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# Editorial board





## Editorial

In this magazine we have tried to include something for every member of the school community. We also aimed for a balance between written and pictorial matter. We hope that everybody will enjoy something, that somebody will enjoy everything and that most of our readers will enjoy most of what we have printed.

With your help, the next issue can be even better!

This magazine was compiled by:

GILL INGOLD

PAULA BRACKEN

SUSAN COLLINS

JUDITH CLARK

MELANIE WEARING

The following members of staff do not wish to be associated with the magazine (for reasons printed on pages 1 to 30), but they would like it to be known that they did an inconceivable measure of work!

SENRA B YNOT

YARG LLESSUR

YLTHGIK SSOR

KCUD DLANOD

March 1977



I sprang quickly up in bed; the sheets were wrapped awkwardly around my body and perspiration seemed to be endlessly running from me; my eyes were streaming and I felt very cold. Gradually I began to relax all my aching muscles. It was another nightmare; the terrible kind which filled my mind with memories and all the horrid, sordid details of my past life. I said a few words out aloud to calm myself. "You are O.K., it's all over". I looked to the window. The moon sent bright rays plowing through, which made evil wicked little shadows on the walls and although I'd been told many times not to think of the past, slowly I found myself creeping back into Memories ..... I had always been one for the bright lights, pictures, parties, discos. I loved the taste of adventure and, unfortunately, danger. My parents didn't honestly care what I did as long as I didn't involve them. I didn't go to school much. I just didn't see the point; the work was dull and at the time seemed to me to be totally worthless for later life. At 16 I 'got in with the wrong crowd' as they say and my old haunts became mucky pubs and dark street corners.

One night I was at a party when suddenly everybody began taking pills. "Go on, have one", people had said, "Pep you up a bit, that's all". I, like an easily-led fool, took one - anything to be in with the gang. It was great that evening, just fantastic. I'd never felt better. I saw what I wanted to see and I said what I wanted to say. If I wanted people to look big then they would look big, if I wanted people to be small then they would be small. On talking to flowers I found that they answered me. The only thing wrong with that night was that my joy didn't last for ever. The next morning I felt as though I had a giant-scale hangover. From then on things went from bad to worse. I moved into an old house where I lived with a group of hippies and at the age of 17 I was using hard drugs and really in a bad way. I made a very close friend in the commune and the ending of her life became the beginning of mine. It took lots of courage on my behalf to go and ask for help but seeing the closest person to me killed by the dreaded five letter word gave me that courage. I sound like a sentimental twit but I felt as though she had given her life to save mine. It just didn't seem to affect the others, though, and George, a religious freak, said "Sister Liz, the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away". I was ashamed of the commune: they just couldn't care less.

At first I thought that kicking the habit would be easy but I can't even begin to describe how hard it was. I felt like a little baby dependant on my mother's milk, only I was dependent on heroid. If people had put me in chains and said "No, no more", I think that I would have died but the institute helped me to stop. It was a slow and painful process whereby I had to be gently weaned off drugs. They used to put me in a room to dry me out. I couldn't eat, sleep or do anything. The humiliation of them having to bath and dress me sometimes proved too much and my frustration would often turn to violence and I would just kick anything that got in my way. I spent lots of nights screaming and pulling chunks out of my hair. These fits would end by me shivering and then cracking up, and sleeping. Once I caught sight of myself in the mirror. My big puffy tear-stained eyes, red running nose, and in contrast pale, almost white complexion, looked positively frightening. I was extremely thin and just awful. I think that I have that mirror to thank for helping me to succeed. It took ages for me to straighten myself out and when at last I did it, I went to church and prayed; I actually prayed .....

I shudder now just to think of it. It was early morning now and I decided to dress and go for a walk. As I stepped out into the crisp April morning I noticed a sort of bright dust in the air. I could smell the freshness of the flowers from the little row of gardens and not a cloud spoiled the skey of never-



ending blue. Everything I saw seemed to be haunted by a lost loveliness. I strolled through the park and watched the ducks busily bobbing up and down in the search for food. I thought of how lucky a duck with no pressures from the outside world. However, all this beauty failed to cheer me. By 8.30 I was getting really nervous. I had an interview for a job. Only shop work but anything would do. I had already been to several interviews but they turned me down. Whether it was from lack of experience or not I don't know. At ten to nine, I sat waiting outside the office. I suddenly became aware of the endless loud ticking from the clock and I wanted to run out and go back home. Some sort of invisible glue stuck me to the chair, though. "Next, please", said a voice. I rose rather shakily and went in. The interview appeared to be going well until my past records were looked at. "Oh, yes, well, um". I was really scared. God, I need this job, I really do. "I'm afraid we have no vacancies at the present. However, we'll be in touch". I could have wrung his little neck. I felt so mad but I just upped and left silently. Society is bloody cruel. I at last began to realise that it was the fact that I had been a drug addict that was stopping me from getting a job. Hell, it's so unfair. As I made my way back to the flat the little street was alive with people scurrying everywhere, like little white mice, but I was a black mouse who had some kind of social disease. I felt really bitter.

It was a sharp, shrill voice which penetrated my thoughts. "Hey, Sister Liz". The voice was uncomfortably familiar "you old dog". I turned and my thoughts of who owned the voice were confirmed. It was George. After talking for a while, George asked me to come back for a visit. I didn't want to. "Com on; hell just to see your old friends." I was reluctant but something made me go. I knew I shouldn't but it was as if some really tight elastic was pulling me back, making me go. The outside of the house where they were living was terrible. "Neat, eh? Just moved in" said George. Some creep was sitting in the doorway. "Peace", he said, and raised a filthy hand to me. I managed to force a smile on to my face. The inside of the house was worse; the damp stained walls and crumbling ceiling, the whole room was decorated with dirt and dust and in fact the whole house had slumped slowly into decay. I met everyone again and we laughed and talked. Then suddenly someone began to inject. Something inside me went funny and I began to want some. Everywhere I looked I saw people taking. "Want some?" said Sue.

"Er, no", I forced out.

"O.K.", she said. I dug my fingernails so deeply into my hands that I drew blood.

"Relieve yourself, sister" said George. I ground my teeth. Pressure seemed to build up at the top of my aching head, pressing down on to me. I couldn't run. I just shouldn't have ever begun to take them. The thought of my dead friend failed to stop me and as I plunged the hyperdermic syringe into my vein I realised that the saying "Old habits die hard" was undoubtedly true - and that the third word in the saying would eventually apply to me.



## WHAT SORT OF PERSON ARE YOU?

1. When surrounded by company, do you find your main theme of conversation is:
  - a) the economic situation
  - b) boys
  - c) differential calculus and last night's homework.
2. Which TV programmes do you prefer:
  - a) Crossroads
  - b) Six Million Dollar Man
  - c) Doctor Who
3. If you have a problem do you:
  - a) cry
  - b) go and buy a record
  - c) solve it
4. Which sport do you enjoy:
  - a) football
  - b) sleepwalking
  - c) hand-gliding
5. If your friends come, do you:
  - a) play records
  - b) play monopoly
  - c) ignore them
6. If you saw a shark when you were swimming, would you:
  - a) chase it
  - b) punch it on the nose
  - c) pretend to be another fish
7. If you were going to elope would you:
  - a) arrange to go with a boy
  - b) arrange to go with a friend
  - c) ask your parents first
8. Which article of clothing do you first put on in the morning:
  - a) your crash helmet
  - b) a record
  - c) your pyjamas
9. What qualities do you look for in a boy friend:
  - a) looks and appearance
  - b) intellect and personality
  - c) money
10. If you were going to a desert island would you take:
  - a) a record token
  - b) Mr. Walker
  - c) a box of Exlax to keep you going

### Score

1. a-1, b-2, c-3
2. a-3, b-2, c-1
3. a-1, b-3, c-2

### 22-30

Super-smashing kid. You obviously like gardening, fishing & window cleaning. A real lateral thinker!!!

4. a-2, b-1, c-3
5. a-1, b-2, c-3
6. a-3, b-2, c-1

### 14 - 22

You are an average bore (yawn). Learn from Crossroads how to be an interesting person.

