



THE
GRANTITE
REVIEW

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OLD GRANTITE CLUB DINNER

Editorial

*“Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
Consider her ways and be wise.”*

PROV. VI, 6.

GRANT'S might well be compared to a colony of ants. Each day everyone streams from the heap and embarks on an industrious programme of work in the insect world. It is of course true that some ants are more hard-working than others, but they are noted among the rest of the insect kingdom for their laboriousness. Indeed they are jointly recognised by all other insect colonies for their superior all-round ability.

The weather conditions of this winter showed the ants in their best light. It appeared at first that the outside activities of the insect world were gravely threatened. The ants, however, (and their leaders) overcome all obstacles with characteristic determination. To begin with they persuaded the other colonies to undertake the task of shifting the snow from their yard. As usual the ants far outshone the other insects in this entertaining occupation even if some of their members *would* throw the snow on their neighbours' backs. At the same time the insects have been kept active by indoor exercises and organised exploratory expeditions into the outer regions of St. James' Park. Some of the more grumpy insect colonies complained of what they called "Antite regimentation" but the ants remained loyal to their leaders. As always they proved correct in their judgement and there is not now an insect who denies the success of the campaign.

Readers of that great hero of English literature Dr. Dolittle may remember how a wasp completely turned the tide of battle by stinging a General on the nose. Others may recall that Robert Bruce was inspired to a great victory over the English by a spider. Now it is true that the ants have achieved nothing so spectacular as this. However, there lived once upon a time somewhere between sunset and sunrise a most famous colony of ants, from whom most historians are agreed are descended the present-day "Grantite" ants. At any rate there can be no doubt that this was the first insect colony that ever existed. The manner of life that they followed was simple but painstaking and they were feared throughout the animal kingdom for their terrible unity of purpose. However in the course of evolution many other types of insect were created. Some of them became so proud as to challenge the ants' universal superiority, and there were times when they appeared overshadowed, but by virtue of their great, if not spectacular, talents the ants still remain supreme in the Twentieth Century.

This is not to say that the other colonies of insects inhabiting Dean's Yard do not have their good features. The butterflies, for example, are excellently, if somewhat provokingly, dressed; and no one would deny that the beetles are immensely intelligent even if perhaps a little snooty. The dragon-flies are extraordinarily impressive for a while but their splendour is ephemeral. The ant, how-

ever, is able to combine a degree of all the good qualities of these other creatures without carrying them to excess; he is a patient being, who does not shun work for work's sake.

If, therefore, there are any who resent this comparison to such an honest, hard-working creature, they both refute their ancestry and fail to acknowledge a compliment.

HOUSE NEWS

F. Strickland-Constable is Head of House.

The monitors are M. J. Stancliffe, P. W. Semple, R. C. Beard, A. T. Cooke and R. T. E. Davies.

R. J. Simpson is Head of Chiswicks. The Chiswickites are R. M. McE. Compton-Miller, M. O. Gellhorn, N. S. B. Tanner, S. F. B. Heaton, C. S. B. Cohen and A. J. Dugdale.

* * * * *

J. D. Rose is Head of Hall.

The Hall Monitors are C. W. Galloway, T. F. Hart and A. H. Tizard.

* * * * *

The following colours have been awarded:

Football . . . *Seniors* to A. T. Cooke and N. E. G. Jones.

Swimming . . . *Juniors* to R. G. C. Horsley, N. McI. Johnson and A. M. Milne.

T. M. Hunt has been awarded a Heath Harrison Exhibition at Brasenose, Oxford and J. J. T. Jeal won a Westminster Exhibition at Christ Church, Oxford.

* * * * *

VALETE:

A. J. Stranger-Jones, T. M. Hunt, A. R. Argyle and J. J. T. Jeal.

SALVETE:

R. E. Jones, A. S. Cousens, R. L. Paniguan and O. W. J. Griffith.

House Diary

IS there such a thing as a typical Grantite? Past Editors have tried their hand at defining him, but in the long run, he is completely intangible. However, despite the attempts of my worthy predecessors, I am going to outline my own, highly personalized and probably extremely biased definition.

