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KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

# CHRONICLE

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## SCIENCE FICTION 1973: A PERSONAL APPRAISAL

Science fiction has gone to the dogs.

That has been said before, and successfully refuted, but now it seems that this is actually the case. A swift consideration of the writers of proven talent who were producing first-rate science fiction a decade ago is enough to demonstrate just how few are still doing so. Asimov and Clarke, the two most talented writers in the game for a long time, are turning to other fields: Asimov has produced only one novel in the last five years, while Clarke has written nothing for ages. Indeed, the latter's publishers are so desperate for material that their last two "Arthur Clarke" books have contained, in all, a 1949 novella and two early manuscripts for novels which were subsequently published in greatly different (and improved) form, namely "2001" and "The City and the Stars."

Of the other talented writers of a decade ago, Beaumont and Cordwainer Smith have died, Simak has cut down his output drastically, Bester has stopped writing, and Heinlein, Laumer and Blish have deteriorated (stylistically) to the point where the last-named has recently perpetuated an abysmal series of "Star Trek" adaptations! Only a handful, including Van Vogt, Bradbury and Herbert are maintaining or improving their old standards.

Where new talent is concerned, the outlook is not good either: there is no sign of any writer who may eventually equal or surpass Clarke and Asimov at their best (with the possible exception of Bob Shaw, whose "Shadow of Heaven" is very good indeed).

This faltering is reflected in the titles of anthologies on the market recently: gone are the former, optimistic titles like "The Year's Best S.F.," replaced by collections of "classics" which look backwards to the 1950s, the heyday of Clarke, Heinlein and others. There are more reprints of already-acclaimed books, fewer publications of new titles by new writers.

Simply speaking, the tradition of mainstream science fiction no longer exists—the art has become fragmented, various writers retiring into small cliques, each of which has its own idea of how the genre should progress, and each of which is more or less wrong.

The first, and probably the most numerous, group comprises those writers who, seeing the decline of the genre, have opted to repair the damage by writing fiction which adheres as closely as possible to the examples of the acknowledged masters of the art. Predictably, this has resulted in a plethora of novels and stories, similar in subject and treatment (and even, all too frequently, in style as well), and usually entirely unmemorable. The most recent novels of Keith Laumer and James Blish belong to this category, as does a large proportion of recent American science fiction. Unfortunately, this method produces just enough reasonable successes (such as Mark Geston's "Lords of the Starstrip," which, though deeply indebted to Asimov's "Foundation" trilogy, is quite good in its own right) to assure its followers that it is the right method.

Secondly, there is the zealously avant-garde fraternity of self-styled science fiction writers which includes Michael Moorcock at his worst, J. G. Ballard and Thomas Disch, the last-named, as well as producing the more conventional novel "Camp Concentration," has written a series of squalid, pointless, quasi-existentialist short stories which may well rank as the worst (so-called) science fiction ever produced. A representative anthology of this group is the presumptuously-titled collection "The New Science Fiction," in which none of the stories are strictly within that genre.

Finally, there is another major faction which has developed the art in the diametrically opposite direction to that advocated by the Disch-Ballard group. They eschew the latter's artificial and pseudo-meaningful observations on the nature of reality, and emphasize the fantastic elements of abandoning the "science" part of "science fiction." their genre, but in so doing, they stray on to the territory of mythopoeic (or Tolkeinian) fantasy. To be genuine science fiction, a story or novel must incorporate, as an integral and indispensable part of its structure, an element of scientific fact or application, whether real or extrapolated. It is no accident that the very best science fiction writers are also scientists. The type of "science fantasy" (as publishers used to designate this particular sub-genre) which this group produces is the perhaps inevitable result of someone with no scientific knowledge attempting to write science fiction. The resultant story is an odd cross-breed: it takes place in a science fiction setting—on a distant planet, in a mechanized civilization, or in a spaceship, for example—but the machinery and interstellar gimmicks are merely a superficial background, against which a heroic legend is enacted. This type of fiction differs from the Tolkeinian only in that wizardry and demons are replaced by miraculous super-science and BEMs (Bug-Eyed Monsters to the uninitiated). Representative examples of this sort of intergalactic "Lord of the Rings" are Lin Carter's "Tower of the Medusa," in which the veneer of the "science fiction" is painfully thin, and Ted White's "Spawn of the Death Machine," which is, unfortunately, not as funny as the hysterical title might suggest. Both of these writers are now producing novels set unequivocally in the heroic fantasy idiom, and this may well prove to be the eventual destiny of the other members of the clique.

What has gone wrong? It would be comforting to be able to propose an answer. Perhaps it is something to do with changing cultural outlook; perhaps the popular mood is altering, as was written recently, from speculative anticipation to regretful nostalgia (the up-and-coming minority genre of today, filling the space left vacant by the collapse of science fiction, is heroic fantasy, which, deriving ultimately from Gilgamesh, is as nostalgic as is humanly possible). Perhaps, as Arthur Clarke has complained, science fiction has become "too damned respectable, it's no fun any more." Perhaps there is an actual, as opposed to an apparent, dearth of talent. Perhaps everything that can be said through this medium has already been said—but I don't believe that.

But no-one knows. Reason it as you will, one fact appears to be inescapable: science fiction is dying, as swiftly and unexpectedly as it was born,



at the beginning of this century. I, for one, am sorry to see it go.

THOMAS HOSTY

## CONCERT OF CHRISTMAS MUSIC

The Choral Society, the Chapel Choir, and the Combined Orchestra, under the direction of Konzertmeister Massey, presented an attractively varied concert in Big School on December 19th, 1972. In my view, the first part of the concert was the more satisfying, largely because the performances—at least those to which we listened rather than those in which we sang—achieved that blend of freshness and discipline which marks a good performance, and which was less evident in the second part of the concert.

The concert began with a work which, it is safe to assume, probably not one music lover in fifty has ever heard—or even heard of—the overture to a juvenile opera of Weber, "Peter Schmolli." This was vivacious music, derivative yet individual, as one would expect from a young genius. It was played with verve, and followed by two groups of songs sung by the Chapel Choir. These were interspersed with a bout of community carol singing and a performance of a Handel Oboe Concerto with Michael Cockerham as soloist. The Chapel Choir sang excellently, whether they were singing carols, madrigals, soupy part songs or funny stuff. The range of the songs demanded considerable flexibility of style and approach and the Chapel Choir seemed relaxed and assured at all times. So, too, did Michael Cockerham in his oboe playing. I can't claim that I find this work absorbing, but it is very agreeable and Cockerham is a very gifted musician whose phrasing is instinctively right and expressive and who produces a very acceptable tone. As he was efficiently accompanied by the combined orchestra, deftly controlled by Mr. Massey, the whole ensemble made very pleasant listening.

The performance of "The Christmas Oratorio" somehow never really took wing. It evidenced a good deal of purposeful and effective singing from the choir and playing from the orchestra, but compared with the performances of Britten's "S. Nicholas," Haydn's D minor Mass, and Handel's "Messiah" in previous years, it was rather ponderous and laboured. The work, of course, is a difficult one, and the soloists were disappointing, but somehow the élan of a year or two back and the vivacity and sense of enjoyment that characterised the first half of this very concert were missing.

A.J.T.

## THE TEMPEST

A production of *The Tempest* is somewhat of a rarity these days. This is probably not so much because of the difficulty in grasping the ideas and concepts that lie beneath the surface of the plot as in relating them and understanding how they function together. The presentation by K.E.D.S. shirked none of the problems of the play, but indeed developed all the ideas, individually and as a whole, so fully that the result was not vague but illuminating.

The binding force of *The Tempest* is magic. As far as the plot is concerned this is quite obvious. Ariel and the spirits appear in almost every scene, and their constant presence holds the story together, giving it coherence and firmness. But magic in *The Tempest* has a far greater significance. It is of radical importance in understanding the ideas that Shakespeare develops. He compares and relates the magic of life—"We are such stuff, As dreams are made on, and our little life, Is rounded with a sleep"—with the magic of the theatre—"Let me not . . . dwell in this bare island; but release me from my bands, With the help of your good hands."

The school production carefully developed each concept, recreating the study of life and humanity with some finely judged acting. Three characters

particularly stand out. First, Charles Spicer gave an often breathtaking performance as Ariel—fusing sprightly speeches with a fine precision of movement. Second, Christopher Gibbons interpreted the character of Prospero excellently. This part is probably the most mentally demanding, for he is an elusive and unusual character. Although he is thoughtful, dominant and forgiving, he has traits in his personality which seem incompatible with these—for instance, his treatment of Caliban is quite merciless. Gibbons showed that the reason for Prospero's elusiveness is that he is so human. Certainly some of the most impressive and engrossing parts of the production came when he and Spicer had the stage to themselves. Third, Andrew Forbes' careful portrayal of Caliban demands mention. It seemed just and correct that the "monster" should evoke more pity than fear.

Enhancing these and all the other performances was the quality of the technical production and the significance it laid upon magic. James Wishart's music blended with the intentions apparent in the lighting, sound, costumes, set design and effects in creating the illusory, magical feeling that infused the whole production. *The Tempest* has many theatrical potentialities and these were used to their full effect. Great emphasis was laid on light, movement and sound, particularly in the scenes with Ariel and his delightful nymphs and spirits.

The correlation of illusion and reality is fairly common in the theatre—in fact, its very existence depends upon their convergence. *The Tempest*, however, presents one with a complete analysis and example of the idea. The audience is forced to forget the reality of their lives and to accept the present reality of the play. All this is brought about by the magic of the theatre and it only fades back into illusion once more when Prospero begs the audience to break the "spell" with its applause.

It is essential, then, that all aspects of the production should work together efficiently so as to keep the spell intact. Certainly, Mr. Parslew's direction achieved this. Anyone in the Dramatic Society who earns any praise for his part in the production should surely share it with Mr. Parslew. Many of those involved were quite new to drama and the fact that they worked so effectively with their more experienced colleagues must be a testimony to the director's own outstanding ability. It was this sense of working efficiently as a group, plus their confidence in tackling all the allegorical problems that *The Tempest* poses, that made this production truly remarkable, memorable and moving.

PAUL SMITH

## THE TEMPEST : A RETROSPECT

The first school play that I ever saw at K.E.S., 22 vibrant years ago, was *The Tempest*. Like the latest K.E.D.S. production it was, by and large, a very good one, enjoyable and imaginative. But unless my decaying old memory is making a monkey out of me, they could well be productions of two different plays. To select some obvious points of contrast: 1951 was principally verbal in its impact, 1973 was visual and aural; 1951 found its sense of magic in stillness, 1973 in movement; 1951 was statuesque, 1973 was choreographic; 1951 was physically graceful, 1973 athletic and muscular; 1951 stressed the individual, 1973 stressed groups; 1951 was full of boys and 1973 was full of girls; 1951 was committed to a notion of Prospero as the noble, almost god-like image whose dukedom had been a tiresome irrelevance, 1973 to a much more human Prospero who really was an ex-duke with problems of his own to sort out, and much hard-won self-knowledge to consolidate; and so on. Both productions were bang in the centre of the current style on the professional stage, and this may focus an important truth.

Nobody, who has had anything to do with the interpretation of the arts, really believes in such a thing as a finally definitive realisation of a work of art. Equally, we are all aware of the horrible dangers of self-indulgent directors, conductors



et hoc genus omne. Where, then, between these two extremes, does valid interpretation lie? and by what principles do interpreters approach it? A question to be asked indeed, but beyond saying that, in my view, the aesthetics and technicalities which any interpretation involves lead finally to a situation that can only be described as a "moral question," my lips are enigmatically sealed. (Interested readers are welcome to come and unseal them whenever they please.)

But to return to *The Tempest* and a few more odious comparisons, this time of performance. There's no doubt that 1973 wins by a distance of several light years in its Ariel and Caliban, though the latter in 1951 was not at all bad. Equally, 1973's Alonzo is well out in front, though the 1951 actor of this part was a very good actor—as subsequent years showed. I'd say that the respective Prosperos were about equal, though I personally preferred the speaking of the 1951 actor. As for Antonio and Sebastian, Trinculo and Stephano, the 1951 pairs come out better largely because they were older, more experienced, and two of them, the Antonio and Trinculo, were two of the dozen or so really born actors that I've seen at K.E.S. And the 1951 Stephano had the advantage of being inspiredly type cast, a type I've often met. He is usually called Sid and is disguised as a club cricket umpire doing second team fixtures at Cricklewood. I regret to say that I cannot recall anything about the 1951 Gonzalo, but if any reader is interested he'll find what I thought at the time in a review in the *Spring Chronicle* for 1951. In the case of Miranda, you may find it hard to believe that in those dear, dim inhibited days, girls' parts were taken by boys (as in 1610-11), and this makes comparison impossible, and as for Ferdinand, the 1951 exponent offered a richly fruity impersonation of a *jeune premier* of the 1920s, Gerald du Maurier perhaps. Two other points about 1951 remain in my mind: the first is that at a post-mortem of the production the boy who designed the set (and acted Antonio) explained with great earnestness that it hadn't been intended to "represent" anything because "realistic" stage design was just as dirty in 1951 as in 1973; and the second is that on the last night the secretary of the Dram. Soc. (who acted Caliban) stepped forward at the curtain-call, swept off his wig with a theatrical flourish and made a speech beginning: "Mr. Headmaster, sir, ladies and gentlemen . . ." etc. I can remember being petrified with embarrassment and distaste and thinking to myself "If I ever have a hand in these matters, that kind of caper is the first thing that is going to go." Two years later it went.

What has happened to those players of 1951? Some have, as far as I know, sunk without trace. Of others, my latest information, which may well be out of date, is that Prospero is with the B.B.C. in Scotland; Ariel a lecturer on Chinese art in America; Ferdinand a tireless worker and unsuccessful Parliamentary candidate for the Liberal interest in (delicious irony) Stratford-upon-Avon; Sebastian a schoolmaster; Antonio an Anglican priest on the staff at Walsingham; Trinculo (who later gave fine performances as Feste and Richard III) nearly killed himself roof-climbing at Cambridge and left under a cloud; Alonzo is a doctor; Adrian (who in subsequent years gave magnificent performances as Becket, Oedipus and Sir Epicure Mammon) the consultant to the geriatric department at Newcastle Royal Infirmary; Iris on the staff of Chichester Theological College; and Ceres a London barrister.

And we ought not to forget that beavering away energetically behind the scenes in the 1951 stage-gang (none of this "stage-staff" stuff in those days!) was an earnest member of VA who is now no less than guru-in-chief of the whole outfit and director of the present fine production.

A.J.T.

## C.E.W.C. CONFERENCE

### "EUROPE 1973"

King Edward's is one of the many schools throughout the country on the mailing list of the Council for Education in World Citizenship. According to its new president, Sir Ronald Gould, speaking on day two of the conference, C.E.W.C. was "one of the first, if not the first, organisation in the world to conceive that there was such a thing as 'world citizenship.'" Education, he insisted, was a way to world peace "deliberately rejected" by the League of Nations. Education in world citizenship was unavoidably connected to propaganda because where there was no education there was a gap which was all too quickly filled by propaganda. The organisation encourages people to, as Sir Ronald put it, "calmly face the relevant facts," because "a global village—that is what the world is becoming."

The final debate showed this to be what most of those present felt about the E.E.C. as a major world power. A large majority—not only British, but German, Danish, French, Italian and other students besides—voted that a United Europe was a step, but no more than a step, towards a United World. The general opinion was of a Europe better integrated than ever before, as a result of the E.E.C. extended to include the U.K., Eire and Denmark.

The speakers for the three days were distinguished European figures. Their speeches were not glib discourses to be easily dismissed by sixth-formers; they were a series of talks which was educational in the fullest sense. On the Tuesday morning we heard M. Georges Berquoin, ex-European Commissioner, stepping in where a busy Sicco Mansholt and an indisposed Jean Mounet were unable to tread. Other speakers included Mr. Roy Jenkins, Mr. B. R. Patel, the Indian Ambassador to Belgium and the E.E.C., and Archbishop Anthony Bloom of the Russian Orthodox Church. The chairman throughout was Mr. John Hodgess Roper, M.P., deputy chairman of the U.N.A. General Council. The U.N.A., who run many work camps for students all over the world, had strong links with the conference.

Opportunities for active participation, rather than merely being on the mailing list, exist in forming regional committees of the C.E.W.C. at sixth-form level, and perhaps in taking part in major events. At the Christmas Conference, for example, Churchill High School for Girls put on a series of dramatic impressions concerning the E.E.C., both as a bureaucratic entity and in relation to the rest of the world. Dressed in black and sporting the initial letter of member countries, the girls combined satire, documentary, taped music, folk-blues songs, and a dramatic representation of international conflict using mock ballet and mime techniques.

I hope that those with sixth form study ahead of them may show a greater interest than before in a truly worthwhile opportunity for experience. Information about the C.E.W.C. in general is obtainable—go and see Mr. Hatton or Eamonn O'Dowd, who have some literature. Contact the Midlands representative, Anita Wilson. Theirs is not the initiative—that lies with those of you who would give active support to the ideals of an organisation dedicated to education in world citizenship.

MICHAEL BUCKLAND, O.E.

### DOWN IN THE MINES

Dark and eerie,  
Black as fury,  
Constant night.

Picks a-hacking,  
Spades a-shovelling,  
Never light.

Men at work,  
Where bats lurk;  
Blackness, fright.

ANDREW RITTERBAND (Shell 4)



## HOCKEY 1972-73

The hockey team has enjoyed its most successful season in the five years of school hockey. The XI has remained unbeaten for 15 games, recording 13 victories and two draws, and has played some memorable hockey. Seven members of last year's team remained for this season, and this wealth of experience, added to the skill and determination of the four newcomers, has culminated in an extremely well-balanced side. Indeed, five players, Sid Simmonds, Henry Higgins, Graham Wooldridge, John Kerr and Martin Taylor have represented Birmingham U.19's this season.

The team's record of scoring 58 goals and conceding only 11 goals in 15 matches speaks well for the solidity in defence and the potency in attack. Goalkeeper Sid Simmonds has been our least active player, but when called into action has performed admirably, saving a penalty against Lordswood in one of the drawn games. The experience of Henry Higgins and the skill and coolness of Dave Lewis has formed a formidable back division. At half-back there are three of our most experienced players—Steven Johnson, a tremendous tackler, Graham Wooldridge (vice-captain), one of the driving forces behind the forwards, and captain Graham Holt, most experienced, known aptly as the "hard man" of the side. Our attack was led by Martin Taylor last term, who scored seven goals, before leaving after three years in 1st XI. John Kerr, with 22 goals, and roaming inside-left Dave Mutteen with 12, have proved our top marksmen, but without the tremendous help of players of the calibre of Jeremy Deeley, Dave Martin and newcomer, Andy Teare, this would not have been possible.

Finally, our thanks must go to Mr. Buttle for his undaunted effort and encouragement, and the team only hope that it can win either the Pickwick Tournament or the Cadbury League as a reward for his service to school hockey.

GRAHAM HOLT

## RAILWAY AND MODEL ENGINEERING SOCIETY

The Society continues to be one of the most active and popular in the School, and is run by an enthusiastic committee which, under its chairman, Mr. Hames, is always looking for new ideas for meetings and visits.

Meetings are held regularly, usually three or four times each term. The Society was honoured last year to be addressed by Councillor D. Gilroy Bevan (O.E.), chairman of the West Midlands Passenger Transport Authority, on the role of that authority. In general, film meetings are the most successful, and films have been hired from Canadian Pacific, Swiss and French Railways, as well as from British Transport Films. We were also delighted recently by the films of Mr. W. A. Camwell, an expert amateur photographer, who regularly showed his films to the Society during the late 'fifties. Auctions and quizzes are sometimes arranged, and members often give talks on varied railway subjects.

Last term the Society used the school minibus, an invaluable asset when we want to visit installations which are poorly served by public transport. This first such use of the minibus was a very successful visit to travel behind the last steam locomotive at Littleton Colliery, near Cannock, and to the Railway Preservation Society Centre at Chase-water. In the near future it is hoped to visit Crewe Works, the Manchester area, Derby Works and

several preservation centres such as the Severn Valley Railway and Bulmers, Hereford, as well as Birmingham Power Signalbox. Unfortunately, modelling activities are still in abeyance owing to lack of premises.

The Society can look forward to future success as there is still a great deal of interest in railways, British Rail enters the era of rail travel at speeds of over 100 m.p.h., and the preservation movement continues to mushroom.

MARK GALILEE

## MODERN LANGUAGE SOCIETY, 1973

It is pleasant to be able to record that the Modern Language Society is now officially a Joint Society. Two members of the High School have been elected to the committee, and meetings are held alternately at K.E.S. and K.E.H.S. In "Chronicle" of November, 1972, the Society was classified as a "specialist" society. This description seems belied by the constant influx of younger members of both schools wishing to hear talks ranging from one on "Les Antilles Françaises" by M. Coirault, to one entitled "Bullfighting" given by "Sid" Jones to a vast army of supporters.

More significant, perhaps, was the foundation last term of "Eurodrama," a play-reading group organised something on the lines of Anagnostics, which will meet two or three times a term to read foreign plays. Membership of this group is at present by invitation only; if sufficient interest is aroused, alterations may be made to cater for larger numbers.

Mainly owing to the untiring efforts of "Chairman Tomlinson," we are able once again to offer an interesting and instructive series of talks this term. Meetings are held at lunchtime on Thursdays. Everyone is welcome.

MARTIN HOMER

## OXBRIDGE AWARDS AND PLACES

### Cambridge Awards

A. Amini (Exhibition, King's College), M. G. Cockerham (Choral Award, King's Coll.), J. H. Faulkner (Scholarship, Peterhouse), A. M. Homer (Exhibition, Sidney Sussex Coll.), S. D. Jones (Exhibition, Fitzwilliam Coll.), D. R. Kendall (Scholarship, Churchill Coll.), A. J. Stoker (Exhibition, Pembroke Coll.).

