I've safely left school—it just happened that way, really). This isn't another Call to the Barricades, because I know that the attitude of the Masters has to change before the attitude of the Pupils will . . . It's dat ol' vicious circle, honeh. Anyway, "A Call to the Barricades" (what barricades? we start off with nothing, and we end up with less), suggests an inherent violence, perhaps to hide an inherent weakness, and it's a lot nicer, if less realistic, to change things peacefully. Hunter Thompson lives.

There's a lot of quasi-revolutionary rubbish talked at school: the destructive things (mostly), school uniforms are outmoded, CCF and Scouts should be disbanded, the Sixth Form Common Room is badly situated and badly planned; the constructive things (a small voice of innocence), there's never any soap in the washrooms, things that the Big League consider below their dignity, uncool, untrendy. That, admittedly, has all been said before; but no-one ever tries to really do something. The Sixth Former never has an opportunity to express his opinions; he may not have any (probably hasn't), but the opportunity should be there. There is the possibility of an opportunity in the General Committee Meeting of the School Club, which, apart from electing officials, could be extended to make suggestions about syllabuses, etc. (The Chief Master asked for such suggestions at an Upper Sixth period after the Oxbridge exams. No reply. Never is. The exams are over). When first proposed, this idea was ridiculed: "Well, those things can be rigged, anyway." Which means: "Well, we rigged the election of the Captain of Tiddlywinks. That's Power." The General Committee is the perfect example of being given "power" without having any Power. To resolve this, to make it so that things don't need to be rigged, to make it so that more important things are done than electing the School Tiddlywinks Captain, the General Committee should consist of all Sixth Formers, and anyone else who's interested, and should meet independent of the Chief Master. Thus any proposals of which it approved would be put before the Chief Master as the proposals of the School and not of an individual. Obviously the Chief Master could veto any proposals put forward, but then it's up to him to decide whether he wants to make the School a contented society or a collection of individuals each bearing a grudge and doing nothing for the School because of it, or whatever.

That's the only proposal I have to make. If that is ever achieved, you may be able to get something done about school uniform, lack of contact with the Girls' School, and all the other stuff you have to put up with.

RICHARD BARLOW

Well done, Richard, this year's winner of the Omar Khayyam Cuppe.



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FEBRUARY

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 3, No. 5

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

The Library accessions team is being kept busy this term by a very large influx of books. Many of these are the result of exceptionally generous gifts.

Many leavers have made gifts of money to the Library, and we are very grateful to T. J. Savage, departing School Librarian; R. W. G. Eglin, School Captain; T. J. Bishop, Librarian; G. J. Upton, G. R. Young, J. R. Burston, and of this year's leavers, J. P. Minkes.

The Common Room has also been generous, the Chief Master, the Librarian, and Mr. Tennick have all made extensive contributions, while many books were given by Mr. E. V. Smith and Dr. Mayor when they moved houses.

Presents have also been received from two Old Edwardians, S. A. Atkin (1960-1968), and a large gift of books on chess from Mrs. Winterton from the collection of her late Old Edwardian husband.

Finally, we have received a wide-ranging collection of books on America from the U.S. Embassy in London.

One very pleasing aspect of these gifts is that the whole Library has received additions rather than a small number of sections. Those responsible for running the Library naturally hope that this highly-valued generosity will be maintained in this and future years.

C.H.C.B.

HOCKEY

The Hockey team has enjoyed a highly successful season, losing only twice in 13 outings. The highlight so far has been to reach the final of the Birmingham Schools Festival without conceding a goal, only to lose 1—0 to Moseley Grammar, who have proved the only Birmingham school superior to our side. The key to our success is the experience gained by many of our players in club hockey, which has not only improved individual skills, but also encouraged a more professional attitude and produced an increased will to win.

The outstanding team members have been Colin Bromage and Phil Parker in the defence (both were selected for the Birmingham U.19 side), inside-right Nick Whitehouse (11 goals this season, despite his allegations of unfavourable bias on the part of every referee he plays against), Graham Holt, a talented mimic with 10 goals, and goal-keeper Dave Kilvert, penalty save expert in the Gordon Banks mould. The defence, with captain and strong man Steve Slade unshakeable, Tim Newman as sweeper, and Tom Burgess at left-half, has always been uncompromising. The mid-field work of Whitehouse and the unorthodox Phil Jones has produced brilliant flashes, and the incisive attacking play of wingers John Hall and Geoff Bird should also be noted. Our thanks must go to Mr. Buttle and Mr. Lambie for their often controversial umpiring and their help, and we now look forward to going one better in the Pickwick Festival, in which we were runners-up last year.

First team record: Played 13, Won 7, Drawn 4, Lost 2. Goals for 35, against 16.