The first few weeks of a new boy Up Grant's is one of assimilation; he has to adjust himself to a life of much greater freedom and to get acclimatized to the unfamiliar surroundings. Doing "lags" to the school store, the cab-stall, etc., are commonplace, but the Lagging Test seems to provoke the most apprehension and some classic answers (one boy was purported to have thought the Head Master was the Dean). He has thus passed the first hurdle and the final transformation of the prep school-boy into the Grantite follows swiftly. In the following terms, like all well-established Grantites, he recognizes the superiority of his House, and with this comes a desire, one hopes, to maintain this moral supremacy. A seemingly interminable interlude then transpires, waiting for the study, which forms the peak of his ambition; the frustrations of sitting in crowded Hall, with its distraction of ping-pong, billiards and chatter, seem intolerable.

But life in Ferney and Buckenhill is always an anticlimax. Granted he is now able to wear "shag" out of school and in a sense he has joined an elite, but *are* the distractions removed? Not a bit of it; they have become even more inescapable. Buckenhill, with its gramophone, is perhaps the noisier of the two study floors, but obviously this is to a large extent because of its inmates; future generations of Grantites may find Buckenhill basking in the gentle strains of Mozart, Liszt or Bach. This would certainly stimulate a propensity for work or at least provide a soothing background to it. Ferney, with its rowing majority and its devotion to the 8 o'clock news, gives an impression of being a much more active community. Reading the papers is an integral part of the daily rush before Abbey for most Ferneyites while political polemics are not uncommon to the discomfort of our chess players. But if Ferney plays Chess, at least Buckenhill can boast of pioneering a "new departure"—Bridge.

The noise from Rigauds and the dreary view is still a powerful influence in making many newcomers want a college-side study. After all, there *is* Mr. Christie's garden with its solitary flowering rose-bush and the indomitable Haimish, now a sedentary octogenarian, whom even the pigeons ignore. The Blanco Room remains as murky as ever, echoing with the ribaldry and energetic banter of successive corps fiends; but with three warrant officers and ten other N.C.O.'s in the House we have to keep up appearances. Lit. Soc. continues to function week after week, although much of the old dynamism seems to have disappeared; however our participation in so many school activities like the Gilbert and Sullivan Society, the Science Exhibition and the School Play, necessarily means that the House has to suffer in its own activities.

This, then, is the environment in which the modern Grantite lives. But what of the Grantite himself? He is hard-working, though less noticeably so in the daytime; he is opposed to stuffiness, pettiness and changes; he is secretly very dismayed by the new lighting system in Hall. But despite his fervent sentiments he will profess himself a Liberal. He prides himself on his broad-mindedness; mixing "pops" with classics, James Bond with philosophy and not admitting the gulf between the "two cultures." Hedonism certainly plays an important

part in his philosophy, particularly at the weekend; the Saturday morning discussion is usually the same: "What are you going to wear tonight?" "My jeans." "Is that all?" "No, I think I'll wear my dark glasses." Matron tries to deal sympathetically with the hangovers on Sunday night; few would ever dream of working then.

The Grantite spirit is engendered by the boys, but no one could say that we are all stereotyped, for above everything else, we pride ourselves on our individuality.

The Last Failure

MY name is always changing, in fact it varies from day to day and even hour to hour. Now it is Michel but how long I shall remain Michel I cannot tell. Yesterday it was . . . was . . . well, something different I'm sure. You see my mind has become confused, in such a way that my brain only seems clear in the daytime, when I can understand everything. This makes me wonder what I was before I came here, but I can't remember at all.

I'm in an institution for people with mental disorders, in fact, I realise this every morning. Not that it matters because John, my doctor, always says when I ask him if I'm still there: "Yes, your'e still here in M.D.7," but he never tells me where we are on the map. I think they expect me to try to escape, because they leave a guard outside all the time. I suppose I must have tried to get away before, but I can't remember. I know he doesn't believe me when I tell him that I have no desire to escape, even though he says he does.

He tells me that I am fundamentally sane, but that I had an attack of amnesia which has left me all mixed up; So now they are trying to build me up in the rehabilitation centre. But I don't know; he keeps talking about this chap Jeremy . . . and he even calls me Jerry. I find it most confusing. But is it? Every night I get a picture of Jeremy and it is becoming wider and more vivid all the time. The mists are clearing and a boy of thirteen is emerging, and I'm becoming Jeremy. He's been developing for the last thirteen . . . oh God don't let them do this to me! But it helps to write this.

I know now what I'm about. I begin to realise a little each day, but forget it each night. I think they brainwash my memory each time, leaving me in a weakened state, receptive to Jeremy. But if I read this tomorrow it should clear the mist a little.