### Places

G. Y. S. Bishop (Downing Coll.), M. F. Buckland (Downing Coll.), D. J. Collis (Downing Coll.), C. W. P. Gibbins (Peterhouse), J. Gilmore (Jesus Coll.), S. M. Gray (Pembroke Coll.), R. D. Handley (S. Catherine's Coll.), D. P. Kelsey (Trinity Coll.), S. C. Kettle (S. John's Coll.), A. P. G. Saunders (Caius and Gonville Coll.).

### Oxford Awards

E. M. Goodkin (Exhibition, Oriel Coll.), C. J. S. Hodges (Choral Award, New Coll.).

### Places

J. P. Gibbs (Queen's Coll.), P. F. R. Horn (Christ Church), A. P. Higgins (Lincoln Coll.), S. J. Hutchinson (S. Edmund Hall), A. C. Lewis (University Coll.), C. S. Lightfoot (S. John's Coll.), A. J. Miles (Trinity Coll.).





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MARCH

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

# CHRONICLE

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## "WORKSHOP"

On the evenings of Thursday, 8th, and Friday, 9th February, various departments within the School mounted a display of their current work, to which parents were invited, and which many attended. As well as demonstrations of indoor sports and junior drama, which are more fully reported below, there was a display of paintings and sculpture arranged by the Art Department, and an exposition of modern language teaching techniques. The latter included a demonstration of audio-visual teaching methods and a revelation of the Language Laboratory in operation. The Classics Department produced a number of models and paintings concerned with ancient architecture, military methods and so on, while a small but talented detachment from the Music Department gave a recital in the Concert Hall.

### Junior Drama Report

It was near Christmas when the members of the Junior Dramatics Society learnt that they would be performing for "Workshop." They would demonstrate to four separate audiences what the Society was and what its members did after school on Wednesdays. Mr. Hames, director and producer, decided that the best way to set about this was to choose a theme and to conjure up several scenes based on it.

After much discussion, the mass media was chosen as the theme. Now several completely different scenes had to be worked out. By the start of February the scenes were prepared for acting. Thus, when introductions had been written to link up each scene with the next, and the acting had been corrected, this interpretation of the mass media was ready to be performed.

Our performance started with a scene about the first television programme of all, which was broadcast from Alexandra Palace in London. As David Wright, the script writer for this scene, went to much trouble to point out, it certainly had many faults.

This was followed by a break for advertisements with a difference—first, an advertisement for "an extra pinta," situated in the Sahara Desert, then one for "Ape Man" after-shave, featuring Tarzan. At least, both were very successful in making the audiences laugh.

Andrew Hudson then moved to the dummy microphone to deliver his witty verbal attack on I.T.V., introducing "Green Peter," an imitation of B.B.C.'s "Blue Peter." In "Green Peter," however, nothing seemed to work out as planned, and many funny situations were created.

From this the scene shifted to the future. Here the short, sweet rubbish produced in America for children was imitated, showing how each week's programme leads on to the next. This was the final scene of our performance. (It always strikes me as strange that the audience should clap the loudest when the actors leave them.)

The performance was in many ways ridiculous, but being so, it only meant that it was all the more laughed at. Indeed, we actors showed that we were potential "Goodies," rather than the potential actors for the senior play that Mr. Hames had wanted. I am glad I participated in the perform-

ance, because we learnt acting techniques, demonstrated the drama the Society was involved in, and, most of all, because of the enjoyment we derived from the operation.

ANDREW EWERS

### Sports Section Report

For some unknown and only-to-be-guessed-at reason, the sports team for Workshop entered to the recorded strains of a brass band playing "Soldiers of the Queen" and left to what sounded like the William Tell overture, though after 15 minutes' judo my brain was so confused it might just as easily have been "The British Grenadiers." The object of the display was to present to those present sports practised on a voluntary basis in the school which required specialist knowledge, skill or training for participation or even appreciation, and which therefore receive little spectator support. Fencing, judo and trampolining, the three sports in question, might therefore be incomprehensible to the spectator, but they have the advantage of being very spectacular.

Richard Watts, school captain of fencing, introduced the sport, resplendent in full foil fencing kit. He emphasised that this was rather expensive, which was why only he was wearing it, but that the masks and stiff jackets worn by the rest of the display team provided the minimum necessary safety factor. All but one of the senior fencers had been spirited away by various other duties, requirements and commitments, but a highly impressive display was given by the intermediate and junior fencers, showing actual bouts rather than set pieces.

As captain of judo I introduced that sport, explaining to possibly anxious parents that although judo derives from a method of killing, the sport itself is extremely safe. (I omitted to mention then that the junior judokas are also very resilient.) The display was given by the senior team, demonstrating a variety of throws, holds, set pieces, contests and randori. I have already expressed my gratitude to the team, but I would like to thank especially Ralph Martin for consenting to being thrown so many times in so few minutes.

The trampoline display was introduced by Max Oates with the information that although not a recognised Olympic sport, trampolining is a sport in its own right. He and Richard Perks then led a very fluent display, the only limit to which seemed to be the lowness of the ceiling. Later in the evening the trampolining team gave a gymnastics display, which was certainly made more impressive by the use of spotlights, if a trifle more dangerous as the shadows made distances harder to judge. The net result of two sessions per night, each of about 15 minutes' duration, was spectacular rather than informative, but successive audiences seemed to approve, or at least to enjoy the displays.

STEPHEN BADSEY

### HOUSE MUSIC COMPETITIONS

The orchestral part of the House Music Competition took place on November 9th and was adjudicated by Richard Butt, of the B.B.C.

Gifford played movements from an Albinoni Trumpet Sonata with warm string tone, a lively sense of the "pulse" of the work, and the usual problems of a cold brass instrument. Heath played



part of Purcell's Golden Sonata, but in places the tempo was uncertain, as if each player was waiting for the others to play their notes first. Levett's Lupo Fantasia had the benefit of players who knew where each phrase was going and how their part fitted in with the general structure of the piece. Vardy played part of a Vivaldi Trio Sonata with confidence, but without much sparkle. Evans also played some Vivaldi, but the performance was untidy—hardly surprising with musicians falling ill at regular intervals during the week of the competition.

Five Houses therefore chose music written in about 1700, which is deceptively difficult to perform successfully, in spite of its apparent simplicity on paper. Kevin Lee's "When that I was and a tiny little boy" had a similar flavour and Cary Gilson played it effectively with their limited resources. Jeune had evidently decided that their combined talents were inadequate and did not enter. Prince Lee provided the only change in style with Ian Carr's "Suspension," but this went on for several minutes after it had run out of material, and the interest of the audience was lost.

Few of the performers in any House appeared to be enjoying themselves, even allowing for nervousness, probably because most of the music was sombre and reflective. If the players don't enjoy what they are doing, then neither will the listeners. Instead of choosing music of limited appeal, why don't more Houses play a piece which is simple yet lively?

I hoped, then, that the audience at the Choral Competition on March 8th would be treated to a more varied programme than a succession of funereal Monteverdi Motets. These are all very well for the connoisseur, but House music should surely appeal to a wider audience. For those who cannot drag themselves away from music written before the death of Bach, there is always the lively contrapuntal equivalent of a football song. It was encouraging therefore to see that some had chosen a strong contrast to the set piece, which had been published in 1552.

Levette's "Li'l Liza Jane" was lively, interesting to listen to, and had good diction and contrast. I felt that here the audience was at its most attentive. Vardy, after hours of rehearsal, sang James Wishart's "Magnificat." The organ accompaniment tended to mask the texture of the singing at times, but the seven singers coped very well with the awkward melodic and harmonic intervals. Any four-part choir really needs more than seven singers!

William Byrd's "Ave Verum Corpus" appears simple, but like most music of its type it is difficult to do really well. Gifford sang it rather quickly, but there was very tight control of rhythm and "line"—perhaps this would have collapsed if the pulse had been slower. Cary Gilson sang a similar piece, but it was unsuitable for the very limited resources. Evans tried a "Laughing Chorus," but did not convince me that they found it particularly hilarious. They needed the direction and encouragement of a conductor. Heath sang "Strange Adventure" from Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeoman of the Guard" with excellent diction and dynamic contrast. The choir sang as a single group and concentrated more than most on the conductor. Jeune's resources restricted them to a hymn by Herbert Howells.

As always, some Houses could find very few people both willing and able to sing, and we were treated at times to breathy noises, throaty tenors and trebles who cut out above D. Some singers do not want to be recognised by their friends in such a situation and sing solemnly at the floor. But we were spared the embarrassing problems of intonation and rhythm which are characteristic of the House Orchestra. When it comes to winning competitions, however, there is no real substitute for talent.

	Orchestral	Choral	Overall
	%	%	Position
Cary Gilson ....	70	67	6
Evans ....	80	65	5
Gifford ....	85	84	3
Heath ....	80	70	4
Jeune ....	—	62	8
Levett ....	88	86	1
Prince Lee ....	70	—	7
Vardy ....	85	88	2

P.G.W.

## RUGBY, 1972-73

This rugby season, culminating in a very enjoyable tour for the first team squad, has been the most successful for many years. The U.16 and U.15 teams each lost only one game, and the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and U.14 teams have suffered very few defeats. The 1st XV recorded some notable victories, playing particularly well against Warwick, Worksop and Tiverton Grammar School, and achieved a fine win at Denstone, the first for 20 years; in fact, for the first time ever, all six teams beat Denstone.

The results are :

	P.	W.	D.	L.
1st ....	18	13	0	5
(A team) ....	5	3	1	1
2nd ....	13	8	1	4
(B team) ....	2	2	0	0
3rd ....	7	5	0	2
U.16 ....	9	7	1	1
U.15 ....	15	13	1	1
U.14 ....	12	7	2	3
U.13 ....	12	3	0	9

The 1st team lost matches against a very strong Old Eds.' team and also an equally strong D. C. Everest's team. It also lost to a touring Welsh school team, and not surprisingly, as it was the fifth game in eight days for some of the boys. We can also feel unlucky for our 7—6 defeat by Henry VIII School, as the team was reduced to 14 men for all but eight minutes of the game. In fact, the team has had a long casualty list throughout the season, thus demonstrating the important part the 2nd team has played in our success. This year, more than ever before, the team spirit has been tremendously high: during my own absence at a critical stage in the season, Tim Wenman captained the team extremely well, and as a result we beat a very strong Belmont Abbey team. However, it would be unfair to pick out other individuals in what is essentially a team effort. Nevertheless, I must mention Pat Russell, Chris Springali, Richard Handley, Richard Jeavons and Tim, who represented the Greater Birmingham U.19 team, and also Mike Cleary, next year's captain, who would have played had he been fit. Also a special congratulation must go to Chris Springall for representing the West Midlands.

Of course, the players deserve much of the credit for their hard work, but it is to the coaches of all the School teams, in particular Mr. Everest, that we all owe many thanks for our achievements this year.

STEVE JOHNSON

## The Second XV

The 2nd XV suffered owing to the fact that no team ever played twice, 32 players, in fact, being used. Over 20 of them, however, scored, between them amassing over 300 points. After losing to Warwick in the first match of the season, to Ratcliffe and to Solihull, the only other defeat was in a very close, hard game against the Old Edwardians, in which their extra weight gave them a victory by 23 points to 17.

High scores against Denstone (47—0), Lawrence Sherriff (66—0) and R.G.S. Worcester (50—0), helped to produce the following successful record, and also to register 58 tries, an average of over four a game.



Points					
P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
13	8	1	4	330	108

Our thanks must go to Mr. Benson, who helped us so much, and also to the many parents who supported us regularly. Their support was much appreciated by the team, and particularly myself.

ANDREW LEWIS

### The Third XV

A side that has varied from match to match, owes much of its success this season to the silver tongue and gilded right boot of J. V. Rafferty. Good wins over Ratcliffe and Solihull were the highlights of the season. Many thanks are due to the willingness of players, not necessarily from the rugby option, to turn out for the team.

### The U.16 XV

The team recovered so well from the traumatic experience of conceding 54 points in the first match to a particularly fine Warwick XV that they did not concede another try until the last match of the season, and this despite the absence of key players in several games because of injury or elevation to the 1st XV.

It has been the most successful season for some years and has been based on a pack which has worked very well together in all phases of the game. They have received plenty of support from backs who, though lacking in flair, have shown much improvement in the basic skills of handling and tackling.

### The U.15 XV

The success of the U.15's, who have lost only once in 15 games, has been based on teamwork and a sound tactical approach. The pack have won a lot of ball, particularly in the loose, and the backs, although lacking sharpness in attack, have defended keenly. Metcalfe, at full back, has been an outstanding player, scoring 126 points and making many penetrating runs into opposition territory.

### The U.14 XV

It has been a good season for the U.14 XV, who have played good rugby with spirit and determination. A. Worrell's captaincy and performance at fly half have been exceptional, his skilful play, coupled with M. Fiskin's aggressive running in the centre, has ensured a steady flow of tries throughout the season. The other encouraging factor of the side has been the ability of the forwards to produce a good ball both from set pieces and, in particular, from rucks and mauls, where the play of N. Proctor and A. Bayliss has been outstanding. Two other factors worthy of note are the play and pack leadership of S. Driver, and the emergence of T. (if it moves, tackle it) Bowcock as a wing forward. All things considered, the prospects for the future are very good.

### The U.13 XV

For the U.13 team this has been a disappointing season. They have often been matched against much larger sides, and at this stage size makes all the difference. However, they have struggled with great determination, on occasions playing attractive rugby, and have often played much better than some of their results would suggest. If they can maintain their enthusiasm for the game, they will develop into a good rugby team in the years to come.

STEVE JOHNSON

## CROSS COUNTRY REPORT

In September, the first team, comprised Steve Hutchinson, David Wale, Paul Hicks, Jeremy Evans, Peter Traynor and John Davis, all survivors of last year's team, together with John Rossiter, making a sustained comeback, and David Barnes, an exceptional runner for his age.

As usual, the winter term was taken up by the Birmingham Schools League, the first team competing in Division 1 and the second team in Division 3. The first team started off well, but then had to make two visits to Moseley, who by then had emerged as our most dangerous rivals. Of these, we won the first and Moseley the second (this was the only occasion when a Birmingham team has beaten us in any competition). After this, we won all our remaining league fixtures, while Moseley faltered in a couple, and we secured the league title in December by winning at Colmers Farm. Earlier in the term we had a convincing win over Moseley in the Sutton Park race, which earned us the team trophy.

Meanwhile, the second team has been faring less well in Division 3; they failed to win a match, but avoided finishing third in too many, and finally earned a mid-table position.

The first team lost one other match prior to Christmas, a friendly against Warwick, but this is largely explained by the absence of Barnes and Davis, who were running for the Birmingham League team. At the end of the term we lost two regular school runners. Steve Hutchinson had captained the team for most of the league campaign, and over the years has contributed a great deal to school cross country. Pete Traynor has been running for the school for many years, and this season was only of slightly less value to the first team than his car.

They were replaced by Jonathan Lynn and Barry Elkington, and the first team opened the new year by winning a few friendly matches before engaging in serious competition. A team of eight won the Kings Norton-Bromsgrove-Redditch relay, in which we never lost our first leg lead. In the Warwickshire Championships, we came a creditable fourth, our best performance in the senior class for many years.

This season has seen the first team emerge as the best in Birmingham, while beating some distinguished teams, such as Newcastle and Bablake from further afield. We hope that next year's team will continue to build upon these foundations, for five of this year's team will still be at school. Finally, on behalf of both teams, I would like to thank Mr. Wright for all the work he has put in during the year.

JOHN DAVIS

### Birmingham Cross Country League

1st, KES (27); 2nd, Lordswood (43); 3rd, Camp Hill (95).

1st, KES (40); 2nd, George Dixon (53); 3rd, St. Philip's (81).

1st, KES (35); 2nd, Five Ways (60); 3rd, Thomas Aquinas (76).

1st, KES; 2nd, Moseley; 3rd, Colmers Farm.

1st, Moseley; 2nd, KES; 3rd, Thomas Aquinas.

1st, KES (33); 2nd, Five Ways (60); 3rd, Camp Hill (79).

1st, KES (25); 2nd, Lordswood (76); 3rd, St. Philip's (85).

1st, KES (34); 2nd, George Dixon (57); 3rd, Colmers Farm (84).

Sutton Park Race—1st, KES (57); 2nd, Moseley (140); 3rd, Five Ways (151). This beats the previous record lowest team score of 69.

Kings Norton Relay—1st, KES.

Warwickshire Championships—1st, Bishop Vesey; 4th, KES.

### Other Matches

1st, Warwick (42); 2nd, KES (54); 3rd, Stourbridge (78).

1st, KES (30); 2nd, George Dixon (56); 3rd, John Wilmott (104).

1st, KES (36); 2nd, Queen Mary's (58); 3rd, Newcastle (79).

1st, KES (32); 2nd, Solihull (48).

1st, KES (32); 2nd, Bromsgrove (46).



## BASKETBALL

Over the last few years, both the numbers and the standard of basketball at this school has improved and the facilities of the South Building are largely responsible. The juniors are reflecting this increase in popularity and are playing quite well; it is to be hoped that they will be present at senior practices next year. The seniors, however, lacked experience, and having only one regular player from last year's team, had to try to make up for this inexperience. Early in the season this proved difficult and we got off to a poor start, but playing together is bringing about a gradual change, and more individuals have played up to their full potential in recent matches. When able to play, Steve Johnson has been a high scorer, and both Graham Wooldridge and Richard Coombes have played consistently this season.

The short term future, therefore, is bright. And with few basketball players leaving at the end of this year, and a number of useful juniors joining the senior squad, the long-term future is promising.

Points					
	P.	W.	L.	F.	A.
Seniors ....	11	4	7	537	567

PETER CLARKE

## TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

I was not surprised to find in the hockey report, published in the February edition, no mention of the unrewarded enthusiasm which ordinary members of the School devote to the game. Even Mr. Lambie received no thanks for supervising the junior games, and naturally, the stalwart efforts of Mr. Jayne to referee the "Cripples" game passed into quiet oblivion.

But then, perhaps, those first team wizards do not deem to notice the hoi polloi as they try valiantly to master the skills of fouling and swearing, when they tramp the path triumphant from pitch to pitch.

In fact, the report itself outlines very clearly the main fault which has developed in the Hockey Option, namely, that nothing matters but the School team and their unending, and very commendable, line of victories. It was three weeks from the beginning of term before those who do not play for a School team were allowed to put a foot on a hockey pitch. On Wednesday, 14th February, the first and second teams were playing away from home; no game was arranged for the remainder.

Consequently, I would like to know what the purpose of a games afternoon has come to be. In previous years, games was compulsory for everyone. But now it seems the whole essence of games has changed suddenly and dramatically. No longer does it matter that half the boys trudge homewards without any exercise, so long as the élite win honours for the School. And yet those who play in School teams, during the week or on Saturdays, are usually in much less need of fitness training than those who, several times a term, are not permitted to play, and who, even when they are, are not compelled to do so, and consequently, against their better judgment, prefer not to play games.

However, I commend very highly those who are keen and sensible enough to turn up to play; although they belong to the "forgotten army," their enthusiasm shows their true love of sport.

Yours etc.,

CHRIS LIGHTFOOT

## THE THIRD MAN

Graham Greene, who wrote the screen play of Carol Reed's "The Third Man," once wrote of the film: "We had no desire to move people's political emotions; we wanted to entertain them, to frighten them a little, to make them laugh." And indeed, there is no subtle allegory behind "The

Third Man"; it is a straightforward and beautifully made thriller.

Holley Martins, an American writer of "cheap novelettes," is invited to Vienna by his friend, Harry Lime. When he arrives he finds "a smashed, dreary city," torn apart and ruined by war, and learns that Lime has been killed in a motor accident. But more enquiries reveal that the circumstances of Lime's death were strangely suspicious. Martins is gradually made aware of a vortex of corruption and deceit, ending in personal conflict and tragedy.

The film's dramatic quality lies in the tension between the boyish and innocent Martins and the subtle corruption of Vienna and Lime. The two poles are brought together in an outstanding scene in which Lime attempts to justify his evil to Martins by the shady standards of corruption, while the Great Wheel of the Prater brings them round the self-defeating circle of Lime's heartless and terrifying philosophy. The depravity of both Lime's racket and his assistants is reflected in the shabby ruins of the war-torn city, and produces a feeling of decay. And the lighting, too, creates a shifting and morbid atmosphere so that the slightest dramatic effect is made to act powerfully in the film.

All the main actors give convincing performances, Orson Welles being outstanding among an impressive cast of himself, Valli, Trevor Howard and Joseph Cotten. Welles catches exactly the strange, ambivalent nature of Lime. There is a roguish charm about him, he is a humorous and sensitive man who has been led astray by the flaws in his character which made him vulnerable to corruption. And so Lime's view of humanity can be at times warm and friendly, and at others evilly distorted. Yet his character has enough appeal to make a woman love him and mourn him deeply after his death, and to cause a terrible conflict in his best friend.

The film is richly atmospheric and the flickering shadows of the half-light produce a most vivid and poetic effect. How many people will forget the chase in the sewers, the Great Wheel of the Prater, the wet streets and dark facades shining in the rain, Lime's fingers slipping slowly from the grating of the sewer? Graham Greene's screen play defines the characters perfectly: Lime's mocking and superficial style of speaking goes well with his ambivalent character, and Martin's immature and novelettish conversation brings out his boyish innocence. "The Third Man" is a near-perfect drama, a quite brilliant thriller.

SCOTT NEWTON

## CAPE CORNWALL

At Judgement, called to raise his works to life, the  
Artist is lost:

the Photographer, Nature's agent not imitator,  
lives: the Memory

need not be called, vague, lying, innocent, changed  
by other guilts.

Over the rocks, there is sea, a universal reference.  
Stuck: sunset near St. Just without a Kodak,  
insects in an empty garden, the blossoms of the  
wild hydrangea.

Elsewhere, part of the land, cows  
like standing stones graze over rocks  
and moss, a tiny city of the Druids.  
But here, think of Inner Asians riding  
over the walls to Mecca—on the rock,  
a minaret for tin; the sky—a sunset;  
the melting earth underneath—intruding: exposed.