Results:

Moseley Modern	Drawn 0—0
Dame Elizabeth Cadbury	Won 6—1
Moseley Modern	Drawn 0—0
Moseley Grammar	Lost 0—3
Stanmore	Drawn 0—0
Warwick U.16	Won 9—1
Queensbridge	Drawn 3—3
Solihull	Won 2—1
Dame Elizabeth Cadbury	Won 2—0
St. Philip's	Won 4—0
St. Philip's	Lost 2—4
Lordswood	Won 3—0
Pickwick	Won 4—3

COLIN BROMAGE
STEVE SLADE

SHOOTING

This has been a year of somewhat mixed success. The N.S.R.A. competition resulted in our usual mediocre position of 108th out of 133 schools who entered, despite the valiant efforts of our venerable captain. However, there is a small consolation for the Rugby Football fans among you—Bromsgrove were 110th, and we beat them in a postal match! The team, though comparatively young and inexperienced, has performed adequately during the season and shows promise for future years. Our postal matches this year have been very successful, thanks mainly to the consistent shooting of the captain and secretary, Geoff Bird and Bill Workman. The inevitable First colours were re-awarded to the secretary, and D. J. F. Collier is to be congratulated on the award of his Second colours. The School VIII this year has consisted of T. G. C. Bird, W. A. F. Workman, D. J. F. Collier, N. L. Burton, S. J. Kitchen, G. A. Mann, J. Burnie and A. C. R. Lawton.

Results of postal matches:

K.E.S. 759, Warwick 752	Won
K.E.S. 760, Monmouth 775	Lost
K.E.S. 762, Solihull 750	Won
K.E.S. 761.8, Bromsgrove 757	Won
K.E.S. 765, Glasgow 754	Won
K.E.S. 756, St. Edmunds 707	Won

BILL WORKMAN

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

With meetings being held in the lunch break on Tuesdays and Thursdays, the attendance at Scientific Society gatherings has been good. In particular, we were pleased to welcome a number of non-scientists, who seem to find the lectures just as interesting as do those for whom science is a speciality.

The first lecture of last term was by an external speaker, Dr. Whitworth. He gave an interesting talk on the elastic properties of materials. This included some impressive demonstrations of the way in which crystalline properties convert cadmium from a tough metal to a substance resembling chewing-gum. All who came left this lecture in an appropriately enlightened state.

There must surely have been a record attendance at the next meeting, in which the School's newly-acquired laser was demonstrated. The seats and gangways of the Ratcliff Theatre were packed

solid, but seats were imported from the Biology lab., so that no one was turned away.

Mr. Parry first gave us a 20-minute résumé of the 'A' level light syllabus, including interferometry. The laser was then manipulated in the competent hands of Mr. McIlwaine, who demonstrated some of the effects about which we had been told.

Towards the end of term, Mr. Wright proved that Chemistry can be just as stimulating as Physics, when he talked on Inert Gas Compounds. There was an impressive gallimaufry of apparatus on the bench which, we were assured, was capable of producing Xenon Fluoride, had either Xenon or Fluorine been available. An amusing film was then shown, illustrating a research project carried out in an attempt to synthesise Inert Gas Compounds. It clearly showed how the Americans would like us to believe their research is conducted.

At the beginning of this term, our ex-Physics Master and Astronomer Royal, Mr. Matthews, returned to give a talk on galaxies. His reputation produced a substantial attendance at the meeting. The structure and methods of examination of the Milky Way were expounded in some detail, and the talk was illustrated with several slides.

The next meeting of the Society will be on February 18th, when Mr. Rushton will tell us about the scope and function of an engineer. This will be of special interest to those considering engineering as a career, and those of us pursuing other courses will see what we have missed.

Those who saw the film about Inert Gas Compounds will be interested to see what research is really like. To this end, Dr. Cumming is giving a lecture towards the end of term of Hexagonal Hierarchies in Nature. This is a new scientific theory which has evolved to explain the construction of such diverse objects as towns, trees, rivers and lungs. The lecture should be of interest to mathematicians as well as those concerned with the other sciences. Non-scientists are, of course, welcome as always.

DUNCAN CUMMING

DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society, despite good attendances and innovations in the style of meetings, appears on the surface to be intellectually sterile. This is due to four causes, which could easily be removed. Firstly, the slickly-worded motions, such as "This house would hijack KEHS," invite fruitless discussions on their meaning: "What I understand by the motion . . ." has been heard too often. Secondly, there is a tendency to be parochial; the existence of secret school files does not indicate that "1984 is not far away." Thirdly, no one except the speakers bothers to think the subject over beforehand, which scarcely improves the quality of floor debate; and lastly, recent debates have been chaired by boys, who do not have sufficient inherent authority for the task.

However, these faults do not prevent the Society from serving the useful purpose of giving members of the School practice in discussion and debate. There is no lack of individual views at meetings, and everyone is allowed a fair hearing. Politically, attenders range from neo-Fascists to Maoists. There has lately been a tendency to be despondent about the present day; recent motions have included: "This house believes that society is doomed" and "This house thinks that the 20th century knows the price of everything and the value of nothing," which were both carried; but this can only reflect School opinion. The standard of debate is not at present very high, but this is because most people are still learning the art; there is a great deal of "promise for the future."

Finally, although the Chairman's adulation of the late General de Gaulle continues unabated, meetings do not yet end with the singing of "La Marseillaise."

ANDREW FOSTER

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

In a play of such sophistication as "Twelfth Night" the most important elements are co-ordination among the different departments and an overall sense of unity. Thus the first meeting of the members of the Dramatic Society concerned with direction, costumes, set, lighting and music, took place during June last year—in a sleazy Chinese restaurant in Selly Oak. The fundamental theme was a simplification of Tudor patterns: the set was designed from a Tudor architectural facade; the costumes were of a basic Tudor style; the music was a Tudor theme within Kevin Lee's distinctive style. The lighting was propounded in its earliest form to accommodate and enhance the set.