I suppose I must have managed to hide it, as its still here. I wonder if they would have left it if they had found it? I think not. My mind is clearer now and I feel sure I will be able to maintain my façade of vacuosity while I recover. I'm beginning to remember my life; I can go back as far as when they arrested me and brought me here. And then . . . God why did I have to suffer all that, why? What had I done to deserve what they did to me? Then nothing, till they took me to the rehabilitation centre and began building me up as Jeremy.

As more comes back to me I am finding it easier to rationalise coldly, and to plan a little. I intend to find out what happens to me at night. But I must be very careful with John. When I know more, perhaps . . .

I had to stop in a hurry yesterday because the guard brought my supper half an hour early. I think they are becoming suspicious, but that doesn't matter so much now. Every night they put us to bed and send us to sleep somehow, almost immediately. Whatever it is I managed to resist it and see the doctors and guards fall asleep the same way. I had a quick look round but stopped in case they woke up. Tonight I shall have a look at their office.

I have recovered, and I know myself again. When I looked at my file last night everything came back to me. I was a soldier who fought against them in the last war. When we lost I deserted. But because I was an officer, a full colonel, they hunted me and my kind down like animals, mercilessly rounding us up. So they caught me. Incidentally Jeremy had his 21st birthday today. I am beginning to loathe him for his unquestioning loyalty to them. Tonight I shall steal a guard's weapons and escape. Perhaps I shall find there are a few people left on this Godforsaken world who fight on against them.

* * * * *

The guard stopped reading and jumped to attention. "It ends there, Sir," he said, and marched out. The directors and John, the doctor, were left standing aimlessly in the office.

"Well, I suppose we had better report it to M.D. central. But how he managed to break mind control, hide his letter and write it, I really don't know."

The other director spoke: "I wouldn't worry. I mean, he can't last more than four days in the radiation outside, and there isn't any way he can get back in again. In fact, the whole thing was rather pointless."

John had the last word: "I should like to see his face when he realises we used radiation after all, to get rid of their troublesome race. But its a shame we failed with him."

* * * * *

A few hours later M.D.7 was disintegrated by order of the Chairman.

Tomorrow The Rope

HOW pretty the sunset red in the sky,
How pleasing humanity going its way,
How dear dull life seems, which loves me no more,
I cling to the darkness, for tomorrow I die.

How strange the world looks through two bars in a prison;
Their footsteps have meaning, not wanting to die,
My cell is my world, the world is their cell,
I call to the God, "My Christ, hast thou risen?"

Tomorrow the hangman, tomorrow the rope,
How I've dreaded that moment, for waiting is empty,
A prolonging of life, the better to die.
Now I know how to live a life without hope.

My bed is a graveyard behind prison wall,
My fame is a name in black book of death,
My life is a flash, for eternity's long,
My monument my memory, for that is my all.

Bar-B-Q's and Beat

IN a city dominated by skyscrapers, supermarkets, luxury hotels and laundrettes, which seem to spring up overnight, one's attention is justifiably drawn to the incredible influence America holds on our society. Though much has already been said about the American "invasion," its less tangible fruits have not yet fully been investigated. It is patent that much more than cars or buildings has been exported to us; indeed since the war, American ideas, attitudes and ways of life have revolutionized our whole society. Nowhere is this more apparent than the effects it has had on youth.

The "American image" has perhaps been most successfully brought to the public through advertising and the world of entertainment. It is well-known that teenagers are the most susceptible to the subliminal influences of advertisements and it is primarily they, who are attracted by the American way of life; examples are not hard to find. Having introduced us to their national drink, Coca Cola, and to tinned beer, hamburgers, beefburgers and hot-dogs, we have now been handed whole institutions, with the inception of Bar-B-Q's, Wimpy bars and Chicken Inns. A contemporary setting with an exotic decor and a juke-box squatting near the entrance, like a sleek, fat, shiny creature constitute a kind of teenage refuge where young people can partake of such highly glamourized "snacks" as a "whippsy" or perhaps a "triple-king cheeseburger." In entertainment the preponderance of American films has largely receded with the emergence of Italy, France and our own flourishing film industry, but the glamour and slickness which the earlier "movies" subtly portrayed, have already had their effect. The "all-American kid" with his jeans and crew-cut, featured in so many advertisements and films, has many counterparts in Britain, and the comparison certainly does not end here.