PETER DANIELS





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MAY

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

# CHRONICLE

Vol. 5, No. 6

## "IT'S ALL A MATTER OF PERSONAL OPINION"

In recent conversation I found prevalent an attitude to the arts which disregards all concerns of technique and instead extols the virtues of freedom from traditions, regardless of whether they are restrictive or helpful. This in turn leads to an attitude of mind which says that all art criticism is a matter of pure personal opinion and that any object can be a great work of art if signed by a man who professes to be an artist. I would agree that if Picasso picks up a branch and puts it in an exhibition it *can* be a work of art, but not automatically a *great* work of art. The distinction is difficult to define because there is no absolute and universally applicable set of critical standards which one can apply to the arts, but Picasso has proved himself over the years to have a marvellous technique, and an ability to communicate powerful emotions, which overrides pure personal opinion. So a critical mind can hate Picasso's work, but cannot deny its greatness.

However, the pop artist falls short of the mark. For example, Andy Warhol has an undoubtedly fine technique, unlike many other pop artists, but does not communicate emotions, rather leaving the viewer to prize out what emotions he wishes from a flat piece of work. Whether he responds favourably or not, Warhol does not mind, because he does not want to communicate. He says his work does not matter, that it is facile subject matter presented in a facile way (mass produced by helpers). I believe that instead of trying to intellectualise his work and trying to discover some deep psychology or significant meaning in it, we should say that since Warhol says that a Campbell's soup tin does not matter, then it does not; since he says it is commercial, it is; we should take his work for what it is, and disregard it, thereby doing what Warhol asks. He has exposed the fact that the design of a soup tin is commercial and insignificant, but I doubt whether he has produced a great work of art.

If, however, Warhol had proved himself to be a great artist, as Picasso has done, we would be obliged to say, "Warhol says it does not matter: why does he?" just as if Picasso presented us with a branch signed by him we would be obliged to ask the question, "Why did he do this?" Instead, my opponents in argument blindly pay lip service to a pop culture which is largely commercial, especially in the field of music, or, at best, pseudo-intellectual in, for example, the fields of avant-garde jazz, pop art, improvisational theatre; but it is very rarely great.

CHARLES SPICER

### THE SCOUT GROUP

Structural changes in Friday afternoon activities have probably affected this group more than any others. Given the fact that half the troops, i.e., the IV's and the UM's, arrive at 2.00 p.m. and are joined by the Rems. and Shells at 3.00 p.m., programmes are bound to suffer to a certain extent. Nevertheless, the difficulties, if not exactly overcome, have been alleviated during the past two terms.

Camps this summer will depart from tradition in that two troops will be camping on the same site at the same time; Park Vale with Mitre, and Vikings with New Troop; they will camp on the Isle of Arran. Activities so far this year have been varied, ranging from the usual programmes for which Scouts are renowned, such as fire-lighting, to balloon-bursting wide-games on the Lickies, census-taking in Selly Oak, wall-climbing in the Games Hall. The value of such activities may seem a little dubious to those not connected with Scouting, but, in combination with the Scout Training Scheme, they help to give many an awareness of their surroundings which cannot be supplied in the classroom, and to provide an enjoyable divertissement from school work.

Ousted from the, by then, dingy, attics by Biggs Enterprises, the Scouts moved into the extended Hut, previously the domain of Venture Unit. New Troop—the troop perhaps the most affected by patrol leader power—and Mitre, inhabited the new rooms. Further changes took place at Christmas, when Mr. Nelson finally left the Venture Unit to take command of Park Vale, the only troop without an adult leader. Mr. Bennett volunteered to become leader of the Ventures, and under his leadership the unit is beginning to show signs of renewed vigour, at least from some members. He deserves special credit for taking this on so willingly. The Venture Sea Scout Unit, concentrating on quality rather than quantity of membership, continues to flourish. Resources have, to a certain extent, been pooled with the Naval Section of the CCF; the new boat, purchased last year as a result of Group fundraising efforts, will enable more Scouts to try sailing at Bittell under the expert supervision of Mr. McIlwaine and his unit.

Unceasing thanks must go to those who have contributed to, and suffered from, Scouts' activities—Mr. Bailey for his patience; the parents (especially those on the Committee); and that knot of people in the Science Masters' Common Room, who give so much time to Scouts. Above all, Mr. Dodds, as Group Scout Leader, has contributed much to the running of the Group.

There is, however, something lacking in the Group, something difficult to pinpoint. It shows itself in the rather poor standard of training in a Group of such resources: in the timetable attitude adopted by some, the idea that Scouting is a Friday 2 till 4 pastime; in the lack of interest in extra-curricular Scouting. It should be something more than this: its ideals are for every day; its members should not be content just to sit along for the ride.

ROBERT JONES

### CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

On Tuesday and Wednesday, March 20 and 21, the combined Orchestra and augmented Chapel Choir gave a short concert in Big School. The programme was nicely contrasted; Sibelius' "Karelia Suite," Britten's cantata "Rejoice in the Lamb," a Handel organ concerto, and finally, his Coronation anthem, "My Heart is Indicting."

All three movements of the "Karelia Suite" made an immediate appeal. From the start the string and horn playing were assured and there was



some lovely solo oboe playing. This created and diffused confidence and élan and it was not until the third and most demanding movement—a busy and rather thick-textured Alla Marcia—that one could sense a faint anxiety for ensemble. And had one been right in detecting a fleeting insecurity in the matter of intonation for the bassoon in the Ballade movement and for the piccolo in the Alla Marcia? If so, it was gone in a flash and the overall impression was convincing and enjoyable, a vigorous and buoyant performance.

The following item, Britten's "Rejoice in the Lamb," received the most satisfying performance in the programme. It is an attractive work, full of "charm," which in less masterly hands than Britten's could easily overbalance into ingratiating cuteness but which in his never does, inexhaustibly inventive as he so often is, and begun with a section of quite magical beauty. There was a high degree of assurance about the performance and much detail to praise—the excellent solo singing by Michael Cockerham (alto) and Duncan Wilkins, O.E. (bass), a beautifully sensitive organ accompaniment from Mr. Pryer to the lines about the cat, and some lovely choral singing in the homophonic sections. The choir was, perhaps, less happy in passages of difficult and rather angular counterpoint, bristling with tricky rhythms and leads, and in them complete definition was not always achieved. One wondered, too, if the bass line had sufficient weight. But in general this was a moving and vigorous performance.

Handel's F major organ concerto followed, a work which radiates geniality and vigour. In this performance the pulse of the music never flagged, and if one felt that the whole performance was not notable for delicacy, this may be because there was not much to be delicate about. Michael Cockerham's performance of the solo part had absolute confidence, plenty of bounce and buoyancy, and communicated a real sense of high spirits and well being. In this he was given an alert and taut accompaniment by the combined orchestra.

And so to the final item, Handel's big coronation anthem, "My Heart is Indicting." This, I think, was the least successful performance, but it may be that the fact that I find the Handel coronation anthems that I know rather less than irresistible has soured my judgment. To my taste, they exhibit a strain of what is certainly not to be found in his oratorios, and that is inflated pompousness. So when I record that I found the singing of the choir inclined to be furry in the first number, its tone inclined to be coarse throughout, its bass line weak and its tenor line strained, and the orchestral opening of the second number earthbound by the rather assertively plonking bassoon line, it may be because I was really ever so slightly bored by the music itself. But I ought to add that I thought the orchestral playing in the final very brisk allegro movement splendid, and that the choir, although tired, coped well with Handel's intricate and unexpected phrasing.

Taken as a whole, the concert gave me a lot of pleasure, and so many thanks to Mr. Massey and all performers for that. Perhaps it ought to go on record that for the first time in my experience we all found ourselves facing backwards when we got into our seats in Big School. "And why on earth not?" we say to ourselves on reflection, but the immediate sense of bewilderment filled me with the impulse to rush out and send someone a telegram on the lines of the late Robert Benchley's classic from Venice—"Streets full of water. Stop. Please advise. Stop."

A.J.T.

### CRAB FOOTBALL '73

On February 23-24, as most of the School probably knows, the Fifts held a sponsored 24-hour marathon game of "crab football" in the gym. A rota of supervisors was arranged, and we kicked

off at 14.00 hours on the Friday. Scoring was brisk, with everyone competing enthusiastically for the first two hours. After this initial burst, the pace slackened to one more suitable for 24 hours. At 18.00 hours the sides were reinforced by the arrival of several rugby players, who added new life to the play and gave some of the original players a well-deserved rest. This rota was upset by the absence of one player, but his place was very generously filled by D. S. Cummings. However, this player also was called away, and A. J. Stoker nobly offered to deputise throughout the night. This helped us considerably, as by 02.00 we were feeling the effects of 12 hours' play. With the advent of Mr. P. W. Slade as supervisor, the standard of play deteriorated, although there was no slacking in the scoring rate. However, at 09.00 hours the end was in sight, and we continued uncomplainingly until it came, amid storms of cheering, with the score at 613—523. By this seemingly never-ending effort we managed to raise £160 for the aged in Balsall Heath. Special thanks are due to the masters, especially Mr. Russell, prefects and parents, who very kindly gave up much of their week-end, and to the players who stepped in to fill vacancies at short notice.

PHILIP SMITH  
JOHN SLADE

### LATERAL THINKING

Lateral thinking is a thought-process radically different from logical or vertical thinking, which the western intellectual tradition has taught us to regard as the best, indeed the only proper way of thinking. I do not wish to decry vertical thinking, or set up lateral thinking in opposition to it, because most situations in the modern world require logic. However, perhaps 5% of the time lateral thinking will enable one to arrive at a new answer to an impasse caused by vertical thinking.

The essential difference between vertical and lateral thinking lies in lateral thinking's much less mechanical methods. In vertical thinking one needs to be correct in every stage of one's logic. Lateral thinking does not dictate such a rigid progression to a conclusion. One is quite justified in moving backwards or moving sideways, rather than along a logical path. As a result, lateral thinking allows a much greater range of new ideas to emerge from an initial proposition, and can help one to escape from straight but unsatisfactory and boring alleyways of thought.

Lateral thinking can pass from a problem to a creative answer by a "nonsensical" stage. An example of this is the problem, given to a group of children, of designing a machine to move over rough ground. One boy suggested a vehicle which put down smooth stuff at front and sucked it up behind. An adult dismisses this as nonsensical, owing to immediately apparent practical problems—how, for example, does one recover all the smooth stuff? Yet inventors say that this is the sort of thought-process one would employ in developing the principle of the caterpillar-tracked vehicle.

In vertical thinking, every thought must be carefully placed in a logical sequence. In lateral thinking, even chance can be used to find a new entry point into a system, a new way of looking at things. Instead of ploughing straight into a question, one can go round it until a new approach, which might be much better, appears. The standard example of this is the "pebble problem": Mr. Smith is forced to bet his life on choosing the white pebble from a black one and a white one without looking. Mr. Smith sees that, in fact, his captor has picked up two *black* pebbles from the pebble path, and so, whichever one he takes out of the bag, he is bound to be killed. What is he to do? Vertical thinking sees this as a problem of how to get a white pebble, and this is impossible. But one can shift the way of looking at the prob-



lem: if Mr. Smith takes a pebble and, without looking at it, fumbles, and drops it onto the pebble path, he can say that he doesn't know which colour he chose, but that it must have been the opposite colour to the one left in the bag. So he proves that he must have taken a white pebble.

Lateral thinking also gets away from the yes/no orientation of vertical thinking. Simple rational thought can be imitated by a computer: all that is required is a binary positive/negative system. Lateral thinking's capacity for switching from one way of looking at a thing to another is comparable to the way humour works. Humour is a unique characteristic of man, and no machine can laugh or think laterally. Lateral thinking is capable of supporting a number of apparently contradictory views of one thing. Correct answers are no longer regarded as unique. Lateral thinking allows for right, wrong or different.

I hope that by now the educational implications of lateral thinking are becoming apparent. At most schools, teaching is a matter of the teacher imparting information, which the pupil learns to reproduce accurately and skilfully. This seems to me to contain two faults. Firstly, it is based upon giving people information which will be fairly useless: we should be taught techniques for analysing a wider range of information. Teachers claim, of course, that they use the syllabus as a means of exemplifying the deeper points and techniques of their subjects. This rarely happens. The second fault is that we get into the habit of "yes/no" thought, which means that we find it hard to produce new ideas, or to accept the concept of two things being different but equally valid.

In my limited experience, both of these problems are more prevalent in the 'O' level than the 'A' level courses at this school. But by the age of 15 or 16 the damage is done. Most of us have active minds, which can think laterally and vertically, when we are young children. Unfortunately, if the more creative qualities of our thought are dampened down between the ages of 10 and 15, the damage can be long-lasting. Might this not explain our school's surprisingly low production of people who are really creative, as opposed to skilled administrators?

Surely, as there is so much information available nowadays, schools should aim much more at providing us with mental tools, rather than with restricted areas of information. One of these valuable mental tools must be lateral thinking, which is not a puzzle-solving toy, but a method of thinking which is closely related to creativity.

What is more, lateral thinking is open to all of us. It is a gift which almost every child possesses, not an esoteric system created by a bored American professor. All that is needed is a few periods a week and cross-reference to lateral thought-processes in other lessons. We will then be able to make sure that this natural, and extremely useful, quality of the human brain is not smothered by a system of education which is so often unnatural and rigid.

DAVID WILLETTS

### ANTI-SEMITISM AT K.E.S. ?

In a school where intelligence is supposedly the keystone, it is surprising to find that ignorance rather than malice governs people's prejudice. The mild prejudices that seem to exist never reach a serious level, but can be more hurtful than is widely thought. One of my most vivid memories is of being called "a dirty Jew" by an older boy when I was in the Shells. Since then, like all Jewish boys, I have had to endure the traditional insults and comments, sometimes amusing, but most just plain unnecessary.

It is interesting to look at the effects of this mild anti-semitism. As a result of frequent ridicule some Jewish boys have in fact become as parsimonious as tradition has implied. Many more, my-

self included, have been forced to deliberately exhibit a generosity far above the norm merely to try to disprove other boys' beliefs. Amusing as it may seem, I have often felt acute embarrassment at having to suffer other boys' remarks when, after dropping a coin, I've picked it up again. Many Jewish boys similarly feel pangs of self-consciousness when borrowing money from others. It sounds preposterous, doesn't it? Yet such complexes do exist.

The problem can be solved quite easily. It demands in people a common sensitivity. No one is suggesting that all Jewish boys should be handled with kid gloves, and certainly no one would be more sad to see the demise of the "Jewish joke" than the Jews themselves. All we would ask is that boys should be aware of the hurtful nature of many of their comments and then, perhaps, they may think twice before making a remark that is both unfunny and unnecessary. It is unfortunate that at K.E.S. sensitivity does not always go hand in hand with "cleverness," and that Jewish boys have to bear the same kind of prejudices in school as they have to outside.

SIMON INGLIS

### WARGAMING

Wargaming, or to give it its correct title, miniature warfare, defies accurate description. It is certainly not a board game like chess; in fact, it is not a game at all. It embraces history, geography, heraldry, sculpture, painting, mathematics, logic, and pure chance, and as a hobby is not only one of the fastest growing in the country, but almost unique in being directly related to almost every other form of human activity.

Wargaming, unfortunately, as a relatively new hobby, suffers from various misconceptions held about it.

For a start, it is "new" only in the sense that it has recently become popular, with the manufacture of inexpensive 20 mm. plastic figures that can be easily painted. The first book of rules for wargaming was written by H. G. Wells under the title "Little Wars." Secondly, wargaming has sometimes been described as "chess with a thousand pieces." It would be more logical to say that chess was a form of wargaming than wargaming a form of chess; and while chess is "limited" to a single type of board and movement pattern, the wargamers may invent their own rules, ground scales, terrain, and forces. In some aspects wargaming is infinitely more complex than chess, and in all its aspects it is elevated above the level of a game to that of a near-science.

Even though this is so, there is still a suspicion of "playing with toy soldiers" attached to wargaming. The most efficient rules to date are those of the Wargames Research Group, of which Mr. P. Barker, the Birmingham military historian, is a member, and it requires more than "playing" to reproduce a battle with them. That is the object of wargaming; either to reproduce a historical battle or to fight a purely hypothetical one, reproducing the methods of warfare used in past days. The advantage of this to a historian are obvious; Caesar's *de Bello Gallico* seems far more convincing and interesting if one has actually seen the superiority of Roman legionaries over Gallic tribesmen convincingly demonstrated. A recent Historical Society talk used models to illustrate a battle, and in "Workshop" the Classics department used model troops and terrain to show various aspects of the Roman army.

Finally, for some strange reason, wargaming is accused of breeding excessive bellicosity in its participants. This is nonsense. The motives which bring participants to the wargames table are those which, in theory, fill the school rugby teams. In fact, wargaming is most likely to introduce pacifism, as the participant sees how many men a simple mistake can cost. Plastic or lead soldiers cannot die.



As a fast-growing hobby, wargaming has the advantage of flexibility; rules can be very simple, or, at the highest level, can require Advanced Level knowledge of mathematics. Likewise, armies can be large or small. Perhaps the most startling revelation that can be obtained from wargaming is how slender is the thread on which our history hangs when battles must decide it. Notable wargaming results are Charles I winning at Naseby, Monmouth at Sedgemoor, the French at Blenheim, Napoleon (almost always) at Waterloo, the Confederates at Gettysburg, and a victory for the Persians over Alexander the Great at Arbela.

S. D. BADSEY

## RESIGNATIONS OF A NAIL-BITING NIHILIST

Ours is a belligerent society. The overcrowded, muddle-wearied minds that comprise it wage a half-heartedly obstinate war on anyone or anything with enough powered conviction to raise its frowning, mounting head. Unfortunately, no side ever quite wins the little wars; the resource of words cannot be as easily destroyed as an ammunition dump, at least, not in what we understand as a democracy. The battles go on, and the belligerents dig their trenches and grow old in them. The result is that few people search deep in no man's land for the solutions.

The fault is not inherent in our critical attack, but in the lack of a corresponding creative effort to balance that attack. Thus it is constructive to criticize, to demand that things should justify their existence (even to ask the question "why?") only when we are prepared to find the answers ourselves. The blanketing answer that things provide their *raison d'être* by the very fact of their existence is only justified if the alternatives have been thought through.

This, however, is the conclusion that our 20th-century minds are liable to reach. The eager searcher after truth always likes to start off looking for absolutes, and if he discovers, as he is quite likely to, that absolutes don't exist, he will realize that nothing has its justification beyond human relative values. We petty men are stifled and made giddy when we try to get outside ourselves and to impose an external system of values on ourselves: unless, that is, we are satisfied to hold on to a concept of God extended from spiritual intuition to intellectual awareness.

If that is not the case, one has two alternatives: the first is to be satisfied with human relative values. This rarely works because such values cannot be given an ultimate justification. The only human value which is always its own justification is happiness, and unfortunately the joys, like the tears, of the world (or so it seems to me) are a constant quantity. The second alternative is to realize that both these attempts at finding values and justifications are fundamentally irrelevant to normal life. After all, the only thing that really concerns the self is the self: men do what they do because, as far as is possible within the bounds of social forces, they want to. Things exist in order to exist and because they exist. Eventually, we can see how little we have travelled in one sense from the starting-point of the individual spiritual odyssey, the instinctiveness of the child. True, the instinctiveness has become almost unbearably self-conscious, but it is there. The mind-sweating pro-

cesses which produced St. Augustine's God and Nietzsche's Superman can also bring us to realize that instinct is all we need to motivate us. This does not mean that we have to go around behaving like Lawrentian horses, but what it does mean is that we recognize the needlessness of "ultimate justifications."

(Not surprisingly, most of the minds of modern society do not fit into any of these rather neat categories; they are too fond of making confusion by mixing together such mutually exclusive conceptions. I suppose the fourth alternative would be the "non-committal.")

If such is my view, why do 'A' levels? The question could well be asked of me with some justification (though I am becoming rather suspicious of that word). Sometimes the whole business of learning seems blatantly absurd, and I laugh at it. It seemed suddenly ludicrous one morning to be sitting in a classroom studying Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," the poetical idea of a man who died 140 years ago. What relevance did it have to life, and to myself? It seemed an unspeakable blasphemy against the learning intellect, but was produced by intellectual conflicts inherent in the 'O' and 'A' level system. The first is that even at 'A' level standard, I have discovered, one cannot, under the pressure of exams, go into fundamentals. Rather one surveys more fully the surface particularities, and this means that one's prospects of "a room with a view" at 'A' levels is disappointed. The view is cloudy when one has time only to glance round at it from set-books.

The other conflict is that between school-learning and life. We still learn for the sake of getting, not for the sake of learning itself, nor for the sake of living. The living is left to ourselves, and sometimes we mess it up. E. M. Forster once wrote that "the English public school produces well-developed bodies, fairly developed minds and undeveloped hearts." The first part of this is no longer really true, but the rest is: We tend to dislike thinking of the mind as one unit, comprising powers of reason and emotion. We prefer Haydn to Wagner, because the former does not usually require total involvement. It is interesting that the student of 'A' level literature studies novels on the art of living and poems which discuss that aspect of life which in school concerns him least directly—that of emotional experience, which is just as important in one's development as intellectual awareness. The reaction against this is evident in the total rejection of form by pop-music and much poetry, and, less obviously, in the fashion for the art of introspection (e.g., D. H. Lawrence, Salvador Dali). The extremities this reaction reaches, however, have little to do with education.

So, again, why 'A' levels? Why learn? The answer is in the very fact that I have criticized 'A' levels and the intellect's search for *raison d'être*. Human beings are thinking animals. Learning feeds my thinking. School, with its exam system, is the accepted way of learning. I still need to demand things to be justified. But I know that this is instinctive; that man is instinctive and emotional; that he is what he is and needs no further justification; and that what concerns him ultimately is the here and now. Spiritually, it does not take as much as we mistakenly think to face ultimate aimlessness.

