



THE
GRANTITE
REVIEW

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Editorial

“OH! I’ve just been up to the National Gallery, Sir.” Doubtless this excuse for absence has been employed many times by many generations of Grantites. It was probably successful, and this article is no place to enquire whether the speaker did in fact go to the Gallery, or this was simply his intention. However, what can be profitably asked is what significance “art” has for the Grantite; what does he understand by the word? Then, if we can stick our neck out and say that the average Grantite is a fair representation of the present young generation—for even though his dress may not be so up-to-the-minute as those people in other houses, or though he does not behave in a totally unorthodox way, he must still be given this classification—then we might get some impression of the idea of art as held by the new “young people.”

Everyone has their own precise views; to the juniors in the House art probably means little; to the majority of those in the middle, it is “just one of those things we’re taught”; but the older members have some very pointed ideas.

The basic attitude is that art is a representation of life in all its spheres. It seems generally accepted that much of life is bitter and cruel; as this is the case then it should be portrayed as such. Perhaps the best medium for depicting the raw side of life is the cinema; if a man has been ruined by alcohol and vice, it is as well that this should be shown in full—if only to impress such a situation on people. Yet it is the artist’s work to use such depravity to effect—he must keep it under control, and not allow himself to be carried away by it for its own sake. Thus sex and religion are not shunned, but the modern attitude is that they should not be used unnecessarily.

The artist is free to employ whatever medium is most adaptable to his ideas. One is not necessarily better than another, but certain ones are better used for certain ends. The modern portrait painter does not make an exact reproduction of his model, but rather illustrates certain facets of that person’s character as he himself sees it. The theatre, cinema or concert hall tend to be pointed towards the working emotions—such as pity, fear, love and hate. Poetry acts more on the intellect, as it makes the reader think. Good art should not be blatant or straightforward, but slightly veiled in meaning. Once disclosed, it will be more firmly implanted in the receiver’s mind than were it to come upon him instinctively. Art has its significance for everyone, but more especially for the senior members of the House, as it is one means of their understanding that sphere of life that is probably as yet unknown to them.

House News

C. W. M. Garnett is Head of House.

The Monitors are A. D. R. Abdela, G. B. Chichester, C. H. H. Lawton, D. Brand, A. C. T. MacKeith, C. N. Foster, and P. K. H. Maguire.

* * * * *

J. H. C. Proudfoot is Head of Chiswicks.

The Chiswickites are P. D. Craze, P. G. Hollings, A. H. C. Vinter, P. A. A. Dudgeon, R. J. Green, N. Harling, S. R. Oldschool, J. D. R. Rose, A. H. Tizard, and T. B. Williamson.

* * * * *

W. M. Holmsten is Head of Hall.

The Hall Monitors are R. G. H. Kemp, M. E. Lonsdale, T. H. Phelps Brown and M. N. Robertson.

* * * * *

Grants won the Squire Bowl for the second year running.

* * * * *

The following colours have been awarded:—

- Water.. .. *Thirds* to N. Mc. I. Johnson and T. B. Williamson.
Colts and *Seniors* to R. G. C. Horsley, R. E. Jones, J. M. K. Lamb and R. J. Shearly-Sanders.
Juniors to T. H. Phelps-Brown.
- Cricket *Colts* to R. G. H. Kemp.
Seniors to R. J. Green, P. G. Hollings and D. H. G. Lascelles.
- Fencing *Pink and Whites* to J. D. R. Rose.
Thirds to J. D. R. Rose.
Colts to A. F. K. Monkman.
- Football *Colts* to R. G. H. Kemp.
- Swimming *Pink and Whites* to M. E. Lonsdale.
Colts to R. G. H. Kemp.
Seniors to M. E. Lonsdale.
Juniors to M. J. Abrahams and M. B. Adams.

* * * * *

VALETE:

R. T. Chisholm, J. P. Hardman, C. R. McNeil and J. F. Westoby.

SALVETE:

R. C. G. Boyd, J. A. N. Davies, N. P. Dickson, P. N. Gellhorn, G. D. Jones, S. D. Nevin and N. P. A. Shinnie.

House Diary

THE roof garden, much enjoyed by members of studies before, during and after "A" level, has taken root for the winter and even the Housemaster has finally admitted he can no longer view the house objectively. Perhaps his final commitment came when he backed wholeheartedly the House Dance at the beginning of this term. Much care and work were put into it, especially by Matron in producing the buffet supper.