Not content with copying American fashions, teenagers have also been induced to accept a stereo-typed edition of American methods of entertainment. Popular music began the trend, by introducing Rock 'n' Roll and beat music, which led to the resurgence of dance halls. A form of culture had thus been established which teenagers felt was their own; that this demand had been factitious is the first place, in no way seemed to detract from their enjoyment. Hence the proud advertiser's boast that if you cannot *find* a demand for a product, you have to *create* it yourself. With music and dancing firmly established in this country, it was logical that new "crazes" or trends should supplement them, for teenage tastes are notoriously ephemeral; the Twist and more recently the Madison supplied this. The "revolution" in popular entertainment has perhaps been completed for the time being, by the introduction of Bowling Alleys, which are simply a mechanized form of nine-pin bowls or skittles; one wonders how long it will be before Baseball is added to these.

Another American venture which has captured the imagination of many young people is represented by "fruit machines" and "one-armed bandits" and this probably accounts for the comparative unenthusiasm for that other American import Bingo, amongst this generation. One of the more unfortunate aspects of the "American image" is the emphasis in their films and television series on violence. It would be unwarranted to blame juvenile delinquency on these media but it certainly often does promote the wrong moral values. More reprehensible is the encouragement given, however unwittingly, by the Press and the screen to the activities of the American "ton-up boys," but of course this is still confined to a small minority in Britain.

Television and the Cinema have again been largely responsible for the American influence on our language, though thankfully this is not strong enough

to affect our accents. "Hip" expressions have replaced the more staid words of our vocabulary and the tendency is usually for adjectives denoting the expression of feelings like *marvellous!* *wonderful!* or *abysmal!* to be changed to more evocative terminology, such as *great!* *fantabulous!* or *stinky!* By and large this is mainly a sign of immaturity and as fashions change, so too will these words; what is more disturbing however, is the gradual Americanization of various specific references; one now talks about going to a *show*, instead of a "play," while there are such obvious synonyms as *kiosk*, *parking-lot*, *garbage-can* and *lounge*. Like chewing gum, these words are gradually worming their way into our society, and although it would be un-British to adopt the Bismarckian solution of purging the language of all foreign derivatives, nonetheless it is a matter for some concern.

The situation is partially explained by the tendency among youth today to be always striving for modernity, and since the United States symbolizes this modernity, they try to ape the American vocabulary. A much more significant factor, though, is the interest being shown in American novels and plays. Although it may be argued that most teenagers do not read very much, few would dispute that either directly or indirectly, they have been influenced in some way or other by, for example, Mickey Spillane or Ernest Hemingway or by the films or plays of Tennessee Williams or Arthur Miller. It will not be forgotten however, that it was the Americans who pioneered the publication of paper-backs, and so presented the opportunity for many more people to read books; one would only hope that the standard were a little higher, but perhaps they are trying to make amends for this by publishing some of the great American "classics" in paper-back. Of course there is no need for publishing the English classics, as they have already been adapted into the form of "comics."

It is clear that in the larger industries and the more permanent spheres of our society like architecture, the American influence is declining. This is not necessarily because it has proved unprofitable or because their work has been unsuccessful, but more because British designers and architects have finally begun to develop their own lines and designs. Most of this "invasion" is intrinsically well-intentioned, but there are some attendant dangers; foremost among these is that by indiscriminately swallowing American culture and the American way of life, we are at the same time effortlessly submerging our own traditions.

By accepting increased automation, self-service and a proliferation of other labour-saving devices we are also allowing a potential element of laziness to creep into our society. Apart from this, it is unfortunate that the attraction of American life and the effects of advertising should be making such progress among the younger generation; for although there can be no proof at this early stage, it could undermine our traditional loyalties and insularity. Finally American "culture" is inherently all-pervasive and by trying to bring "culture" down to the level of the masses, it usually ends up by pleasing neither extreme; while

magazines tend to disseminate pre-digested material and to offer watered-down versions of more substantial works. Of course, it is strangely ironical that American "culture," originally imported from the mother country, should now be being exported back, but although we were responsible for bowls and folk-songs, we can hardly be held responsible for Hula-Hoops.