ROBERT O'BRIEN





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KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

JUNE

## CHRONICLE

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## O.E.'s IN THE NEWS

K.E.S. has achieved the very unusual, indeed, probably unprecedented, distinction (so the Editor of "The Cricketer" reckons) of providing two members of the Test Selection Committee simultaneously. They are, of course, those two very effective and knowledgeable cricketers and irresistibly persuasive talkers, Smith, A. C., and Wheatley, O. S.

As a result of a different kind of persuasive talking, another O.E. has achieved distinction: Maltby, C. C., has been recently elected President of the Oxford Union.

A.J.T.

## SCHOOL TROPHIES

## Swimming

Kings Norton Grammar Schools Senior Championship: 1st, K.E.S.

Kings Norton Grammar Schools Intermediate Championship: 1st, K.E.S.

Greater Birmingham Grammar Schools: Overall 1st, K.E.S.

## Cross Country

Sutton Park Race Team Trophy.

Kings Norton Relay Shield.

Birmingham Schools Championship: Senior Team Trophy.

Birmingham Cross Country League: Division 1 Team Trophy.

## Rugby

Greater Birmingham Schools Rugby Union Seven-a-Side Plate Competition.

## Chess

Birmingham Lightning Competition.

## EASTER HOLIDAY JAUNTS

## Canal Trip, 1973—Something Special

Mr. Benett, that venerable denizen of the Deep Blue Sea (or D.B.S., as he likes to call it), was anxious to instal his wide range of marine vocabulary from the word go. No more "sharp end" and "blunt end"—bow and stern, if you please, from now on. Our "launching"—for we were honoured to be the first patrons of the "Delphinium"—passed without major incident. And with a hole in the water tank freshly repaired, and the appetising starter of 11 locks in rapid succession ahead, there was no time to look back.

Our second day was a worthy attempt to break the canal distance record—we covered about 30 miles (stopping only to pick up Charles, L. D., Esquire, hotfoot from a morning Music Exam). We had progressed from Atherstone in Warwickshire, to Great Haywood, in Staffordshire. The next day, our accumulated steering (navigational) skills kept the boat from hitting the sides altogether, rather than merrily bouncing along from one bank to the other. Not content with such clockwork efficiency, R. B. Grimmett had to introduce a bit of variety by nearly demolishing a bridge. Passing the portal of the famed Dudley

Tunnel, spruce in anticipation of its subsequent re-opening, we made our way to Netherton Tunnel. Our speed was perhaps a little subdued now, after a recent and vivid reminder from a Waterways official: "Waterways, not Motorways!" he squawked, as our wash almost capsized his boat.

Netherton Tunnel provided a valuable lesson on the harmonious effect of echoes in confined spaces. To the ringing tones of "Jerusalem," we sang our way through two miles of inky darkness and periodic drenchings from the air shafts. Our route now led us to Wolverhampton, then on to Walsall. Stopping only to disentangle plastic bags, old rope, granddad's pyjamas and a host of other items from the propeller (using what else but the ship's bread knife?), we blundered our way through the heart of industrial and residential squalor. Our valiant slave, Hoppo, stood on the bows, pushing aside floating bric-à-brac with the boat hook; in one unfortunate episode, the hook became entangled with an enormous tin contraption. The steady forward motion of the boat forced him to dash madly down to the stern, gripping the boat hook, and almost off the end into the water.

With typical panache, we triumphed over all such obstacles to set up camp for the night in a delightful rural spot, not more than a hundred yards from the M5/M6 interchange. The next day was to prove our last: Perry Barr locks were a stumbling block on which mere mortals like ourselves were destined to fall. With athleticism worthy of an Olympic champion, I had sprinted ahead to open the lock gates—seven of them in all. Suddenly, overwhelmed by the magnitude of this task, I was overtaken with a lethargy, and stopped to prop up the next gate. Fifteen minutes passed: I could see the boat in the next lock up, making no progress whatsoever—perhaps my lethargy had been infectious. Finally, curiosity impelled me to investigate—only to see the ship's blunt end tilting alarmingly into the water. Amidst a frenzy of action, our two dauntless heroes, Hoppo and L.D., were chest deep in canal water, salvaging what remained of our possessions and pride. At length our vessel disappeared below the waves—she was eventually recovered by draining the lock and baling out water from inside the boat.

From the ensuing inquest, I gather that the chain of events had started when a member of the crew had noticed steam rising from the engine. Then Mr. Benett came up with one of his most perceptive remarks, "Look, water!" Looking back on the incident, no-one can suggest a plausible cause—other than at the time a certain infamous R. B. Grimmett (Bridge-Demolisher, First Class) was steering. It must be something in the water, to quote a cliché. Anyone interested in next year's assault on the canals?

(NO previous submarine experience required!).

ANDRE HANNAN

## Marine Biology Course, 1973

This year saw the 20th marine biology course at Aberystwyth, in mid-Wales. Early on the morning of Saturday, 31st March, numbers of bleary-eyed schoolboys assembled either at school or New Street station to make the journey down, and somehow achieved a rendezvous at Borth railway



station early in the afternoon, a marvellous achievement considering there were four vehicles, the respective drivers of which were the possessors of four completely different routes, all proudly bearing the title "short cut."

The course participants were split into two groups. Those visiting the area for the first time were at once sent out over the rocks, equipped with large tin cans and scoops, to familiarise themselves with the local flora and fauna; those on a second or third trip to make them independent) were taken to Aberystwyth University, where this year's party was extremely lucky in having access to the facilities of one of the University's botany laboratories. This was a two-fold advantage: (1), the lab. was equipped with fine microscopes and similar equipment, and (2), since these facilities were already supplied, it was no longer necessary, as in previous years, to transport delicate equipment over rugged Welsh roads. A second break with tradition was that this year we stayed in a hotel and not in the Borth Youth Hostel. We no longer had to prepare meals, wash up and put lights out at 11 o'clock. With these constraints lifted, it was now possible to devote more time to serious study and evolve a working day of some 12 hours.

As previously mentioned, those boys on a second or third visit carried out independent projects, for which purpose they formed small groups which were based at the University. Several of these projects were based upon studies carried out in previous years by earlier generations of K.E.S. biologists. The materials taken for study were such things as sea water from rock pools—chemical measurements were made of salinity—and seaweeds—one group carried out an extraction of plant pigments, the chemicals responsible for colouration and utilisation of light energy in the production of "food." In this way these groups were able to combine the facilities at the laboratory, knowledge acquired on previous courses, and the locally available material.

Although the "first-timers" carried out a fair amount of work in the laboratory, examining and recording what they had found "in the field," most of their time was spent visiting local sites of biological interest and studying their particular ecology *in situ*. There are several fine examples of ecological systems, such as the salt marsh, the peat bog, the estuary and the local forests within a few miles of Borth, all of which were visited by this group.

The centre of activities, however, was the rocky shore at Borth. Here a study was made of plant and animal population and location. This work may be added to observations made in previous years in order to present a continuous study of the changes constantly taking place.

The course lasted for six days, finishing on Thursday, 5th April, and everyone taking part not only learned a considerable amount but also enjoyed themselves.

Our thanks are due to all of the members of staff who helped in the teaching and organisation of the course, Mr. Peters, Mr. Russell, Mr. Smythe, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Rigby and, of course, Mr. Dodds, who organised the course and who, with his remarkable local knowledge, was the lynch-pin of the proceedings.

PAUL W. JENNINGS

### The Skiing Trip

We had an early start on the first day when we assembled by the newspaper kiosk at New Street station and waited for Mr. Tomlinson. Eventually he arrived, on crutches and with his leg in plaster. Occasionally you see someone returning from a skiing holiday with a broken leg, but to have one before the holiday has even started is a little more unusual and unfortunate.

At 7 a.m. we left New Street by train, travelled from Dover to Calais by ship, and slept on a night train which took us to Italy.

When we first woke up on the train we were passing through a tunnel 10 km. long. When we got out at the other end there were mountains all around us with snow on the tops. This was the first time we had seen snow.

I did not think there seemed to be very much of it at first, and I wondered if we would be able to find enough to ski on.

In Sauze d'Oulx, the very smell of the air is different and it gives you a good feeling.

Every morning and afternoon we went up Sportinia—the mountain—on chair-lifts. These chair-lifts do not stop while you get on; they are constantly moving, and when you have to carry your own skis and sticks as well, it is not that easy. You then have a nice comfortable ride before you have to jump off at the top.

Each morning we had skiing instruction, and in the afternoon we were allowed to do anything, but sometimes it happened the other way round. Our instructor was Italian, and the only English words he seemed to know were "skis parallel," "more weight on the lower leg," and "snowplough." "Snowplough" is the name given to a type of turn when skiing.

To begin with, we skied on nursery slopes at the top of the mountain, which were not very steep. Skiing itself it really quite exhilarating. You seem to slide down automatically, and as I found out, if you happen to be facing the wrong way, you will slide down backwards. There is never the problem of not being able to ski fast. Certainly skiing slowly is more difficult. When you fall over in the snow, getting up, with clumsy skis waving all over the place, is another problem.

We started at the top of the slope, skied down, and if we were lucky enough to reach the bottom without falling over, we went back up again. The way you go up a ski slope is to side-step up.

During the later part of the holiday, when we were able to ski reasonably, we went up another mountain called Triplex. There were no chair-lifts for this mountain, so we went up on drag-lifts. This is a form of skiing up the mountain. You keep your skis parallel and lean back against a metal support, which is shaped like an anchor, which is attached to a steel wire rope, and you are pulled up the mountain. The first time I went on one of these I fell off near the bottom. When you get to the top you can ski all the way down to Sportinia.

On the last day, when Watts broke his leg, the way in which the instructor dealt with the problem was fantastic. He picked up Watts' skis and sticks, put Watts on his back, and went shooting off down the mountain.

MICHAEL PICKWORTH (Shell 2)

### Invasion, 1973

Grey April skies and choppy Channel greeted Messieurs Underhill, Jayne and Workman leading 23 members of K.E.S. to historic Normandy.

The immediate goal was the seaside resort of Carteret, on the western side of the Cotentin peninsula. From an early arrival at Le Havre, the party passed through Caen, site of L'Abbay aux Hommes, founded by William the Conqueror, and on to Carteret's Hotel d'Angleterre for a seven-day stay. A Continental breakfast produced misgivings, dispersed, however, by gratifying meals throughout the week.

We went to Mont St. Michel, enlivened by an enthusiastic French guide, more fluent in English than most members of the party were in French; then to see ancient craftsmanship at the bell foundry of Villedieu-les-poêles; to the site of Avranches Cathedral, where King Henry II did penance, barefoot, for the murder of Thomas Becket; to Bayeux to see the priceless, 76-yard tapestry, remarkably preserved after almost 900 years, and telling a story known even to the meanest historian at K.E.S.! (The sentences in Latin were, of course,



readily translated by the Rems!) And to the beaches and memorials of 1944—Omaha, Arromanches, Gold—speaking volumes even in their virtual desertion and silence, save only for the breaking of the waves. Ranks of crosses, aligned with military precision, in Allied cemeteries. Sections of Mulberry harbour, concrete emplacements, twisted metal, shattered and disintegrating relics of war—contrast indeed to the towering glory of Mont St. Michel, revealed in hazy afternoon sun.

Exploration of lighthouses, cliffs and villages; quizzes and competitions to encourage the study of French language, history and architecture—all these activities, and more, were combined in a well-organised and stimulating holiday.

The return via Cherbourg and Southampton completed a most rewarding and highly recommended visit to Normandy.

DAVID HERROD

### **Adventurous Training in Snowdonia**

Between 29th March and 5th April of this year a group of seven boys from the C.C.F., led by Mr. Symes, with Mr. Nightingale, were to cross the Snowdon mountain range from Roman Bridge to Conway, a distance of about 50 miles. The party was to be backed up for the first four days by Mr. Cotter, who would carry the supplies and the tents in his car from camp to camp. All other kit was to be carried by the members of the party.

This was the plan. It was never completed despite the efforts of the masters, mainly because we boys were too inexperienced to face the gruelling Welsh weather that we encountered.

We reached Roman Bridge by train with Mr. Symes, and were greeted on our arrival by Messrs. Nightingale and Cotter, who had come by car. From the small station it was only a short distance to our first camp site, where we put up our tents and slept the night. Our food was Army "compo" rations, which were adequate for us.

We set off on time for our next camp site. Travelling fairly slowly, with as few stops as possible along the ancient trackway, we arrived at Nant Gwynant in good time. The camp site here was especially well situated, with a fast-flowing river by it and the picturesque Watkin Path to its north.

It was this path that we followed the next day on our way to the summit of Y Lliwedd. Nearing the top we practised scrambling, the stage in between hiking and rock-climbing. We spent the night at the edge of Llyn Teyrn, a lake surrounded by steep mountains, about a mile away from Pen-y-pass, where we collected our food and tents from Mr. Cotter.

The next day we did not strike tents as usual, but with only a small amount of equipment we left Llyn Teyrn to climb up Snowdon, while Donald Van Geete remained to guard the tents. The weather became increasingly bad as we ascended the mountain until, when we reached the summit, we found it covered with a foot of snow and visibility down to about 20 yards in the mist and driving hail. Strangely enough, these conditions make the ascent twice as worthwhile—you have been to the summit when trains could not.

That night was certainly an experience, but an experience I would much prefer to do without. The weather deteriorated rapidly, indeed, so much so that at about 1 o'clock the following morning many of us woke up to find that our sleeping bags were saturated. Our imperfectly set up tents could not withstand the river of rainwater pouring underneath them into the lake.

Now that much of our equipment was drenched, and with colds and influenza on their way, Mr. Symes had no choice but to finish the expedition prematurely and return home. Luckily, Mr. Cotter, who was due to leave us that day, was there to take us to the nearest railway station, Betws-y-

Coed. Within another five or so hours were were back in Birmingham, snivelling but otherwise healthier than when we left.

I am very glad I went on the expedition, even though it did not go according to plan. I would like to think that I am no longer a novice with my first-hand experience of bad Welsh weather. Thanks to Messrs. Symes, Nightingale and Cotter for making the training as enjoyable as weather permitted.

ANDREW EWERS

### **Venture Sea Scouts Easter Camp, 1973**

A small party, consisting of Christopher Barker, David Barrington, Simon Heng, Simon Stock, Bob Osborne (O.E.), Bob Wilkins (O.E.) and Nobby Clarke (O.E., instructor), with Lady Jane and Sea Dog, spent eight days, from the 13th to 21st April, at Lymington, where we were kindly accommodated in almost luxurious conditions in the Lymington Sea Scouts' H.Q. Both boats were in use in the Solent and river estuary every day, with full complement of crews, and everyone gained valuable practical experience. With all due precautions taken concerning tides and general safety, there were expeditions to Yarmouth, the Needles, Christchurch and Beaulieu River, all of which were enjoyed by all and gave good practice in elementary coastal navigation. The two Bobs rendered invaluable service, which was greatly appreciated; and Mr. McIlwaine, although otherwise engaged at Cowes, kindly made the necessary arrangements possible by transporting Lady Jane. The party was also indebted to Mrs. McIlwaine (for an excellent menu), and to Nobby, without whom the camp would not have been possible.

SIMON STOCK

### **THREE JUNIOR PLAYS**

Before I actually saw these plays I had a vague idea of what they were about by making up some of the boys in each play. I had heard various comments and knew a little about each of them. I was apprehensive about the first play—a western. It is difficult to perform in a foreign accent—and I suspected this might hamper it. In fact, it was absolutely right, and although the accent did swallow a few words, the play held its own, with a lot of dead bodies and a picturesque western ending.

If there was anything at fault with the second play it was its choice. It had several themes which were similar to the first play, but the standard of acting was higher than I expected it would be and all credit to the actors for their controlled performances.

The third play began very well. It was convincingly funny, and with the entrance of the soldiers, apart from posing a problem as to how to remove several bodies from the stage, was sustained very effectively. Unfortunately, the fairground scene lacked that extra spark of life and flagged a little. But I was gratified that it picked up to end on the high note that it did.

The acting in all three plays was higher than it has been in all the junior productions I have seen here. A lot of hard work went into the night's entertainment, and I hope the pleasure of the audience is reciprocated by the actors. It certainly should be.

NIGEL BROWN

### **CHESS, 1972-73**

The 1972-3 season, in common with the last two seasons, has been a very successful one for the School Chess Team. In the Sunday Times National Schools Chess Tournament the first team won its zone by beating Hereford Cathedral School 6—0, and has reached the last 16 in the final stage by beating Queen Mary's School, Walsall 6—0. In the Birmingham and District Junior Chess League the first team won all its matches and finished first



without any real difficulty, the second team won the second division, and the fourth team won the fourth division, despite the efforts of Jim Lawley, who demonstrated that an advantage of two queens and a bishop is not always sufficient to win! The first team also won the Birmingham Schools Lighting Tournament—a very good result considering the fact that Tony Miles was unable to play for us.

Chess, we are told, is a game of character. The following characters played for the first team this season:

**Tony Miles** (1st board). Has had a normal season—second in the European Junior Championships, first in the Birmingham International Tournament, 100% school record. With practice he could keep his place in the team for the rest of the season.

**Martin Coward** (board 2/3) has provided the scientific approach with “Man from U.N.C.L.E.” briefcase and analysis of vital opening systems lasting 25 moves. Unfortunately, his opponents did not always play these openings.

**Paul Klemperer** (board 4/5) proved time and again that beneath that gibbering, panicky, exterior lay an equally gibbering, panicky interior. Nevertheless, he has proved a most efficient secretary and I am very grateful for all his help.

**Stefan Wagstyl** (board 4/5) suffered a mid-season injury of water on the knee, but recovered to score several victories by distracting opponents for half-an-hour spelling his name; came third in West Midland Under 16 Championships.

**Richard Borchers** (board 6) spent most of the season learning the names of his own team and running in circles. His magic rucksack helped him score several valuable victories. West Midland Under 14 Champion.

**Chris Morley**, originator of the “Bryan Ferry” haircut, was unlucky not to play more, but performed creditably when called upon and should be a vital member of the first team next year.

Miles, Coward and Klemperer played for the West Midland senior team and the Warwickshire senior team, and Coward, Klemperer, Wagstyl, Morley, Borchers and Pitt have played for county junior teams.

In recognition of their performances during the season, M. J. Coward, P. D. Klemperer and S. J. Wagstyl were awarded their School chess colours.

As always, our thanks must go to Miss Chaffer, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Workman and Mr. Hurn for their various contributions. We are especially grateful to Mr. Hurn in this, his last year at K.E.S., for the enthusiastic way in which he has encouraged school chess players over many years. His efficient organisation has paved the way for many successes, and we all wish him well in the future.

ANDREW STOKER

Tony Miles is to be congratulated on winning the International Chess Tournament at the Birmingham Easter Congress, where he finished first ahead of a strong field, beating, among others,

American Grand Master Arthur Bisquier and the British champion, Brian Eley. This victory makes him the fourth youngest chess player in history to win an international event.

Miles' other recent successes include finishing second in the European Junior Championships held in Groningen in December, an excellent result considering the fact that the winner, the Russian Ramanishin, is over two years older than he is.

PAUL KLEMPERER

## BRIDGE

This year the School entered the Daily Mail Schools Bridge Championship for the first time. The team for the first round comprised D. K. Arnott, A. G. Cheshire, C. P. Morley and A. I. Stoker; M. J. Coward replaced Stoker for the semi-final and final rounds.

In the first round at Sutton Coldfield in February we narrowly reached the next round, coming well behind the other qualifier, Queen Mary's Grammar School, Walsall.

We went to Manchester for the semi-final in March and qualified comfortably for the final, finishing third of 15 schools.

The final was held on April 14th and 15th in London, and we were the youngest team competing; most of the other players were in the sixth form, and all played bridge regularly during term-time. Not unexpectedly, we could do no better than finish 10th, but we have gained a great deal of experience during this year's competition, and we hope to achieve a better position next year. Anyway, 230 schools entered this year, so we have proved that we are among the top 5% of bridge-playing schools in the country.

DAVID ARNOTT

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Robert O'Brien's confused and introverted piece in the May edition of “Chronicle” reflects a self-inflicted “neurosis” which recently has become fashionable amongst our age group.

‘A’ level examinations are made to loom large by O'Brien and his friends who in their “neurosis” question the validity of the system and think to gain satisfaction by asking the question “Why?” Of course, they embark upon the treadmill of these exams because they will need to gain good ‘A’ level grades in order to enter university.

However, they do not realise that they are dissipating valuable mental energy continually asking “Why?” Surely the better alternative is to accept the validity along with the necessity of ‘A’ levels and at the same time to enjoy to the full other pursuits less formal than examination work. By so doing, one balances hard mental work with complementary enjoyment, instead of consuming time any energy questioning the value of a set of exams which, once they have served their purpose of admitting a student to further education, and teaching him how to approach a wider variety of studies than the actual ‘A’ level course allows, are of little consequence as subjects of study.

Yours, etc.,

CHARLES SPICER





73

JULY

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

## CHRONICLE

Vol. 5, No. 8

## MARK THORNTON

In the tragic death of Mark Thornton, the School loses one of its most forthright members. Mark was a person who did not merely propound ideals, but who, in his work with the Peace Centre, actively pursued them. He would accept no solution which, in his view, fell short of the ideal. It was his biting honesty in this respect which, at times, brought him into conflicts, and which, yet, won him his many friends. His friends will remember him forever as someone who was always ready with a cheering word in moments of depression, someone whose help would never be denied when it was needed.

EAMONN O'DOWD

## K.E.S.: POLITICS

The year has seen a complete reversal of the policy of happy and ready co-operation between the Governors of King Edward's School and the Local Education Authority. The Authority has abrogated arrangements entered into immediately after the 1944 Education Act. A too sudden end has been called to policy by which the Governors and the L.E.A. together have contrived to provide, irrespective of parents' means, as good an opportunity in Birmingham as was to be found in the United Kingdom.

