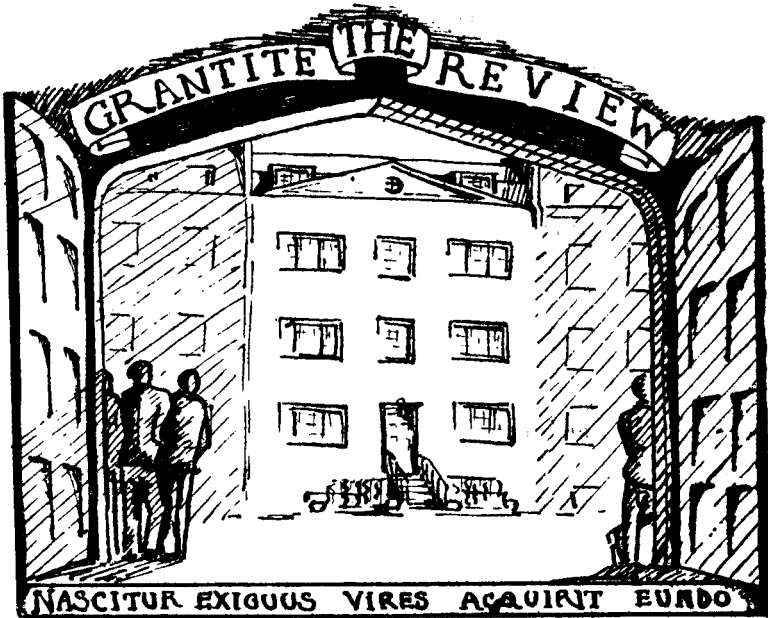


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## HOUSE NOTES

There left us last term: J. D. Noakes  
D. H. Weigall  
D. P. Dugdale  
J. P. Pollitzer  
N. R. K. Halpin

We welcome this term: A. D. R. Abdela  
G. B. Chichester  
C. H. H. Lawton  
S. E. Robertson

Congratulations to: N. Halsted on his Pink and Whites for Fencing.

and to: M. C. C. Heaton on his Half Pinks and Seniors for Shooting.

and to: E. R. Espenhahn J. D. Seddon and R. Pain on their Seniors for Football.

and to: P. J. Bottomley on his Colts and Juniors for Swimming.

and to: R. C. Beard on his Senior Colts for Cricket and Football.

and to: F. S.-Constable on his Junior Colts for Football.

and to: P. W. Semple and G. C. Pope on their Juniors for Fencing.

\* \* \* \* \*

J. D. Noakes was awarded the Clifton Steele Memorial Scholarship at Oriel;

D. J. Walton a Heath-Harrison Exhibition at Brasenose.

\* \* \* \* \*

N. M. W. Anderson is Head of House.

The Monitors are P. C. S. Medawar, J. K. Ledlie, G. S. Congreve and M. G. Hornsby.

R. V. Aston is Head of Chiswicks.

The Chiswickites are D. J. Walton, M. B. McC. Brown, J. T. Wylde, C. K. Channer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Head of Hall is C. E. Manderson.

The Hall Monitors are A. Pain, S. C. Pollitzer, G. C. Pope and R. D. E. Spry.

## EDITORIAL

All great schools pride themselves on inventing their own games. Scruffy magazines give glossaries of their technical terms, reaching through the misty aeons of time, or at least to the Victorian period; Gilded names in the school pavilion proclaim the glories of their past in everlasting memorial; and, over the mantelpiece stand interminable rows of moustached old boys leaping into the air in knee-breeches and striped jerseys, touching down three-cornered balls on the other side of the half-way fence and strutting back like politicians who have won their case with an air of dignified self assurance. If you look you can see Uncle Stanley, only you can't see anything but his rear. Then there are the trophies, monumental growths carrying oars and boots given by that military benefactor, Mannington-Mannington, in 1882.

In fact, success in manoeuvring a ball through a ridiculous maze of local rules is still the only way into the Cabinet, and brilliance in some obscure activity the route up the commercial ladder. These things are the example of that English preoccupation with social exclusiveness which is the key to its good heartedness.

What better way of introduction, indeed, to an elder statesman than that you too played for Bumbridge? So Eton keeps its Wall games, Winchester its fives, Rugby its rugger.

Yet, what can a Westminster, alone in society, say that he excels in? He must admit, let's face it, that he plays squash. True there are some very peculiar sports at Westminster.

On Shrove Tuesday we play at catching pancakes, a survival of that day when if you wanted anything to eat you had to fight for it, obviously a modern custom. Also, on the coldest day of the year half the school traditionally collects at Hammersmith Bridge and with nothing except their underclothing on, run round the Roehampton Reservoir while the other half eats doughnuts. But success at this confers no distinction, no way out when the host handing out a glass fully aware of one's embarrassment exclaims, "Oh, Charles, nice to see you—now you were at Houndle—what did you say you played?" A pause follows, then, "Really?"

Yes, the reason why no politician ever emerged from these halls is because we play no game worth taking seriously. What is needed is something exalted, a game so exotic, so burdened with rules, so mutually exclusive, so complicated that even the hearty is forced to admit at last that he cannot follow. His face falls and, oh blessing! changes the conversation. At this point the Government can no longer be a monopoly.