"See First, Connect Afterwards" Says The Artist

THE circumference of the pit was worn smooth by the relentless and monotonous pattern of early childhoods; slithering and sliding up from the bottom of the hill, they surged forward, eager to throw themselves with misinformed confidence into the abyss. Could this be the pattern, until the insatiable lust of generations tapers to a tragic end, and the long thread of humanity, meandering up a steep but well-worn path, come to a shuddering halt, and the last few, thoughtless, slither over the ridge into the misleading darkness beyond.

His fingers felt the smooth rock on the edge as he doubtfully severed his last grip on security and communal stability. The round hoop of light flew upwards as he fell, groping; his crime was his confidence, yearning for premature independence. His mind still retained a feeble spark of *hope* when he tentatively reached out a hand, searching for the limits of this endless plunging. There, his hand touched and caught a thin, weak and rotten branch, stuck to the rock with the slime and sin of many passing generations. *Hope* was again flirting with the doomed; doomed until *hope* made a conquest and his searching hands climbed up and up, his body responding to a brain doomed for salvation.

Past him fell defeatism and resignation and their camouflage the soft and tempted body of mankind. From *hope* to *hope* he struggled, now represented by a ledge of moss, rest from the smooth surface of near vertical rock. At last up above was the pin-point of light and he stretched up his hand and realized his goal.

Passed him filed disillusioned mass upon mass, feeling their way to the edge, stumbling in grooves made by trampling of feet, brushing aside his outstretched hands, so inadequate.

Once only in this endless stream did a man called *hope* halt and show the way, skirting the abyss, avoiding the polished edge, and the lazy, easy falling. He lifted up his arms to the crowd and they wondered that there was an alternative. Only then did they smell and recognise the abyss, and they retched their sin from out of them and breathed in the fumes. Men broke away and leapt screaming into the pit, and the scalding smell drifted up and drenched the column

of hope in an acrid belt of conversion. Hands were joined and the *Word* was passed and *Hope* struggled on; for there must be hope. Away from the pit, away from the smooth sides they walked, their backs held straight and their hearts on fire with an unknown emotion. The leader *hope* was the cause of their joy, and all but a few followed on. Yet more drifted back, irresistibly drawn by the end of the struggle in view, and lazily let themselves fall into darkness, disillusioned relaxation and death.

The Prodigal Returns

THE resonant booming of the gong infiltrated down the passage into the spacious drawing room where Uncle Oliver was volubly extolling the virtues of life in Bagdad, whence he had recently returned. The rest of the family, seated in a circle round him, fingered their aperitifs and tried desperately to pretend that they were listening. Rudolf resorted to the examination of his father's coronation chair, he wondered why the initials E.R. embroidered in gold lettering on the blue velvet seat seemed so familiar, but he soon recalled writing them down that very morning in his diary to remind him of Edward Reno's party the following night. He disliked the pomp and magnificence which surrounded him in Belgrave Square and looked forward to the times when he would be able to forget his apparently insipid and aimless existence and enjoy the sort of life he really liked. It was on such occasions that he used to meet his two friends David Stokes and Edward Reno and go to parties, although ostensibly visiting his elderly aunt in Kensington.

Uncle Oliver's long discourse came to an abrupt close as Lord Sherwood rose for dinner; the others followed, filing past the rows of family portraits which lined the hall; Rudolf had a particular aversion to the one that stood at the end, it reminded him so much of the rotund figure of Uncle Oliver. During mealtimes the aphorism "children may be seen but not heard" was strictly adhered to and until anyone chose to address him, Rudolf was able to let his mind wander and to anticipate with relish the thought of being absent from dinner the following night.

The evening of Edward's party had at last come and with considerable relief Rudolf remembered that his father had not objected to his visiting his old aunt and had even given him a key to let himself into the house afterwards. As he donned his tight black jeans and adjusted his quiff, he felt a tingle of apprehension run through him, while he tried to envisage his father's reaction should his true intention ever be revealed. He could count on his aunt's support but he did not care to imagine his father finding him dressed in such an extraordinary fashion.

Fortunately by going out through the kitchen he had not far to go, but it was with some considerable relief that he found himself clear of the house and walking towards Edward's flat in Chelsea. The tranquility of St. Loos Road was gradually destroyed as the raucous strains of popular music echoed incongruously along the street. Rudolf walked on, considerably elated, and then halted outside the building from which the noise was flooding.