The Birmingham L.E.A. will no longer provide free places at the Direct Grant Schools for any Birmingham children. This in effect means that from this year entry will, instead of being more than 75% free place holders and less than 25% paying a school fee, consist of a reverse proportion. In this situation, however, there is, to secure social justice, a fee remission scheme by which the fee is adjusted to parents' income. This is a great democratic feature of the Direct Grant system. Mr. Roy Hattersley, Shadow Minister of Education, has indicated that when his Party returns to power at Westminster the Direct Grant system will be brought to an end. This the Governors greatly regret, as they have felt that it has meant that these schools have been both democratic and accessible.

The Governors are fully sensitive to the tide of fashion running in favour of comprehensive education. At the same time they would feel it to be unjust if these schools became the neighbourhood schools for Edgbaston and Selly Oak. It is their desire to keep open access to these schools from anywhere in the catchment area and not to make membership dependent upon your home address. Furthermore, they are not minded to dismantle a staff and a plant assembled to attempt a special and definite function, leading those who are able forward to the highest reaches of Higher Education.

The Governors continue in conversations with the Local Authority in endeavour to make provision both at the Direct Grant Schools and at the five Aided Grammar Schools, which will both benefit the rising generation and also fit in with Local Authority plans. This is, however, made very difficult at the moment because the Local Authority's plans are precipitate and doctrinaire, and because

of Local Government reorganisation, making it hard to agree plans for a considerable period ahead. In these circumstances the Governors while being receptive to suggestions for the future roles of their seven schools, are unable to sanction immediate *bouleversement*. Three of the Labour members of the Education Committee have in the year joined the governing body, and that guarantees that there will continue to be conversations and debate concerning changes in the entry, the function and the structure of the schools that may seem to the majority to be desirable. At present, it could be said that all options are wide open; certainly no decision on change has yet been reached, but that does not mean that the Governors are in any sense wedded to the status quo.

R.G.L.

## "AND HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THE RESULTS"

"Generally, standards continue to fall." That is the opinion of the Joint Matriculation Board on the results of their A level papers in English for last year. This assumes, of course, that the hypothetical "normal" for every candidate is 100%, and anything below that is deterioration; that if after seven years of extensive and two years intensive study one cannot answer every question correctly one is in some way mentally defective.

As the Board is sole judge of its own marking scheme it would be fruitless for me, a sixth-former caught up in this philosophy, to attack it—much as it needs attacking. But I would like to suggest some of the results of this philosophy, and using it as a basis, I would like to offer a few comments on examination conditions in the School, and on the two subjects that are the mainstays of education on the arts side since the decline of classics: English Literature and History.

The Board's standards, too, continue to fall as they set A level papers. This does not mean that the papers are getting any easier; far from it; but it does mean that they are getting duller, or at least, staying dull. One opens a paper knowing the routine exactly; four essays in three hours—forty minutes an essay plus five minutes for a plan. The whole exam. structure operates on this slot-machine principle. This year it was only the English History paper that broke the monotony by failing to provide four essay questions that English VI as a whole had not either already done or thoroughly explored. It should be a tribute to our English and History masters that we have explored every avenue of approach: it is not because we have not; our masters have researched past A level papers and guided their methods of teaching accordingly. It is possible to predict with a great degree of accuracy the contents of a history paper merely by studying papers from the two previous years—a fact the School takes unashamed advantage of. The much-vaunted change in format of the English exam., which had us all running around like scalded cats for a while, proved to be no more than the dividing of one old paper into two new ones, with no significant difference. Our masters have prepared us efficiently and well, but this cannot disguise one basic truth: there was no test of



intelligence in them, only a test of the relatively accidental gift of memory, and good memory is no proof of intelligence.

One would have appreciated an unorthodox question, a question never encountered before; or a format like that of the Latin papers, where the examiner can set anything from a question on grammar to a full essay and still be within his rights. One would have liked a question from a new angle, or even the chance to find and investigate one's own angle, as in the deceptive question that haunts Oxbridge papers: "Write about this . . ." But with forty minutes for an essay and a plan already memorised, this just was not possible—one would have needed an hour or more and then have been willing to risk failure on the line of approach. In short, what would have been appreciated is a margin for error, and there is no margin for error in G.C.E. A level exams.

Working conditions in Big School are also not 100%—no one (except the J.M.B.) expects perfection. The hard chairs on which we sit, tensed and cramped for three hours, are extremely uncomfortable. The light, portable desks that are so easy for the porters to stack are also too small to hold an opened foolscap answer-book, a piece of paper for rough work, and the open question paper. Usually the last of these goes, left beside the desk, yet one of the primary rules of an exam. is to make certain the question is being answered—how can that be done if the question is not easily in sight? I would take the view that if the J.M.B. expects perfect papers, the candidates should expect near-perfect exam. conditions, but obviously this attitude could be criticised as being selfish. The noise around Big School in the ten minutes before and after afternoon school has been extraordinary—for those who don't know, an afternoon A level starts at 2 p.m. and goes on until 5 p.m.

The English and History A levels this year have been straightforward, and that does *not* mean they have been simple. On the contrary, there has been a dangerous temptation to shut off the intelligence, to let the memory do the work. There has also been *frustration*, the temptation to attack the terms of the question, and once one does that there is a danger that one is no longer answering it. One should not expect to have to fight an examiner, and as he is marking he will ultimately win anyway. Memory is as personal a thing as intelligence, good or bad, but the two are unrelated. By approaching the problem of testing our intelligence under pressure the examiners have failed to use their own, and they have been outsmarted by the teachers of schools such as ours, which pride themselves on their high success rates. But in this unsatisfactory system, where an unimaginative exam. is evidence of nothing, the Board, the teachers and the pupils have all outsmarted themselves.

STEPHEN BADSEY

## OUR REVELS NOW ARE ENDED . . .

So here we go! In the February edition of Chronicle A.J.T. brought his memories of 'The Tempest' out of the boxroom, dusted them down, and gave new life to old events. Perhaps, at this leaving moment, that earnest member of VA and ex-guru-in-chief may be allowed the same liberty; to pluck out a few recollections of the K.E.D.S. as he has known it and seen it develop through the past 25 years.

Such remembrances have been stimulated by the arrival back at School of the Society's scrap-book, filled with such goodies as old 'crits,' and bizarre Press photographs. (How to distort play and actors in one easy snapshot.) They remind the writer of his first involvement in the School Play (what a horrid phrase that is; heavy with stultifying connotations of officialdom); it was 'St. Joan,' and the future captain of Cary Gilson's second cricket XI took the lead. At the time it was claimed that

Sybil Thorndike was in the audience, which gave performance a certain excitement: otherwise the principal features that come to mind are the maturity of the cast (we had very old men in the School in those days), the squalor of the present book room as the only Green Room space—reeking of gas and luke-warm cocoa, and the somewhat precarious, a-perspective charm of the softboard set. But, yes, it was a good show, even for a third spear carrier from the right.

The 1951 'Tempest' has already been studied from the audience's point of view. Behind-the-scenes memories include the way the hard-drinking, hard-swearing Stephano on-stage proved a hard-drinking, hard-swearing Sixth-former off-stage; the cunning way the designer had so made his set that he restricted stage-usage by 50%; and the delight among the stage-gang when the current Ariel (whom they all loathed as an odious little tick) slipped on the set, rolled across the stage past his astounded Prospero, and almost fell off the apron. As Mr. Trott said in his article, that production was in the then-main-stream of theatre; certainly, if memory serves aright, it flummoxed a good many of the audience—which means that recent reactions are no new experience to the frustrations of the Dramatic Society.

Now let it be said, good and loud, that the years 1954 and 1955 were high points in the Society's history under the hugely benevolent dictatorship of Mr. Trott himself, surely then in his creative prime—if you see what I mean.

1954—'Murder in the Cathedral'—a show to be spoken of in awed whispers. And it was as good as history and legend would have it. The cast was strong in depth—only 'A Penny for a Song' and 'Twelfth Night' could rival it for this; Thomas was tall, haggard, and with a musicality of voice equal to Gielgud or Porter or Pasco; and the production had a sureness of touch which directors wish for in their prayers and dreams but rarely achieve in a lifetime of work. It was not just a play, it was a spiritual experience; and this stage-manager still remembers standing on the darkened set after the last night and feeling the atmosphere surround him, hearing the echoes of the voices. In 1955 it was 'The Alchemist,' a little less secure, largely because the alchemist himself was prone to word blackouts at crucial moments. But he snuffled and twitched convincingly to cover the gaps and the whole thing had huge panache. It was also a fine example of ensemble finesse—a cast, which had worked together for some three years, going full blast, and directed by a Jonsonian expert. Dramatic salesmanship of the highest order—which had the proverbial aisle-rolling impact.

It marked the parting of the ways for Trott's Strolling Company, and that included me; and, sadly, we have never been together again even for ten seconds. It did not, of course, mark any decline in the Society's achievements. But there followed a ten years' gap filled only with memories of the productions mentioned and many more besides—Drama Syldicates like 'Oedipus Rex,' Junior Plays including Victorian Melodrama, and, believe it or not, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' They were frisky days with elaborate sets of vast size and devilish complexity, uncouth back-stage conditions, and indecent enthusiasm (at least by modern standards).

The next time I saw the School stage it was about to gobble up the dress rehearsal of 'Othello.' And that was a production which had the hand of misfortune upon it. Here was another design determined to limit acting space—a compendium mausoleum made of egg-cartons which tended to fall off at crucial moments: the whole thing shrouded in a darkness which passed man's understanding. Leading actors fell ill or had fits of the sulks; and the dress rehearsal started at Act IV and then, after having reached the end of the play, lurched unsteadily back to Act I. After such traumas performance could not help but be despondent.



Morale was restored, however, in 1967, when we were all swep' off to dear old Oireland, put behind bars to await the hanging of 'The Quare Fellow.' K. R. Lee—who, incidentally, is one of the three best actors I have seen on any school stage—discarded the rolled-up rugby socks of Desdemona for the toothless maunderings of an old lag; the hangman—incidentally, one of the three true non-actors I have ever seen on any school stage—was blessed with German measles on the eve of performance, and A.J.T. reluctantly seized the part to upstage everyone in his stead. It was all a great success; but I remember how small the audiences were—very depressing.

'A Penny for a Song' the next year has gained a certain reputation through time but, being so much involved, I find it genuinely hard to comment. All I know is that the cast was formidable with tremendous experience and ability, and it was backed by superb technicians; the now-accepted participation of real girls received its welcome baptism, bringing charm and colour and new interest; houses were, as they say, packed; everyone had a good time. But the abiding memory will always be of that spectacular moment on the first night when T. M. T. Cooper—the second outstanding actor I've seen—stood in front of a wayward bomb, singed his face, but went back for the second half with ointment all over him and the ringing cry—'The Show Must Go On!'

And I suppose it has; not always to the undiluted delight of School audiences, but to the growing respect of outsiders. A long 'Winter's Tale'; a baffling 'Twelfth Night'—which the Germans loved (and there's a conversational gambit if ever there was one!); a relaxed 'As You Like It'—so relaxed it nearly fell apart. In addition, tours have been instigated and ranged from Falmouth to Frankfurt; they have been hard work and enormous fun (yes, really), and have done much to raise acting and technical standards. Drama Syndicates have broadened, been ambitious, and made people in the Sixth Forms, acting for the first time, realise what they've been missing. And, with Mr. Hames' arrival, junior drama has had a tremendous, much-needed, shot-in-the-arm, which augurs well for the future.

In the February edition of Chronicle, A.J.T. brought out his memories of 'The Tempest,' and this article has come full circle. I have left that particular play until last. Not just because it included the third of the best actors I've seen, in C. A. Spicer; not simply because it was in the mainstream of modern (who said modish?) theatre and people seemed to like it all; not only because it was the latest product; and not merely because, of all the shows, it was my own favourite. But because it was happy, enjoyable to do, and the product of a large number of people's hard work, both on and off stage. Which is what the K.E.D.S. has been about in the 25 years I've known it; and it's the way I'll remember it.

M.P.

## LIBRARY REPORT

One of many additions to the Library this term has been Philip Larkin's new 'Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse.' This selection extends the field of its predecessor, W. B. Yeats' 'Oxford Book of Modern Verse' of 1934, to 1965, and also takes a different view of the period from which Yeats made his selection. Despite its greater size and completeness, Larkin's anthology should by no means be regarded as a replacement for Yeats', the stamp of whose character gives it a value independent of the purpose it serves. Thus critics, who have so far reacted indifferently or unfavourably, are perhaps too inclined to look for the masterly finality of Yeats in the selection of an editor whose chief aim is 'to bring together poems that will give pleasure to their readers both separately and as a collection.'

I hope everyone will agree that this is a pleasing anthology—whether for the direct and vivid style of many of the poems which it contains, or for their humour and individuality. But if it is alleged that Yeats' anthology is more 'poetic,' it is worth bearing in mind the peculiar circumstances of modern poetry, at least as they appear to us. Other Oxford anthologies have usually managed to be at the same time academic and 'poetic.' Yeats could not sum up all the developments in the poetry of his day and yet remain true to his poetic principles. So it is, for instance, that most of the poetry of the Great War is excluded with the bald and dogmatic excuse, 'passive suffering is not a theme for poetry.' His choice is unavoidably partisan, hence the criticism that it is primarily an Irish anthology.

Larkin's principles of editorship are different. Firstly, he has tried to choose poems which bear on the social developments in Great Britain during this century—for example, G. D. M. Cole's poem written during the General Strike. Secondly, he has tried to leave no one out. The result is a much longer list of poets, including some unexpected names like J. B. S. Haldane and Herbert Asquith, and more equal representation for each, so that the major poets are almost hidden away by the host of the minor. The different treatment accorded to D. H. Lawrence and Rudyard Kipling provides a good illustration of the differing methods of the two editors. Yeats chose very few Kipling poems, and even those were not characteristic; Larkin, on the other hand, represents him heavily in the familiar bluff, proletarian manner which perhaps Yeats found offensive. Again, Yeats chose from D. H. Lawrence only his lyrical poems of personal relations, whereas Larkin's selection from the same poet consists chiefly of his zoological poems and poetry with a social theme: for example, 'Stand Up'—a satire based on a well-known hymn, whose keynote is a robust realism:

'Stand up, stand up for justice,  
Ye swindled little blokes!  
Stand up and do some punching,  
Give 'em a few hard pokes.'

Perhaps this anthology will be criticised for being chiefly minor poetry, even if very agreeable and truthful; but its strength is that it achieves a very complete representation of the varied poetic uses of the English language in the twentieth century.

RICHARD BRADLEY

## ETON FIVES, 1972-73

This season, the School senior team has fared moderately well, winning seven and losing seven of its matches. The first pair, David Barnes and Peter Smith, played outstandingly well, considering their age. They were only once defeated in school matches, and won the Plate Competition in the Midland Open Tournament, but were unluckily drawn against the eventual winners in the Public School Tournament at Eton. The second pair, the captain and Richard Kendall, was not quite strong enough to complement the first pair's victories, losing many of their matches in long and closely-fought games. The third pair, owing to the shortage of senior players, was constantly changing and lacked experience. However, Cummings, Scholey, Turnbull and Wood should become strong senior players in the future. The junior pairs were very strong and were unbeaten in all their matches.

In the School there are very few talented senior players, but among the juniors, especially the Rems and Shells, there are many boys who should provide the School with a strong fives team in the years to come, with practice and experience.

Finally, I would like to thank all the boys who have taught the Rems and Shells, and Mr. Worthington for arranging fixtures and accommodation.

DAVID LEWIS



## PROCEEDINGS OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE SCHOOL CLUB

At its last meeting, the General Committee of the School Club carried a motion to increase the annual subscription to £2.50.

Over the last few years, both expenditure and income of the School Club have remained steady at the £2,300—£2,600 level respectively, and each year the deficit of £700 has been met partly by a transfer of £600 from School Shop profits and partly by School Club reserve funds, which are now almost exhausted.

A Budget Sub-Committee of the School Club was set up early this year to examine the situation, and it made the following observations and recommendations:

1. The School Club does not exist to curtail the range of activities offered, so we cannot limit expenditure in a major way.
2. The need for an increase in the annual subscription in the near future is urgent.
3. The Governors might agree to assume responsibility for certain items of expenditure.

4. Since major part of expenditure goes on teas and coach fares, a match fee system ought to be introduced for players in School teams at the rate of 10p per game to help offset the enormous catering and travel losses. (This last resolution was made reluctantly, since the sub-committee did not really like the situation in which a boy has to pay to represent the School, and with the proviso that when a boy receives no service from the club, he pays no match fee.)

Accordingly, the match fee system has been introduced and the subscription raised. With the £700 raised by the increase, it is hoped to (a) settle the outstanding debts; (b) re-establish a reserve fund for the benefit of our successors.

Finally, I would like to make two pleas:

1. Make sure you are represented at the meetings of the General Committee by a form representative (plus one other in the VI forms).
2. Use the School Shop as much as possible, because the larger the Shop profits, the greater the benefits that accrue to every boy in the School, via the School Club.

RICHARD CROCKER (General Secretary)

## KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL CLUB

Statement of Accounts for the year 1st April, 1972, to 31st March, 1973

INCOME				£ p	EXPENDITURE				£ p
To Governors' Grant	....	....	....	500.00	By Football	....	....	....	648.03
„ Heath Testimonial Fund	....	....	....	13.12	„ Cricket	....	....	....	732.34
„ Levett Trust	....	....	....	12.70	„ Athletics	....	....	....	154.55
„ Mayo Trust	....	....	....	16.62	„ Swimming	....	....	....	42.34
„ Old Boys' Permanent Contributory Fund	....	....	....	9.29	„ Fives	....	....	....	44.66
„ Solomon Memorial Trust	....	....	....	2.41	„ Tennis	....	....	....	100.11
„ Cozens Trust	....	....	....	19.25	„ Rowing	....	....	....	4.80
„ Honorary Members' Subscriptions	....	....	....	91.88	„ Cross Country	....	....	....	59.03
„ Boys' Subscriptions	....	....	....	1062.50	„ Squash Rackets	....	....	....	30.84
„ Gift from Levett Residuary Bequest	....	....	....	164.63	„ Basketball	....	....	....	49.60
„ Grant from School Stock	....	....	....	700.00	„ Judo	....	....	....	2.40
				<u>£2592.40</u>	„ Hockey	....	....	....	73.21
					„ Life Saving	....	....	....	3.10
					„ Chess	....	....	....	75.57
(Signed):					„ 'Chronicle'	....	....	....	259.23
P. B. CHAPMAN, Hon Treasurer					„ Geographical Society	....	....	....	1.00
Examined and found correct:					„ Printing and Stationery	....	....	....	167.25
P. G. LEYSER, C. D. MORRIS, Hon. Auditors					„ Postage and Telephone	....	....	....	1.40
Deficit at 31/3/72	....	....	....	750.67	„ Bank Charges	....	....	....	1.97
Profit above	....	....	....	140.97					
Deficit carried forward	....	....	....	<u>£609.70</u>					<u>£2451.43</u>

## K.E.S. DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Statement of Account for the period October, 1972, to June, 1973

INCOME				£ p	EXPENDITURE				£ p
'The Tempest'					Electrical Equipment	....	....	....	70.27
Tickets	....	....	....	255.05	Costumes	....	....	....	26.78
Programmes	....	....	....	51.30	Scenery and Props	....	....	....	158.04
'Junior Plays'					Printing and Advertising	....	....	....	99.09
Tickets	....	....	....	67.36	Performance Fees, Licence Fees	....	....	....	47.92
Programmes	....	....	....	11.20	Music	....	....	....	11.68
Excess of Expenditure over Income	....	....	....	121.58	Photographs	....	....	....	8.00
				<u>£506.49</u>	Refreshments	....	....	....	8.09
					Travel Expenses for Rehearsals	....	....	....	11.00
					Postage	....	....	....	5.10
					British Drama League subscription	....	....	....	5.25
					Thimble Press subscription	....	....	....	1.20
					Grant to Edinburgh Tour Account	....	....	....	54.07
									<u>£506.49</u>

Balance in Account on 15th June, 1973: £100.93

24th June, 1973

J. B. CLARK, Treasurer





SEPTEMBER 73

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

# CHRONICLE

Vol. 6, No. 1

## ADIOS AMIGOS

### Mr. M. A. Porter

Maurice Porter, the doyen of the Common Room, retired at the end of the summer term, having been a mathematics master at K.E.S. for 40 years. He graduated at Clare College, Cambridge, as a Wrangler with special distinction. Before coming to King Edward's he had taught for seven years at his old school, Cheltenham Grammar School, as head of mathematics.

In his early days at K.E.S., before the war, Mr. Porter was in charge of school swimming. During the war years he directed the farm camp at Newnham Bridge. In 1948, on the formation of the eight School Houses, he became the first house-master of Levett, a post he held until 1962. It was fitting that his house should bear the name of another great mathematical teacher.

As a teacher he was brilliant at all levels, and a tower of strength in the mathematics department. Of Mr. E. V. Smith, on his retirement, Mr. Porter wrote that this school always appreciated a master who was on top of his subject. Now we may say the same of M.A.P.

M.A.P. never wasted words; what he said and wrote was lucid, terse and to the point. All he did seemed to be performed with a minimum of energy and with complete absence of fuss. Complicated tasks appeared simple when he was in charge. For a long time he organised the examination arrangements in Big School. As soon as he arrived, a miraculous order would spring out of chaos—chairs and bodies would be in place in a few seconds, and silence descend as if by magic. All his activities at K.E.S. showed his coolness and efficiency. Over the years Mr. Porter has been controller of the Cot Fund, umpire of the First XI cricket team, time-keeper at the sports, Group Scoutmaster and District Commissioner. In later days he was treasurer of the School Scout Group.

He was a prominent member of the Mathematical Association; he has been membership secretary and also chairman of the Midland branch. He did distinguished work as a member of a small sub-committee of the Association, which in 1957 published its Report on the Teaching of Algebra in Sixth Forms.