With a little ingenuity the intelligent Westminster, and there may still be such a person, might invent a revived custom, and this is precisely the point of our editorial.

There are in the Abbey a certain number of old monuments and statues—useless things which the authorities are determined to send away anyway—whose sole purpose is to cover up the barbarity

of the existing Gothic building. The Chapter is only too delighted to be rid of them; at least, since the Chapter ruined the School there is no reason at all why we shouldn't ruin their Abbey. Bearing in mind then, the practical aspect of our question, imagine a hot sunny day in the month of August.

It is Confessor Monday. On this historic commemoration of the translation of Edward, the college juniors with the Undermaster lift the tomb on to the old trolley and run it at full speed down the dark cloister [this part of course dates from the translation itself]. As it emerges the School shouts "Vivat Unnede" and cheers. The Tomb is then laid on the centre of college garden and surrounded by other honoured statemen, wheeled out also, say, Gladstone and Disraeli. The Headmaster bows to the royal family and intones "Ire licet."

By this time the opposing teams are lined-up. The ones on the left towards the canons wears blue top hats for Whig, the ones on the right red for Tory and now at the signal the teams dash forward their white capes flying in the breeze. Their aim is to throw a coronet, now alas made of rubber, into the face of the opposing statesman, to knock him off his pedestal. The fighting is always lively and Peel was lucky to escape last year in three pieces. By now Gladstone has been bowled over three times, and after refreshments of ale and black sausage the teams resume from different "Houses." Finally, the Reds win as they always must by stepping on to the central tomb. The Headmaster presents the golden guinea to the losing side, which of course is never actually given because, as the story goes, the previous Headmasters had always spent it before the occasion.

It is this sort of game which every petty institution would with the years have taken up, with a special Westminster green, plaster casts and plastic hats. Then we shall get the recognition we deserve, at least if not for having won the battle of Waterloo on the playing fields of Eton, for having bungled the Crimea on the pitch at Vincent Square.

After this it might almost be worth keeping the gilded photograph of one's own sportsmen.

## HOUSE DIARY

"More is learned in publick than in private schools, from emulation," once stated Dr. Johnson, and following this he said "There is now less flogging in our schools than formerly but then less is learned!" There in a nutshell are his opinions of the education of English youth. It all really depends on what one comes to school to learn and to appreciate. Too few people appreciate the real importance of living; by this I mean the pleasures, nay delights, of lying in bed, and sitting in conversation over tea and hot buttered crumpets, which is seasonable at this time of year. Instead, one observes the populace rushing en masse out of College Hall meals without having appreciated first of all the joys of eating in a sixteenth

century monastic dwelling and secondly as the hymn succinctly puts it, "What social joys are there!" Doubtless to most people that phrase is followed by a question mark, but I cannot impress too strongly on readers, the importance of sitting over tea.

How little time is spent in meditation these days. As the Chinese-American Philosopher Lin Yutang puts it, "It is amazing how few people are aware of the value of solitude and contemplation." The art of lying in bed means more than physical rest. Indeed this philosopher is quite the wisest of individuals for he laughs at those who keep three telephones on their desks and pride themselves on rushing about all day, because they will never realise that they could make twice as much money if they gave themselves one hour's solitude awake in bed before getting up. This of course is not a philosophy widely adhered to up Grant's, and more is the pity, say I. Confucius, that great artist of life, always lay in bed curled up on one side, and in this posture great plans were conceived. Why then, is not more attention paid to this pleasing aspect of life? Nine tenths of the world's most important discoveries are come upon when the discoverer is curled up in bed.

To dwell on Lin Yutang a little longer he appears in favour of some of the school routine for in two of thirty-three happy moments Chin Shengt'an says "To hear our children recite the classics so fluently, like the sound of pouring water from a vase. Ah, is this not happiness?" and "To have just finished repaying all one's debts. Ah, is this not happiness?"

The diarist at this stage appears to have said nothing about Grant's, dwelling primarily upon what he thinks the essence of a good house; but there is little to say about Grant's, which has not already been said. There are points of interest of course; there always are. A new tea pot has appeared at tea, so that buns no longer have to be squeezed out before eating. Chiswicks now sell that beverage, coffee, at 1½d. per cup to others in the house. We are assured by word rather than by taste that it is not made with acorns.

Grant's in other respects is still the Grant's of old though there are many schools of thought which occupy their entire time in trying to establish just what the Grant's of old was. People just come and go and Old Grantites occasionally return, to see that all is in order. They have lunch Up House, look around the studies and smell the soap. This supplies them with an everlasting memory of the (dear) old place. There are always the fairly ripe episodes which occur from time to time, but one need not mention them. Old Grantites, on reading them would speak disparagingly, "Oh, yes, but when we did that, let's see now, it was the year Dancing Owl won the handicap, we forced an entrance through the Jerusalem Chamber."

The diarist feels at this point that he has had his say. He leaves his readers to peruse the rest of this tome, mighty in dimension, to possess fuller knowledge of "this and that."