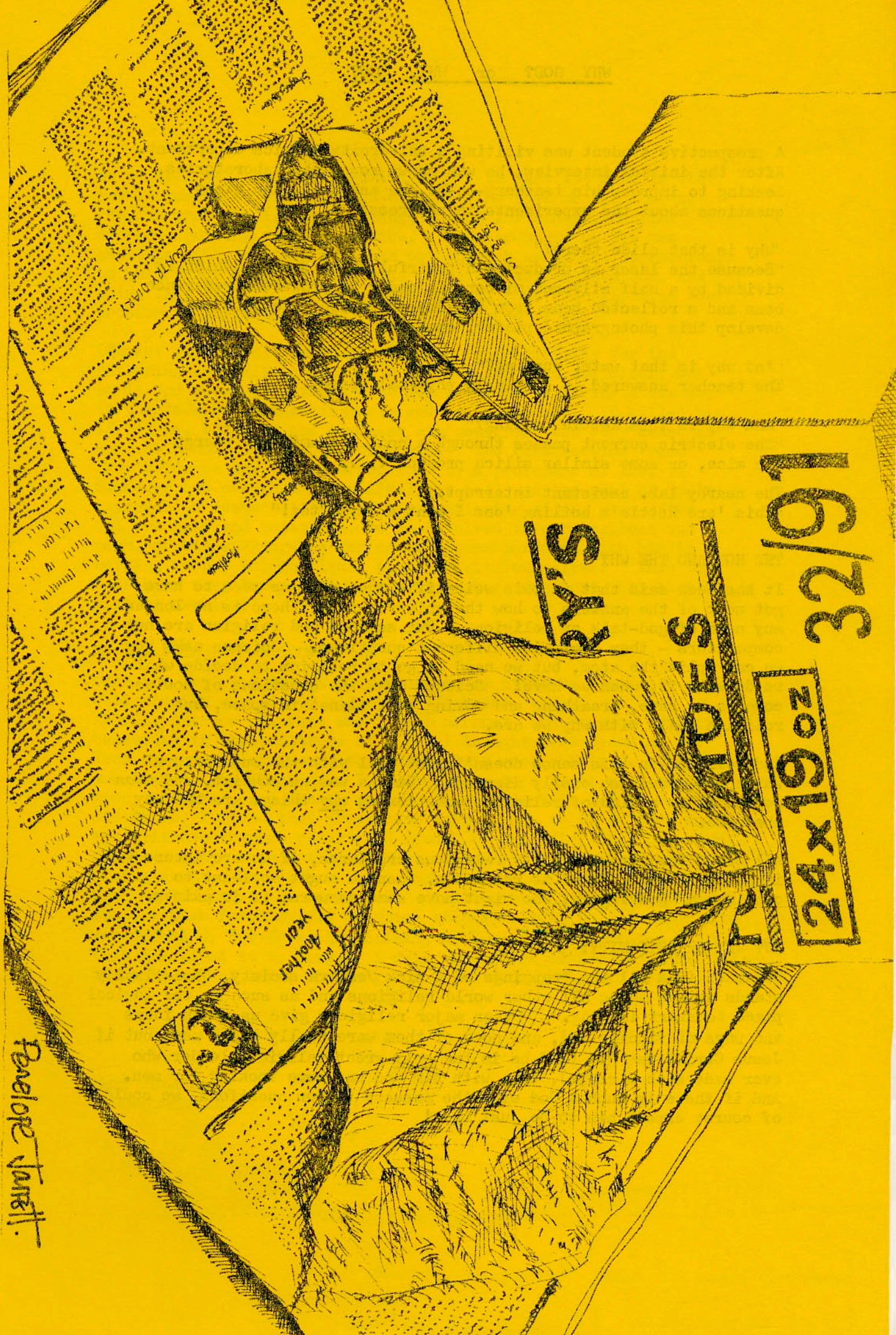
7. a-2, b-3, c-1
8. a-1, b-3, c-2
9. a-2, b-3, c-1
10. a-1, b-2, c-3

### 1 - 13

You obviously have a problem. We suggest that you write to Dear Doris.



Penelope Jarratt.



2Y'S

ADRES

32/91

24x19oz



## WHY GOD? or WHY, GOD?

A prospective student was visiting a university physics department. After the initial interview, he was shown round the laboratories. Seeking to impress his teachers-to-be, he asked all the right questions about the experiments in progress!

"Why is that slide there?"

"Because the laser is producing a powerful light source which is divided by a half silvered mirror, in order to produce a reference beam and a reflected beam from the object, which interfere and develop this photographic plate", came the reply.

"And why is that water running?"

The teacher answered in similarly physical terms.

"And why is this kettle boiling?"

"The electric current passes through a coil transmitting energy via mica, or some similar silica product ..... "

The nearby lab. assistant interrupted,

"This 'ere kettle's boiling 'cos I want a cuppa tea!"

### THE HOW AND THE WHY

It has been said that in this scientific age, when we seem to have got most of the answers to how the universe runs, there is no longer any need of god-talk or religion. But science and religion are not competitors - they deal with different questions. Science asks how we can split the atom, but we need to go to religion to decide what we do with it, when we have! Science asks the questions of how we come to be here, breathing and moving on a planet in space, but religion deals with why we are.

And religion in this sense doesn't just deal with the supernatural which some would so easily discount: Buddha was an atheist, and even communism is a kind of religion, questioning why things are the way they are.

All of us then are basically religious creatures, if we are interested in asking "Why?". And if religious, then we ought at least to consider a "god"figure, who might have some answers, if it exists.

### BUT WHY CHRISTIANITY?

Detached from all the trappings of a sick Western society, Christianity stands unique among all other world religions and as such is the logical place to start looking. Other major religions give us men's ideas and ways of finding God, and some of them were really great men, but if Jesus Christ was God (and he is the only great religious leader who ever made such a claim), then with him God has come looking for men. And if there is such a God with the answers to our questions, we could of course expect him to do just that!



So we look at Jesus, scientifically! We have the data in the New Testament of his life and claims. He says he has come to show us what God is like, loving, caring for others, healing disease, putting right injustice. He also shows us how men ought to live, willing to stand out against wrong and oppression, to put others first, to help the poor: in all to love God, and being like him, to love and serve others. He also explains the problem of suffering, a major "why?" of most of us!

It is not comfortable reading! Our own responsibility for the suffering and evil in the world is revealed loud and clear, but so is God's own preparedness to get involved in living a new way in the face of rank selfishness and uncaringness. It killed him of course, but love and goodness are powerful, the very heart of God, so cannot finally be destroyed. The resurrection (read "The Evidence for the Resurrection" by a professor of law, to discover how overwhelmingly likely it is!) was the seal of God's approval on Jesus's life, and his continuing offer, even after all our hate and rejection, to be involved in our problems and mess, of his willingness for us to become partners with him in working to put things right, starting with ourselves! This God does have very far-reaching answers to our questions, but they're hard to swallow!

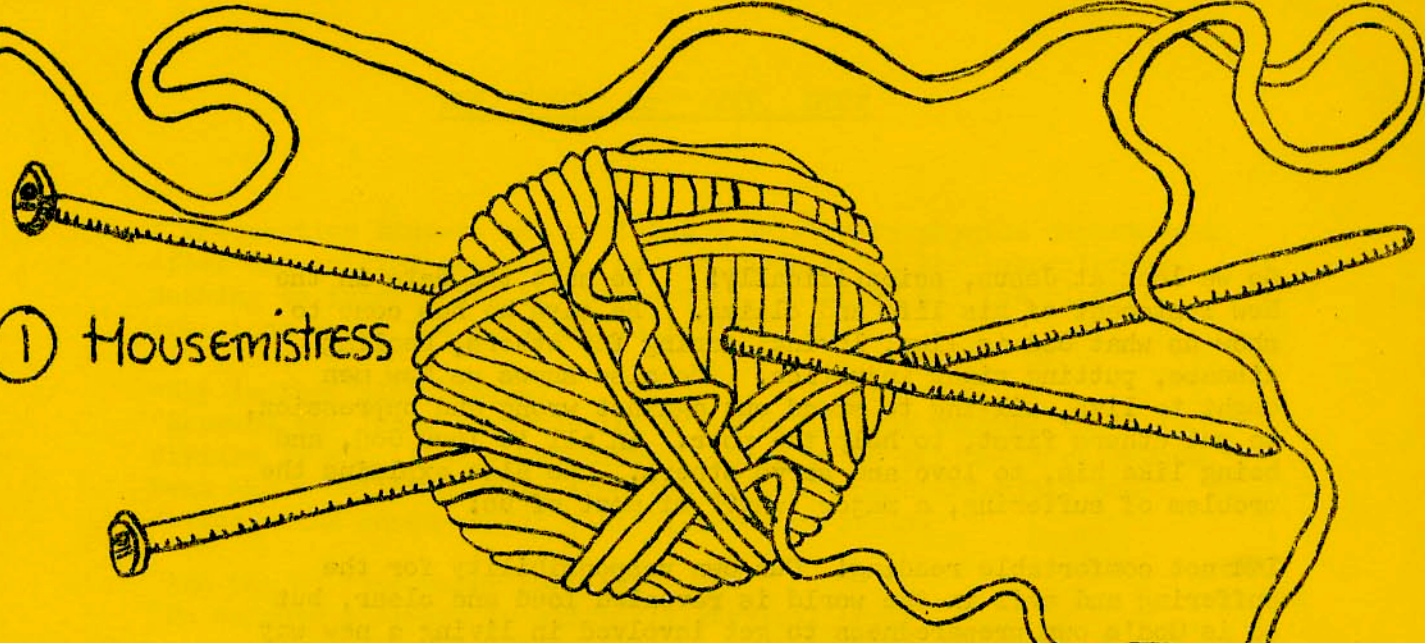
#### MY OWN VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

From the age of fourteen to seventeen, my attitude towards Christianity was one of slight indifference. O.K., it was around, but how relevant was it for me now? My reasons for not believing in the existence of a god I thought were based on the lack of tangible evidence to substantiate such a belief, but when sometime in the Sixth Form I did go along to a local church youth group and then to a Sunday evening service just to see what they did there, I found that everything said I knew to be so true about my attitudes towards others and myself. And after what now seems an age, as the evidence mounted up, I decided to become a committed Christian, and have since found that the evidence has become even more convincing. Far from being disillusioned with taking such a step, I have found myself becoming stronger in my beliefs, not from any pressure, but from the position of having put something to the test and found it to work. I fall very short of the mark, but it's the only way of life, so I'm going, with God's help, to press on!