An outstanding bridge enthusiast and an authority on the game, he played for England in 1949; in 1967 he was one of the winning pair in the National Bridge Pairs Competition. His articles on bridge in "The Birmingham Post" have for years been a weekly feature.

He was fond of banter and quick to pounce on anyone's idiosyncrasies. As a result his humour was often personal, but his quips were so light-hearted that they never gave offence. In wishing him a long and happy retirement, with many grand slams, K.E.S. is conscious of its own loss. We shall all miss his impressive figure, his calm, dignified presence, and his deep, effortless voice.

N.J.F.C.

### Mr. J. B. Hurn

Bruce Hurn, Director of Art and Design at K.E.S. since 1947, left at the end of the summer

term 1973 to become one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Education.

Hurn belonged to that steadily shrinking group of men who were appointed to K.E.S. by Charles Morris (as he then was). The Art Department which he took over as a very young man, almost direct from art school, had a rather prim, straight-laced, and essentially inter-war atmosphere. The work produced was distinguished by detail and perfection of finish rather than by freedom and inspiration. Hurn, a fine artist and craftsman himself, had above all the ability to vitalise and inspire his pupils, to bring out and make the very best of whatever creative gifts they possessed. Over the years a huge volume of work emerged from his department, naturally of very varying quality, because those with virtually no artistic gifts were encouraged to produce what they could, while the genuinely gifted were encouraged and trained to produce work which could at least hold its own in any exhibition of current art. On this basis, many of his best pupils went on to achieve distinction in the various branches of art in which they later specialised. Increasingly the art department specified and provided when the school was built proved inadequate for this volume of creative activity. So a few years ago the wall of the adjoining large classroom was knocked down and the room added to the department, giving a new feeling of light and air and spaciousness, badly needed but previously lacking.

Personally, Bruce Hurn is one of the most open, friendly, and out-going of men, with a very wide range of interests outside his profession: music is one of the main sources of his inspiration and recreation; gardening, collecting and restoring antiques, chess (he ran the school chess), and constant visits with school parties and his own lively family to places of interest of all kinds—museums, art galleries, cathedrals and parish churches, and fine country houses.

Outside school he is a man of outstanding distinction as an artist, with a constant output of paintings, regular exhibitions, and numerous sales which have lodged his pictures in many collections, public and private, in this country and abroad. He is a leading figure in the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, in which he has held successive offices culminating in that of President. For many years also he was principal of the Moseley Further Education Art School.

Bruce Hurn's life centres on his family, his art, and his teaching. The hospitality constantly offered by him and his charming American wife in their beautiful but relaxed and informal home was heart-warming and memorable, and to repay their hospitality in one's own home was an equally delightful experience. His departure leaves a gap, professional and personal, which can never be filled, for his qualities as man and artist were unique.

C.B.

### Mr. C. K. Symes

Keith Symes has spent much of his life concerned with schools of the King Edward VI Foundation in Birmingham; an old boy of K.E.S., he subsequently spent three years teaching P.E. at K.E. Five Ways. Then, after a short spell lecturing on P.E. at the City of Leeds Training College, he was appointed



Director of Physical Education at K.E.S. in 1958. During his time here, he has always been looking for ways to improve the games facilities at the school. He was the driving force behind the building of the Games Hall, and spent many hours looking at other sports halls around the country and, working closely with the architect, ensured that the School got the best possible facilities for the money available. His work has not been confined to the gymnasium; for many years he has taught biology and general studies, and has been involved in many areas of school life. For a long time he ran the School U14 XV, and as an officer in the C.C.F. was mainly concerned with outdoor activities. This area of P.E. he really enjoyed, and many boys both in and outside the C.C.F. have benefited enormously from the Arduous Training and Adventure Training Camps he has organised in Wales. He has, of course, run the athletics since he arrived at the school, and persuaded the Governors to have the Eastern Road track, without doubt the best school track in the Midlands, laid. One of the major changes in the School's programme over the last few years has been the introduction of the Games Scheme. Always concerned that every boy should get the full benefit from the facilities and instruction available for games, C.K.S. has been the Games Committee's chief policy maker. These, then, were his most significant achievements. He certainly brought P.E. and games at K.E.S. up-to-date!

His energy and capacity for work is tremendous. In the last three years, as well as being Director of P.E., he was chairman of the Sixth Form Club, chairman of Birmingham P.E. Association, secretary to the O.E.A.; yet he still found time to pass an Advanced Diploma in Education at Birmingham University, and became one of the first graduates of the Open University.

All his friends and colleagues here in Birmingham will wish him and his family all success and happiness in their new life at Winchester, where Mr. Symes will be Director of Activities at Peter Symond's College. D.C.E.

#### Mr. M. Parslew

Michael Parslew left K.E.S. for the second time at the end of last term, his previous departure having been precisely 18 years before. This time he goes, not to Cambridge, but to Bristol, to head the English Department at Bristol Cathedral School.

In his seven-and-a-half years as a master at K.E.S., Mr. Parslew's most notable contribution has been to bring a colossal fund of energy and imagination into English and Drama in the School. The obvious transformation which he has brought about in the organisation, scope and style of School dramatic activities may have obscured the fact that his widest impact was made in the classroom. There he combined the styles of spell-binder, cultural jeremiah, fastidious literary intellectual and obergruppenführer. This amalgam succeeded in generating a lot of lasting enthusiasm, producing a lot of work and stimulating a good deal of creativity and life in the K.E.S. lump. To achieve his aims he developed a forceful and perhaps abrasive manner which conceals less fashionable qualities—a great capacity for loyalty and a considerable gift for kindness and readiness to take endless trouble for people to whom he felt he could be really useful.

One often wondered how 'the old Parse' (as his pals in 1954-5 used to call him) found the time to do all that he did. The answer is quite simple, and it is that he is fundamentally a puritan ascetic whose austerities make S. Bernard look like a self-indulgent softy. He has perfected a life-style which makes do with five hours sleep in 24, requires only one meal a day and exists for the rest of the time on coffee and Benson and Hedges, what my generation used to call "living on nerves and nic."

K.E.S. has benefited enormously from Mr. Parslew's presence and now it's the turn of Bristol Cathedral School for the treatment, whither he takes our very best wishes. A.J.T.

#### Messrs. Wright and Peters

Last term the Chemistry Department parted, reluctantly, with two of its more important members—Alan Wright and John Peters.

Mr. Wright joined the Common Room in 1966 after a distinguished academic career at Birmingham University. Part of his Education Diploma had been a term's teaching at K.E.S., as a result of which we were fortunate enough to secure his services. He once said that he had spent more years in Birmingham than in any other one place—including his native Manchester. His quiet efficiency has been demonstrated in many fields apart from the chemistry laboratory—the Scouts, cross-country running (which he built up to great success), house tutor with Evans, these are some of the areas where he is going to be greatly missed. Together with Mr. Peters he established the Friday afternoon Science Club, which has been such an interesting and worthwhile activity.

Mr. Peters has been here only three years, but in that time he has left his mark on the school. He has taught with great efficiency and interest, has participated widely in out-of-school activities, notably in junior rugger, has proved himself a valuable, helpful and sympathetic colleague.

Both leave to promotion—Mr. Wright to head of the Chemistry Department at R.G.S., Newcastle, and Mr. Peters to Head of the Chemistry Department at Wolverley. Both take with them our very best wishes for the future, and in these cases one can truly say that our loss is the gain for the other schools. J.B.G.

#### Mr. I. R. Nelson

Ian Nelson, physicist and enthusiast, has perhaps been better known by a nickname of not immediately obvious derivation, so much better known, in fact, that two unsuspecting sets of parents have opened the conversation: "Mr. Naylor—you take my son for physics . . ." In four short years he made an enormous impact on K.E.S., both in, and as befits a young man, out of the classroom. For his vast love of life was transmitted to everything he did, not only academic work but also junior cricket and rugby, Scouting, rock-climbing, rugby tours, trips here and visits there, mostly in the company of that battered blue van which, like its master, looked old before its time, but also like him, never failed to rise to the occasion.

With time, the stories of Ian Nelson will improve with the telling, and then inside a generation, will be forgotten, but one memory will remain with those of us privileged to work with him. In an age when cynicism is fashionable and indifference often the norm, here is a man who takes the trouble to be actively and efficiently involved and who infected those round him with his own enthusiasm. King Edward's loss is Northfield Comprehensive's gain. D.H.B.

#### SUMMER CONCERT

It is always tempting to criticise school activities by professional standards, but it would be unfair to say that this year's Summer Concert, given in aid of Shelter, was anything other than a success. The infiltration of local talent from over the drive and of technical expertise from the dramatic department, helped to make possible an ambitious and varied programme which was executed with style and success. The four major items were all of some substance: a Haydn Divertimento to open the concert, Bach's cantata "Bide with us," a new work by James Wishart, and an opera by Kurt Weill; there was also a group of student songs, performed with a degree of musical professionalism



and polish which I have rarely heard before at King Edward's, and received with great relish by the audience.

The two classical works came off the worst, both suffering at times from a lack of confidence and consequently of colour. String playing has never been strong at K.E.S., and unfortunately this tradition was not broken in the Haydn, but nevertheless the tutti sections were balanced and attractive with a good sense of ensemble. In the cantata, David Kelsey conducted the Chapel Choir ably and clearly, but the performance was marred by amorphous treble tone and mixed solo singing. John Pryer accompanied on the organ, and displayed his usual digital virtuosity.

There was nothing which sounded uncertain in the performance of Wishart's "Music for Chamber Orchestra," conducted by the composer with Boulezian explicitness. Composition is not encouraged at school, and I know from experience the apathy and criticism one must face if one performs what is apologetically called "modern" music. However, Wishart had the players completely under his control, and full attention was given to the varied tone colours and dynamics which are an important feature of this work, in which were many passages of musical substance and expressiveness.

The half-hour opera by Weill, "Der Jasager," again conducted by James Wishart, was a very different contribution from the twentieth century, and a new venture for school music. The orchestra and chorus performed enthusiastically and rhythmically, and the soloists, led by David Foster as the teacher, even if lacking Covent Garden vibrato, were always clear with good diction. This was also a notable feature of the student songs, although I never did discover what a Whiffenpoof was. In all, it was a commendable performance, worth repeating perhaps on the less cramped stage of Big School, and it formed a fitting conclusion to the evening's entertainment.

JEREMY GRAY, O.E.

### SYNDICATE PLAYS

At the end of last term, the Drama Syndicate presented three short plays, well suited to the relaxed atmosphere of the occasion. The first was "Brief Encounter" by Noel Coward, with Charles Spicer and Dorothy Meachin in the central rôles. We are probably more accustomed to seeing this in the Trevor Howard/Celia Johnson film version, but it was interesting to see the original out of which came that success. The two main rôles were very well acted, and some of us could feel the tears starting to roll down our cheeks. Undoubtedly the dialogue was dated in places and brought a few laughs at inopportune moments, but the overall effect was very moving. The minor characters were all excellent, and provided some comic relief, but never detracted from the main drama surrounding the couple.

After the interval came a twelve-minute extravaganza, T. S. Eliot's "Sweeney Agonistes." For me this was the high-point of the evening. Eliot calls for perfect enunciation and careful attention to rhythm, and all the actors fulfilled these prerequisites perfectly. The second scene was particularly successful, containing as it did appearances by Jim Grant and Chris Springall as the natives on either side of the stage, as well as some very suitable music by Martin Homer and Jonathan Gibbs. Special praise is due to the superlative Stephen Badsey, as Sweeney, whose entrance from the top of a barrel will be remembered when all else is long forgotten. This was good entertainment, with the bonus of recalling many past Dramatic Society productions in its use of props and music. All credit is due to the joint direction of Charles Spicer and Mr. Parslew, who obviously enjoyed producing the play.

Enthusiasm on the part of the actors is easily communicated to the audience, and this was again

evident in "After Magritte," by Tom Stoppard. All five actors gave polished performances, and great credit must go to the director, Charles Spicer, for attempting such an ambitious play and succeeding so brilliantly. Special praise must go to Simon Inglis for his wonderful accent, to Simon Hoban for his portrayal of the thoughtful Inspector Foot, and to Alison McGregor for her attempts, not always successful, to synchronise her tuba playing onstage with that from backstage. The play is hilarious, and I can only recommend that those who have not seen it do so at the earliest opportunity.

The production of these three plays was excellent, especially when one considers the amount of rehearsal time available—just over two weeks. The plays formed a really satisfying programme, providing an excellent evening's entertainment for all, and giving the actors, some of whom were acting for the first time, some useful experience.

JAMES WISHART

### IVD SPONSORED BADMINTON AND FIVES

"Why not a sponsored 24-hour badminton match?" we said, "and a simultaneous 18-hour fives match?"

Well, it wasn't quite that easy, but that was what we decided. Originally, twelve boys were to play in shifts on two courts throughout the period, but on realisation of what "24 hours" meant, the number fell to eight.

At 1.30 on Friday, 25th, the "Keens" took the Centre Court and Court No. 1 at the Games Hall. Time seemed all too slow as a three-hour doubles match ensued. Things were also going on in the Sixth Form Club Room upstairs, as Mr. Tomlinson prepared refreshments. The Wickins backhand and the Martin volley and smash were truly devastating, while Phil Harris and I set up a new record for missing the shuttlecock when serving.

Time dragged on . . . Mrs. Gray came and went after an heroic and welcome spate of supper-making . . . After convincingly contracting two slipped discs and a hernia, the Scaldwells were at the game again with renewed vigour.

Visitations were made to the fives courts, where the 18-hour match was progressing, and round about 2 a.m. Simon Gray was attacked by some anonymous students who had been for a midnight swim in the swimming pool.

Peter Scholey reports that at 5.30 a.m. there was a chugging noise from the vicinity of the chapel. Investigation revealed a trail of rust leading towards the Games Hall, straight across the South Field. This was the debris left by Mr. X's car (Mr. X—£100 or we publish your name!), which had wandered dangerously close to the Chief Master's house, and carved a six-inch furrow across the cricket pitch.

Meanwhile, Gray, having been pursued at Olympic pace down Winterbourne, arrived at the Games Hall to find the courts in a state of mild frenzy. The climax came when Mr. Tomlinson took the court despite an injury, and played heartily against the untiring Martin and Co., in spite of being totally unable to move backwards.

By morning, excitement had subsided. Two persons who shall remain nameless were found sleeping like overgrown lambs in one of the squash courts, and as a punishment, they had to play badminton non-stop until the 24 hours were up. Eventually they were up, with a final Wickins backhand smash.

The total amount raised is expected to top £80. Special credit should go to Scholey and Gray, who each raised over £20. Mind you, personally speaking, I never want to see a shuttlecock again.

DAVID WRIGHT



## JUNIOR ATHLETICS

This year there have been two junior athletics matches: the junior Foundation match held at K.E. Five Ways, and a match against Lordswood and Bournville, held at Lordswood. In each of these matches the School came second to the host school. This performance is particularly creditable when the number of people lost to cricket and swimming is considered—for instance, of the Under-13 relay team which ran at Lordswood three years ago, I was the only one who ran at Lordswood in the Under-16 team of 1973. It is impossible to mention everybody who has run, jumped or thrown, but I shall mention a few competitors.

In the Under-13 team, the hurdling of Alistair Fiskien, who ran for Birmingham, has been outstanding, while spirited performances have come from Tim Bailey in the 1,500 metres, Peter Brennan in the 400 metres, and Ian Herrod in the throws. The efficient organisation of Julian Entwistle, a sprinter, and the distance running of Titus Earle have ensured respectability for the Under-14 team, but in the Removes athletic enthusiasm is at a low ebb. However, all athletes in the team have tried very hard. The outstanding competitor in the Under-15 team has been Murray Fiskien, who represents Warwickshire in the English Schools Athletic Championships in the 100 metres in the Under-15 100 metres. He has set a new school record of 11.9 seconds, 0.1 seconds inside the National Standard. He has been ably backed up by others, and the Under-15 relay team won the Kings Norton Championship and set up a new School record. In the Under-16's, Richard Aldins' jumping and Bruce Herrod's throwing have helped the team achieve better results than ever before. Indicative of this is the fact that these two, together with Andrew Miskin and myself, beat Lordswood in the 4 x 100 metres, the first time I have ever anchored a winning School relay team.

These competitors are the stars, but there has been a lot of effort from all. It is rare that there is an event without the requisite number of competitors from K.E.S. Prospects for athletics are better than they have been for a long time, providing nobody is lured away by the sound of bat on ball or the cool of the swimming pool. We would like to thank all the masters who have helped in any way, and especially Mr. Hill (for bearing with my collection of match fees), Mr. Symes and Mr. Stead, for their constant encouragement and advice.

ANDREW HUDSON

## AER LINGUS NATIONAL SCHOOL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

This tournament is played on a national basis, whereby the winning regional team goes forward to the national final, which in 1973 is to be played at the Sunningdale Golf Club. The winning teams from each of four national finals in the British Isles qualify to play in an international final, at Ballyunion Golf Club, Northern Ireland. Two hundred and seventy schools entered, more than twice as many as in last year's inaugural event. The West Midland qualifying round was played on March 20th at Edgbaston Golf Club, Birmingham. Entries were received from as far afield as Cheltenham and Worcester. Each school team consists of four competitors, the aggregate of the best scores being the team total.

The King Edward's team consisted of R. H. Kendall, S. J. Redfearn, P. M. Dudley and C. P. Kinneir, under the able guidance of Mr. Hopley. The team was drawn to tee off first at the unearthly hour of 9 a.m., with Bournville Grammar Technical School. Good opening drives from all players bolstered our hopes, which were later to nosedive after numerous mishaps, including a 12 at the short 11th by one member of the team, and a large number of

missed short putts. Great things were expected of R. H. Kendall, which unfortunately did not materialise, our hopes eventually being pinned on our second string player, S. J. Redfearn, who shot an 84, the eighth best individual score out of 64.

By the end of the day we were in sixth place on 270, the score being made up of an 84 and two 93's by R. H. Kendall and P. M. Dudley. The eventual winners were Riland Bedford, Sutton Coldfield, on 245, captained by M. Biddle, the Warwickshire junior captain.

We were satisfied with our first display and hope for better things in the future. We wish to thank Mr. Hopley for his invaluable help, and the School for all encouragement received.

STEVEN REDFEARN and COLIN KINNEIR

## LETTER

Sir,

We feel moved to protest at Ewers' assertions concerning the attempted adventurous training in Snowdonia.

1. In our opinion, Ewers did not stress the fact that Mr. Cotter carried the tents from camp to camp through the agency of his car.

2. "Compo" was adequate for us? Adequate? The two intrepid mountaineers were tempted to augment their supplies with a hunk from Ewers' leg. We doubt the integrity of the Xmas pudding à la black beastie.

3. Donald van Geete was not chained as a guard dog to defend the camp! He was unable to move because of a recurring attack of blisters.

4. "That night was certainly an experience, so that at about 1 o'clock the following morning many of us woke up to find that our sleeping bags were saturated." He was just boasting!

5. "Our imperfectly set up tents." The auspicious firm of van Geete-Wilkes, tent erectors to the stars, denies this.

6. "Luckily, Mr. Cotter was due to leave us that day." Personally, we were indebted to Mr. Cotter's fortitude, endurance, altruism, and car.

7. "We were back in Birmingham, snivelling." We believe this may erroneously give the impression that Mr. Symes had a whip.

8. "I would like to think that I am no longer a novice with my first-hand experience of bad Welsh weather." Where's the connection? He must be boasting again.

9. "Thanks to Messrs. Symes, Nightingale and Cotter." We fully endorse this comment.

Yours sincerely,

TWO INTREPID MOUNTAINEERS

P.S.—We are uncertain as to the cause of Ewers' funny walk.

## NEW MASTERS

We began with *adios* and we end with *bienvenu*, a welcome no less warm for being on the back page, which we offer most heartily to Dr. M. J. Kershaw and Dr. R. W. Symonds (chemistry), Mr. T. H. W. Ashby (art), Mr. S. Birch (P.E.), Mr. M. G. Birks (English), Mr. H. J. Deelman (maths. and economics), and Mr. R. Tibbott (classics). We hope that they will all be happy teaching here.





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KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

# CHRONICLE

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## MILES AWAY

Tony Miles continued adding lustre to his already considerable chess reputation throughout the summer holidays this year. At the end of July he first went to Bath to play for England in the European Team Championships, won as usual by Russia. He then went to the Teesside Chess Festival to play as England's representative in the World Junior Championship. After a rather inauspicious start—through having all his luggage stolen at the railway station—he played chess of a very high standard over 18 rounds to achieve a position of second overall and to win the silver medal, behind the Russian representative, Belyovsky, whom he beat. To put this result into perspective it needs to be said that this tournament was a true World Under-20 Championship, to which every country was free to send a contestant, and that previous winners have often become highly successful master players—in 1952, Boris Spassky, the ex-world champion, came second!

After this very tense and exacting competition, Miles played in the British Championship at Eastbourne, with hardly a break in between. In this tournament he achieved a position of fourth equal, again very successful, considering his own tiredness and the experience of opponents who were professionals and by many years his elders.

As if these competitions, lasting about five weeks, were not enough, Tony then played in two 11-round tournaments in Malta. In both of these he achieved incredible 100% scores, against opposition in the master class.

Official grading lists now rate Miles as the third best British player. This is an unprecedented position for such a young player because it entails scoring consistently good results in all types of tournaments—from club games to international championships—and consistency is the most difficult quality for young players to develop.

Here is one of Tony's games from the tournament at Teesside.