## HI-FI AND THE STUDY MENTALITY

At the moment Buckenhill has the use of the house gramophone and Ferney has a tape recorder, whenever the owner is careless enough to leave it unlocked. Now the gramophone has, this term, been subjected to a strong bout of Tchaikovsky's 4th Symphony as it was to Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherzade" last term. Both gentlemen wrote highly colourful, romantic music, which seems to be very popular. But downstairs on the other hand, the repertoire seems to consist largely of the last Play Supper, Tom Lehrer, and an American humorist whose name I forget.

Now why this remarkable difference between Buckenhill and Ferney's repertoire? Why should the upper floor (geographically, not socially) want the classics while the lower floor does not?

Can it be that, by instinct of altitude, Buckenhill has higher musical tastes than Ferney? Would it be possible for the House's classicists to tell us that the inspiration of the muse, coming from above, first reached the upper floor and has not yet reached the lower floor?

Or could it be simply that the mind of Buckenhill revolves at  $33\frac{1}{3}$  revolutions per minute, whereas that of Ferney progresses at only  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches per second . . .

### WHY ?

"I wish that I hadn't given the children that computer for Christmas," said the elegant woman by the table near the window to her equally elegant companion. "You really can't imagine what a trial life has been these last few weeks. The other day they borrowed their father's robot mechanic and took the hovercar to pieces. Now they're reassembling it as something else. It looks like a cross between an aircycle and a bed-making machine, and what is more my dear," her voice changed almost to a whisper and she leant halfway across the table fixing her friend's eye with a look somewhere between despair and defiance, "they refuse to reveal what it is. They say its a secret. Henry is furious!"

"I always said those interchangeable parts would prove a menace," replied the lady with the fashionably green hair sitting opposite her. "My husband has always refused to have anything to do with them. He spends all his time tinkering around with that quaint old car of his, you know, those machines with wheels that have to be filled with all sorts of liquids before they will go. It makes a horrible noise, more than five decibels, and every year we career down to Southend along with all the other old junkyards. It's quite fun really, except that one feels a bit silly trying to look twentieth century, I mean fancy those hats!" Her affectedly tired voice assumed an inflection signifying utter disdain. "We really will have to do something about it you know, dear. Henry is actually considering applying for a court order to punish the children, but

you know what that means. All those psychologists trooping in and out all day. I simply couldn't bear it! No, I suppose we'll just have to try and reason with them. Ramses is quite an intelligent boy for his age really. His teacher says they don't usually do the theory of relativity with children under nine, but apparently he's particularly sensitive to subliminal training and that's pulled him on above the others. As for Hecate she's a little devil. I believe she put Ramses up to this. She's always looking for trouble. I really ought to have her seen to. But oh those psychologists! Must they always wear beards? I suppose it's part of their uniform. One never knows nowadays with these civil servants. Ever since the postmen started carrying balloons . . ." "Oh Flora, dear!" broke in the green hair with a kind of apoplectic laugh, "How can you be so naive? Postmen carry balloons because it makes us all feel good. They're a jolly, friendly sight, and it makes one think of written communication as a gay, happy pastime, and that's a good thing 'cause then we'll all be friends forever. Besides, it takes the weight off their feet. As for psychologists, you know they're all anonymous!"

At this point a tall, grey haired man entered through the window of the eating place, adjusted his gravitator compressor and descended, with a faint whisper of escaping helium, beside the woman called Flora, where he remained hovering like her. "Darling something unexpected has happened," he remarked out of the side of his mouth in a mid-Western drawl quite out of keeping with his city-gent get up of a blood-red nylon suit worn with a black polo-neck sweater and a pair of spring-heeled black ankle boots.

"The children again, dear?" asked Flora. "Yes," said the red suit. "Well it's no secret. I've just been telling Gargoylia here what absolute little beasts they've been in the last few days. And do stop talking like that! You really must give up this subconscious marketing technique. Just because Shulberg was brought up by a coal-black mammy it doesn't mean you can make him buy plasto-crete by giving him a second childhood. What is it now?"

"They've started to use that machine of theirs." "Well, that's something, the suspense was killing me." "But Flora, you don't understand. It's a mechanical mole. They've set off for Australia." and as if in a gesture of despair he sank about a foot toward the foam-rubber floor of the establishment. "How charming," broke in Gargoylia, "They'll be able to visit their Aunt Jane." Henry was clearly in a quandary.

"Have they ruined the garden?" enquired Flora after a contemplative pause.

"The lupins must be well on their way to the centre of the earth by now, and as for the summerhouse, well, it's gone off by itself." "Gone off by itself?" inquired the green hair. "How peculiar. Mine never did that."

"Ours follows the sun," chipped in Flora, "up to now its always been very reasonable about it. Well," she shrugged her shoulders, "I suppose it might come back tomorrow morning."