* * * * *

The sound of the gong permeated the peaceful air of morning; Lord Sherwood stormed into breakfast looking highly displeased, clutching his son's report. A few minutes later a somewhat sheepish-looking Uncle Oliver returned from his quest to Rudolf's bedroom with the shocking news that no one had slept there that night. On further enquiries it was learnt that Rudolf had never visited his aunt. And in spite of Uncle Oliver's well-meant arguments that perhaps the boy might have gone to some other relation or stayed the night with some friends, it was decided that the police should be immediately informed of his disappearance.

Meanwhile Rudolf was helplessly lying in the basement of a small suburban house; through the diminutive window above him he could just make out the dim outline of passing cars but his movements were severely restricted by the heavy iron bedstead to which his arms and legs were strongly pinioned. The only recollection he had of the previous evening was that he had smoked very heavily and had suddenly felt sick. His memory of this moment was rather blurred but he guessed that he must have passed out. He began to wonder whether the cigarettes could have had any connection with his condition, as he remembered that they had tasted rather sweet and somewhat pungent but none of the guests to whom he had offered them seemed to have shown any reaction. It was the first time he had tried them himself and he had felt obliged to accept one when David Stokes proffered his packet, particularly as he was told that they could only be obtained from the Middle East.

As his mind slowly cleared he was just conscious of someone entering the room; Edward could be seen dimly perched on the edge of a table looking intently in his direction. In the next few minutes his captor explained the reason for Rudolf's abduction; the cigarettes which he had been given were in reality "reefers" and since he had been smoking and offering them to other people he was guilty of having smoked and distributed drugs. Even now, Edward continued menacingly, his father would have received a note, recommending for his son's sake and for the family's reputation the wisdom of immediately calling off the police and paying a substantial sum for his return, otherwise Rudolf might meet with an accident and the story of his drug addiction would be sent to the Press. The note was carefully calculated to affect Lord Sherwood's innermost and most cherished feelings, for pride and honour ruled his life and any contravention of these principles was anathema to him. In spite of his Victorian treatment of Rudolf he entertained a genuine fondness for his son and had high hopes for his future; any harm or smear to his honour must then be prevented.

Lord Sherwood duly paid the ransom; and Rudolf was once more reinstated in Belgrave Square, the home which contained all his past feelings of boredom and vapidty; but somehow things had changed during those few days he had been away, his father no longer seemed to him so aloof and stern. No longer did the formality of the furniture and pictures seem abhorrent to him; Rudolf was beginning to realize how wrong he had been about his father's rigid control of discipline and as time went by he became integrated into the household and the long tedious mealtimes and coffee "soirées" began to be appreciated for their intrinsic merit: the preservation of a nearly extinct form of social etiquette and grace. Even his feeling of revulsion towards Uncle Oliver was soon replaced by a sense of respect and deference to the other's age and attainments. Rudolf had at last reached maturity.

Guardians

FIVE grey castles stand there
Piercing the dark blue sky.
Five long lean lighthouses
Piercing the stormy night.
Five pierce the sky with stone grey wall,
Five pierce the storm with light,
Five have been pierced by cannon ball,
Five withstand the sea's might.

Ten grand guardians
Garrisoned by grave grey men,
Seasoned by sea and battle
Fighting both before they were ten.

Beware of us all of you
Beware of our cry.
Beware of me, ships' crews
Beware or you die.
Armies vast or raiders few
This no idle threat to you,
Return to your homeland!
Return to your wives!
Or your bodies rot in the sand
And your blood congeal in the dew.
Not one shall escape with their lives.

The Poet As Teacher

EVERY writer, whether he be a poet or critic, writes to be understood and, if possible, to be appreciated. But it is hard indeed to determine whether the writer, or, to be more specific, the poet teaches. How often do we learn something from a poem which we have enjoyed?

It was Wordsworth who wrote that he would rather be considered as a teacher or nothing. Put thus boldly the immediate temptation is to reject the claim, but in fact Wordsworth was forcefully echoing a definite truth about poetry, which has as one of its fundamental principles a certain didactic purpose. The poet does not really wish "to cry his sorrows to the desert air," he wishes to interpret, beautifully, aspects of the world which he finds important. To some people his interpretation will be fascinating; to such people he will have taught something and will have modified their sensibility. Or to put it in a perhaps rather sweeping statement, all great poetry is as much didactic as it is metaphysical.