By September, therefore, when the cast had been selected and the first full company meeting had assembled, much of the planning had already been accomplished, and four months of extremely hard and ultimately rewarding work loomed in front of the actors and stage staff. The most immediate problem was the creation of an irregular framework set, with the strength to withstand not only a week's performance at school, but also a continental tour the following summer. Such a structure required, if possible, an alloy like aluminium, but the representative of British Aluminium took one look at the model, swooned and almost suffered a nervous breakdown. As a result, half term was spent wielding a propane gun and welding 250 feet of plastic tubing into position. The paint and an extra 300 feet of tubing were donated by various philanthropic firms in Birmingham.

The integration of lighting and sound took place once the set had been completed, and it is a tribute to the patience of all those involved that both had an exceptional degree of professionalism. Three neurotic evenings were spent at school experimenting with the largest range of theatre lighting ever used on the School stage. The music also took two sessions of recording to perfect, and employed the most accomplished musicians the School had to offer, as well as a number of recent Old Edwardians.

The central part of any production remains, of course, the rehearsals, and these continued, with a few breaks, from September until January; thus the essential energy and vitality had time to emerge and grow within the production, rather than be forced and distorted just before the first performance. It was the growth of this vitality of emotion, language and movement, which can only be achieved by concentrated application to the rehearsals, that created the tension evident in the performances. Rehearsals were often gruelling and tedious, but on occasions provided infinite satisfaction. This was particularly noticeable when the lighting and music were first introduced, adding a new dimension to the play and a wider context within which to act. When the costumes were finally completed, another of the necessary but tiring jobs, dress rehearsals could take place, mostly during the Christmas holidays. It is interesting to note that as much atmosphere was sometimes generated during holiday rehearsals as on some of the actual performance nights. The word "atmosphere" is here crucial: it gave life to a play already based on a sound technical foundation.

Performances themselves were the final expression of six months of work among nearly 60 members of the Dramatic Society. But every performance had its own individuality: Tuesday was competent; not until Wednesday did the company feel that the play was fulfilling its potential; by Saturday such a pitch of emotional strength had been developed that, in the last scene, several of the cast, unknown to the audience, were in tears—a situation which rarely arises in school drama. The audiences also varied from a noisy, popcorn-munching first night to a responsive and riveted last night. By the Saturday evening a sense of elation was pervading the back-stage area and an aura of success was prevalent. The next day there

was total depression at the thought that it had finished.

It was particularly exhilarating in "Twelfth Night" to watch the co-ordination of the various departments into the whole play, the crystallisation of months of planning and continuous work. But ultimately the object of "Twelfth Night," and school drama in general, is not merely to satisfy those participating in it, but to carry to the public a performance worthy of recognition, and to try to convey to the school an interest in drama—not merely the self-perpetuating and languishing tradition of the "school play."

JON BROMWICH

As the basic interpretative premiss of his extremely successful production, Mr. Parslew selected the strain of wistful melancholy which infuses much of the text of "Twelfth Night." Ensuring that it was accurately reflected by the spare economy and strict relevance of the set and lighting, and echoed in Kevin Lee's remarkable music, he took the crucial step of opening with a sombre, downbeat scene instead of the set-piece of Orsino's court, and the correct melancholic aura was immediately established round the action for the rest of the play.

The word "sombre" accurately suggests the necessary shade of a melancholy "Twelfth Night," but it equally implies the correct density of approach. Melancholy is neither intense grief nor deep sorrow, and some of the cast seemed a little slow to register the importance of this. Inactive scenes, e.g., Sir Topas' visit to Malvolio, were kept in dramatic motion by the ability and good judgment of the players concerned, but inappropriate heaviness occasionally crept in. Once the light, sad touch of the opening scene had attuned the audience to the level of intensity which the director was dictating, we could register the wider significance of Cesario's rejection of Antonio without (special sixty-four dollar couplet voice . . .)

"In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind."

The message is quite plainly there—it doesn't need a "serious" delivery. However, more generally the actors were extremely acute in reflecting that particular interpretative responsibility which the melancholic thread laid on their lines.

Also uppermost in the director's mind was the strategic importance of Feste. But in this case the Clown's exact position in relation to the remainder of the play seemed ambiguous, and the interpretation of the role sometimes appeared to contradict itself. Although the audience saw Feste at the centre of the action, it was quite clear from his costume and make-up that he wasn't there as a committed participant, but as a catalyst to the rest of the characters. But how far from the human involvement inherent in the interplay of the others was Feste standing? At times he was the incidental commentator par excellence:

"Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another"

and Feste throughout the play watches payment after payment. At times he seemed more involved than anyone, e.g., his assistance of the injured Aguecheek. Feste is clearly more aware of the pathos and melancholic potential of a given situation than any other character, but how far, if at all, should this commit him to positive action? Ambiguity haunted this feature of the production.