“ You women are all the same,” rasped Henry chewing furiously and to no foreseeable purpose at the end of a coffee tube projecting from the table. “ To hell with the summer house! What about the children?” “ They must have worked it all out on the computer. They’ll come to no harm,” replied Gargoylia, patting her hair as she regarded her reflection in the vacant television screen sunk into the table. “ You really are awfully old fashioned Henry, especially when it comes to child care! What does it matter? For goodness sake allow them to have some fun! They’ll be back in a week, and then you’ll have your hovercar again. In the meantime you can rent one, or use a turbo-scooter. And anyway, who wants real lupins when plastic ones are better? And they keep their scent for ever. After all you can cover up the hole with some of your silly plasto-crete, a good advertisement I should think. Imagine it! the only link between your garden and the antipodes! How does that slogan go?” Life’s a treat with plasto-crete!” I never understood it, but still you go and put it into practice! You could even stick a few plastic lupins in it. Well, I must go now. Got to be in Istanbul for lunch, with the Mercurian ambassador’s wife. She eats pure carbon. See you next week!” and with that she flew out, leaving her companions brooding gloomily on her enlightened suggestions.

Just at that moment the flow in my coffee tube ceased and I realised that I had drunk my full five cents worth. Leaving my table I hovered out into the thruway reflecting on the peculiarities of human behaviour.

### A THIRD PROGRAMME

At the moment there is some controversy whether a third television programme should be formed, and whether the viewing hours should be extended. To both of these questions my answer is undoubtedly in the negative. There is too much television already without adding more, because you can be almost certain that any new programmes put on would contain very weak material, and I think it would be preferable if the two present television authorities concentrated on what they had got at the moment rather than subjecting us to yet more third-rate American films. Already we are seeing far too many of these, mainly Westerns and detective stories, the majority of which are particularly gruesome and surely unsuitable for younger viewers, who thus begin to accept violence as a commonplace thing, which results in their imitating Western heroes and becoming violent and rowdy, and this is surely one of the causes for the rise in juvenile delinquency.

Television is fast becoming a great threat to cinemas and theatres, for nowadays the attitude of most of the public is that they cannot be bothered to turn out at night to see a film as they can be entertained for nothing in their own homes by television.



This leads to people becoming unable to amuse themselves, and so they have to be constantly entertained by others. It seems unfortunate that on Sundays also we should again be subjected to such programmes as the "Sunday Break," which deals with religion for the "teenagers." Against a background of raucous pop music and the blaring of saxophones, some unfortunate clergyman tries to explain the Bible to a crowd of "poor mixed-up teenagers," who are alleged not to be able to understand religion when they go to church, but who have to have it thickly spiced with "rock 'n' roll," before they are able to comprehend it.

Recently it was revealed in America that many of their television quizzes and panel games had been frauds, and that contestants had gone on stage with a foreknowledge of the answers. This I am glad to say is not the case in Britain, though I cannot help thinking that the questions asked should be a little harder. I once saw a programme in which one of the questions was, what is the strip of water that divides England and France? and I can't think that money being won quite so easily has a good effect on the viewers.

One of television's main faults is that it encourages mass-produced thought in the section of the public that watches television; it means that they do not read many good books and instead watch television, consequently the only things they learn are from that. Therefore the two television authorities have an obligation to the public to show at least a few films of educational value. Many people argue that commercial television should do away with the advertisements, which I think would be a good thing, but what people forget is that without them I.T.V. would not exist for it is not subsidised by the Government as the B.B.C. Even so I think that they could be modified and not quite so frequent.

Television in itself is not an evil, but its scope could be broadened and the continual stream of Westerns and detective films checked, it could be turned into a well balanced and educational mode of entertainment, provided of course that other good material could be found to act as a substitute to the former programmes.

#### COMPOSITION, 1960

Filtered essence of man, strange formula of pain  
Mingling in mutual embrace of silent joy;  
Silence of unstrung violins piercing the still, dark night,  
With bows of silver calling forth the moon.

Wind of the moon and twinkling crown of stars  
Come down to fight the unholy mate of Death:  
Death's awful dragon put to eternal shame  
And ever grinding the living essence of man,  
Grinding  
Grinding into  
Nothing.

## TO GLENELG WITH COMPANY

The train puffed laboriously out of the dark station into the evening sunlight. I went to the dining car at once and seated myself opposite a tweed-coated gaunt looking gentleman. He spoke in a broad Scottish accent and I managed to make out that he lived at Perth and that his son, although not scholastically inclined, was a bell ringing prodigy at Gordonstoun. He left fairly early and it was then that a young man in his late twenties sat down next to me. He being a lieutenant in the Navy, our conversation soon turned to matters maritime. He tried hard to express his views on the Navy's future. I cannot recollect much of the conversation, so either the Navy must have no future or I a bad memory.

I was joined by a fellow-traveller at Crewe. He got on at about 10.0 p.m. and did not cease talking till well after midnight. Five foot six inches tall, fair haired, and slight, my friend presented an ordinary enough spectacle. He was cheerful and from his voice was born and bred in the Midlands. At this stage I had no more time to assess his merits. His first question was, did I know the name of the engine? Without waiting for a reply he said as quickly as he could speak it, "The Duke of Kent—I worked for him before I had to leave." This rather astonished me so I asked him what had happened. He explained that he and the cook had been firm friends. The latter, in a fit of anger, hung up one of his lordship's dogs by its harness in the meat safe. I was assured by my friend that this had been with good reason. "That pesky little dog was always round your legs yapping at you." The duke went to get the dog some meat and found his precious pet hanging securely by its harness from a large hook. Needless to say still yapping loudly. The cook left and with him my friend who had been assistant cook. Apparently he was on his way to work for the owners of "Black and White" Scotch whisky.