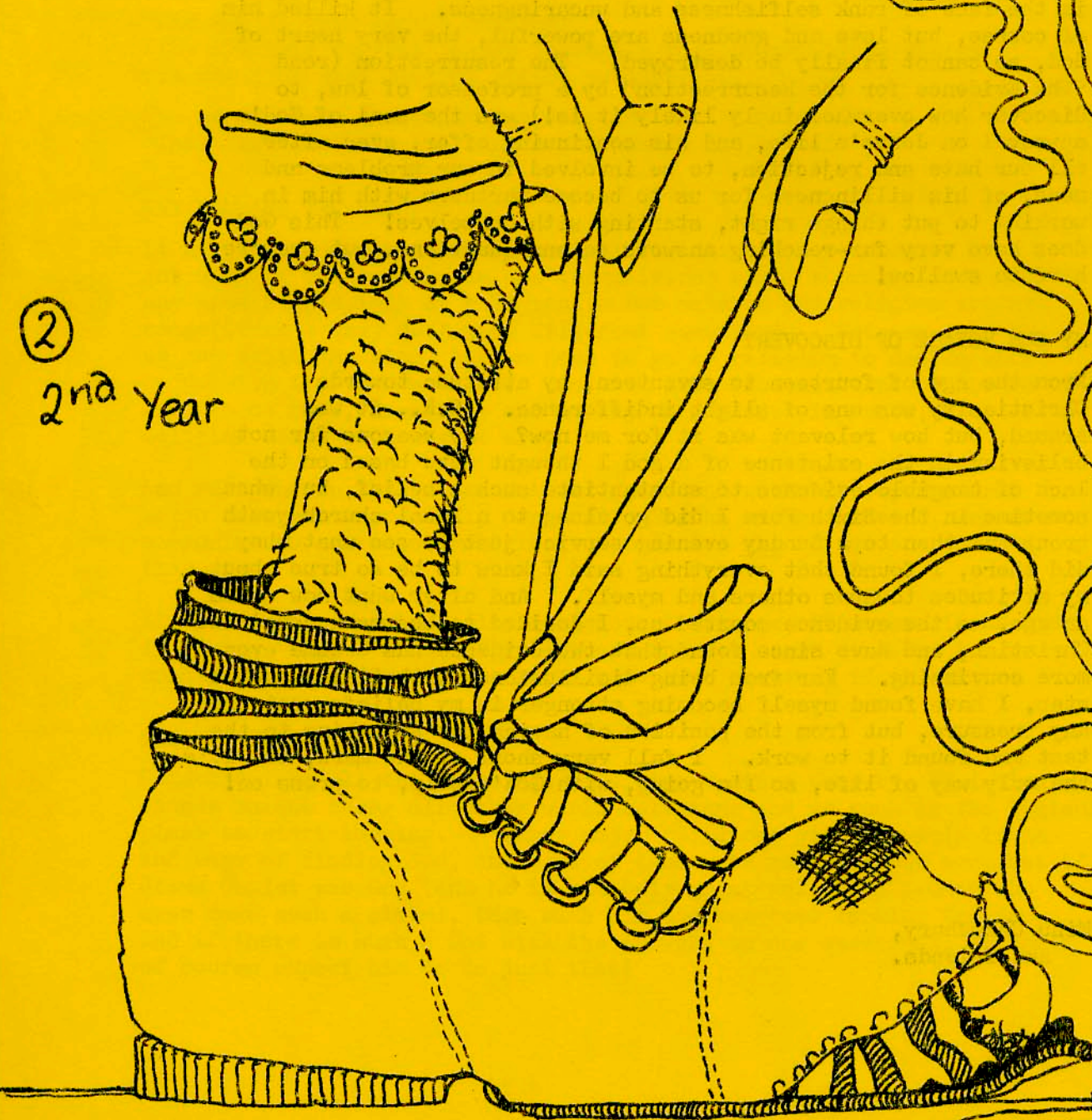
Minu Chowdhury,  
and friends.



① Housemistress



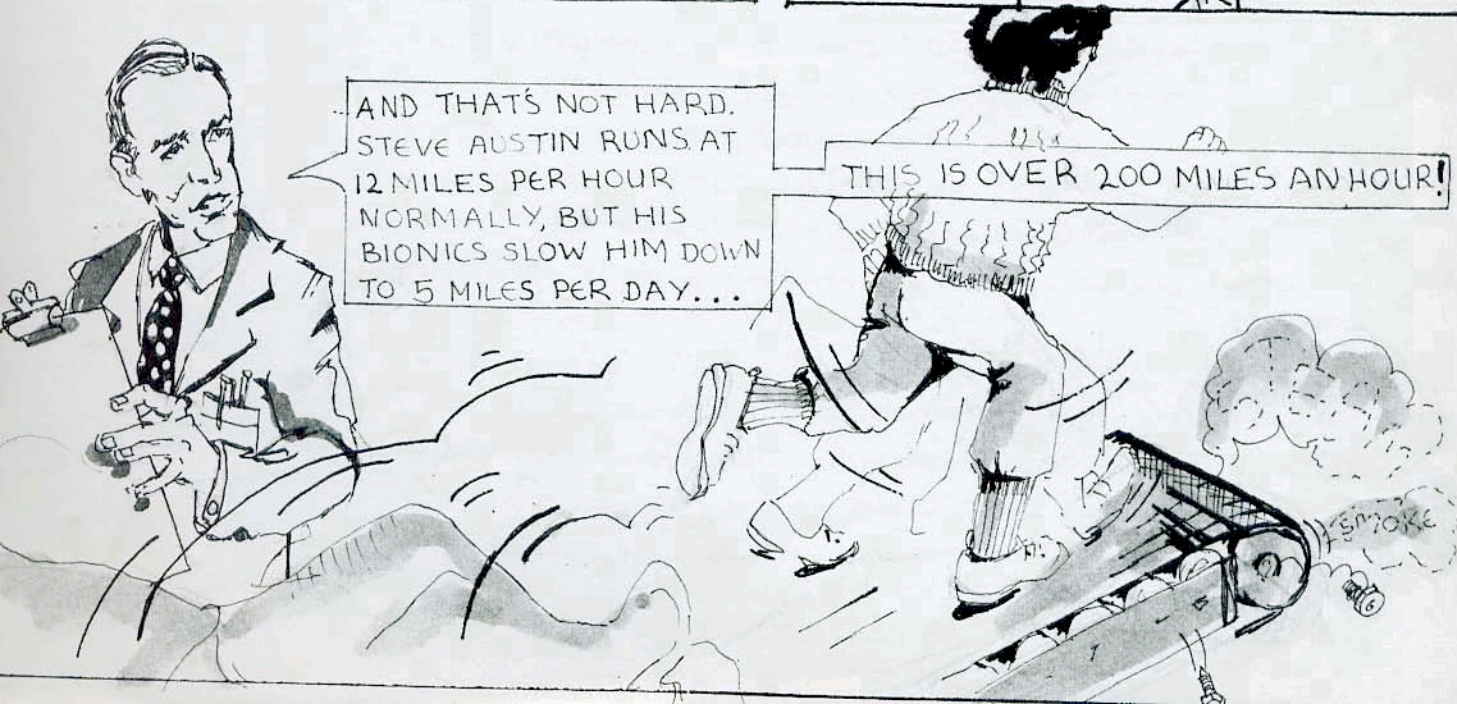
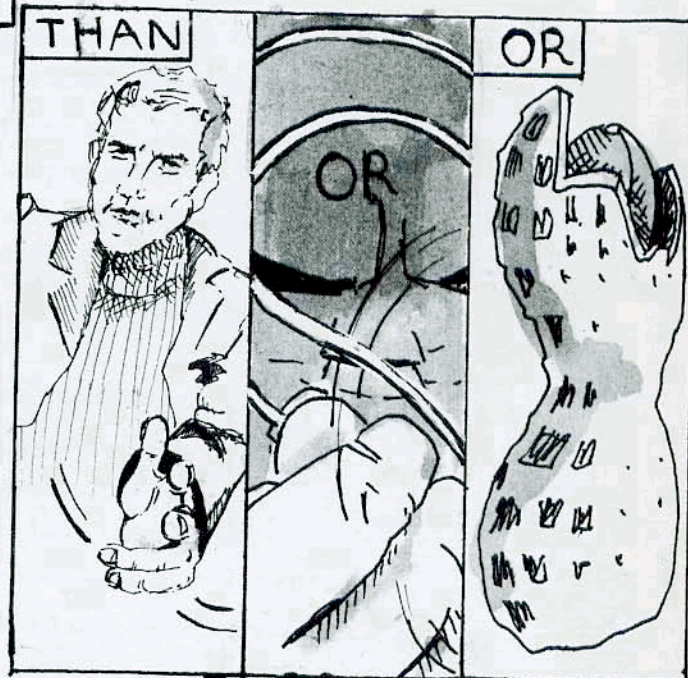
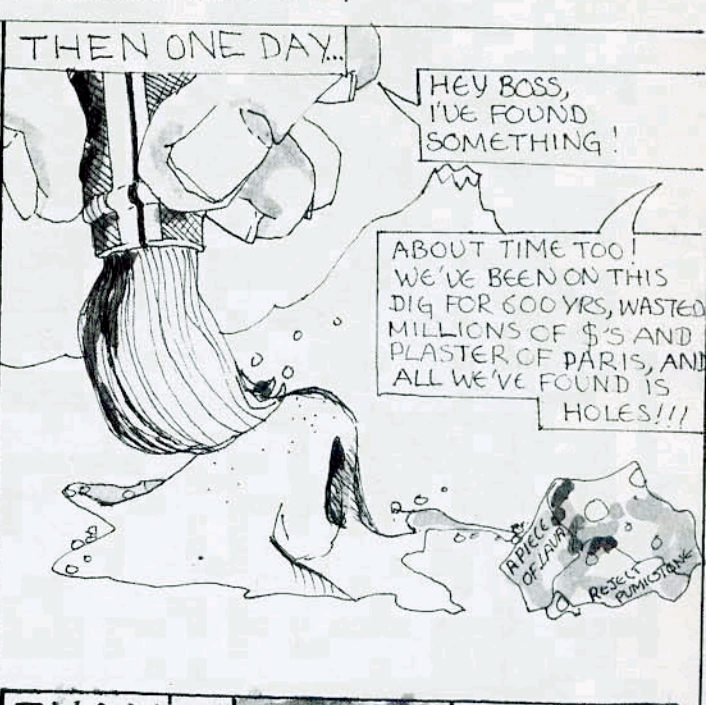
② 2nd Year