The constant reminders of "the winter's wind and man's ingratitude" inevitably brought Malvolio and the sub-plot to the forefront of the action. Chris Gibbons' intelligent interpretation of Sir Toby was refreshingly distant from the stereotyped bloated sot. Stuart Rogers as Aguecheek, and Andrew Forbes as Fabian provided lively and extremely able support, and Angela Bowes' Maria was approached sensibly with humour and zest while never letting the audience forget who originated Malvolio's humiliation. At the centre

of this plot Andrew Summers produced a performance which was complete from the first crisp entrance to his barefooted, stumbling exit. A single movement of the hand crystallised absolutely the core of Malvolio's self-love. In the first act's construction of Malvolio's hard, arrogant shell, and in its subsequent destruction, his comprehension and command of the character was never in question for a moment.

Despite certain ambiguities in the interpretation handed him, Charles Spicer carved a credible and largely sympathetic Feste out of the text. One's reluctance to associate him specifically with any particular incident or exchange is proof enough of the necessary elusive quality he brought to his catalytic rôle.

The battle waged by the romantic plot for at least equal attention with Malvolio's troubles was considerably aided by the striking vulnerability of Hilary Day's Viola, whose sensitive performance was marred only by a slightly wooden approach to her movement about the stage. Teresa Rogowski, as Olivia, moved extremely well, and her stylish progression carried definite aristocratic overtones. But she lacked the vocal flexibility of the other two girls, and there was a resultant diminution of contrast between her resolute rejection of Orsino and her overwhelming passion for Cesario, a consideration central to the construction of her character. She seemed happy to settle, however, for Sebastian, with whom David Jackson struggled valiantly. As his companion, Tim Newman looked immensely impressive and drew as to the manner born, which is quite adequate for any Antonio.

After a somewhat unimpressive first night, Peter Biddle's Orsino developed to a stage where no character, other than Malvolio, seemed quite so credible. The obvious enjoyment which the actor derived from his more fulsome passages came ironically to act as relief from the darkening convolutions of the "comic" sub-plot. But once again there appeared the occasional odd emphasis. Fancy, the blossoming imagination or the idyllic element, was subdued and largely devoid of shapes; and the high fantastical was notable chiefly by its absence.

SIMON ARROWSMITH

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

The School having given the experiment more than a fair chance to prove successful, I am writing to you as my only means of registering total disapproval of the five-day week.

Since this was introduced in the academic year 1969-70, nothing but chaos has ensued: long lunch-hours, short lunch-hours, fifth period at 12.30 or is it 1.10? The whole affair has proved most confusing. In addition to this, the loss of a second free afternoon, previously available for training or playing games, has lowered the standards of all our School teams—the XV has had poor seasons both last year and this—and caused the death of the House system as a basis for games organisation.

The Chief Master made it clear that he and the Common Room had considerable reservations about the new scheme, reservations which, I feel, have been more than justified. Is it too much to hope that this mistake may some day be rectified? As it is, many of us merely spend Saturday morning in bed.

MARK CHECKLEY

Sir,

In reply to Mr. Checkley's letter, there are eight points:

1. The experiment has not had more than a fair chance to work, since we are only in the fifth term without Saturday morning school.

2. Mr. Checkley mentions chaos—what chaos? Long and short lunch-hours have always existed. On Tuesdays, under the old system, morning

periods began at 9.55 and ended at 12.55, totally confusing the week's pattern. We suggest that Mr. Checkley should look at his old time-tables.

3. There is no justification for regret at the loss of a second free afternoon. Training for rugby teams, athletics, badminton, swimming, fives, fencing, basketball, cross-country, etc., have all been amply catered for during long lunch-hours. Society meetings have, if anything, benefited.

4. The statement that "the XV has had poor seasons both last year and this" is statistically insupportable. The captain of rugby notes that in the last nine years before the abolition of Saturday school the First XV recorded 56 wins, an average of just over six wins per season. Last year five victories were achieved, and this season the total so far is eight. If the team wins, say, two of its remaining five matches (a not unreasonable hypothesis in view of its record to date) it will finish the season as one of the two or three most successful KES XV's of the last decade.

5. Mr. Checkley's letter significantly omits any reference to academic standards which, in terms of Oxbridge awards, have been outstandingly good in the last two years. Is this mere coincidence?

6. Socially, family weekends are no longer wrecked, and the School is now in alignment with its neighbours.

7. Boys living at a distance from the School no longer waste so much time travelling for merely four periods on a Saturday morning. Under the old system the law of diminishing returns operated.

8. "Many of us merely spend Saturday morning in bed." So what? Sleep never did anyone any harm, and it is better done at home than at school.

MARTIN CARDINAL

PETER WYLIE

MUSIC AT KES

The success of this year's Christmas Concert, with both nights sold out, could be regarded as an indication of the improvement of music in the School over the past two years. There has been a large amount of favourable criticism from outside the School, both of this concert and of the Old Edwardians' evensong earlier in the term.

There is, however, no room for complacency, as music at KES has several serious shortcomings. Perhaps the most obvious of these is the execrable standard of the Orchestra. There can be no doubt that in comparison with other schools of the same academic stature, instrumental music here is of a very inferior quality. Mr. Mason's criticism, in the last but one Chronicle, of Christopher Hodges' concert, inadvertently makes an important point: there is in fact nobody in the School who is capable of playing the violin obbligato in the piece mentioned, which reveals the Orchestra's main weakness. The standard of string playing is so poor that it is impossible to raise even a reasonably competent string quartet. This is partly explained by the attainment of a nadir of musical morale during the middle sixties when, with a few gifted exceptions, most people in the Lower School were not interested in music, mainly because of the boring way in which it was taught. Thus the dearth of skilled musicians in the Upper School at the moment is responsible for the uninspiring Orchestra.