The next morning I woke up early to find it bitterly cold and the day grey and gloomy. On each side of the train rose up rugged mountains, grim and austere in the half light.

I got out at Kyle and was met by my friend. We made our way to the quay, me lugging my large suitcase.

This was Kyle and here, passing through the streets was a truly comical sight; an incomplete band of pipers all dressed in different costumes. Marching in front a trifle uncertainly was a thin long-legged man, swinging his drum major's staff with such incompetence that it seemed as though he might, very soon belabour himself about the head. At the rear of this procession strutted a small stout man with hardly a hair on his head. In his hand he carried a large hamper. We found it hard to suppress our mirth, so much so, that the little man shot several disapproving glances at us. It appeared that this motley gathering, like us, was making for the quay. Once there, they stopped and gathered round our stout friend; whereupon he opened his hamper and produced some

dozen bottles of beer. He must have been the band's director. We had not long to wait for the boat and on seeing it rushed to the end of the quay. A man grabbed my suitcase and threw it down into the bottom of the boat among various disreputable packages. I myself was spared this, but in a more stately manner boarded the boat for Glenelg.

## ANTONIO VIVALDI

In a decade when the music of Vivaldi is enjoying an increasing popularity it is perhaps important to say something about the man himself. During his lifetime he was famous and his music was performed throughout Europe. But soon after his death or even a little before, his music passed into a state of neglect. His works no longer appeared on concert programmes and even in Italy, his home country, he was forgotten. Bach was victim of a similar fate except that he had never known such success or repudiation as Vivaldi. It was not until 1829 that Bach was presented to a wider public by Mendelssohn's performance of the "St. Matthew Passion."

Bach honoured Vivaldi and it is evident that he considered him as one of the greatest living musicians. This is amply shown in the Bach transcriptions for organ and harpsichord, substantially from the well known set of twelve concerti, *L'Estro Armonico*. It was not until this century that Vivaldi was recognised as not only the precursor to whom Bach owed his initiation into new forms of instrumental music but also an innovator, and the creator of the solo concerto, pictured earlier by Torelli.

Vivaldi's remote ancestors are unknown. As early as the thirteenth century his name is found in Italian archives. Antonio's parents were Venetians and he himself spent most of his life in Venice. His father was a violinist at the ducal chapel of San Marco and it was for this cathedral that the oratorio "Beatus Vir" was written. In this work there is a double choir and a double orchestra, specially designed for St. Mark's, which has a double choir loft and two organs. The orchestra consists of strings and two oboes.

The family of Vivaldi did not occupy a high social position in Venice and this is amply illustrated by Antonio's three brothers. Bonaventura, the eldest had requested for permission to marry outside Venice for dark purposes; Francesco was a barber, and was banished from Venice for laughing at and imitating a local dignitary, and Iseppo, the third brother also incurred the penalty of banishment, for sporting with a dagger at the stroke of two in the morning in the precincts of San Giovanni Crisostomo. He lightly wounded a grocer's boy, who then fled.

The exact date of Vivaldi's birth is unknown, but he was probably born in 1678. This has been worked out by following his ecclesiastical career as priest, from the Register of Ordinations in

Venice. He was nicknamed "il prete rosso," the Red priest, on account of his red hair. He was tonsured in 1693 and took minor orders in 1696 and holy orders in 1699. His ministry, however, was very brief and this is probably owing to an incident during mass when Antonio left the high altar and repaired to the sacristy to write out a fugue subject, returning a few minutes later. The Inquisition regarded him as a musician which was the same thing as a madman, and forbade him to say Mass any longer.

However, Vivaldi himself in a letter written in 1737 wrote: "It was twenty-five years ago that I said Mass for what will be the last time, not due to interdiction or at anyone's behest, but by my own decision on account of an ailment that has burdened me since birth." This ailment is likely to have been asthma as the Italian suggests a tightness of the chest.

Vivaldi spent nearly all his life teaching in the Seminario musicale dell' Ospitale della Pietà, one of four musical establishments in Venice, where homeless children were sent. Often these children spent all their lives in such an establishment, and owing to many deformities of body all musical performances were heard only, the performers being hid from view. These people were trained exclusively in music and paid for by the state. There is a delightful contemporary account of one such concert; . . . Moreover, they sing like angels and play the violin, the flute, the organ, the oboe, the cello and the bassoon. They are cloistered like nuns. It is they alone who perform, and about forty girls take part in each concert. I vow to you that there is nothing so diverting as the sight of a young and pretty nun in white habit, with a bunch of pomegranate blossoms over her bar, conducting the orchestra. There is a painting by Guardi in Munich which illustrates this description well.