Identify these 2 well known Sydenham School personalities. (Illustrations by Rebecca Romp)



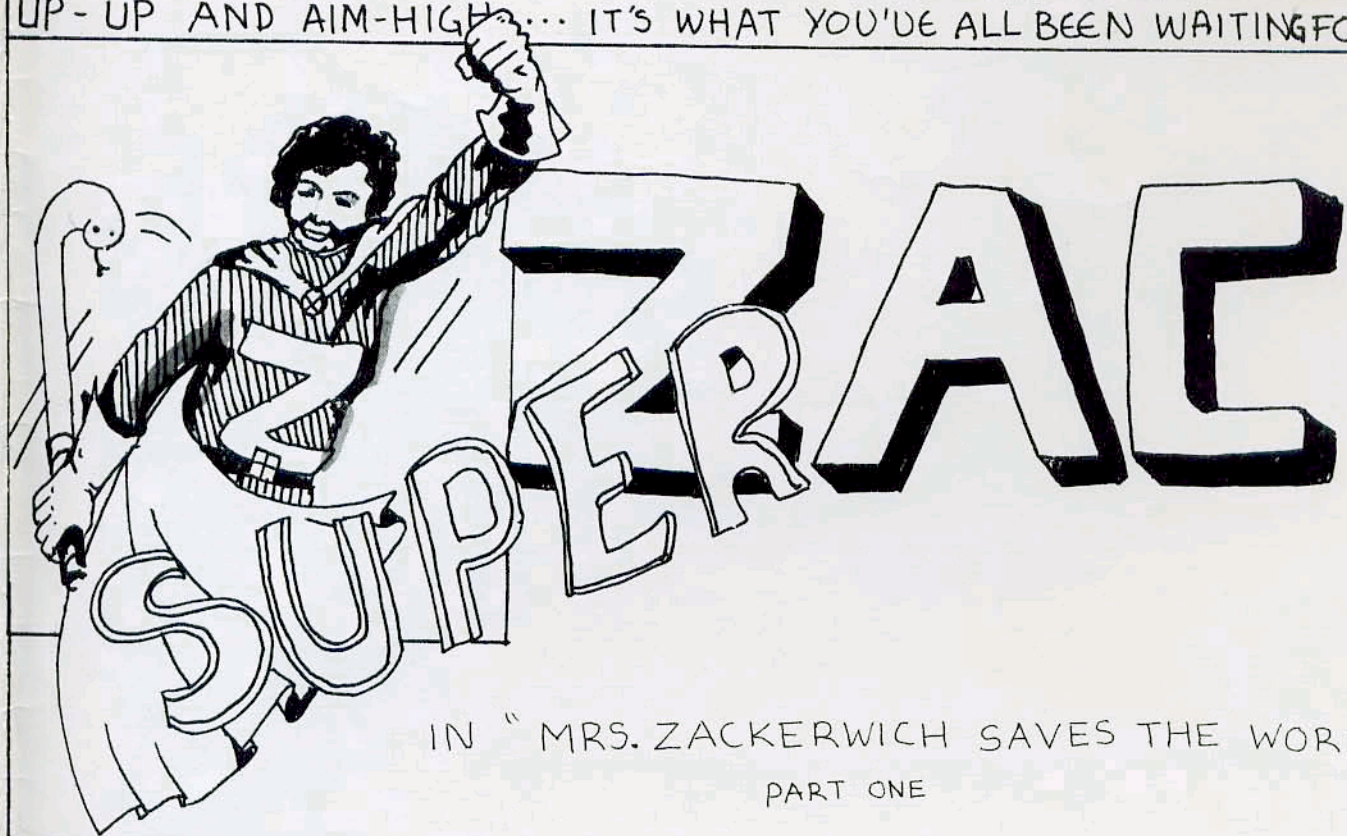
IN AD 79 A GROUP OF UNKNOWN EXPLORERS, THE LAST OF THEIR RACE, PERISHED IN THE ATTEMPT TO TRACE THE SOURCE OF THE LAVA AND THUS FIND THEIR LOST CITY... INSIDE MOUNT VESUVIUS...





AND THUS... WAS BORN...

UP-UP AND AIM-HIGH... IT'S WHAT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR...

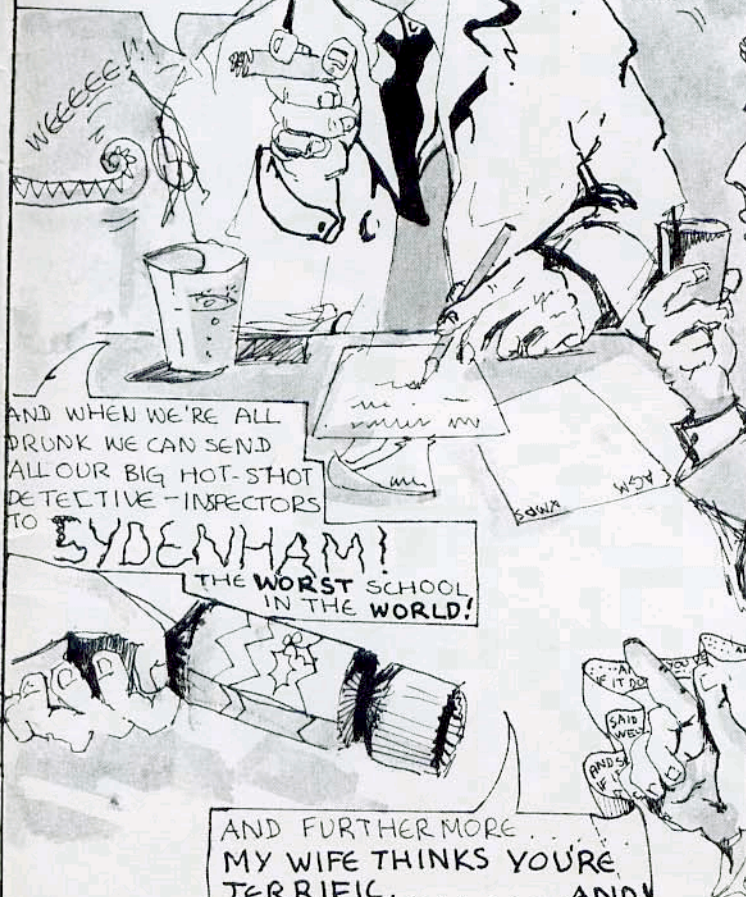


IN "MRS. ZACKERWICH SAVES THE WORLD"

PART ONE

GENTLEMEN, ONCE AGAIN OUR AGM FALLS ON XMAS EVE, WHICH IS JUST TERRIFIC BECAUSE WE WON'T BE DISCUSSING ALL THOSE THINGS WE ALREADY KNOW... LIKE THE SITUATION OF OUR SCHOOLS... BUT THAT'S TERRIBLE AND NOW MAGGIE'S LEFT WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT ANY WAY, SO WE CAN HAVE OUR PARTY...

WELCOME TO THE XMAS I.L.E.A. AGM.



AND WHEN WE'RE ALL DRUNK WE CAN SEND ALL OUR BIG HOT-SHOT DETECTIVE-INSPECTORS TO

SYDENHAM!

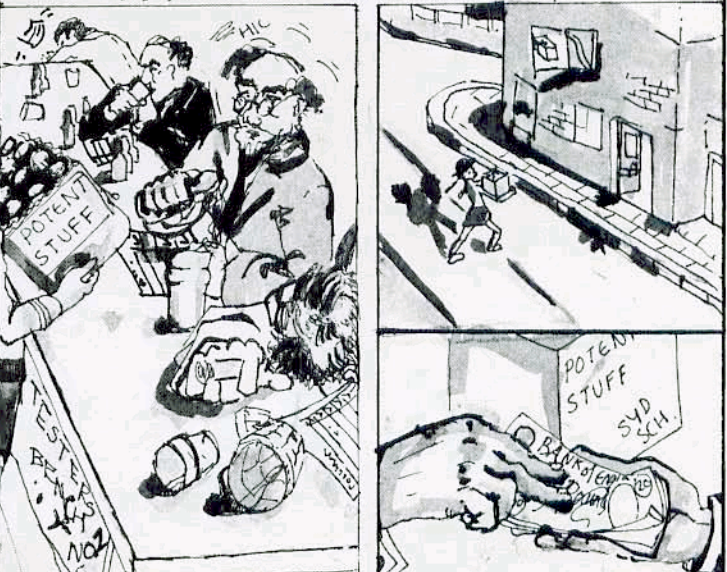
THE WORST SCHOOL IN THE WORLD!

AND FURTHERMORE... MY WIFE THINKS YOU'RE TERRIFIC... AND!

MEANWHILE... BACK AT SYDENHAM...



...TROUBLE WAS BREWING...



(EVEN THOUGH THE EXPERTS GAVE SATISFACTORY RESULTS... AND TRANSACTIONS, PERFECTLY NORMAL)



...AND ALL IS NOT WELL!



HORRORS!