On arrival we were greeted with a glass of Macon from the bar and edged slowly into a smooth, darkened, decorated Hall, where the Housemaster was charming all the guests. Soon, though perhaps not soon enough for some people, The Trekkers started to play. Wild dancing, followed by a pause for a two-course supper accompanied by Tim Hart and Trevor Williamson's folk singing. Now the dance really began to move and went at full swing to the end. It was a gamble which came off magnificently and we express our gratitude especially to the Housemaster and Matron for giving up so much of their time. It is hoped it will become as regular a feature as finances allow.

Both the House Tutors have budding institutions; Mr. Martin's Gramophone Society for Hall, based on the lines of Lit. Soc. and the Chaplain's Sunday visits to London Churches other than the Abbey, whose long services bear little relation to us and our lives. New institutions, new things, like the table-tennis table in Hall and the Labour Government, both green but solid. The Socialists, through family connexions, have had a profound effect on the egalitarian views of the Head of House; he has relinquished the services of his lag. True equality indeed!

Incidentally, the results of a poll taken on the night before the General Election were as follows:—

Which Parties would you vote for? Conservatives 34, Liberals 12, Labour 9, Others, 6.

Which Party will win? Conservatives 36, Labour 21. Nine people fancied Ringo for President.

We would like to point out with a certain amount of pride that the *Grantite* has now completed one life-span. Being an up-to-date magazine it considers that this now has to be interpreted as four score years, and not as the old-fashioned three score years and ten. We also claim that it is as young as ever, and wish it well for Round Two.

The Decision

HIS clenched fist crashed onto the marble table; the antique porcelain jug rocked gently on its base, fell on its side and went to its doom. He looked at it, his eyes moist.

“But I must,” said the young man. “You know what will happen if I don’t.”

Her eyes gazed into his.

“But why now? You know he goes to bed quite late. Why not wait till then?”

His eyes rested a moment on the shining shape of the gun lying on the table.

“But he might come over tonight and you know what happened last time. Why not get it over and done with? I know some things in life are unpleasant, so why drag them out?”

When he had finished speaking, he glanced first at her, then at the gun.

“Let’s wait just five more minutes, and then you can go ahead,” she suggested. Their heads turned towards the television in the corner, and their eyes were held there, hypnotised.

The minutes ticked by unendurably slowly. Suddenly the clock on the mantelpiece chimed the hour.

“Well, that’s it,” he said. “Time for us to gather our courage.”

“I wish our neighbours were deaf,” she said. “Then we wouldn’t have any trouble.”

He picked up the gun slowly and deliberately. “But before we do it, let’s have a cigarette to calm our nerves.”

Suddenly there was a noise on the landing. He lifted the gun until it was pointing at the door. The door flew open, revealing a small, panting man. The young man squeezed at the trigger of the gun-shaped lighter and the woman drew the cigarette smoke slowly into her lungs. He bent over the table towards the small man and switched off the television.

“Thank heaven you turned that infernal thing off. I couldn’t stand the noise a moment longer,” blurted out their breathless neighbour.

On Motorbiking

Inspired by Thom Gunn

off on the london-brighton ballet,
beeser, norton, and black shadow,
swaying on the bends that slow them
now and then,
in time with the clout of the revs
felt through the cushion.

bonneville triton black prince,
a.j.s. ariel
square four.
black like the herd of flies with forty tin stud eyes
in the back of its' head.

riding a body responsive to the small touch.
laying a flat tape on the road
kicked out behind, the flat tape
recording the sound from the
tube.

outside the noise of everything
and the anxiety for everyone,
outside them all except your own noise
delicately played on a hot instrument
or your own anxiety, skimming the hard.

A Fable of Two Cultures

THE Philosopher was speaking;
“Man is the result of the interaction between All and Nothing. Man is All and men are Nothing. A man, to himself, is everything and yet he is capable of appreciating that historically he is just one man in a generation of many thousands of millions, the result of a thousand generations, the ancestors of myriad generations to come. He is nothing, therefore, in Time and equally insignificant in Space.

Physically Man is Nothing, Spiritually he is everything.”

“Nonsense!” said the Scientist. “Man is the result of chance genetic mutations and evolutionary adaptations to a series of biochemical reactions, which we call Life, over many millions of years. Physically Man is the most intricate and puzzling system we know. And as for the Spirit I can find no evidence for it and am not prepared to accept the hypothesis of its existence.”

For he was a very narrow-minded scientist and could not really see beyond the end of his electron micrograph. The discussion continued, becoming more and more heated until the Scientist, feeling that he just was not getting through to the Philosopher, who also felt that his brilliant theses, antitheses and syntheses were also having no effect, challenged the Philosopher to show, by his method, that Man could be produced. The Philosopher was a little unsure but, after counter-challenging, accepted.