Rousseau, the philosopher was profoundly moved by these girls' concerts. "Ugliness does not exclude charms," he said in his *Confessions*, "and I found some in them. I said to myself that one cannot sing thus without soul. Finally my way of looking at them changed so much that I left nearly in love with all these ugly girls."

Vivaldi himself was influenced by such composers as Torelli and Locatelli, and these in turn influenced the younger musicians such as Tassarini. Though Vivaldi is primarily known for his concerti and instrumental music he also wrote countless operas, many of which were very fine. The only ones which have been edited so far are "La Fida Ninja" and "Juditha Triumphans." Most of these manuscripts lie in the museum and library at Turin. It is impossible to conclude this article without mentioning the four concerti which have been largely responsible for Vivaldi's revival. These are "The Four Seasons," each season is described in a concerto of intricate conception complete with a lyrical text possibly written by Vivaldi himself. They are masterpieces of descriptive repertory, and of the four Winter or Fall is the most delightfully rustic and descriptive. In the first movement the strings have a most chilling

effect, blowing horrid winds at us in C minor as a critic once phrased it. The slow *Siciliano-largo* is one of Vivaldi's most beautiful conceptions and is filled with expression of the countryside from the beginning to the end. His *Siciliano* movements of which there are a great many, always illustrate him at his best. The soprano *Siciliano* in the "Gloria" is a fine example of this, also the *Siciliano* in his flute concerto, "The Goldfinch." His concerto for violin and oboe also contains a most pleasing movement of this nature. It was such movements that are said to have attracted Albinoni, another contemporary, so greatly. Marcello, Geninani and Platti were also greatly influenced by Vivaldi's concerto form. "It is as a prototype of the Classical Symphony that the concertos of Vivaldi deserve our attention first of all" wrote an important musicologist earlier this century.

There are few or no instruments for which this highly prolific composer did not write. He wrote concerti for the trumpet, horn, Viola d' Amore, piccolo, flute, oboe, bassoon, violin, cello and mandolin. The oboe in fact is valued by more than one composer of this period as the equal of the violin. The oboe concerti of Vivaldi, Albinoni, Valentini and Marcello bear ample witness to this. Such a state of affairs worried the great violin composer Corelli. It was an oboist whose success, it is said, darkened Corelli's last years. Perhaps Vivaldi did not expect so much from the oboe as did Bach, who treated it as André Pirro said "as the outstanding soloist of the orchestra in the realm of Pathos (L'Esthétique de Johann-Sebastian Bach). With flutes Vivaldi was more straightforward but in a way more effective, for he exploited the imitation of birds so successfully, that the effect is indescribable, other than saying that there is no tune or harmony more delightful.

Altogether Vivaldi wrote some four hundred and fifty-four concerti of which one hundred and twenty employ wind instruments. His complete works number five hundred and fifty-four pieces, to which there has recently been added a flute sonata acquired by Cambridge University Library in 1940.

The end of his life was, as in so many cases, a very tragic one. Both the date and place of his death remained obscure until quite recently. It has been found out that he died in Vienna in July, 1741. He was buried on July 28th in the cemetery of Burgespital, one for indigents. He died of an internal inflammation, probably to do with his earlier ailment. He was entitled only to "the kleingleuth" or ringing of bells for the poor, which cost two florins, thirty-six, to six pallbearers and to six choirboys. The cause of his poverty was largely his own extravagance, for a nobleman buried by night would have eight pallbearers, twelve choir boys, and six musicians. From that year until earlier this century the genius of the Baroque was forgotten, but now he has been well established as a composer of outstanding versatility and invention, whose music contains originality and potentiality exploited to its fullest extent by Bach, his most ardent admirer.

## DEATH DUTIES

Oh walls that are so tall, so grey, so bare,  
Wherefore does no plant or living thing grow there?  
Is it because of the memories that haunt  
You or because the woman, now gaunt  
With age, who tended your wandering Wisteria  
Now with her daughter walks the area  
So small, so cold, so bare.

## AS ONE ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Blind, senseless,  
Frail monsters of an age;  
Dare never meditate: your minds,  
your lives—a putrid cage.  
But yet—we are peculiar  
who stand and gaze  
on flowing water.

Drift, sinking, rolling through  
the pattern of life's ways:  
Dragging currents, sucking pressure  
to a continuous maze.  
Dare never think nor meditate;  
Laugh not  
at we, who know,  
and gaze  
on flowing water.

What beauty lies outside that river—  
But who can see  
Whose eyes see what they want to see  
or nothing through opacity  
yet everything with monotony  
Then heed ye not those orbs that blaze?  
The eyes that know—  
“For love is with understanding.”  
We know,  
and gaze—  
apart—  
on flowing water.

## HOUSE FOOTBALL

In the Seniors competition, held this season in the Play term, Grant's were not an outstandingly strong side, and it was no discredit to the team to lose 2—1 to Ashburnham in the semi-final after beating College 8—1 in the first round. The College match was played at Grove Park in thick fog, with visibility down to a few yards, and this naturally led to a rather scrappy game, though Grant's had little difficulty in overcoming a weak College side. The forward line worked well together, with good support from the half-backs, and the defence was seldom in trouble.