The Choral Society too, suffers from the indifference of the upper half of the School. Last term only three members of the Upper Sixth and some six or seven of the Sixth Form were involved in the Society. If one refuses to make allegations of mass philistinism in the School, the lack of support can only be attributed to stultifying Lower School music periods in the mid-sixties.

It is encouraging that today's Lower School does not exhibit the same degree of apathy. The number of junior boys singing in the choir and learning all kinds of instruments is increasing rapidly at

the moment and standards will be far higher when our present U.M.s reach the top of the School. Since a more flexible and catholic yearly programme has replaced the solemn ritual of the Lent Term Oratorio and the Autumn or Summer Orchestral Concert, choral and orchestral enthusiasm has mounted. It seems, therefore, that considerable improvement over the next few years is certain and that current mediocrity will prove transient.

Although there will in time be automatic recovery in some respects, there are further serious defects which cannot be expected merely to vanish. The Chapel Choir which, we are told, has achieved a "professional" standard, and has made a record, is wasted. Four or five times per term it sings Evensong, which at the moment consists largely of unadventurous, sometimes boring, and all too often repeated music. It also sings a few jolly little carols at the Christmas concert, and practises all this for an average of one hour per week. A choir of such calibre might manage a few elaborate motets or even polyphonic masses from time to time, both in Chapel and in concert. While evensong is obviously worth singing purely as a religious offering, the pretence of being a great public school is beginning to wear a little thin without more and better music to reinforce it. More enterprise on the part of the management and more frequent practices might be welcome here.

While small ensembles are arranged for the House Music Competition, which is, incidentally, regarded as a frustrating chore, there are no informal chamber groups which meet to play purely for enjoyment. It is virtually impossible to get up a group to sing madrigals or to play chamber music at a Musical Society lunch-time concert, let alone for an evening's private entertainment. This further restricts instrumental accomplishment and reflects lack of musical keenness.

Lastly, for inadequately explained reasons, music does not form part of the general School curriculum after the Remove. There are occasional music scholarships to Oxbridge, and poorly subscribed, half-hearted Sixth Form options sometimes lead to a few music "O" level successes, restricted to the top of the School. This system relegates music from being an intellectual discipline to mere pastime, resulting in gross ignorance throughout the School and an omnipresent spirit of lackadaisical amateurism. Perhaps the establishment of music scholarships on entrance to KES, and music periods at least as far as the Fifth Form would help. Serious musical study would certainly justify such vast expenditure on the Music School.

Although these are at least five serious defects, there is nothing that a little more enthusiasm and effort from both management and pupils cannot improve in the course of a few years. A large amount of talent in the Lower School, coupled with a new, enterprising direction, both of which already exist, should elevate music at KES to a level comparable with that of our academic equals.

JULIAN BURLING

FURRY ANIMULES

A puce nose-tip, silhouette against the tree
signifies mole presence; the wading hands
loop in arcs the yellow leaf mystery,
thread tides through his mystic bands.

Playful pouches, stuffed with porridge crumbs,
look out, through gimlet eyes; rods of steel.
Here connexion lies: the quick, pink thumbs
parallel outside-cage tactics, I feel.

Show me a flop-eared rascal, pub spaniel,
and take your artifacts: for are we not greater
than nature?

For: a hamster to dance to Bach gavottes! Well,
let's say Fellini or Warhol, but let's be demure.

PETER GOAKES



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KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

MARCH

CHRONICLE

Within minutes of the general issue of this edition, the Editor confidently expects to wade again through an ankle-deep swathe of "Chronicles" papering the locker-room floor. In the Cartland Room he will pause once more in speechless admiration before the assorted collection of darts, hats, mats, scorecards, bookmarks, spittoons and other domestic ornaments (all from a few pages of newsprint) which he has come to know and love so well.

In a short while he will creep dauntlessly out from behind the battered hulk of his journalistic reputation. He will organise events and report them himself. He will leave no stone unturned in his search for the Editorial Board. He will put out more flags. And at irregular monthly(?) intervals, he and his publication will probably continue to sink without trace.

To judge from such comment as he has received, he thinks that most people would miss "Chronicle" if it wasn't there. This never seems to prevent 95% of the School from suppressing any reaction to it other than sporadic and perfunctory grunts of largely destructive criticism. It's also traditional for middle-school heavies to mutter darkly from time to time about clique dictatorship. Speaking for himself, the Editor-as-one-man-clique would greet the advent of anything up to 700 or so new recruits with nothing but enthusiasm and certain encroaching symptoms of nervous exhaustion.

Ultimately, it's not just the remedy which lies in your hands—it's the responsibility as well. Ironically, in its present decline, "Chronicle" continues to reflect more accurately than most people realise the mood of this school. Because if this paper seems dead, a great many of you do, too.

RUGBY TOUR TO DEVON

On the afternoon of February 18th, 19 School rugby players, flexing their right arms in anticipation, clambered on board two Devon-bound Bedford vans (driven by Messrs. Benson and Everest). Once the vehicles had been crammed with assorted luggage and S. M. Hollingworth's week's supply of Polo mints, the party moved off.