The next day both the Scientist and the Philosopher brought their equipment to the appointed place. The Scientist had a mass of chemical polymers, solvents, indicators, thermostats and evolution accelerators, whereas the Philosopher brought along a pile of tomes, one or two necessary pieces of wood, ointment and chalk. Actually he was a bit of a magician in his spare time and he needed these to conjure up All and Nothing, just as the Scientist needed his apparatus for his complex, controlled and accelerated biochemical reactions.

“Let us begin without further ado,” the Scientist said, tired but confident after a night of calculations.

“Yes. May Truth win and the vanquished be humbled to the dust!” said the Philosopher, equally tired and confident, having communed with the spirit all night. They both now feverishly set about their work. The Philosopher drawing circles on the ground with his chalk and muttering from *his* books, with the Scientist mixing, adding, stirring, heating and murmuring calculations from *his* books. Later, much later, they were both ready for the final stage and they looked apprehensively at each other. The Philosopher combined All with Nothing and the Scientist, looking anxiously into a large glass chamber, set the last dial of the evolution accelerator.

NOTHING!

Then slowly, but with increasing rapidity, a dense white gas formed in the Scientist's chamber while All and Nothing condensed rapidly together to form a little solid lump.

GREAT EXCITEMENT!

The dense white gas soon covered both of them and the white solid rolled around them. These creations announced themselves; the gas, Humility, and Truth, the solid. Whereupon their creators ceased to exist and the pearl of Truth came to rest between where they had been.

C'est pour les autres . . .

I.

It was, as I say
On christmas day. But worth no Capitals—
The lorry seemed to slide
A little more than usual,
And stopped as though by accident.

“ Hark the herald Angels!”
Only a mutter through the silence
As a loaded rifle falls
Still warm from firing,
Spluttering abortively,
Barrel first into the white snow.

Sixteen idle soldiers mutter
Many a loaded word in half an hour,
But none of them knows
Why he is here in the lorry today.
So they pick up the rifle
And form up silently—
No boot-stamp noise on the brittle earth
Under the muffling snow.

A lonely post with a hook
Stood, like a solitary guard,
A silhouette against the white snow.
And there they bound him, the deserter,
A black hood on his head.
A one-inch group on the white paper
On his heart,
And the limp body sagged on the hook.

Sign here, you sixteen idle witnesses,
Sign here on the white paper.

His blood was red on the snow—
Warm steam, hot blood on the snow—
When they brought the news
That the war was over.
But in the Spring, when the snow melted,
A trickle of blood on the snow
Flowed for a moment,
And the grass by the lonely sentinel
Stained brown.
And there they found him, the deserter,
A black hood on his head.

* * * * *

That was but the end of yet another human being.
He should have died hereafter;
Shall we see how they waste
The sweetest apple that is bruised?

II

Coming out now,
Flowering in a stone bowl;
The sun behind a cold cloud
Piercing through.
Killed in revenge, thought the green buds,
Cut off from a dry root
In a barren chalk and a dry, sapless soil.
Unthinkingly,
Intoxicated, swelling in dilution now.

Plump the apple now
Between the glass pane and the windowsill
Radiating sun.
A windfall, bruised from a tall tree
Cold in the shade of the orchard,
Rolls into a sunny incubator now
To ripen, glowing
Sugar plump and decoratively.

Orange the flower now,
And red the fleshy apple.
Water in the stone bowl evaporates.
Cobwebs on the windowledge
Enmesh neglected fruits,
As the year's maturity
Sags out of the bare bowl,
Cold rubbish in the church-yard now.

* * * * *

In due season the flower died,
And each uneaten apple
Rots in the Autumn—
For it is to propagate
A new and fresher Phoenix
That the old expires.
But what of the apple, what of the flower,
Had the wind not blown, had the sun not shone
To bruise and suffocate?

III.

Two children on a ploughed field
Wander towards a wood.
The sucking furrows churn and splash,
As rubber gumboots trudge
Through glutinous rich red mud.

Two midget figures, side by side
In the great world of the field,
Negotiate a twisting path
Around the glue-brown traps
Where the ploughman passed.
In the wind-swept, cloud-race Autumn,
New flooding heaves among the pebbly dust,
And the cold-green leaves and sand-chalk soil,
Decaying, nourish to a rusty-golden tan.
Two boys, who quarrel now, trudge on to the Autumn wood.

The ploughman left a patch here.
Somehow the August stubble bristles still,
And the warm-red combine rumbles still
In a swirling cloud of dust and chaff,
A sweating, running memory of harvest.
The stubbles tear at the child's leg,—
But stubbornly no tears now.
The ploughman overlooked this narrow stretch
Of barrenness. The boy gives in, and cries
For the long wheat and the summer over.