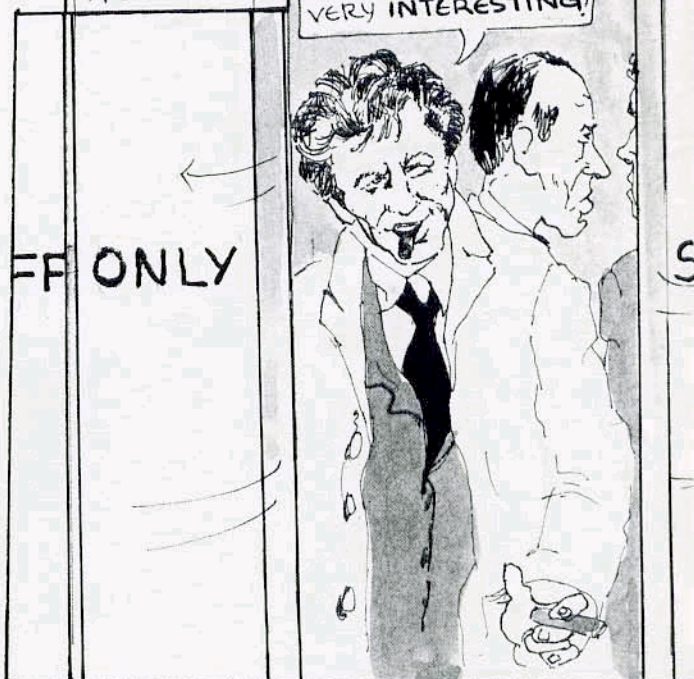


IS THERE NO EFFECTIVE ANTIDOTE?

THE INSPECTORS ARRIVING ON THE 3RD FLOOR!

IS THIS JUST ANOTHER OF THE S. Y. D. ROUTINE DISASTERS?  
OR IS SOME EVIL FORCE DELIBERATLY THREATENING THE SCHOOL?

DOUBLE HORRORS!



WILL SUPERZAC REALISE IN TIME?

WILL SHE SEE THE PLASTIC CARRIER BAG, EVEN MORE DEADLY THAN THE OTHER ORDINARY CARRIER BAGS??

HOW WILL SHE STOP THE BLACK DEATH  
PLAGUING THE WORLD???

FIND OUT

NEXT ISSUE

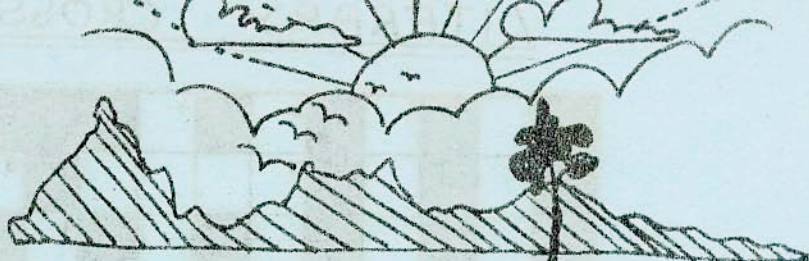
PART 2  
OF 'MRS ZACKERWICH SAVES  
THE WORLD!!!!'







Cement



There's many a question I ask myself -

Why? What for? exams are a bore,

Now let's consider the case in hand

Kill all examiners in the land.

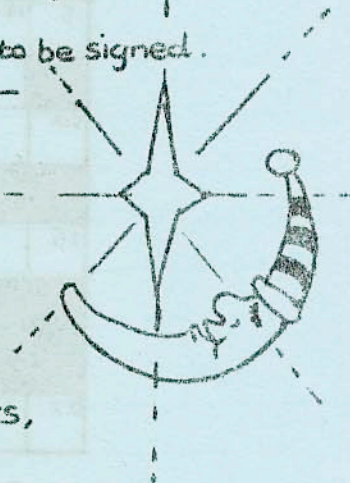
I've failed, I did not revise, I'm out of my mind

I worry, I don't understand; but a certificate's got to be signed.

Can I please be excused for forgetting my lines -

The Chinese Boxer Rebellion began in 1911

I am bottom of the class in 1977.



So what? what's it matter? we all ask,

Why do we slog at this unwelcome task?

There're still people dying, while we're learning in doors,

And they only tell us the gory details of wars -

Never how to help or how to prevent,

So why am I learning the past not the present?

What do I gain from information of inflation, taxation, or

Of the Morning Star's wide circulation?

I'm only sixteen, confused and acast,

I don't comprehend why I have such a task!

Mathematics is certainly not my cup of tea

And where's the point in dissecting a flea?

Why don't we get marks for the love in our heart?

Why don't they put our flirtatious dates on a chart?

Oh, don't worry my dear teachers, I'll keep striving on,  
For now as a 6<sup>th</sup> former I must respect your little con.

I must set examples, standards to you all,

We can help each other so don't let's play the fool.

We are one community we must help each other through,

No matter what your creed and colour, you know what you must do.

You must struggle with your studies, strive for eternal peace,

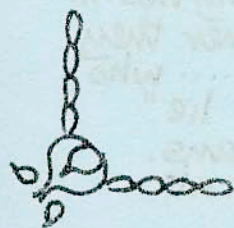
Make sure that in this little school harmony will increase.

So try to work hard and study when told -

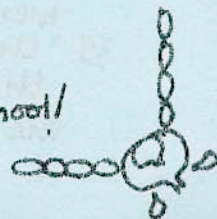
'Cos it's the only way all these virtues unfold.

Don't be thrown aside as an ignorant fool,

Make use of ALL THE TEACHERS at Sydenham School!

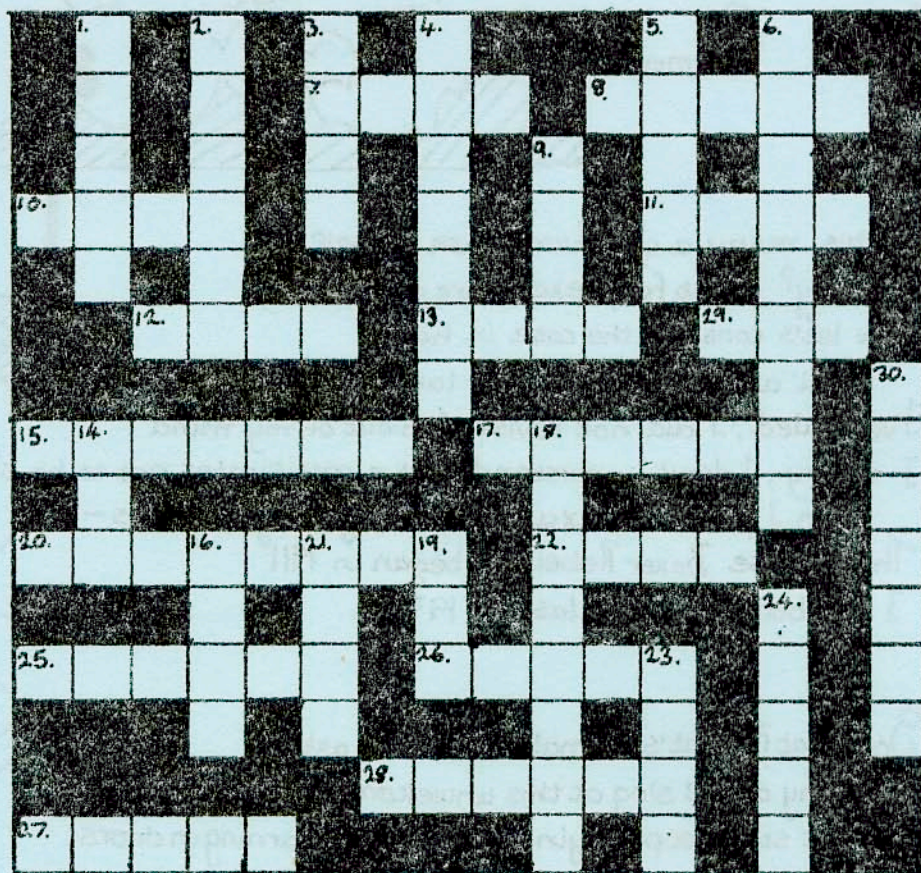


.....  
melanie wearing (6G)





# LITERARY CROSSWORD



## ACROSS

## DOWN

7. Milton (preface to "Paradise Lost")  
"To be - is miserable, doing or suffering."
8. Antony declares "let Rome in - melt."  
" — "Replied the Dodger.  
"His nails" added Charley Bates.
11. Pope: do this with "faint praise."
12. Responsible for so many works!
13. "Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud; Else would I hear the cave where — lies." (Juliet).
15. See 4 down.
17. (1,5) what Frodo and his friends set out on.
20. See Burne-Jones' painting for a portrait of this king, mentioned in Shakespeare's "star-crossed" tragedy.
23. This Welsh-poet describes his childhood as "young and —."
25. Lover of Mme. Granier in a famous romantic novel.
26. See 6 down.
27. See 25 across
28. Keats: "la belle dame sans merci hath thee in —."
29. "the — was here, the — was there" around the old sailor.

1. C.S. Lewis' lion-god.
2. Dickens: she is described as "a mangle in a million, million."
3. This trench-poet's friend was a "fox hunting man."
4. and 15 across. She had "Three lilies in her hand" and "The stars in her hair were seven."
5. Author who stated "Those who have the artistic temperament go into exile with Dante."
6. and 26 across: where this Pre-Raphaelite craftsman found his earthly paradise.
9. De la mare. what a surprise! One of these that talks!
14. The Latin for this animal that Androcles helped.
16. St Luke: "Physician - thyself!"
18. The fairest midwife? (5, 3).
19. Always " — high!"
21. "He's going out with the —" said Mr. Peggotty.
23. Tennyson: "one still strong man in a blatant land whatever they call him, what came I ..... who can — and dare not lie."
24. The last of the Mohicans.
30. This wizard didn't die at Khazad-dûm.