Stopping only to answer the calls of necessity, we stormed into Sampford Peverell. The anticipated difficulty at the Devon customs never arose: George Tranter's foot and mouth was confirmed, but they couldn't spare a bullet. The Green Headland Hotel contained all the requirements so important to a touring rugby team, and our first evening was spent testing the local rocket fuel.

Next morning we were galvanised into unaccustomed activity for a training session on the Sampford Peverell F.C. (amateur) football pitch. The match that afternoon was against Shebbear; the journey was over rough country roads. Behind schedule and one puncture to the good(?) we took a hurried non-alcoholic lunch and trundled on, negotiating hills of 1 in 4 like bats out of hell and, thanks to directions from friendly natives, eventually reaching our destination.

The match was a close one, and by half-time K.E.S. had taken a six-point lead through two penalties by Peter Knee. Shebbear recovered well in the second half, however, scoring two penalties, the second of which was conceded only two minutes from time. Andrew Burn presented a shield to our opponents' captain after some technical difficulties with his pocket. Various strange ailments were common next day, mostly self-induced by the previous night's activities.

Messrs. Benson and Everest had earlier expressed their intention of participating in a coarse rugby match; on Saturday they carried out their threat. A fair percentage of the party decided to watch, and were rewarded by having to push the van to the ground, owing to a shortage of petrol.

The atmosphere built up before the big game. Chris Watkins, obviously carried away by it all, admirably demonstrated how to drop-kick and fall base over apex without really trying. Andrew Burn in his Tommy Cooper outfit acted as cheer-leader, and Peter "Muttley" Knee filmed the bizarre happenings, both on and off the field, for posterity.

This incredible game was climaxed by a lucky solo try by D. C. Everest, Esq., at which the spectators, intoxicated with delight, invaded the pitch, but were forced to retire to a chorus of obscene Devonian grunts from the players. Unfortunately, the team to which our masters had attached themselves lost.

After the game, the van ran very well on Red Barrel back to the club house, a converted barn with a permanent smell of manure, cigarettes and hops. We felt quite at home there.

On Saturday night, the entertainment was varied. Paul Glover and his belligerent "kiddy cart" mob went to a dance, a highly enterprising idea, but its success was dampened because only one other person turned up. The more senior members of the party—the "geriatric ward"—stumbled onto a skittle alley.

On Sunday we played our worst rugby of the tour—and won 11—0, against Tiverton R.F.C. Colts. During the game Peter Knee reached the 150 points mark for the season. Afterwards, in the club house, interest was directed towards the incongruity in the barmaid's jeans by the leering Peter Knee. An on-the-spot survey revealed to what lengths this incongruity extended. Mr. Benson's eyes lit up visibly.

Later, at Sampford Peverell, we were visited by two strange apparitions, an unassuming walking gargoyle and what seemed to be a Scot, belatedly

celebrating Hogmanay. Between them they supported a signpost! As to their identities and motives we can but speculate, but one did leave a visiting card inscribed "G.T., Publicity Agent, Notre Dame."

Our last match was on Monday against Tiverton G.S., a hitherto unbeaten side, including an England U.19 Trialist centre and an England U.16 full back. At first, Tiverton were on top, but in the second half we came back, our three-quarters outstanding—Tim Wenman and Andrew Starr both scored tries. Unfortunately, however, the opposition held onto the lead they had built up early in the match, and we were narrowly beaten 11—13.

Andrew Burn repeated his shield act, and Chris Watkins accepted a gift for which he has, however, found no useful purpose. That night we travelled back to Birmingham.

We would like to thank Messrs. Benson and Everest for taking us on the tour, which was a sporting and social success. Everybody certainly rated it very highly. They certainly did.

SIMON HOLLINGWORTH

C.C.F.—ARMY SECTION COURSES

In addition to the many internal activities available to members of the C.C.F. at KES, there are many holiday courses, arranged either by M.O.D. or by District, which cadets in the Army Section may attend.

There are, in fact, two types of course—those concerned mainly with military training, and those teaching technical subjects. An example of the former, which a group of cadets recently attended, is Combat Engineering.

The course began with a study of knots, lashings and temporary bridge construction, followed by a whole-day exercise building a rope bridge across a fairly large frozen pond. The following day was spent studying elementary surveying, including a certain amount of practical work, and the theory of watermanship. The latter led up to the next day's exercise, spent driving Army boats up and down the River Avon. A day-and-a-half was then spent studying explosives before the highlight of the course on the last afternoon, when a few of us who were attending the advanced course set up and exploded a "ring-main" consisting in all of about five pounds of high explosive, strategically placed so as to make a large bang without destroying any of the buildings nearby.

Also included in this category are the courses run by the Corps of Signals on various aspects of military communications, and various Leadership and Adventure Training courses, which offer an unparalleled opportunity to any who feel fit enough to seize it.

Included in the technical group are the Mechanical Fitting course, which gives an introduction to metalwork, culminating in the construction of a G-clamp as a practical exercise; and the Mechanical Vehicles course, where a certain amount of the theory of the motor car is taught, and then cadets are allowed to strip down and, if possible, re-assemble various Army vehicles. One of the most popular of these courses is the "Basic Radio" course when, after a period of intensive study of the theory of electronics, cadets are presented with seven-transistor radio kits which they assemble and are subsequently allowed to keep.