He leaves his younger brother, giggling,
Gripped in the ploughman's muddy bog and splashing.
Not far off the wood now: he can make it alone.
Beyond the bristling of the stubble
Fall Maple leaves into the rusty bracken.

Not far off, the winter now,
But is Autumn still.
As, decorated now, each loyal soldier creeps
Back to his children, back to his normal life
Of soot and idleness,
Back too comes a small, white piece of paper,
Bearing sixteen signatures.

In the dead, brown grass the frost twinkles.
The white snow falls again,
And it is winter now.

Reappraisal 1964

DURING the five years I have been at this school I have seen many things change. Most of these changes are obvious to everyone who wishes to take interest in what is happening in the school, and one can only comment on them from one or other standpoint. There have been, however, some intangible alterations of the status quo which one can only venture to outline rather than state categorically. The list of visible changes is long and one need only mention some of them to set the mind working on the remainder. There has been a turnover of something like half the teaching staff. We gained a new director of operations at College Hall, and some Houses have experienced several different matrons. The C.C.F. has changed hands twice during the last academic year. And every House changed Housemaster and, in some cases, House Tutors within that same period. We have a new Bursar settling in after the long, illustrious reign of his predecessor. And we have seen some striking changes in the organisation of sport at Westminster, which have not yet been completely settled. Almost all of these changes can be attributed to the passage of time, but nevertheless one feels compelled to ask the ultimate question of whether the directions in which these changes have been made, has enabled the school to improve in all spheres of activity.

Many of the things I am about to mention are not within my own direct experience and consequently I can only give my impression of them. At this point it might be as well to explain why I am writing this and how I would like to justify someone in my position writing such an article. I feel first of all that someone ought to look at Westminster critically from the "consumers" point of view to see whether the school is progressing as it should. And I consider that as someone on the verge of leaving I am sufficiently detached from the essential life of the school to give what I hope is a less biased opinion, one way or the other, while at the same time retaining sufficient interest in the school to feel a desire to help. This interest coupled with recent experience and memories is necessary in anyone wishing to talk about the school.

In past years one was always given the idea that we were an academic school. In fact one of the excuses for poor performance in sport of all kinds was that we were really an academic school and could not expect to excel on the playing fields. I feel this tended to encourage the Westminster concept of superiority and lack of interest in many activities that are usually associated with "public school life." When a survey of academic results in Britain's leading public schools was published a short time ago we all received a shock as to our academic achievements and standing. This is something that is, I feel, improving steadily as a new team of masters emerges slowly through painful processes of trial and error, and makes its mark on succeeding generations of Westminsters. This question is one of increasing importance as the age of technocrats is approaching with the rule of Harold Wilson and his Labour Government. Since this is perhaps the prime aim of education let us excel as befits members of one of the oldest and most distinguished schools in the country. It is however very much a question of attitude and especially among the boys, since it does not matter how good a team of teachers we have, if the material does not react to the optimum.

But while concentrating on success in this sphere one must be careful not to neglect the rest of the school's activities. In this context there are three aspects that spring to mind, sport, discipline and school societies. The first two depend largely on leadership from the top supported by close co-operation among senior members of the school. The third relies on initiative and drive in the senior part of the school, and interest and enthusiasm in the lower part of the school. Sport at Westminster has never been consistently successful in recent years and there are several underlying reasons for this in addition to the well-known and oft-quoted reasons. These latter include poor facilities caused by our position in the centre of London and lack of funds, and insufficient experienced coaches on the staff. These factors apply in varying degrees to most stations but one cannot explain all our inadequacies by them. As I said, leadership from the top coupled with the shared responsibility and ideas of senior boys plays the vital part in the success of a station. There is a marked tendency in the larger stations towards masters taking all decisions, while the captains merely execute them. This is bad. A captain cannot be expected to have the support and respect of his juniors if he has no power and the authority derived from that power. Further he cannot, nor will he really feel inclined to, encourage enthusiasm among his juniors. I would like to point out that one of the aims of "public school education" is to give people a sense of responsibility, and the maturity derived from it. The Master will become isolated from the main body of opinion in the station he is in charge of. This opinion is sensed by a captain because he is closer to it, and his knowledge and understanding of individuals caused by this finger on the pulse, is vital to a successful and happy station. If he has no real say in the planning and running of his station the captain is bound to lose interest and the desire to co-operate, unless he is a weak person who

should not have been chosen in the first place. I am bound to emphasise this point of co-existence because it is so vital, but at the same time, one must recognise that the master in charge must have the last word by virtue of his overall responsibility.