# JUNIOR QUIZ

NAME ..... TUTOR GROUP .....

You could win a £2 record token. Just fill in the answers, your name and tutor group in the spaces provided. When completed hand into the office.

Here are the names of 5 pop groups and pop stars. Try and guess who they are.

1. SIPOTSLXES
2. KOFTILNCL
3. RASELEYO
4. TRANANFANERTHAMTS
5. RACCAGIRNS

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## POP QUIZ

1 Name the members of Sailor.

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2. Name 5 DJs who appear on Top of the Pops.

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3. Name 3 of Abba's singles.

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4. Name 3 TV supercops who sing.

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5. Name the 3 girls in Rock Follies.

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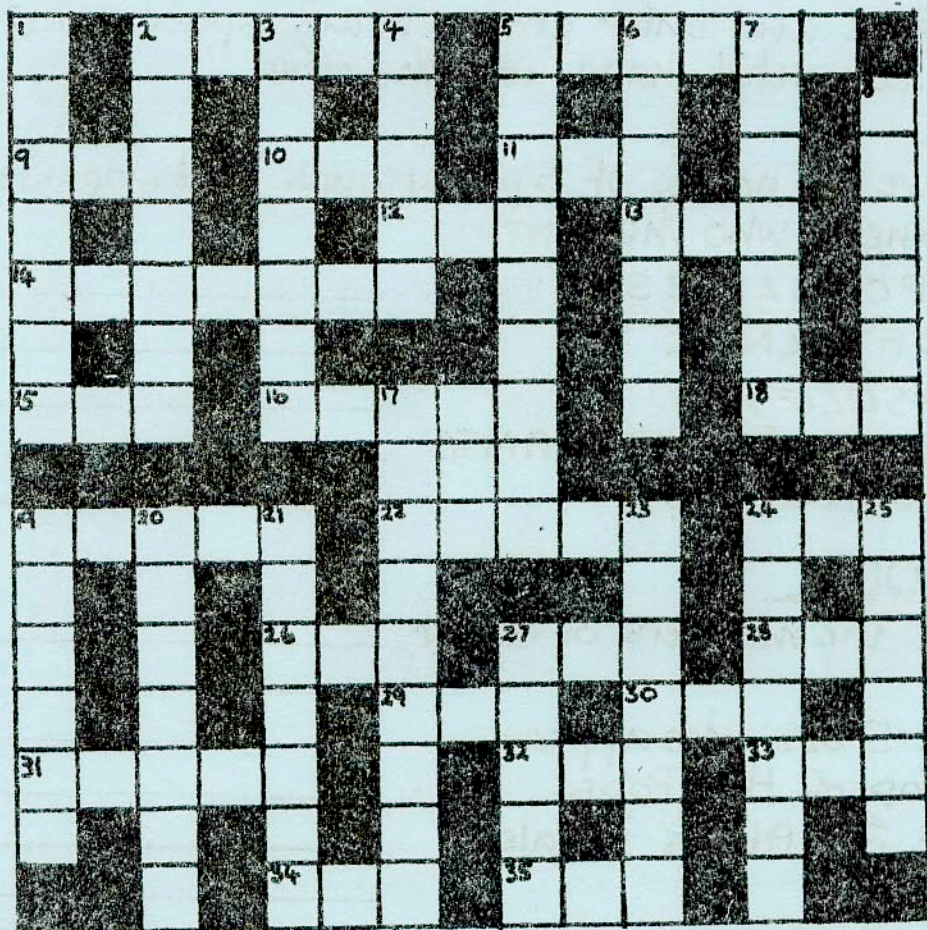
Draw a picture of Starzky in the box provided (This should be drawn in black ink)





# Crossword

by Pat O'borne and Suzanne Lynsly (60)



## Across

2. A Breakfast food
5. Circus entertainers
9. A famous boxer
10. Inspector of education
11. A Month or name
12. Trees' life blood
13. past tense of MEET.
14. Etch.
15. Help!
16. Bird of prey.
18. The Self.
19. A line.
22. A water loving animal.
24. A container.
26. post office
27. A barrier.
28. A cow's vocal accompaniment.
29. West Germany
30. Measure of electricity
31. Slight cold
32. Television news
33. Forerunner of chicken
34. A drug
35. A beverage

## CLUES

## Down

1. Ships engaged in illegal traffic.
2. spanners of rivers.
3. A patch of this school.
4. A sound.
5. part.
6. mountain.
7. planet
8. Four leaves of paper.
17. Rock studier.
19. pear shaped fruit.
20. Ask a question.
21. Alcoholic drink.
23. Eastern European country.
24. A play running in London.
25. A boy's name.
27. Go with tide.



Dear Doris,

My parents won't allow me to go to all night parties because they think that I'm too young.

I know that I'm grown up and can take care of myself but they still treat me like a child. How can I persuade them to let me go?

Eager  
Sydenham

Dear Doris,

I'm a punk rocker and everyone thinks I'm revolting just because I wear a dustbin liner and a chain from my left ear to my right eye.

I think my image is great, why don't they understand me?

Active

DEAR DORIS,

ALL I CAN DO IS  
THINK OF FOOD. I  
LOVE CREAM CAKES  
+ CHOCOLATE AND  
I JUST CAN'T STOP  
EATING. I ONLY  
WEIGH 12  
STONE IN STOCKINGS  
FEET BUT SOME  
GIRLS CALL ME  
"FATTY"!!!  
SHOULD I IGNORE THEM?  
YOURS ENTHUSIASTICALLY  
CELIA

Dear Doris,

My friend has this problem and I'd like to help her. -I- She is in love with one of her teachers. Her knees wobble every time -I- she sees him but he doesn't take any notice of -me- her.

What can -I- she do?

-His- Yours,

Anon.

PLEASE SEND YOUR ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE LETTERS WITH YOUR NAME & TUTOR GROUP TO DORIS % THE SCHOOL OFFICE. GOOD REPLIES WILL BE PRINTED IN THE NEXT ISSUE.



## "THE ONE TALENT"

written by Judith Clarke (7G)

She loved the way his hair curled over his collars or caught under the soft-silk Indian scarf he loved to wear. The way his jeans frayed and looked decidedly lived in. The almost indefinable silver of a silver chain around his sun-tanned neck. His gentle face, and long, expressive fingers. His full lips - so readily curved into a smile.

He loved her musical voice. When they were happy it laughed, when she was sad it was soft and when he was sad it was comforting and loving. He loved the feel of her soft, smooth hands and cheeks. Her long hair - the fragrance of herbs that lingered when it hung wet and dripping. The elusive drift of her perfume, or the incense sticks smouldering. The rough, coarseness of her hand-knitted jacket, or the swish of her full peasant-type skirts.

She loved their cottage - the sunshine kitchen, the fawn sitting room, the shaggy rugs littered on the wooden floor of their bedroom. The bell-tree that hung in the window and glistened or whispered.

He loved the warm nest of the sheets; west coast music; the smell of something wafting from the kitchen; the soft pad-pad of her bare feet, or the smack of her sandals on the path.

She loved his voice - he used to sing the songs she adored. The golden matt fullness of his guitar. The way their black fluffy-fun-ball of kitten "killed" things no one else could see. The rainbow-riot of flowers, or ice-creams of blossom in Spring.

He loved the living vibrations of their kitten; the wild birds' song trilling the dawn; the smell of the new mown hay fields in autumn. Dawn was his favourite time of day - the sunlight filtering in to kiss their faces; the lowing cattle. The early morning freshness of the grass-scented air.

She loved the inky-blueblack night sky with the silvering moon. The way his arms protected her when she was afraid; his words of loving poetry. His handsome, generous, youth-filled face.

He loved the tanginess of pressed oranges, chilled through long sultry summer nights. The tilt in her voice when she sang love songs to him or read his favorite poetry.