The Ashburnham match was a very different story; on paper Ashburnham looked considerably the stronger side, with a particularly dangerous forward-line, but this seldom got going really effectively. The match was played Up Fields, with a very heavy downpour in the middle of the game, which appeared to dampen both the skill and spirit of the Ashburnham side, for the second half very definitely belonged to Grant's. With two inexperienced wingers, Grant's concentrated on passing the ball down the middle, in the hope that Hall might be able to force his way through, but although these tactics were employed effectively Hall (admittedly sometimes unlucky) did not have one of his happier shooting days. On a wet surface the ball tended either to stick in the mud or to skid through fast, and this did not lead to accurate shooting on the part of any of the forwards. Grant's had little of the play in the first half, and were fortunate to restrict Ashburnham to a single goal, but the second half went very differently; the forward line showed more spirit, and with the wing halves in strong support began to play well together, while the defence tackled quicker and kicked harder, if not always with great skill or accuracy. Midway through the second half Grant's equalised when Hall forced the ball into the net from a through-pass by Ledlie, and this spurred the team on further still. But this enthusiasm for attack left holes in the defence, and the Ashburnham right-wing was completely unmarked when he scored his side's second goal. Hard though Grant's pressed, a second equaliser just would not come, and by the final whistle Ashburnham had regained some of their earlier control over the game.

The team played by no means badly, though the forward-line promised rather more than it achieved; Summerfield and Strickland-Constable on the wings, and Hornsby and Espenhahn at inside-forward showed some neat passing, but lacked the drive to finish the movements off, and as a result Hall was too often left without support. The defence was just the reverse; gaping holes and uncertain covering, caused partly by people playing in unaccustomed positions, led to some desperate situations, but the enthusiasm of Medawar (captaining the side at centre-half), some good goal-keeping by Langley, and the steadying influence of Seddon at left-back, somehow contrived to keep Ashburnham out. The half-back line played well; Ledlie and Pain at wing half provided a forceful link

between attack and defence, while in the centre Medawar allowed the opposing forwards little rest. All in all, a very reasonable display.

The Juniors match was not so satisfactory; the competition this season was played on a knock-out basis, and we lost to Liddell's (admittedly a strong side) by 5—1 in the first round. The match was played on the 1st XI pitch Up Fields, and the overriding impression left by the game was that the pitch was far too big for the players; both sides tended to crowd round the ball, and failed to make any use of the wide open spaces. The first half was very one-sided, and only some fine goal-keeping by McNeil confined Liddell's to two goals, but the second half was a little more encouraging; with Manderson at centre-half, and Strickland-Constable at centre-forward, the team at last found a little of the rhythm which had been so lacking earlier on, and although three further goals were conceded, this was due rather to an improvement in the Liddell's play rather than to any deterioration on Grant's part. The forward-line was an almost non-existent force in the first half, but it improved later on, and a goal came from Strickland-Constable after a brilliant run by Summerfield down the left wing. The defence, as was perhaps to be expected, was very shaky; hard tackling and determined kicking were not to be seen, and only Bottomley and Beard provided any worthwhile resistance. Manderson, captaining the side, was a tower of strength at centre-half, though not so successful as leader of a generally lethargic forward line. More effort was needed all round.

The Grant's league team has the happiest story to tell; played 11, won 9, drawn 2, lost 0, with goal figures of 68—8, is indeed an outstanding record. Ledlie has captained the side on most occasions, while Pain, Espenhahn, Davies, Gale, Langley and Summerfield have all contributed greatly to the side's success.

## ATHLETICS

Congratulations to M. B. McC. Brown who, unexpectedly to most people, won the long distance race by sixty yards, within two seconds of the Givan record. This is a remarkable achievement. Where Givan ran on a fine day Brown ran through the rain, where Givan collapsed at Putney, Brown finished imperturbable, splashed and spotted, but hardly out of wind.

This was not of course an extempore performance; several years of training in school and out were needed to convert the insignificant runner of 1957 into the Olympian of 1960. But there is no doubt that given the timing he could have reduced the record by five seconds. Since Givan's 1958 record was considered unassailable, this must be acknowledged a feat by any standard, perhaps the highlight of the year. We hope that by publication date the mile will have fallen, the citadel of Westminster sports.

The standards competition should be fairly lively, Medawar is expected to excel in the field events; Seddon, Manderson and Strickland-Constable in others.



## HOUSE MUSIC

There are now a large number of very interested musicians in the house, and their future will be watched with interest. The emphasis is on woodwind players which is both usual and to a certain degree understandable, but more people must be exhorted to learn a stringed instrument for there is always an urgent need for them. Last term there were two informal concerts, and so far this term there has been one. Six of the eight items on the programme included Grantites in varying capacities, but the success of these concerts lies very much in the support which they receive. Audiences fluctuate enormously, depending upon the programme, but even so people seem to be finding less time for the more leisurely entertainments of the school. H. S. Davies (clarinet) and D. S. Stancliffe were two in a trio which played Mozart's Divertimento No. 1 in B flat. This opened the programme and was very pleasing, being well in tune and in good spirit. N. S. B. Tanner, a young and most promising violinist, played a piece by Adam Carse, and N. M. W. Anderson and D. S. Stancliffe sang the bass duet "Potens in Terra" from Vivaldi's setting of the 112th Psalm, "Beatus Vir."