One thing Westminster has always prided itself on is its liberal outlook. In practice this means a desire for the minimum possible imposed discipline and control with a view to encouraging self-discipline. This is a very laudable concept and bears some importance in considerations of sport and the various school societies. However there is a great danger of such liberality being carried too far on both sides, as there is in any semi-fluid arrangement. Here I feel the school has been going over the line and it is not something that one should blame on the majority of the school. I think that it is a good sign that boys should react to, and take advantage of existing conditions, whatever they may be, in the sense that movement in any direction is better than no change at all. That this "movement" should be in what I feel to be the wrong direction, is the fault of the staff and senior boys.

There is a feeling which is hard to describe as it contains many elements and is very much at the heart of school life. It is a feeling of disinterest, of cynical pessimism engendered by repressed feelings. In every school there is a trend of feeling, and in some schools this has taken the form of extreme enthusiasm over sport or social activity or something else. Here at Westminster the only enthusiasm, except among minorities, is for absence of enthusiasm, a desire to be completely detached from such sordid, earthy emotions. I use strong words, perhaps unfairly so, but they are accurate enough for me. This feeling is an exaggeration of a healthy, critical, objective look at life and is the result, I feel, of lack of example from above. By this I mean that senior boys do not really enforce discipline or, in general, command enough respect. This is because they feel unwilling to commit themselves to any course of action, and further because they sense a lack of confidence in them from above. This lack of forthcoming support from the staff makes the senior boys hesitate before taking action in some cases, although they realise they will receive belated support when they demand it.

In this sphere, however, I would not dream of shared responsibility, but rather more real authority in the monitorial openly encouraged by the staff. Once the school realises that the monitors mean business and are fully backed up it will respect and obey more readily. In this era of early maturity it is vital to give senior boys real responsibility and prepare them for it outside. And once monitorial authority asserts itself fully, the school will begin to direct its energies into more profitable and interesting channels.

Once this feeling in the school is altered the various school societies and extra-mural organisers will be able to function more effectively. I have noticed in the last two years the decline of societies that used to flourish when I was a junior. The days of talks by Gregory Corso and Sir Compton McKenzie seem

to have passed but on a lower level also, meetings in most societies are slowly drying up. The reason for dearth of big name meetings is the lack of enterprise among society secretaries, which may be caused by the pressures of work. In the case of these meetings the secretaries could still be assured of a good audience because interest will always remain for a good speaker. But in the case of the less glamorous but probably more numerous meetings, it is the fear of poor attendances that discourages secretaries.

Finally I am sure the school would benefit from a comprehensive time and motion study, with especial emphasis laid on the financial side. Fees rise steadily and I consider it possible that the uses the school's resources are put to could be improved and extended with a bit of determination. But this is outside my experience and I do not care to comment in detail. When all is said and done it is not that much is wrong, but that all is not right, and perfection should be the aim in a great school like Westminster. Need I say I am proud to have been here.

Odious Otia

INTRODUCTION

“HELLO, have a good holiday?” “Yes, fine thanks.” And there it ends, or does it? We felt it would be interesting to find out exactly what the Grantite does during his Summer holidays. Who goes abroad, who stays at home and, wherever he is, what are his favourite pastimes? Here are the results of our survey. It is apparent that a lot of people have two holidays, one abroad and one touring or staying somewhere in this country. The most visited country was France (18), followed closely by those who stayed entirely in England (15), as opposed to those who visited Scotland (8), Wales (6) or Ireland (3). Italy (7) was the second most popular foreign country and the isle of Majorca (3) third. The also-rans, with only two Grantite visitors, included Spain, India, Greece and Switzerland; the latter's position would no doubt have been higher in Winter. Other places worthy of mention, because they show how far travelled are some members of the house, were Corsica, Finland, Portugal, Persia, South Africa, the United States and Israel.

The House was almost exactly divided between those who spent their holidays entirely with their parents (34), and those who did not (31). But what do all these people do? Half of them swam, sunbathed and went sight-seeing; other than that, thirteen people went sailing, and six went fishing, climbing, shooting and walking. A few adventurous people hitch-hiked and had canoe trips in France, farmed, broke in ponies and went on an archaeological dig. So now we know what they did and one well-travelled Grantite tells us what he thinks about where he has been.

HOLIDAY BOASTS

WE hired a villa in glorious Spain
 Only four bob a day;
 We told our friends again and again
 They really must come to stay.
But the “ Can sleep six ” was for midgets no doubt,
 And the coast had receded—three miles about,
And the rain came in and the maid walked out,
 And the mosquitoes never left us.