The rapidly increasing popularity of these courses shows that not only are they often useful, but are also immense fun. There is, in the Army course, a unique opportunity to enjoy an extremely cheap yet thoroughly enjoyable and practical holiday.

PAUL COOKE

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

There have been three meetings of the Society so far this year, all of which have been well attended, when the apparent refusal of non-specialists to attend is considered. Indeed, the Society is experiencing a slow revival of interest, since last year, as few as four people bothered to turn up to one meeting.

In the Christmas term, P. T. Wylie gave a very lucid and informative talk on "The Popish Plot"; the speaker succeeded in providing as clear a picture as possible of a period in history which still puzzles historians and gives rise to much speculation.

Earlier this term, P. D. Goakes spoke on "The Inter-relationship between Art and History, 1600-1850," a talk illustrated by some 50 examples on film-strip, kindly loaned by Mr. Hurn. For a subject so large and complex, the material was well selected, covering, if briefly, a considerable number of national and international schools of art.

The topic for the third meeting of the school year was "Scribblers and Peers; Literature and Politics, 1660-1745"—a talk given by Mr. Trott. This was a most interesting and entertaining meeting, during which the speaker examined the political works of Milton, Marvell, Dryden, Swift and Pope, within their historical background.

Next term it is hoped to hold at least one, perhaps two, meetings. Scientists and mathematicians are always welcome to a society which is much more than a mere extension of school history periods.

MARTIN CARDINAL

MODERN LANGUAGE SOCIETY

In the course of this school year the Modern Language Society has met four times, to hear two talks in French, one in Spanish and one in German. Naturally, the Society can only appeal to a limited sector of the School, but some of the titles of this year's lectures have failed to attract even the senior linguists. There certainly seems to be little interest in European politics, as the two talks on this subject provoked no reaction whatsoever from the audiences, who appeared thoroughly bored by the whole proceedings. On the other hand, the lectures on Peru and the French cinema were much enjoyed and involved some discussion.

The moral is clear—if some linguistic benefit is to be available from the Society, lectures might as well deal with topics of more general interest, which will at least be listened to attentively. Nevertheless, the quality of the speakers has been consistently high, and linguists are indebted to Mr. Tomlinson for securing their services.

STEVEN SLADE

A REPLY

(Being a first attempt to communicate)

If all that Richard Barlow can do to further the cause of Democracy in this School is to write a letter to "Chronicle," and that only after he has left, then in my view, he is the sort of person that the School will not miss.

If he really believes in the views which he set out in his letter of January, '71, during his seven years here he should have at least had the courage to stand up and do something, instead of literally running away. The list of complaints (to which I could add dozens of others) is not "quasi-revolutionary rubbish," but perfectly legitimate complaints and points of view. I am writing this letter, however, just to point out that something IS being done, or to put it on his own terms, the oppressed masses are rising up. On January 11 my proposal to set up an "Advisory Sub-Committee to the School Club" was submitted to the General Committee. It made provision for about 10 people, representing every Block, to meet twice a month

to make reports and to give advice to the Chief Master and his staff on our opinion on any non-academic matters. The general intention is to keep the Chief Master aware and informed of current School views.

As Richard Barlow so gloomily predicted, this proposal was not passed, or even voted on, because it did not conform to Rules 30-33 of the School Club. A revised proposal, fully conforming, will go before the meeting of March 29. This may not sound very much to the Maoist sixth formers, but it is a beginning, realistic, and worthy of all the support it can get.

JONATHAN SPECTOR

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

The sad and misguided perverseness of Mr. Spector's whole approach is typified by his eccentric description of Richard Barlow. He's not really that dangerous; a heavy pixie, perhaps, a Maoist—never.

Yours faithfully,

A. N. ONCE (Marx Div.)

FILM SOCIETY

The main point about Jiri Menzel's "Closely Observed Trains" is that it is beyond doubt a satire on human insufficiency, or the ironies of life. Thus we see the small town railway official, still his mother's darling and what one would describe as an "ordinary," therefore very lifelike, situation. The film was shown in monochrome, which also brings out its earthy quality, the trains coming and going in very routine style and the colourless life brightened only by the prospect of sexual fulfilment.

It would be easy in such a state of affairs, for the director to make the film tedious, but, true to life, there are amusing and unlikely anecdotes sprinkled here and there in the story. The attempted suicide; the tears in the stationmaster's settee; the rubber-stamping of the young lady in an unusual quarter; all these incidents seem insignificant, even trivial, but all are essential to the theme of the film.

The hero begins the story by donning proudly the railway uniform, and his complete innocence was betrayed by laughter from the stalls, indicating that the look on his face transcended the innocent and became infused with a weird insanity. The routine jobs at the station are all plied with the same isolated expression. Even when attempting to make love, he wears his railway hat, and the same expression haunts his features. It is not surprising, then, that sexual gratification is his only requirement from life, and this finally arrives near the end of the film. But in accordance with the irony of human life, he dies, after escaping from the Nazis because they see his scarred wrists, when there is far less of a risk: gazing down in wonder at the bomb he has just planted on a German ammunition wagon, he is spotted by a machine-gunner and, with his girl waiting for his initiation on the platform, he blows up with the train.