The choral society are singing Haydn's Imperial Mass this term, and a setting of the 100th Psalm by Holst. The orchestra are playing Beethoven's Symphony No. 1 and an arrangement of the F Major Organ Toccata by Bach. Rehearsals for both these societies are being held Up School, now that the old room has been translated into a carpentry shop. School is not an easy building in which to rehearse either orchestras or choirs, though it is acoustically good. There is a fearful draught unless all the doors are closed and even then, after an hour's rehearsal everyone begins to feel very cold. The concert this term will be in Abbey and the choir will be supported by some eighty voices from the Greycoat Hospital School as in the previous two years.

## LIT. SOC.

Lit. Soc. at least the most conscientious play reading body at Westminster, has a duty to present those works which one would not normally tackle in school hours. We have attempted some fairly obscure stuff. "Prometheus Unbound" by Shelley, in which Mr. Keeley read The Spirit of Earth, was all but incomprehensible. After hours of its magniloquent poetry one is left with a feeling of one-up-manship that at least no one else has got to the end. "The Beaux Stratagem," of Farquhar, proved one of the most lively of the Restoration comedies, not too lewd. We have also kept up with modern continental thought, running part of the policy of the last secretary. Sartre's "Crime Passionel" seemed to lack, however, something of the pointedness of French drama in translation. It was the sequel, as it were, to last term's "Lucifer and the Lord."

Of the modern English School, Osborne's "Entertainer" was representative not only of his writing but of much contemporary London Theatre: a good piece on the whole. Eliot's "Elder Statesmen" got a hearing, after being hounded by the critics, and proved relievingly straightforward, purposely simple but rather more like a story than a play. There is nevertheless food for thought in it. We have had only one musical evening, a selection of Italian renaissance and eighteenth century pieces by Nicholas Anderson: very choice indeed.

## THE BISHOP OF NORWICH

On Thursday, January 28th, the former Bishop of Portsmouth, the Rt. Reverend William Launcelot Scott Fleming was enthroned as sixty-eighth Bishop of Norwich. The enthronement of a bishop is a rare occasion indeed and the service was a most moving occasion. The Cathedral itself was most beautifully illuminated, showing up the ancient Saxon throne of Herbert de Losinga, first Bishop of Norwich and founder of the Cathedral church. The choir sang Stanford's *Te Deum* in B flat and the anthem "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace" by S. S. Wesley. After the Bishop had been presented to the people he gave his address. Following this came the hymn "Ye watchers and ye holy ones," which concluded the service.

## OLD GRANTITE CLUB

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

For the calling of the Annual General Meeting on the 9th November, 1959, the Executive Committee tried the innovation of sending to all members of the Club an invitation card to a cocktail party up Grant's in the name of the President, with the notice convening the meeting on the back. As a result, approximately one hundred Old Grantites assembled for the meeting, a number very considerably in excess of those who have attended on previous years. In making his report for the year, the President referred particularly to the loss the Club had sustained by the death of Doctor G. R. Y. Radcliffe, and mentioned the circulation during the year of a list of all members, which he believed to be appreciated. Arising out of his report there was a discussion as to a suitable presentation to the House in Quatacentenary Year and it was resolved to present two new desks with accompanying chairs for the day rooms. Sir Adrian Boulton was re-elected President for the ensuing year, supported as Vice-Presidents by Lord Adrian, Mr. P. J. S. Bevan, Mr. E. C. Cleveland-Stevens, Mr. G. F. Pitt-Lewis, Lord Rea, Mr. Geoffrey Stevens and Mr. L. E. Tanner. Mr. R.

Plummer was re-elected as Honorary Treasurer and Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee as Honorary Secretary.

At the conclusion of the business the members adjourned to the cocktail party, and it is hoped that in future years even larger numbers of Old Grantites will avail themselves of this opportunity of keeping in touch with their fellow members.

#### OLD GRANTITE NEWS

We congratulate Mr. N. P. Andrews, J.P. (1913/17) on his election as Chairman of the Elizabethan Club.

We also congratulate H. Ward (1945/50) on the birth of a daughter (he is still at Geelong Grammar School); D. N. Croft (1945/50) on his marriage (he is now i/c Medical Division of B.M.H., Tripoli); C. R. Hayes (1948/53) on his marriage; and R. P. C. Hillyard (1949/53) on his engagement.

R. F. Wilding (1948/52) is in a printing business in Shrewsbury.

N. D. K. Evans (1954/59) recently joined H.M.S. Venus as a Midshipman on a cruise to W. Indies.

A. M. Rentoul (1955/57) is now Head of School at St. Clement Dane's as well as Captain of Rowing.

#### CHANGES OF ADDRESS

It will be much appreciated if any Old Grantite whose address changes will notify the Honorary Secretary, at 2 Little Dean's Yard, S.W.1.