“ To get away on our own,” we cried
 “ Far from the madding crowd.”
 And soon an idyllic Greek isle we spied
 Rising from yonder cloud.
Peace, glorious peace, t’was ne’er a sound,
 No livestock on the barren ground
No water, light, or life around
 And a diet of octopus only.

You must see the chateaux in glorious France
 Stately, historic, imposing;
 Long hours in the vineyards all night we would dance
 And spend all the next day just dozing!
Beautiful buildings and gardens so fine,
 Old moats, and fountains, and antiques divine
Rich food, and butlers and gallons of wine,
 Not only the claret was bottled!

Conclusion.

They really should be franker
’bout the beastly Costa Blanca;
 That romantic Greek isle
 Was a boring square mile;
 Grenouilles and Foie Gras Riche
 Made us ill on the Corniche.
So . . . Next year our two weeks hol we’ll spend
 At Blackpool, Bexhill or Southend.

Just Because

MIST, a thousand dreams,
A lone figure struts and frets his . . .
Wait, an icy leaf cascades shimmering
onto one's neck
with fear.

Groveling on one's knees
under the tumult of simplicity
growing fainter and fainter:
And then a hysterical laugh
of fear.

In an instant a cold clammy hand
Revolts and shakes one head and mind and soul
running, running, running
on a path of gravel
and fear.

Ephemeral fear.

a close curtained study
empty of all matter
except soul.

a boy lolling forwards
dead to all others
except one.

the one who stares at him
through an eye of liquor
and smoke.

she has nothing but sin
and all the arts of love
and no soul.

Disenchantment

THE house is still to-night,
The stairs are quiet, the moon streams clear
Through windows open to its frosty light.
The grey stone steps seem, yes, less solid now
As if this hard, cold, light would soften them
To touch: and yet they still remain,
Remain as must the lonely midnight knell,
The ever quiet low murmur of the town;
Till that too dies, so soon to rise again
And shout and roar and murder thoughts of sleep:
Then dreams give way to dank and dreary day.

Strings Awry

IN the age of the stereophonic record-player, television and wireless, it is not really surprising that people should listen to music far more than they play it, but this does not necessarily mean that they do not wish to play instruments for their own amusement. In Victorian times, it was considered an essential part of one's education to learn to play the violin, spinet or some similar instrument; but they also found themselves with time to spare. Today life is a continual rush from one thing to the next, and people cannot afford to spend their time learning to do something that will only increase their aesthetic appreciation and detract from other more practical things. Admittedly, many young people are now able to play the basic chords on a guitar, but few know how to read music or to play in the style of Segovia, John Williams or Julian Bream. Complete relaxation is sometimes very necessary, but if one is merely sleeping or watching television, this serves no concrete purpose. If, however, one has an instrument of some kind with which to pass the time usefully, it is both very relaxing and also good for one's powers of co-ordination and sense of tonal value. The classical guitar is generally found to serve this purpose well, but it must be kept in proper perspective if it is not to interfere with one's everyday work. Other solo instruments are also still popular for private use, such as the piano, violin, 'cello and viola, not to mention the many and varied kinds of wind instruments.

The most important thing about listening to music is the real appreciation of it, but nowadays it is common for people to put on a record while they are working and then to say that they don't like it, because they have not listened to it properly. It is far too easy to accept something as good or bad just because general opinion believes that this is the real answer. It would be a very good

thing if the playing of instruments in our own homes were to become once again a popular mode of relaxation, because then, as well as individuals being able to have a better understanding of the various forms of music, the whole standard of musical appreciation would be raised from the rather mediocre level at which it now stands.

Not only would classical music be given new life, but it is possible that all the worst features of "pop" culture would gradually disappear, and we would never again be subjected to the howls of out of tune "pop" singers, amplified to many times their normal volume and backed by the crashing of old tin cans and badly played electric-guitars, with the occasional nerve-racking solos of some poverty-stricken pianist! We can only hope that music will once again come into its own, and oust the torrent of worthless trash produced at the moment.

"Westminster Kennels"

IT will be hard to find a press for an article in which the words "Westminster" and "Dog-House" appear on the same line, for to present a divided front is shaming, even if the author himself is pro-party.

"Spiritual needs and spiritual desires reflect the SUPERIOR side of man's nature."—Barry Goldwater.

Elements of Goldwaterism have appeared even here at Westminster. Cries of "Our moral fibre is cracking," and worse, "Where have all the corps-fiends gone" ring out not only in the secret hide-outs of the studies of the repressed, but also among those in authority. These observations, it would seem, are based on some insidious and undefinable disease that has crept into the ranks. This new horror is manifested in the shape of several minor "growths" on the person of the victim. Common symptoms are:—

- (i) A beastly lengthening of the uppers of the shoe.
- (ii) A foul perversion of the true colour of the necktie.
- (iii) A mutation in the shape of a double vent at the back of the suit.