White: Belyovsky. Black: Miles

1, P-K4, P-QB 4; 2, N-KB3, P-Q3; 3, P-Q4, P x P; 4, N x P, N-KB3; 5, N-QB3, P-KN3; 6, B-K3, B-N2; 7, P-KB3, O-O; 8, Q-Q2, N-B3; 9, B-QB4, B-Q2; 10, B-N3, N x P; 11, B x N, P-QN4; 12, P-KR4, P-QR4; 13, P-R4, P x QRP; 14, N x QRP, P-K4; 15, B-K3, B-K3; 16, N-N6, QR-N1; 17, N-QB4, P-Q4; 18, N x QRP, P-Q4; 19, B-QN5, B x B; 20, N x B, Q-N3; 21, Q-Q3, N-R4; 22, P-KN4, N-B5; 23, B x N, P x B; 24, P-R5, R(B1)-B1; 25, P x NP, RP x P; 26, R-R2, R-B3; 27, R-K2, Q-Q1; 28, O-O-O, Q-N3; 29, K-N1, B-K4; 30, R-R2, Q-N5; 31, Q-KB1, Q-R5; 32, Q-R3, R-R1; 33, R-Q3, R(B)-R3; 34, Q x P+, K-B1; 35, Q-R6+, B-N2; 36, Q-R8+, B x Q; 37, R x B+, K-N2; 38, R x R, R x R; 39, R x P, Q-N4; 40, R-Q3, R-R1; 41, Resign.

## A PLACE TO PASS THROUGH

It has a certain intangible quality—perhaps of character, perhaps of drabness—which I associate both with weariness and boredom, and an exhilarating anticipation. It is a place of diverse and conflicting humours.

Glasgow Central Station is the bowels of the world. Early in the morning it is a smutty city of platforms, barriers, snaking red electric baggage carriers, wooden kiosks, stone steps and ugliness. The trains are blue tubes in black subterranean chasms under the grimy glasshouse roof and huge baroque arches.

At 6.30 a.m. the toilets are not open. The broad, high-sided streets with their hateful pretentious names are desolate, as before a big arrival. The traffic lights wink at each other along the deserted avenues. There is not even a green and yellow bus to break the sabbatical silence between the blue "Bank of Scotland" signs and the grimy Victorian-esque buildings.

In the station there are the chugging nasal whine of early delivery vans, the intermittent shouts of porters and, preceded by a toneless chime, an echoing female monotone. A dirt-browed fragment of "The Glasgow Herald" gambols by the cigarette machines. This is the station at its worst.

I have also seen it, briefly, in the middle of a grey-skied pale half-summer's day. A wan light percolated through the slanted glass roof panes. Soon after we left a Glasgow gang destroyed the 'phone booths there. The awful, hypnotically depressing drabness of Glasgow had bred its violence.

Very late at night the station is at its best, cloaked with an erroneous glamour by the dark. It is an international rendezvous, the beginning of an adventurous journey, like the Gare de Lyon in Paris. Outside, the black streets are lit by car lights and shop windows. Either on the night air or in one's head, echoes of:

I belong to Glasgow,  
Dear old Glasgow town,  
There's something the matter with Glasgow,  
'Cause it's going round and round!

The chips from over the street are hot and greasy, and leave a shining stain on the paper. The immaculate toilets are now open—near the gleaming ranks of urinals are shaving points, hair dryers and electric shoe polishers, all of which work upon the insertion of a coin. The compartments of the train are warm and dim, and through the glass the platform is remote, like a cinema picture.

When the train has jerked out of the station, it clatters slowly and rhythmically at the speed of a reverent night-time hearse over the broad waste of track past the dark outlines of ruined, eyeless warehouses, where black electric cables cross against the glowing, sulphurous night sky.

Glasgow Central is a place to pass through, because of its dirt, noise, ugly Presbyterian squalor, and distance from home. Like a large and filthy sorting room it is used but not liked by faceless commuters and nondescript rucksacked travellers. Nevertheless, I would be the first to affirm that its glass and wrought iron heights do resound with a certain intangible quality, mingled with a dimly-heard refrain:

I'm only a common old working man,  
As anyone here can see,  
But when I've had a couple of drinks on a  
Saturday,  
Glasgow belongs to me!

CLIVE JENKINS



## FALMOUTH TOUR

This year, after tours to Germany and Edinburgh, the King Edward's Theatre Company returned to the place where its first tour began four years ago—Falmouth.

The party was 23 people, including Mr. Parslew as director of "The Tempest," which we performed nightly on 23rd—28th July, and also Mr. Hames as overall head of the Dramatic Society. Audiences in our small theatre were, we were informed, average for the time of year. Much experience was gained on tour, as was one of its objects, and for the other, both audiences and company enjoyed themselves.

STEPHEN BADSEY

## A 4th FORMER'S VIEW OF SCHOOL LIFE

Can there possibly be a more uninspiring or demoralising stage in one's progress up the school than the 4th form? One realises that if one doesn't work now, whether one has been accustomed to it or not, one is not going to get very far, as all the 'O' level syllabuses are beginning or continuing. At the same time, however, one has had three years of exploring the various aspects of school life, and nothing is new any more.

We are told that the easiest years of our school career are over, and that we must behave as responsible human beings if we want to be treated like them. I have never felt less like a responsible human being in my life. Two sets, if we are to do as expected of us, of G.C.E. examinations, lie like a formidable barrier in front of us, and I personally can't help feeling considerable trepidation at the consequences that would result from failure. More work is necessary then, and hence less leisure time is available.

And what of the leisure that we do have? Why is it that so many 4th and 5th forms play football and "fritter" away their time on the parade-ground? (Here I generalise). Because they have had three or more years trying out the various school activities, sticking to a few and "dropping" the rest. Only a few have permanent hobbies which occupy them completely, the rest cannot settle down to anything.

When I reached the 4th form, then, I was disillusioned with many activities, with the result that I regarded any organised pastime as boring and time-consuming.

So, largely by my own fault, I am in what is technically termed a "nut." I wake up, I go to school and I do my lessons, perhaps not concentrating as I should. I drift aimlessly around in the lunch-hour, maybe going to some meeting or society that I should attend, and certainly feeling no joy at the prospect. There was a time, however, not so long ago, when I emerged from my lessons quite fresh, with several ideas or suggestions for my activities in the break. This is no longer so much the case. My whole attitude is changing from one of interest to dissatisfaction, and I am not quite sure what to do about it. Perhaps I am relatively alone in feeling like this, quite probably it is just a "passing phase," but as far as I am concerned, it is a phase that I would like to see the end of very quickly.

I should be interested to hear anyone else's feelings about this period in his school career, and any answers to the problem.

ANDREW SPARKES

## CRICKET 1973

In statistical terms, this year's XI surpassed the great post-war sides of Andrew Burn and those of the mid-50's, teams in which A. C. Smith and O. S. Wheatley both played. The XI can be duly proud of its entry in the annals of school cricket—Won

10, drawn 5, lost 2—one of the best records in English schools cricket in 1973.

In prospect, the team offered nothing like the formidable talents of the previous five years. That it achieved its commendable record is a tribute to the efforts and ability of all players, and these factors created a team which no school side looked likely to beat.

For actually winning many of its victories, the team was indebted to the skill (?), enthusiasm and imagination of the bowlers. If pace was not sufficient, Chris Taylor would resort to scaring tactics such as more pace, bumpers, beamers or even ghost stories to remove the opposing batsmen; Rich Handley's flight with the new ball had a novelty value that won him 37 astounded victims; Simon Rich mesmerised many opposing tail-enders with his well-flighted full-tosses, and this could only lead one to believe that were it not against his nature, he had resorted to bribery; Peter Birch bowled with mixed success, and his tendency to bowl very bad balls early in a spell brought him several wickets, whilst Dave Mutteen annoyed the batsmen by showing off his footballing skills.

If the bowling was infinitely better than "The Daily Telegraph" had tricked other schools into thinking, the batting saved the paper's reputation. It was consistently good enough to match anything set against it (except the Trent wicket and a certain umpire!). David Mutteen, always a delight to see, contributed over 400 runs, thanks basically to his immaculate square cut, while Graham Holt's experience was invaluable, and he acted as grandfather figure to one and all. "Mr. Invincible" John Cloughton and Graham Wooldridge also made large contributions, and Cloughton's speed between the wickets (notably when he had hit the ball) brought the side many runs. Richard Pope again batted well, and his contribution to school cricket will be well remembered in years to come, while wicket-keeper Watson showed a great deal of potential as both wicket-keeper and batsman.

But, at Watson's introduction into the XI in mid-season strengthened one team, so his absence (with others) from the U15's, weakened another. Even so, that team's dismal record—1 win, 1 loss and about 10 draws—will be rectified in the future, one hopes. Yet, with the strongest team in the Birmingham Senior School's Cricket League, the team was very successful and won the competition. In one round, Metcalfe, remarkably, scored 100 runs in 25 overs.

Similarly, the U14 XI won its section of the B.S.S.C.L., but otherwise had a mediocre season. It did manage to avoid draws by winning 7 and losing 9. Four all-rounders, Worrall, Walker, Morris and Hayes performed well.

The U13's lost in the semi-final of the B.S.S.C.L. but won the Kings Norton Schools League. The team also distinguished itself by playing 21 matches, of which it won 15. Thanks perhaps to constant practice, Thomas, Goghlan and Allchurch batted well, supported later by Kimberley, and Harkin and John were the best of the bowlers.

The U12's reached the final of the B.S.C.L. but generally suffered from erratic performances in both bowling and batting; they won 5 matches and lost 5. Symes was the one consistently good batsman and a reliable keeper, but others, notably Bench, showed great potential.

The 2nd XI was not in the B.S.S.C.L. but was very successful. Several bowlers were regular wicket-takers, notably G. N. Lane, and runs flowed from the two R.C.C.'s—Coombes and Crocker—and the team achieved the record of 7 wins, 3 losses and 1 draw.

So, thanks to limited over cricket, the School has had more than its fair share of success this year. No doubt it's had its share of fun. For that, thanks to D.H.B. and all masters concerned.

GUY FENNEY



## SWIMMING 1972-1973

Another very successful season was completed in which the Senior Team was undefeated once more, and won the Birmingham and King's Norton Schools titles. The U16 team met with considerable success and, considering its extreme youth, it performed with great distinction. On the rare occasions when a match was arranged, the U14 team showed great promise for the future, and long-term swimming prospects at K.E.S. seem very bright indeed.

The team would probably have liked to play more water polo, but after a disastrous initial match they remained undefeated until losing 9-4 to a very strong Old Edwardians' team. Tim Wenman's goal-keeping was one of the highlights of the season.

Individually, the Senior team only lost one event during the season, that to an American from Bromsgrove. Both David Watton and John Haslam performed excellently, and Pete Dean filled in with some useful performances, especially at the start of the season. David Johnson's fine breast-stroke came as a pleasant surprise and he finished the year with some good performances to his credit. In the Junior team, David Readett and Duncan Raynor swam consistently throughout and with some winter training, could be very useful next year. Bruce Herrod swam some fine butterfly and showed potential as a freestyler of note. Paul Ruddock had some trouble with turns, but has great potential, and youngsters such as Mike Watton, Paul Cartwright and Stephen Swani will be with K.E.S. swimming for many years to come.

Internal swimming at K.E.S. was of a higher standard than for many years, and the House competitions resulted in Levett winning overall, Jeune winning standards and Heath the Senior sports trophies. The Swimming Sports were somewhat clinical and lacking in atmosphere, but they produced the expected individual champions in D. Watton, Herrod, M. Watton, Bailey and Cartwright. In the water polo final, Heath beat Gifford 6-1.

Thanks are due to Mr. Cotter and the kitchen staff for organising and providing teas for home matches and transport for away ones.

KEVIN GRICE

## TENNIS 1973

### Results :

1st VI played 14, won 11, lost 3; U16 VI played 5, won 3, lost 2.

### Warwickshire Schools Tennis League :

1st VI beat Bishop Vesey 9-0.  
1st VI beat George Dixon 6½-2½.  
1st VI beat K.E. Camp Hill 8-1.  
1st VI beat Moseley G.S. 7-2.  
1st VI beat K.E. Five Ways 8½-½.  
1st VI beat John Willmott w/o.

### Glanvill Cup :

1st VI beat Bishop Vesey 3-0.  
1st VI lost to King Henry VIII 2-1.

### Other Matches :

1st VI lost to King's School, Worcester 3-6.  
1st VI beat Malvern College 5½-3½.  
1st VI beat Denstone 5½-3½.  
1st IV beat Warwick 3-1.  
1st VI beat Trent 8½-½.  
1st VI lost to Nottingham 2½-6½.  
1st VI beat Bablake 8-1.  
U16 IV beat King's School, Worcester 3-1.  
U16 VI beat Solihull 7-2.  
U16 VI lost to Malvern 3-6.  
U16 VI beat Denstone 5-4.  
U16 VI lost to Nottingham 3-6.

The 1st VI fared rather better than last year, when we beat only two public schools. Unfortunately, a depleted team lost to King Henry VIII Coventry in the Glanvill Cup. However, we won

all of our league matches in taking the Warwickshire Schools Trophy for the second year running.

Initially, difficulty was encountered in finding well-balanced pairs until Mike Bliss teamed up with Alistair Cameron. David Barnes and "Thicky" Webb played well throughout the season as first pair; David Clements had a good season, and Simon Browner performed creditably when available, with David Pearsall deputising ably when needed.

The U16 team has also played well, winning three and losing two of its five matches. The backbone of the team consisted of Porteous, Keatings, Rogers, Galer, Neale and Mark Pearsall, but for one match a very young team, including Pearson, Farmiloe, Phillips, Rees and Sheldon rose to the occasion in narrowly defeating Denstone College.

Our thanks must go to Mr. Tomlinson, at first hobbling, but later in the season breaking into a trot to find those lost tennis balls. He has devoted many hours of his time encouraging the players, especially the younger ones.

STEVE JOHNSON

### Some post-season news

David Barnes and Alistair Cameron represented the School in the Boys' Schools L.T.A. Championship at Wimbledon. After a bye in the first round and victories over Royal Grammar School, Colchester, and Rounday Grammar School, Leeds, they lost in the fourth round to Westcliff Grammar School. This was our best run in the competition so far.

David Clements (with Robin Cull from Camp Hill) won the Warwickshire Under-16 closed doubles and have been selected to play for the county junior team.

The redoubtable partnership (and gamesmanship) of David Barnes and Stephen (alias "Thicky") Webb took them to the final of the Edgbaston Priory Junior Tournament, which they unfortunately lost.

I should like to thank the team as a whole for a very satisfying and successful season. At first it appeared that the strong personalities of the players might not harmonise to make a happy and balanced team. It was mainly due to the unselfish example and leadership of Steven Johnson that this was achieved—and for this much thanks.

T.B.T.

## QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN MAO TSE TUNG

"We must all learn the spirit of absolute selflessness (from him). With this spirit everyone can be very useful to the people. A man's ability may be great or small, but if he has this spirit, he is already noble-minded and pure, a man of moral integrity and above vulgar interests, a man who is of value to the people."

This is an extract from the book "Quotations from Mao Tse Tung," nicknamed by the western Press, with its boundless ability to trivialise, the "Little Red Book," as if it were an anthology of children's stories. This is, in fact, probably how the west in its heart views China, as a strange Oriental children's playground, where millions of people study and recite the thoughts of one sage old man and mindlessly follow his directions.

I bought my copy from Hudson's a few weeks ago, where I found it tucked away with books on "The British Constitution" and "Law and Government." It shouldn't be there at all. It should be in the theology section, for there is no denying that though Karl Marx's own books, such as "Das Kapital" and "The Communist Manifesto" make dry, thankless reading, Marx as interpreted by Mao is fascinating, and even spiritually uplifting if one feels, as I do, that western society is approaching a crisis. There is a large, almost spiritual, element in Mao's philosophy of life as it is expressed in the book. He idealises comradeship,



harmony and the selflessness of the individual and has unbounded confidence in the basic good of human nature and the human spirit. For that reason one should not, I believe, look on the "Quotations" as merely a propaganda instrument, for they have a religious element which places them on a higher level altogether. They embody an ideal which we in the west have been seeking to attain, without success, for 2,000 years, namely the ideal of social harmony. And how should we achieve this?

"We should be modest and prudent, guard against arrogance and rashness, and serve the Chinese people heart and soul . . ."

In the west we find it, for some reason, repulsive that 700 million people should so diligently read and learn the sayings of one living man. We reasoned, in the days of the Cold War, that they must have been "brainwashed" and now, no doubt, assuming as we always do that the Soviet Union is the sole representative of the Communist world, we will reason that the Chinese people are horribly oppressed. Perhaps it is because in our minds we cannot separate the "Quotations of Mao" from "Mein Kampf" and cannot distinguish between the writings of a man who genuinely loves his people, and those of another who, embittered, worshipped his country, its soil and boundaries, but not the people who lived there.

The Chinese people are devoted to Mao, and rightly so; their devotion is not that of a young and weak-minded nationalist inflamed by the noise of a Hitler rally, but that of purposeful, determined people who look to Mao as the source of their philosophy and their wisdom. It is strange to me that in Britain today, divided and unhappy as we are, living as a nation of professing Christians in a non-Christian society, we should find the Chinese unity so unattractive and hang on to the last remnants of what we think is individualism. We each dress differently from one another to give ourselves our own identity, yet we all in many ways think and behave alike, whilst the Chinese, though they may dress alike, have found a purpose in life which gives expression to each man's talents.

Throughout the book Mao urges self-examination, and it might be apt to indulge in a little self-criticism by quoting from him:

"People who are liberals look upon the principles of Marxism as abstract dogma. They approve of Marxism but are not prepared to practise it or to practise it in full . . . These people have their Marxism but they have their liberalism as well—they talk Marxism but practise liberalism; they apply Marxism to others but liberalism to themselves. They keep both kinds of goods in stock and find a case for each."

IAN HARVEY

## THE BIG MATCH

30th June—1st July

To the sponsors, this was a disorganised, sponsored thingy, whose aim was to extract money for some obscure charity—but to the School, it was another contribution to a record Cot Fund total (and also a boost to a rather poor Rem. A contribution). It was the great Remove A Sponsored Subbuteo Marathon, as the sponsor sheets so aptly put it. Twenty-four hours of solid table soccer. The very thought made all but eight members of Rem. A want to do such drastic things as their prep.

The intrepid eight set up camp in the gym at 9.30 and waited for the clock to move to 10.00. This time was not wasted; everyone inspected everyone else's equipment and decided that Steyn had gone a bit too far with his supplies, which included enough breakfast cereal to keep two elephants in luxury, and a box of milk-shake mix, but no milk. He managed to finish most of it, provoking some unkind comments.

At ten o'clock, the game got under way, with Hampton beating Brooke's goalkeeper in the first minute. From then on, Hampton's side were in

the lead, despite a brave effort by Colin Ross, and strenuous attempts on the part of Steyn to throw the game away.

The author, by various subtle methods (and some blackmail), managed to obtain a non-playing period for himself from 11 p.m. until 4 a.m. Sunday, during which time he had three hours sleep.

And so to the last hour. Would Steyn hold on to his side's 60-goal lead, or could Brown produce a super-00 scale plastic figure effort and win? This was not to be, and the match ended with Steyn giving away an own goal, and the score:

Gregory, Hampton, Steyn, Bridges	175
Ross, Brooke, Aitken, Brown	121

The effort raised about £40 and at least helped, in some small way, to help people in Vietnam. We are indebted to Mr. Smith for his help, and he is in debt to us, or would be, if anyone could find his sponsor sheet.

NICHOLAS BROWN

## THE EVEREST EXPEDITION

At 10.50 p.m. on 3rd September, Messrs. Everest, Birch and Cotter, with 11 boys, set off from school in the minibus and Mr. Everest's car for North Wales. On the way, Mr. Cotter, proceeding into a yellow box when his exit was clear, nearly entered another, mahogany, box when a hearse turned in front of us at a set of traffic lights. Having stopped in Llangollen to stretch our legs and eat our sandwiches, we soon arrived safely at Dolawen Outdoor Pursuits Centre, near Bethesda. The rest of the day was spent in organisation and preparation of the food—compo or "composition" rations.

On Tuesday we contoured round the east side of Tryfan, and then climbed to near the top of Glyder Fach, where lack of energy, food and experience (and oxygen), together with poor visibility owing to mist, made it necessary for us to retrace our steps and go via Llyn Bochwyld to Ogwen Cottage.

On Wednesday we climbed Cricht, and later visited a slate quarry, where we were guided by the only silicotic Welsh caveman still living. Some of us were duped into taking away his rubbish in the belief that it was free slate.

On Thursday, Mr. Everest led us, carrying tents and food, up to the Afon Llafar from the A5 and stopped only when Gerard Roberts had a well-timed nose-bleed. It was agreed that Mr. Everest must have had the heaviest load, as the pile of (shandy?) cans outside his tent later testified. After pitching camp, some of us climbed Carnedd Llewelyn, only 65 feet lower than Snowdon. On the way down we saw the remnants of a crashed R.A.F. aeroplane.

In the morning, we followed the Afon Llafar downstream to the first sign of civilisation, Mr. Cotter and the minibus. On the way back to Dolawen, we negotiated a very sharp turn on a narrow road. Mr. Everest remarked: "If not for the dent over the back wheel we'd have hit the wall." Mr. Cotter replied: "Ah well, I allowed for that."

On Saturday, Messrs. Everest and Birch returned to Birmingham to play rugby, and Mr. Cotter transported us to Bangor and Caernarvon to "enjoy" ourselves.

On Sunday, leaving Dolawen for the last time, we set off from Pen-y-pas up the Pyg track to the top of Snowdon. We were driven from the summit by hordes of flying ants, and went down the south-east side to climb Y Lliwedd. Here again, flying ants—perhaps the Snowdonia brigade of the Free Wales Army?—held us off, and we descended to the Llyn Llydaw Reservoir and thence along the track back to Pen-y-Pas. After some refreshments, we returned to Birmingham in the minibus, reaching school at 8 p.m.

We would like to thank Messrs. Everest, Birch and Cotter for a holiday(?) which was enjoyed by all. We recommend this sort of trip to anyone who derives satisfaction from physical pain.

JULIAN THORNTON  
RUSSELL MAYBURY





73  
DECEMBER

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

# CHRONICLE

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## FAREWELL TO THE IVORY TOWER

Eremon was eight thousand years old when he found the window.