Poetry which appears unintelligible and obscure must have some didactic purpose if only for the author himself, who, as a poet, must believe that his work is in some small way concerned with reality. The danger with obscure poetry is that the poet will become so involved in his own world that he will lose contact with what is around him. He may, for instance, ignore the physical sciences, thinking, as did Macaulay, that science and poetry are necessarily antagonistic.

The good poet has always been something of a philosopher; he has followed Aristotle in believing that poetry is the most philosophic of all writing. And, among other things, philosophy is concerned with interpreting the world as we know it now, and by extension therefore with teaching its audience about its findings. In the past philosophers have found it necessary to explain their conclusions in long volumes most of which are quite incomprehensible to the layman, while the poets, because of their faculties of imagination and concise expression, have explained their findings in verse, shortly and therefore at times obscurely.

Many poets have emphasised their vocation as teachers perhaps because of that inner core of pride found in all great artists. They feel that equipped with their superior ability they have a duty to expound their work to the public. Others might feel that poetry, like philosophy, is seeking after truth, and that when once they have a glimpse of this truth, they then have a moral compulsion to teach their experience. They would agree with Kant on this point. Such a view has been held by a number of poets, notable among them Blake who, recognizing that "Mental Things are alone Real," sought to teach his beliefs by trying to convey even the smallest speck of truth. As he wrote in a Fragment from Poetry

and Prose, rejecting the mechanistic explanation of the world proffered by Locke and Newton:

“ The Atoms of Democritus
And Newton’s Particles of Light
Are sands upon the Red Sea shore,
Where Israel’s tents do shine so bright.”

Football

LAST term, Grant’s beat Ashburnham in the first round of the Seniors but lost to Liddell’s in the second. On the whole the side played good football, perhaps abnormal for a Seniors match, but it was slow to start, there being no score after extra time in the first round. In the replay however Grant’s showed a much more aggressive forward line and with R. C. Beard leading the defence, nobly aided by A. T. Cooke and C. R. McNeil, the situation never looked dangerous. Liddell’s this year fielded a strong team and the Grantite defence, lacking McNeil, were pressed hard by the opposing forwards. P. G. Hollings played well in harrassing the opposing half-line, but could not provide the link needed for the forward-line.

Mention ought to be made of the other half of football which is seldom seen. Apart from trying to improve the standard of Grove Park by bringing down the first XI, which created a totally unbalanced game, the general level of enjoyment seems to have risen immensely over the past two years. We hope this will continue, although this term’s football has been finished without a game being played.

Fencing

FOR the last two years our fencing fortunes have been rather low. Faced with particularly strong opposition from Ashburnham, Grant’s was rated either second or third among the houses. This term however the situation is radically changed, with the result that on potential form Grant’s has become stronger while the school has become (temporarily at least) weaker. The school competitions should witness a narrow Grantite victory. We shall have to win the foil if we are to overcome our weakness in sabre—we have no sabreurs. One thing is certain, the competition will be close.

The Water

IT has always been the boast of a good waterman that he can have a station in any weather, with the possible exception of fog. However it was not until this season that this was really put to the test. Not only was the river blanketed with fog at the end of last term, but this term two new factors even more formidable have conspired against us—the freezing weather conditions and oil. The first did not deter the more hardy oarsmen but the second contingency defeated even them; apparently the oil was a residue from a tanker which had sunk up river.

The institution of a “cold weather station” occupied those not engaged in eights; “School” having been transformed into a vast gym for the purposes of P.T. under the supervision of our own House Tutor.

This term we welcome two new house watermen, which brings our total strength up to thirty-four, the highest number we have yet attained. Grant's seems well represented in the eights, with three members of the prospective first eight and two in the second eight, and at the moment they are practising for the Schools Head of the River race. It is encouraging also to see that we have three watermen in both the Colts and Junior Colts, as it is on these younger members that the house will have to rely for future school regattas.

Old Grantite Club Dinner

THE Annual Dinner of the Club will be held this year on Friday, May 17th and members are asked to make a note of the date. Through the courtesy of Lord Rea the Dinner will be held in the House of Lords, and as numbers will be restricted early application will be advisable when details are circulated.

Notice

The Editor, as always, would appreciate information about old Grantites and would welcome, in particular, news from those who are engaged on preparing for their careers. It would also be appreciated if anyone whose address changes could notify the Hon. Sec. at 2 Little Dean's Yard, S.W.1.