A mere glance at these terrors will convince the reader that Westminster is indeed in the Dog-House (for further proof see kennel-like interior to Rigauds, or college-hall meat enriched with Marylebone Jelly, whoever he is).

Sorry lads . . . of course we're in the Dog-House, but to misquote the inimitable Winston Churchill: "Some Dog . . . some House."

Open Discord

THE blood trickled down his arm like drops of crude oil spilling over the brim of a grading basin. He felt the life-giving poison squeezed into his veins and the almost immediate revitalization of his senses. A few moments more and he was able to discern an unsympathetic face above him. Flickers of disgust came into the bored eyes as the nurse stanchied the blood with a piece of cotton-wool. He winced at the sting of the disinfectant. Around, the grey-green walls of his room reflected the afternoon sun, and seemed to turn their eyes towards the table beside his bed where there lay a syringe and a small half-empty bottle.

He closed his eyes and relaxed. He no longer experienced any sort of kick from the cocaine—just a temporary soothing of the pain. Soon he would begin to feel the skin around his eyes become taut, pulling outwards as though it wanted to tear away from the corners of the eye. His heart would tighten suddenly, and a searing cold would creep upwards from his legs; crystalized sweat would cake on his mouth. Often they heard him cry out, but no one moved to comfort or help; for this was a cure.

Yet for the next three hours he was able to be at rest, and to think of his life before he was hooked. Three years as the most fashionable poet-artist in Chelsea; two years with Sara. Thoughts welled up in his mind.

Around this nigh-tormented frame
the feet of you and you,
the silent world, the wondering world
that forms opinions of a harassed name,
but does not, cannot, will not
know my feelings when unfurl'd,
do tramp away all hope
that seeks an outlet from this despairing soul.
For midst those feet a pretty pair
do pace, not grope,
unflinchingly.
How can she know the pain
she brings, when t'would be sorer
still for me, were she to understand
those overwrought emotions
thickening on the casing of my veins,
as a kettle's lime when almost overboiling;
soon, soon to be chipped up

and blown asunder by an idle wind,
the sodden worry of a saturated mind.

Not know, not know.

Weary helplessness encumbers

this plaintive brain;

concern, in vain,

conceives futilities,

believes that some appointed god or ghost

will snatch a chip of lime

and seek her, unawares,

to thicken her emotions

or subtly intertwine

our hearts, our lives, our minds

in all-withstanding unity

and love:

to prove

that much-courted sublimity

as true.

But then, not know not know not know

my tears.

The jaw fell open, and the grey, serated tongue pushed backwards as a weak, rasping scream pierced the silence of the room, seeming almost to crack the steady rays of sunlight, and, for a moment, the small medicine bottle was veiled in shadow. He felt the sharpness of the needle, and, once again, the forcing liquid in his veins.

Nine misty words scrawled on a crystal page;

the black hand so familiar

rested still. And straightway

uprooted beings sparked a fearsome carnage

and mind, now openly at war with soul,

queries helplessly, eager to belay

the cause of this forsaken state;

and seeks still now.

White robes, white faces o'ershadowed

by a brazen work of man, attest

unceasingly to God's supporting arms

in work, in joy, in art, in life; all is endowed

with strength-imparting peace—

both lilies in the field,

or dogfish in the Thames;

the gritted countenance of the blasting chain,
the horny clutching at a struggling fleece,
or the self-assured, sophisticated
finger-nails, that slice the cellophane
enveloping its world as God does his;
suggesting propaganda for their Lord,
to some infallible.
Yet molds of gold or brass forbidden,
displayed throughout
each incensed, sin-disguising sanctuary,
maintain the open discord
that abounds; man-created proof
to man-created faith
that cannot answer Why
with reason cogent, but remains aloof,
and turns to gold or brass or bronze
and points to man-created words
and then relies on hope,
but cannot cozen him
heart-torn who circumseeks
why love, god-given, god-maintained has faltered
from decadence onwards to decay; and gropes
till kindled by the Greek despised,
a sprawling mass amoebic
created by himself, unseen,
yet bulging forth before his eyes,
adequately represents
an introspective
god,
self-belonging and serene,
man-made for him alone
without dependance on a faith eternal;
able to sustain
a constant metamorphosis
employable to all mankind
according to its individual whim,
in its surrounding presence
unperceivable.