Several aspects of the film lead one to believe that it has been directed with skill and care. There is the firm precision behind every train coming into the station: early on our hero is standing ready to kiss his girl goodbye when the train moves off with her aboard. The synchronisation of the two actions is more difficult than is at first imagined. We also see a train stopping to reveal the man standing behind and between two wagons: such an effect places a premium on accuracy.

There is, finally, the explosion which is a fitting climax to the film. We see the train explode, and the scene switches back to the station, where the heroine is waiting. The violence of the shock drives her coat behind her and sends various

objects spinning her way. A hat rolls by, then thick smoke covers the entire scene. This coup de grace is the quintessence of all that is best in "Closely Observed Trains": it expresses the irony of death, and the pain of thwarted love, possesses an element of humour, and exhibits masterly photography and effects work. It would cause even Antonioni to think again about his ending to "Zabriskie Point."

PETER GOAKES

"RIPPING!"

T. W. Hutton's history of King Edward's School is an amusing book, if only because the author generously tries to deliver praise even when the grounds for it are, to say the least, dubious. There is, for example, Charton Collins, who "might have been a critic of note, but somehow just missed it." The most obvious double-edged remark, however, is applied to Alfred Hayes, the author of the School Song. All that Hayes' songs are admirable for, apparently, is the fact that they "have survived much criticism." The implication is that even should the songs be found to be devoid of lyrical merit, they are at least robust, they have an unshakeable stolidity which defies anyone who should be so rash as to criticise them.

I shall now attempt yet another assault, however, upon this formidable bastion of English idiocy, and in particular, of course, to comment on that absurd congregation of bumbling inanities—our own School Song.

When the Repertory Theatre staged "Forty Years on" last year, the programme included a selection of school songs which, presumably, were meant to represent all that is most ridiculous about the "public school spirit." Our own song headed the list as a matter of course, but it was in good company. There was a corrective reminder from Harrow that we

"Come short of the giants of old
Who grew more mightily, all in a row
Than ever was heard or told."

Also present was the cheerful prognostication from Uppingham that

"The school, the school shall win
(Oh the royal game and free),"

apparently simply because

"(Short out, short out, long in)
'Tis a goodly companie. (Merry England)."

It is ironical that the song which is meant to be a eulogy of the school, combined with an encouragement to its members, should have become an instrument which can so easily be used to hold the school up to ridicule.

The common factor shared by three of the songs (including ours) in the Rep.'s programme is that they all preach the simple but obviously erroneous philosophy that life can be compared with a rugby/cricket match to the advantage of anyone besides the satirists. This philosophy has been extremely popular, particularly at the turn of the century, when the high-priest of the public school playing-field, Sir Henry Newbolt, was at the height of his ill-deserved fame. (One reviewer was so stunned by the implications of Newbolt's work that he could only describe it as "Ripping!"). It is extremely doubtful, however, whether such a philosophy was of any worth at that time, and it certainly is not now.

When an O.E. wrote to "Chronicle" from Chicago three years ago, he said that "the values" which he had been taught "related to a world which does not, and probably never did, exist." Those values are now deservedly in disrepute, but we still have the complete statement of them before us in the School Song. It is a pity (short out, short out, long in) that the goodly companie of King Edward's still has to exercise its lungs on this Merry English absurdity.

GORDON SMITH

A MAN

Escalated automate
Wearied waits until the feet are snatched away,
Forcing him to walk
Now moved away from station friends
Rebounding cries of haste.
Lethargic crates, unfabled, double-decked
Direct to housing,
Deposit and withdraw,
Depart.

The dreary haze
Of afternooning mornings,
Denying the day its order,
Shimmers like a central-heated dream,
A sleepless dream urbanic bus-stop barrack gate.
And from inside
The outside's cold,
And friends forget.

Oppressive light—or was it heat—
Burns eyelids red, sockets sore,
And leaves the blind man purged to his content.
Yet mattress'd to his death
He thinks
And knows
The difference.
Still Eve represses knowledge—drives him on.

The window free, uncurtain'd,
An Urban Tree mocks loud,
Throbs a swollen sadness,
But keeps its branches open.

JOHN MALLATRATT

JUST LIKE THE HEROINE IN THE SAW-MILL OF TIME'S BLUES

"She paused—"

The moment is sharp and crisply sawn
by the stainless knife which is the line between
such moments

"—and began again . . ."

The edge cut swiftly in the cold dry gloss
and the rigid months it cut stand up
with only the gap which is left by the breadth of
the knife

between them. Everything in them is over now,
they stand like the marble canopies
over the graves of our memories, lying
in the leafy groves of our neurological cemeteries.
*And the links between them are like the links
that join the dead;*

They were the moments when she said that word,
when
he switched off the light, when
the H bomb fell, or
when walking out of the open door,
the thread was cut between himself and days, by
the same blade that separates the units of
recordable time

And cut off the flowering of his organic thought.

Rigor mortis has set the bodies
of both the memory and the cadaver
And lying in their glass-topped boxes
they stand for a movement that was stilled

*Even in a moment there is room for movement.
Even in a lifetime there is room for moments.*

The wax flowers around them know their place
and do not move.

PETER DANIELS