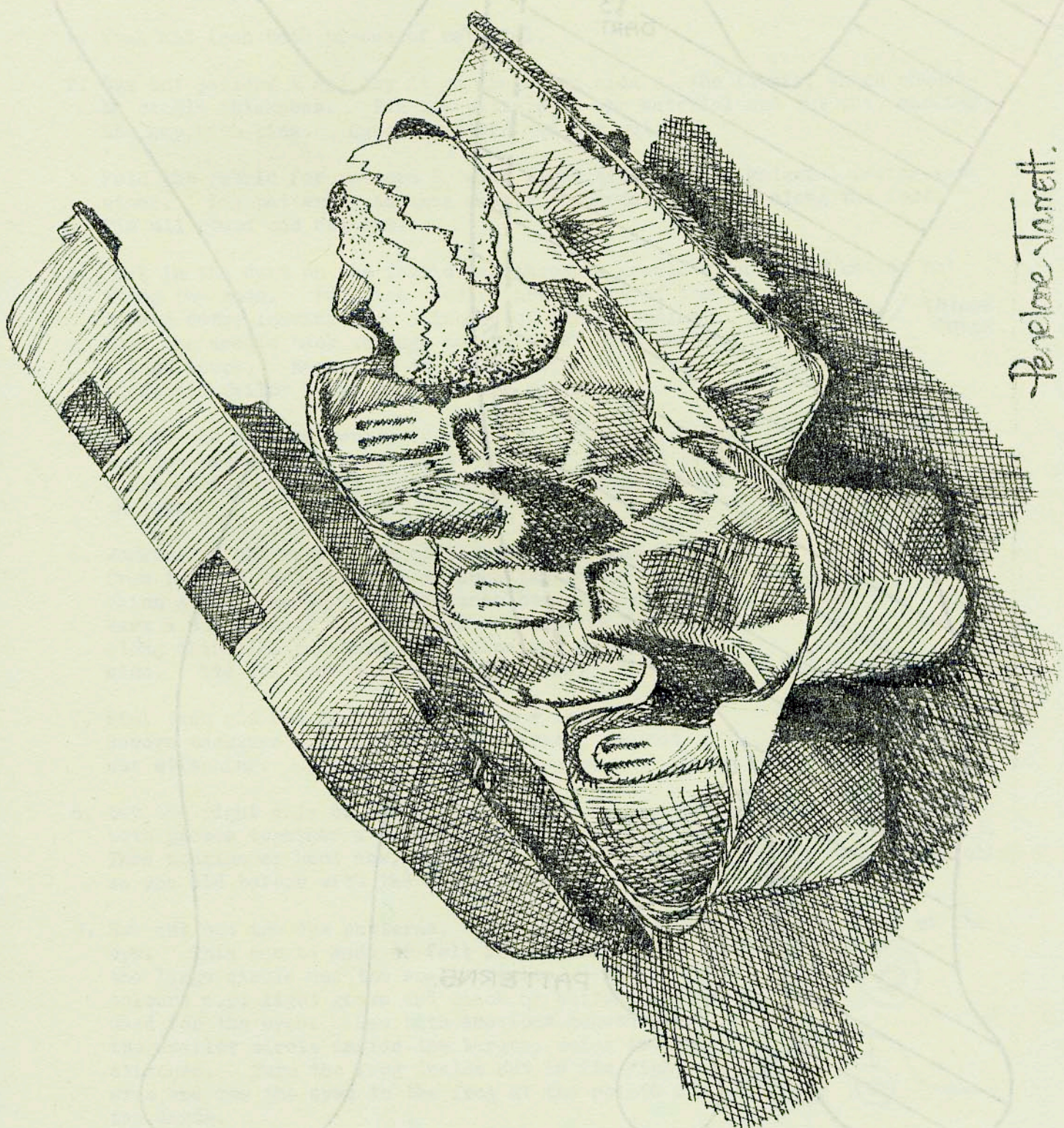
She loved him with his dark, midnight-still sightless eyes.

He loved her. The smooth band on her left hand. The way she cried wet-saltiness, cooling on his hands as he caressed it away. Her slight, trembling body when she was afraid for him in his prison of darkness. Prison? She was his key, his liberator, his wife. She stood by him - his love, his friend. The poet who wrote the perfect sonnets, sang so sweetly, whose hands guided him in life. His teacher, his eyes.

He loved her.

She loved him.

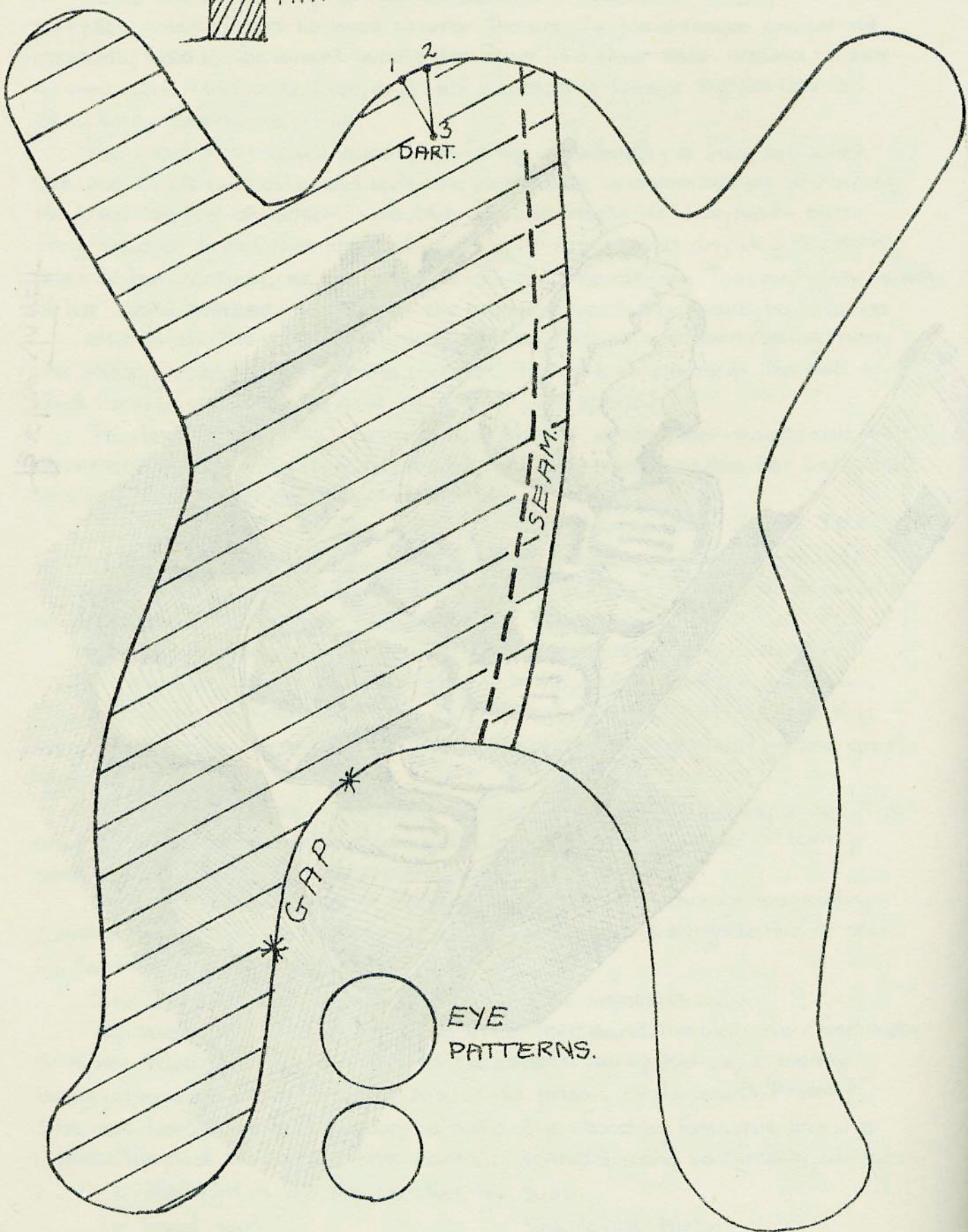
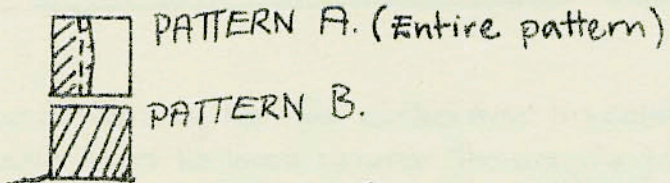




Perle J. J. J.



# FROG PATTERN



Pattern by Miss Burdon.



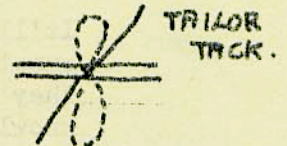
# FROGS!

The frogs that I am talking about are made of fabric, are more fun, and they don't give you warts. Just follow the instructions and you can't go wrong.

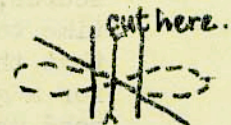
First get your material. You will need two pieces in different colours or designs. The material can be from anything e.g. an old top or skirt you never liked. The fabric for the top of the frog (B) should have a large or brightly coloured pattern. The fabric for the underneath (A) should be slightly plainer or smaller in pattern.

1. Wash and iron both pieces of material.
2. Cut out pattern A and lay it on the wrong side of the fabric, which should be single thickness. Pin the pattern to the material and cut out, marking the gap with pins. Remove pattern and cut out B.
3. Fold the fabric for pattern B, with right sides of the material facing each other. Lay pattern B on this double thickness, but not along the fold. Pin all round and cut out.

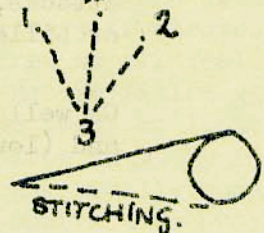
4. Mark in the dart on the fabric and thread a needle with double cotton not tying the ends. Pull the needle through one of the marked dots, leaving 2 to 3 inches of thread behind. Pull the needle back through to the first side leaving 3 inch loops. Repeat on the other dots. These are Tailor Tacks that you are making.



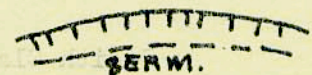
5. Remove the pattern gently from the tailor tacks. Pull the two pieces of fabric apart gently. Cut the tailor tacks making sure that both pieces have a dart marked on each.



6. Working on the wrong side of the material draw two lines from 1 and 2 to 3, passing through the tailor tacks. Using a ruler measure the distance between 1 and 3. Mark a dot at half the distance. Fold the fabric along this line and hand or machine sew on the wrong side. Tie off ends and remove tackings.

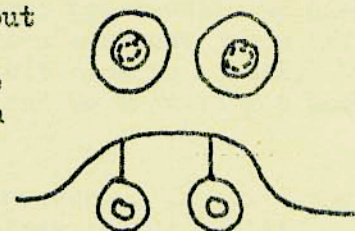


7. Pin, tack and sew back seams on B a  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch. Remove tackings and clip along the seams. Do not cut stitching. Then press open the seams.