And other masses similar
are sought to solve the worries
that gnaw the souls of him or her or them;
for all when exorcized from faith
demand a touch-stone
rooted-deep,
unshakeable, that they may grasp,
minds unused driven to think
with reason from despair, only to turn
in grief repentant to their God,
or stagger, blackened to
oblivion.

SPORTS NEWS

Cricket

LACK of zest and concentration lost us the opening match against Busby's, and last year's pattern seemed about to repeat itself. Yet thereafter we had no dull or disappointing game. After an exciting struggle we beat the holders, Wren's, largely due to the remarkably cool and sensible batting of Lascelles (38 n.o.) and a swiftly-carved 20 from Hollings, who followed two fours with a straight-driven six.

After dismissing College for 100, we again found runs elusive, and were saved only by Green's astonishing 19 n.o. at number 10, winning by one wicket. We made amends, however, in our game with Rigaud's. Kemp (105) and Lascelles (56 n.o.) routed their bowling, and after two hours we declared with 236 for 5. They never looked beyond a draw, and seemed likely to achieve it; but seven close fielders took their toll, the last wicket falling in the final over.

Ashburnham made 166, but this target, our most formidable yet, was achieved swiftly, Craze making 77 n.o. and Maguire 47. We therefore entered our last match, against Liddell's, needing victory to ensure at least a share of the honours. Paniguan's 33 n.o. was alone noticeable in our innings of 132, but again our attacking fielding carried the day, and Liddell's were out for 109. As Busby's and Wren's obliged us by drawing, we won the competition outright.

Depending as we did so much on combined effort, it is hard to single out individuals; R. J. Green, P. G. Hollings, R. G. H. Kemp and D. H. G. Lascelles won their Seniors, and the latter must be one of the youngest ever to do so. Though we hope to repeat our success next year, we cannot expect to emerge the winners in so many close and exciting finishes.

Swimming

GRANT'S have had a very successful swimming season, and for the third year running won the Inter-House competitions. The term was started well by a good improvement in the House's position in the Standards competition, jumping from fourth last year to second. This success must be attributed to a considerable amount of encouragement and persuasion on the part of the Head of House Swimming!

However, prospects of success in the main competition were dim, because of the total absence of senior swimmers due to their participation in other sports. In spite of this, the juniors went in with considerable determination. M. E. Lonsdale won the butterfly, individual medley and the diving; R. G. H. Kemp won the breaststroke and freestyle. Our freestyle and medley relay teams came first and second respectively, but able assistance was given in these events by the seniors. And so, due entirely to the remarkable perseverance and success by the junior members of the team we won the overall competition outright.

We look forward confidently to next season, and hope to be able to repeat this success, for we expect to find a pair of powerful swimmers in Adams and Abrahams.

Water

GRANT'S retained only half-share in the Halahan, drawing with Rigauds. At the start of finals day we were represented in all of the finals except the Novice Sculls, but the day started disastrously with us losing the Double Sculls by three feet from Rigauds; then as was expected we lost the Junior-Senior Sculls, but both Chisholm and Horsley did well to reach the final, as did Phelps-Brown in the Junior Sculls; but he too was unsuccessful. The Junior-Senior IV rowed very well to beat Rigauds in the semi-finals, but in the final against Busby's the cox had an interesting disagreement with the Black Buoy and the opposition. In the Senior Sculls, too, fortune was against us. However, if Grants could win the last two races of the day we could still draw; the Junior-Senior IV, rowing beautifully, won easily, and as last year the whole regatta hinged on the final race, which was against Rigauds. Conditions were unpleasant with a slight headwind on a small tide, but the Senior IV rowing with four Pinks were only five seconds outside the record, and beat Rigauds easily, never lowering their rating below 36. So Grants at least had a share in the Halahan; and since we have won it for the last three years, this seems, in fact, to have been the best result, as it is bad for one house to monopolize the regatta for too long.

Our success in Water helped Grants to clinch the Squire Bowl for the second year running, and this time by a record margin.

Marinations

a mist matt moves over the water's face
drily
the straikeð fingers of the darkened foam
scamene and fade with palsied
passion
only to rescind
the dark wrack arches
of the nether shore.
a blue-skin moist-skin gullet
dropping excrement
kraken-waking skraaking
scalded miniscules
around the haaf by the air-peaked mountains
flaunts caressingly
the wisping tongues of pastel clouds.
craggy scales bloated leviathan
pressed in luminescent depths
aggressive orge
wrestles intermittently
with trailing propensities
flistering visions
begotten in a half-existent world.
piscine discipuli in shoal-fed fear
querulous
delude the führer of the deeps
in cessant incantation
to grey power pacing
fervent minds
aghast with sodden blasphemy.