There were a number of puzzling facets to the affair. The existence of the window was, in itself, something of an anomaly: in theory, every window in the mighty Palace of Contemplation had been sealed for several millennia. But this particular aperture had been overlooked, perhaps because it was situated in a long-abandoned chamber of the desolate North Bastion, far beyond the warm and comfortable quarters of the Sages.

If the existence of the window was strange, then the fact that one of the Sages should venture so far from familiar territory as to discover it was downright incredible. Yet Eremon had never been truly one of them. For centuries beyond count he had lived the life of a Sage; reading the Books of Wisdom in the great panelled library, partaking of the never-ending academic debates within the scholarly world of the Debating Halls, ambling in dreamy cogitation among the dim-lit cloisters of the Thought Place. But, whereas the other Sages were continuously and totally immersed in this life-style, Eremon had always felt limited, not fulfilled, by it.

His rebellion had started in small ways. He had been the first Sage in two thousand years to augment his abstract studies with practical work in the Palace's complex of chemical, biological and magical workshops. He had disrupted the airy abstractions of Sage Jhorian's ethical theorizings by demanding they be applicable to situations in—strange heresy!—real life. Later, much to the horror of the others, he had discontinued his course of Muscle Toning Drugs, and undertaken to keep healthy by actual physical exercise. Finally, and most radically, he had taken to leaving the atomically heated Sage Quarters to wander, aimlessly curious, in the cold, dead bulk of the rest of the Palace. He found a realm of dust and silence, a place without nuclear lights or scurrying slave-robots, a labyrinthine mausoleum. And he found the window.

A square of white light in the wall of a stone cube. It meant much to Eremon. It was proof, perhaps, that vague memories, eight millennia old, were true; that the world and the Palace were not co-terminous. That there was a place . . . **outside**. He recalled other mysteries; concepts mentioned in ancient books, yet which were alien to the placid life of the Palace. What, for example, was Old Age? Did it have to do with the Immortality Drugs? What were pain, fear and danger, that mysterious trio? What were women, and why had they been banned from the community of the Palace since the very beginning? What was death?

He had known about them all once. So long ago, before he donned the self-cleaning silken robe of a Sage, before the never-opened Great Door had closed upon the wise little knot of men in the Palace of Contemplation. So long ago.

Nervously he approached the window. Perhaps it would hold an answer. What lay beyond the Palace? Had the Flame Age, the—he groped for the word—War, as Sage Kadellin called it, really been the end of everything else? He placed his hands on the sill, and looked out.

Stone land. Bone land. Land smashed and scattered with a giant hammer. Hard as steel; grey as ocean; cold as ice. Land without life. Land without hope. A milk-white sky, and crag-torn mist cloaking ruined hills. Hell. Eremon had never seen anything so beautiful in all his life.

For long minutes he watched the wind stir the mist; then the landscape was no longer empty. Life had persisted. While the Sages read and thought and argued through their cool and sterile eons, life had persisted. Eight wrecked millennia had seen blood and bone desperately, grimly claw their way back out of the abyss.

The man was squat and low-browed, a bow-legged mass of iron-hard muscle, wreathed in profuse and filthily-matted black hair. A beast, and yet a man. A crudely-trimmed wrap of stinking bearskin clasped his misproportioned frame, and a ponderous flint-headed axe trailed from one heavy hand. The other hand was locked in the blond hair of a naked woman who scrabbled along behind him on hands and knees, trying to avoid being dragged limply across the stony earth.

From another part of the mistscape came another man: a tall, lean individual, yellow-haired like the woman. He wore a shapeless garment of dirty fur, and carried a stone axe.

There was no greeting. The woman screamed, the dark man snarled, and then the men were fighting. It was over in seconds: a mindless momentary spasm of motion, a flurry of stone and hair and tense muscle. Then silence: the dark man prone, his skull opened like a flower, dark blood glistening on the rocks. The blond warrior's thigh was cut to the bone, the long muscle severed. He would die soon. The woman talked with him, bound his wound crudely with the dead man's furs, lit a fire laboriously by striking flints together. Night began to fall.

Eremon stared dazedly from his high tower. Initial shock at the sheer, abysmal savagery of the clash melted in the warm and distant flame. His face softened. These people were brutal, virtual animals; yet they were human—in the softness of the woman's sad eyes, the tight-lipped courage of the man's stoicism, there was something not of the Sages. Something **beyond** the Sages. Something of Eremon himself.

For a moment he thought of red centuries without the strong and faceless bastions of the Palace of Contemplation. He thought of how little they had, these primitives of the splintered waste. He thought of the millennial knowledge within the Books of Wisdom, the rare drugs and machines within the workshops. He remembered a subtle device capable of repairing the blond man's leg.

He thought of a debt eight thousand years accruing; a gate closed heartlessly on a world in need; grave thinkers drifting like ghosts in a sealed vault, while humanity screamed for their aid and beat at their unhearing portals, while everything died. Weeping, he sped through the echoing corridors.

He fetched the medical device, and went towards the Great Door. Sage Vorian met him on the way.

"I have given thought to your idea about the Undistributed Middle, Sage Eremon," he said, fatly complacent as always, "and it occurs to me that . . ."

"Fool!" screamed Eremon, "stupid, arid, pointless fool!"



And he ran off, leaving Vorian slack-jawed and wordless behind him.

The Great Door was eighty centuries old: a slab of adamantine metal mounted on electronic hinges. It had never been opened in all that time. Eremon was not surprised that it opened smoothly and cleanly when he pressed the stud: the technologies of the Sages (which he himself had helped construct, so long ago that he had forgotten it) were faultless, the energies which drove them unfailing.

The cold air stabbed through his thin robe like a sword, but he was too excited to notice. Behind him, the sombre mountain of the Palace shouldered the sky. The door closed automatically, exiling him to the misty gloom. He walked away without a backward glance, without a thought for the world of the Sages.

As he approached the couple by the fire, he held out the medical device like a peace-offering. New sensations swamped him: unfamiliarity, nervousness, hope, fear, curiosity, anxiety. The woman's eyes widened. The man staggered painfully to his feet.

"Greetings," said Eremon coaxingly, "I am a friend. I will heal your wound. I have much knowledge. I can teach you very much. I am your friend".

An expression new to Eremon crossed the man's face. The woman backed away from the two.

"I can help you. Do you understand?" said the Sage.

The man scanned the darkling world suspiciously. He glanced fearfully at the pyramidal pile of the Palace.

"I will heal you. Do you understand?" insisted Eremon.

The man glanced at the one he had killed earlier, then at the young man in the silken robe. A rumble swelled in his throat.

"Do you . . .," began Eremon.

The man slew him with a single stroke of his axe.

THOMAS HOSTY

## FILM SOCIETY CHRISTMAS TERM 1973

The Film Society has met twice this term with the Ratcliffe Theatre filled to capacity on both occasions.

The year's season began on October 9th with "Midnight Cowboy", directed by John Schlesinger. This concerns a young hustler, bred on 'Big John' and 'Bogie', who hands in his cards, puts on his brimmed hat and spurs, fills his pockets with sticks of chewing-gum and leaves his American home town for the big city—this time New York.

The plot is hardly original—our hero becomes gradually disillusioned as he encounters various repulsive characters and experiences the very worst of a degenerate society. But, as Schlesinger proves, such experiences do not need to be original if they are treated with artistic care and feeling. Most of the scenes are directed with a convincing realism and a seemingly unemotional, almost apathetic, mood is quickly created which paradoxically evokes a mixture of intense pity and disgust. Schlesinger is able to keep a fine balance between comedy and pathos largely through the appeal of the two main characters, whose friendship grows in defiance of society's cruelty. We never lose our sympathy for the hustler nor for the seedy and crippled con-man, so brilliantly played by Dustin Hoffman.

Towards the end, however, the film tends to slow down gradually. It never really sustains the feeling for significant detail and the emotive atmosphere that were so impressive during the first hour or so. In the closing moments we see ourselves back at the start. The two friends leave New York to start life afresh in Florida. But the cripple dies on the journey and for the hustler the rot sets in once more.

"Women in Love"—shown on November 20th—also presents central characters discouraged by the

state of society. They search for a more positive, natural and satisfying approach to life through intimate human relationships.

The mind boggles at the thought of one of our most controversial film directors interpreting the century's most controversial novelist. But to a considerable extent Russell on Lawrence is quite successful. Inevitably, if one judges the film merely as a 'filmed book', it has to be admitted that it cannot possibly hope to convey all the ideas and emotions resulting from the various experiences. The novel has 500 pages' 'breathing-space' in which to create credibility. Ken Russell has two hours and obviously does not even attempt to parallel Lawrence in achievement. Instead he has produced a remarkably beautiful and impressive piece of cinema to be judged as an individual work of art. He proves that literature and cinema as separate art forms can each offer essential unique reflections of experiences.

Russell himself directs sympathetically and the acting is very fine, although Alan Bates as Rupert suffered somewhat as his character is so difficult to present on film—he is a very 'wordy' person—and Oliver Reed seemed to be playing the same cameo role as he plays in all his films.

The overall effect was occasionally weakened by embarrassing cinematic clichés (for how long will directors continue to insist that slow-motion makes any sex scene sophisticated?). Otherwise the film can surely be classed as one of the best that Britain has yet produced. If nothing else, it shows that it's about time that people began to take both Lawrence and Russell a little more seriously.

The Society next meets on January 15th when Ingmar Bergman's "Seventh Seal" will be shown.

PAUL SMITH

## THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Historical Society has had a highly successful year presenting a series of varied and interesting talks, all of which have been well attended—one achieving the largest audience in the Society's history. The meetings fell into two main categories: those designed primarily for history specialists and those of wider interest, drawing an audience from all parts of the school.

There have been only three specialist meetings, two being Stephen Badsey's inimitable talks on the battles of Sedgemoor and Blenheim. These were especially interesting as both appear on the 'A' list history syllabus, and offered a superb chance to broaden one's knowledge, especially in technical detail of events of crucial significance. The third meeting of this type was by an outside speaker, Father Gregory Winterton, on 'Cardinal Newman', and took place in September. After an extremely detailed paper, Father Gregory left the Society an invitation to visit the Cardinal's rooms—still present at the Oratory—which will almost certainly be taken up in the near future.

The meetings of more general interest included a talk by John McCormack on the Frankfurt War Trials; while leading Nazis were judged in Nuremberg, Frankfurt dealt with less famous criminals, mainly the staffs of concentration camps. The speaker successfully demonstrated the dubious legality of such concepts as "war crimes" and the audience of thirty people agreed with Mr. Blount's verdict that the trial was "illegal, but just". The Annual Brains Trust meeting took place in July and attracted its usual high attendance. The panel consisted of Mr. Ganderton, Mr. Hatton and Mr. Emery, with Mr. Blount in the Chair. The subjects discussed ranged from the Papacy to 'Dad's Army' and somewhere amongst them Mr. Hatton managed to reiterate his annual complaint that he "was missing out on orgies somewhere".

Any Historical Society report must, of course, be dominated by Mr. Ganderton's two papers on Victorian Public Schools. From every possible aspect, these were amongst the most notable ever read to the Society. To begin with they were unique in being the product of original research (they were



summaries of Mr. Ganderton's thesis). The two talks showed the development of the public school from its nadir in the 1840's through its remarkable resurgence until 1914. The revival was largely due to the way that the schools fitted in with developing ideas of Imperialism, jingoism and racism, and the inadequacy of these values and the related public school education was seen in the blunders committed in the First World War. Mr. Ganderton illustrated all of this process so that it always remained human and vivid; he never lapsed into dealing with just vague abstractions, thus the period of excessive flogging (Francis Jeune holding the K.E.S. record) and stabbing of headmasters gave way to an era of the 'stiff upper lip', 'playing the game' and discriminating against degrees. Such examples naturally introduced an element of humour into the talks, the second of which was attended by more than 110 people.

The next Historical Society meeting, taking place after this copy of the Chronicle has gone to press, is by Mr. David Dutton on the "Origins of the Cold War"—the subject of his Ph.D. thesis—and it is hoped that it will be almost as great a success as Mr. Ganderton's talks. Whatever happens, attendance at the Society should be helped by all meetings now taking place during the Thursday long lunch hour and being joint with K.E.H.S.

JONATHAN LYNN

### VENTURE SCOUT EXPEDITION

Once upon a time 11 members of the Unit departed from New Street Station bound for Darlington. On this journey British Rail were very efficient, reserving accommodation on at least two trains from New Street. Our journey to Middleton-in-Teesdale, except for travelling on a single deck bus with at least 75 people on board, was uneventful. Our intention was to walk to Kirk Yetholm along the Pennine Way, a distance of about 150 miles.

We arrived at Langdon Beck Y.H. (via High Force) to find Mr. Tomlinson waiting for us. Mr. Bennett and Frank Sibley eventually arrived and Mr. Bennett's infamous stew was prepared. The next day we walked up the Tees, past Cauldron Snout, now sadly depleted, and on to High Cup Nick. The day ended in a very fast walk to arrive at Dufton before 3.0 p.m., and a very, very slow walk to Knock Y.H. Monday's walk was one of our longest, involving low cloud and surprisingly accurate compass bearings from mountain to mountain, finally arriving at Alston, where a new arrival had pitched our tents for us.

Since one of our members went down with a local disease, it was decided to have our rest day here. While most spent the day sunbathing or swimming(!) one of us decided to take a rail trip and a visit to the not so local constabulary.

Tuesday was spent walking on somewhat flatter country, via the remains of the Maiden Way, to Hadrian's Wall, where we camped, and Mr. Bennett had supper, bed and breakfast (owing to his age). The next day we walked along Hadrian's Wall and then through Wark Forest, and on and on towards Bellingham Y.H. This was when we first met one of Mr. Tomlinson's many relations, Mr. Crewe, and made use of his valuable rucksack transport. Owing to the large variety of ailments which seemed to be knocking out members of the party this was also used for transporting people. Friday saw us to our forestry camping site at Byrness. After bending our tent pegs we discovered that it was an ex-P.O.W. camp. The next 27 miles are usually covered in one day, but we decided to camp halfway. Mr. Crewe was escorted by two Army vehicles to Chew Green Roman Camp where he met us for lunch and to remove 'invalids'. This was our best day for weather, giving superb views along the Scottish border. We descended to a cold night's camp in Upper Coquetdale. After meeting more of Mr. Tomlinson's relatives we set off for the mountains through a group of Belgian soldiers who seemed to be firing machine guns at each other. We had our worst weather of the

expedition, not climbing Cheviot, and not being able to see the railway truck provided for refuge, a few hundred metres from where we lunched. The journey was completed by a run to Kirk Yetholm Y.H. We must commiserate with the unfortunate O.E. who had our stew excess forced on him.

Our return journey started uneventfully, but we missed our train at Berwick (we will accept Scottish omnibuses apologies). At York, British Rail made up for its efficiency by making an incorrect announcement. Half the party arrived at New Street an hour before the other half.

We must thank Mr. Bennett for making arrangements and carrying camping equipment, Mr. Crewe for all his help, the guard on the York-Liverpool train for getting half the party back to Birmingham and we must congratulate Mr. Tomlinson on qualifying for his free pint and thank him for all his help.

DAVID MARSHALL

### DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society appears to be flourishing at the moment. The attendance at meetings is about forty, which is more than double the figure five years ago. There are also more meetings away from our old haunts in Geography Room A and the Sixth Form Common Room at K.E.H.S. We are holding 'friendly' debates at King Edward's, Five Ways, and King Edward's, Camp Hill, as well as competitive debates at various locations as participants in the Observer Mace Cup and the Birmingham Schools' Debating Competition. These trips to other schools are surprisingly well attended thanks especially to the advance planning of Mr. Hatton and the use of the School's mini-bus driven by Mr. Workman.

However, while the Society may be flourishing, the debates themselves are losing in quality. As we visit other schools and see their standard we realise that K.E.S. and K.E.H.S. lack debating skill. The essence of the problem is the tendency to forget that a debate is a formal occasion whose power lies in the heightening effect of a specific style of presentation of ideas. A debate is not a discussion stimulated by four speakers; it could and should be something more. However, very few members of the Society accept this and, one must admit, their reasons are easily understood. Firstly, there is such a lack of vigorous informal discussion of important issues at this school that people come to regard the Debating Society as a discussion group, whereas in fact a debate should stimulate discussion without being a discussion itself. One of our meetings each term is already labelled a discussion and the two formal debates are coming to resemble it more and more. Secondly, it is an immense strain to express oneself in the somewhat stylised manner at a formal debate. This problem is not helped by our general inability nowadays to express ourselves clearly and coherently in the most congenial of situations, let alone in front of an eager but rather intimidating audience of forty.

The Debating Society is thus in a paradoxical situation. Its popularity increases while the quality of debate declines. The problem facing the Society is how to re-establish the tradition of 'debating' as such at K.E.S. and K.E.H.S. without, at the same time, losing popularity because people come to regard the membership as a clique of esoteric intellectuals. If we did lose our broad-based support it would undoubtedly take some dynamism from the Society.

There are at least two possible developments which would help to solve the problem. Firstly, if the frequently proposed Current Affairs Society-cum-Discussion Group ever got off the ground this would free the Debating Society from the strain of fulfilling people's requirements for a political discussion group. Secondly, it is quite likely that as we visit more and more other schools we will learn from them. Birmingham is well endowed with schools which produce debates of fine quality. If K.E.S. and K.E.H.S. continue to meet these



schools in competitions, might we not eventually learn a lesson or two?

However, one must remember that the remedy for this potentially serious situation is not to be found in manipulations of Society meetings and dictates to debate formally. The solution is in the hands of the membership of the Society. The Society is run by students at K.E.S. and K.E.H.S. for students at these schools. We choose the subjects and chair the meetings, the responsibility for change lies with us.

DAVID WILLETTS

### DRAMA GROUP PLAYS : OCTOBER 27th

Dylan Thomas' "Under Milk Wood" is a play for voices. This presents problems for anyone attempting a stage production and the style chosen, a formally patterned dramatic reading, was probably the most elegant available. Certainly it worked. Initially there seemed to be a little stiffness—enunciation was poor and dramatic expression hesitant—but this rapidly evaporated as the play got under way. Before long a compulsive, lyrical atmosphere was evolving with masterful intensity, and the occasional flaw—the tendency of the more quickfire exchanges toward indistinctness, and the flatness of one or two characters—was more than outweighed by the overall high standard of the performance. The keynote of the eccentric inhabitants of Llaregyb is exaggeration, and the readers who remembered to overdraw their portrayals produced by far the most satisfactory results. Amongst the best of these were David Wright's Organ Morgan; Paul Ruddock's various and uniformly excellent contributions; Nicky Kelly's twin roles of Polly Garter and Mrs. Ogmore-Pritchard, alternately heating and chilling the audience's blood; Michael Hames' exquisitely creaky Eli Jenkins; and Sharon Barnett's zestful Mae Rose Cottage vignette. It is in the nature of the play that it be dominated by the two anonymous Voices who are our guides through the dreams and illusions of the other characters. This dominance was here realised in the persons of Andrew Forbes and Stephen Badsey—a pair carefully chosen—for, as well as giving fine individual performances, they balanced one another perfectly. Andrew's relaxed and extravagantly Welsh First Voice sometimes fought, sometimes harmonised, with Stephen's drier, more sardonic Second. Andrew in particular sustained the play through the early period of uncertainty. By the end, considerable atmosphere had been generated, and I suspect that I was not the only one in the audience to be sorry when the lights came up at the close.

After the interval came Joe Orton's "Erpingham Camp", a fast-moving and savagely satirical black comedy which hammers the religious establishment, patriotism, revolution and similar institutions swiftly and energetically. In general it was well done. The exchanges maintained slickness, speed and audibility, while the action ran its preposterous course with single-minded assurance. Once or twice the tension sagged; despite this there were moments when the actors looked uncomfortable, as if conscious of the ludicrousness of the situation onstage. Such moments are fatal to farce of this type, but they were few and quickly overcome. Because of the differences between the plays, characters in this production had more opportunity to develop stage presences than did those in

"Under Milk Wood", and no player failed in this respect. All performances were good, but special accolades must go to Robert O'Brien's inhuman Erpingham, Andrew Unitt's courageous Kenny and Nigel Brown's authentically Irish Riley. Simon Hoban also made his mark as the cringing and ineffectual padre, a character created as much by careful gesture and positioning as by speech.

The technical staff proved their virtuosity yet again. Music and sound-effects were most professional, but particular congratulations are due to Jeremy Saul and Phil Abrams for the lighting. The shifting sky colours for "Under Milk Wood" and the flame effect which terminated "Erpingham Camp" are worth special mention.

The purpose of the evening was, of course, to entertain, and it succeeded admirably. The programme was well-chosen and the production proficient. Great credit must go to the actors, the technicians, and to Dil Griffiths and David Willetts, the directors.

THOMAS HOSTY

### FIRST FROST

Today was the first real frost.  
Well, not even a frost, really—  
just a certain whiteness at the tips of grass blades  
that was not sun-dew.  
Just a sharpness in the air that once  
threatened to smother, and now to lacerate the  
lungs.  
Just that the sun can now be stared at,  
and, blinded by clouds, be stared down.  
Just a feeling that this time  
the same things will be different once more—  
as the cold comes from half a world away  
to form the first frost.

STEPHEN BADSEY

### THE GANG FIGHT

Thrashing,  
Hitting,  
Lashing,  
Spitting,  
Fighting with knives,  
Playing with lives,  
Bashing,  
Moaning,  
Smashing,  
Groaning,  
Big, tough and strong, or  
Small, weak and wrong,  
Flashing,  
Gnashing,  
Gashing,  
Dashing,  
War and strife,  
Death or Life.

T. WYNNE WILSON

### A STORM

All day  
The sky threatens  
The leaves murmur discontent  
As the wind irritates the trees  
And the clouds are swollen  
Too large not to burst.

NIGEL BROWN