8. Lay the right side of the material for B facing that of A. Pin and tack both pieces together a  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch from the edge, but do not stitch over the gap. Then machine or hand sew, tying off ends at each side of the gap. Then clip as you did before with the seam all the way round.

9. Now cut out the eye patterns. The smaller circle will be the inner of the eye. This can be made of felt if you wish. Cut out the large circle and the smaller twice. Plain colours e.g. light green and black or buttons can be used for the eyes. Sew both sections together with the smaller circle inside the larger, using small stitches. Turn the frog inside out to its right side and sew the eyes to the frog at the points of the darts.



10. Fill the frog with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 pounds of pearl barley, about 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ p per pound. Make a paper cone and use this to help you fill your frog, but don't over fill it. It is important that the barley can move slightly inside the frog. Pin, tack and machine or hand sew the gap.

Phylomena McCormack.



Dear Diary

Well, the season of silly mid-ons, square legs and leg-before wickets, not to mention cries of "Howzat?" is nearly on us again, thank God - I mean thank W.G. It'll soon be time for sprawling overheatedly on the sacred turf, muttering (audibly of course) "It's time we females were allowed in The Pavilion." After all - I say indignantly - we know just as much about The Game as they do. If not MORE (provocatively and clutching "Wisden", "Armchair Cricket" and "Cricket Spotlight".)

It'll soon be the time to ignore the drunken stares (how can they claim to support their team when every 5 minutes they're off to re-fill their glasses?!), to applaud knowledgeably when certain batsmen beat their career-best scores, or take magnificent boundary catches. It'll be time to explain to a sister (who's only there for the sun) that the applause is not for the pigeon on the pitch but for a good partnership; not for the streaker but for the good return to the wicket or (if you're prone to heart attacks, beware) an England batsman safely hooking Thommo or Lillee for six.

Oh well - all I can see is "long live the 'flannelled fools' and (loudly) "women for the M.C.C.!"

Judith Clarke



## A TYPICAL SATURDAY MORNING IN THE LIFE OF A SYDENHAM HOCKEY PLAYER

I get up at 8 o'clock bleary eyed and not the least bit ready for that dreaded game, hockey. You cannot eat any breakfast because the excitement (yawn, yawn) is so gripping. I pack my kit and then, loaded with my hockey stick and bag, trot off to school. Some thirds are already there, bursting with enthusiasm, and Mr. Walker is offering out Smarties and other goodies. The coach arrives and we all board except for our coach, Mr. Dean. Three hours later he arrives, having just got out of bed (not a pretty sight first thing in the morning, I can tell you) and gasping for his life-saver - a carton of milk. "Are you ready now, mate?" asks the coach driver and we leave for Anerley.

On the way Mr. Dean talks tactics, tactics and more tactics, which we do not understand or take any notice of but we look interested anyway. Cries of "What's off-side, Miss?" or "Who watched the horror film?" come from the back of the coach and Miss Banks looks quite desperate. When we arrive at Anerley everyone dashes to find a shirt and a pair of socks that look reasonably clean (the kit hasn't been washed from two previous games) and then we all attempt to get changed in a very cramped changing room.

At last we emerge all looking very smart - well, quite smart in our creased shirts - and Mr. Dean herds us all down to the pitch to have a quick knock-about. "No, you don't hit the ball like that!" shouts Mr. Dean, and he attempts to show us how to do it properly and misses!

"Well, I haven't played for a long time and I'm awfully unfit", he says.

"We've noticed", we answer.

The opposition join us and at last we are ready for the bully-off. Throughout the game you can see Mr. Dean running like mad up and down the touch-line shouting even more tactics and looking very frustrated and angry with us. If the opposition score a goal first we all feel very disillusioned; however if first blood is to us we are filled with even more determination and aggression to win the game (well at least one member of the team must feel that way). If the pitch is muddy and wet you have great fun and we have a laugh at Tracy, who usually manages to fall onto her backside whilst aiming for goal! Sometimes we even have somebody taking photographs of us (we'll make the back pages of the Sun yet) and so we parade up and down like Miss World rather than wearing ourselves out by running all over the pitch.

When at last the final whistle goes it is three cheers all round and Mr. Dean is usually muttering something about how lucky we were to win, even if it was a very 'skilful' game. We then hear about the thirds' victory. They usually thrash their opponents something silly like 20-0. Back at the changing room we put away the creased shirts and the socks and hope that they will be washed this time. Then we return to Sydenham and on the way back it is either very quiet or very noisy while we discuss our win (or defeat). Once we are back at Sydenham everyone jumps off the coach, leaving the teachers to hump all the kit back to school. Well, after all, we have just played a game of hockey and we want to get home to watch the end of 'swop shop'.

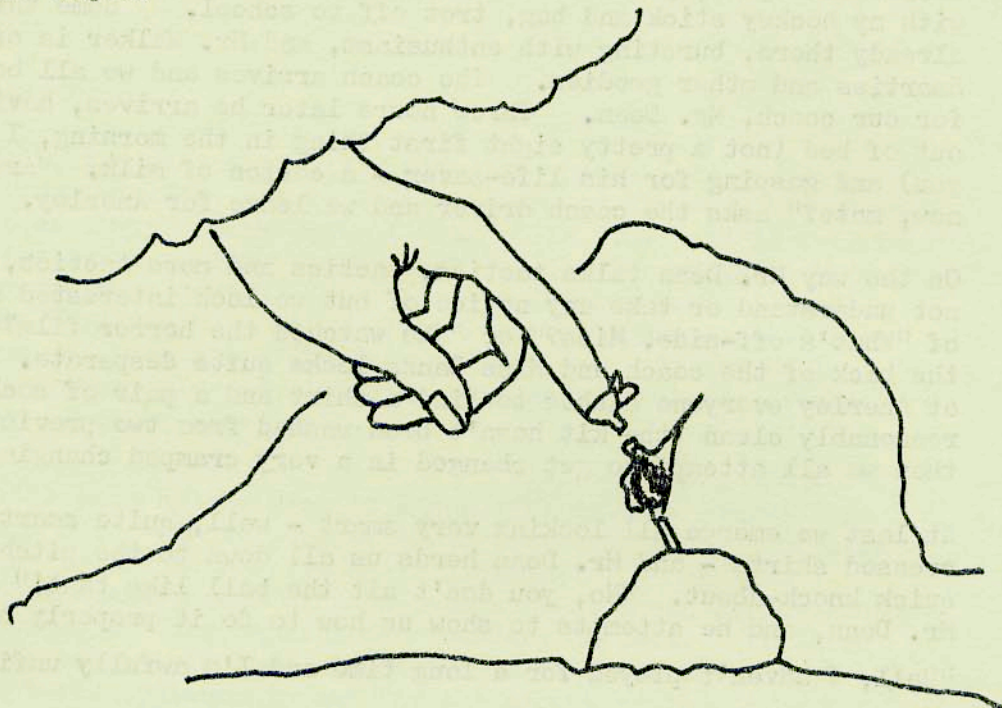
So everybody goes back home with yet another game over. We all enjoy playing really, even if we are wearing smelly shirts in the mud!!!



# SUN MYTHS

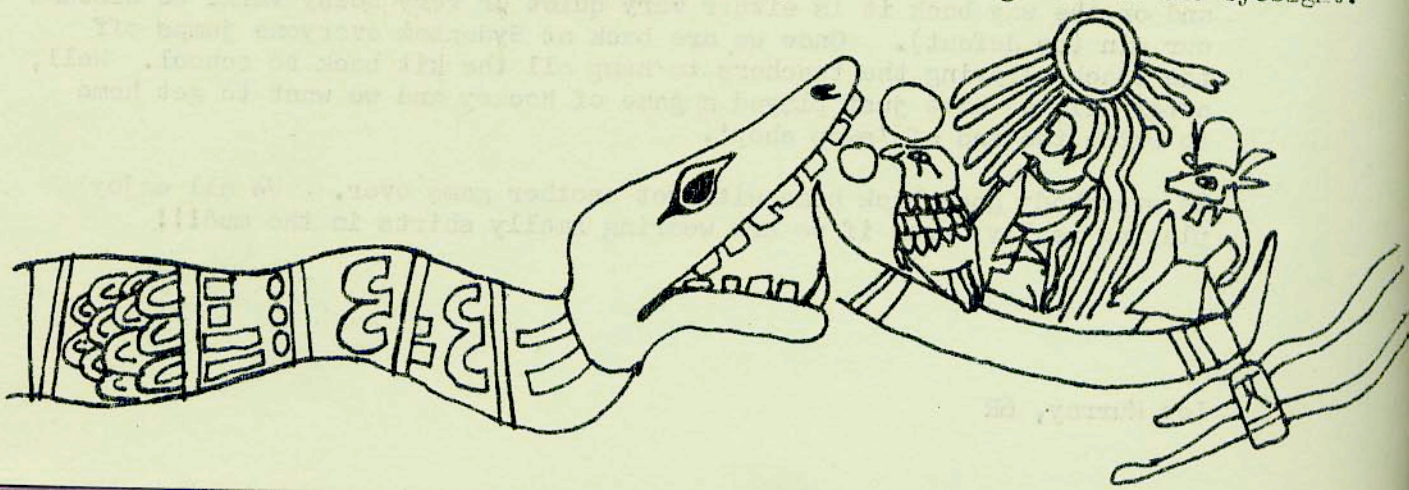
## THE BEGINNING

In the beginning God said let there be light and (flick, flick)....and (flick, flick, flick), there was light!



## EGYPTIAN

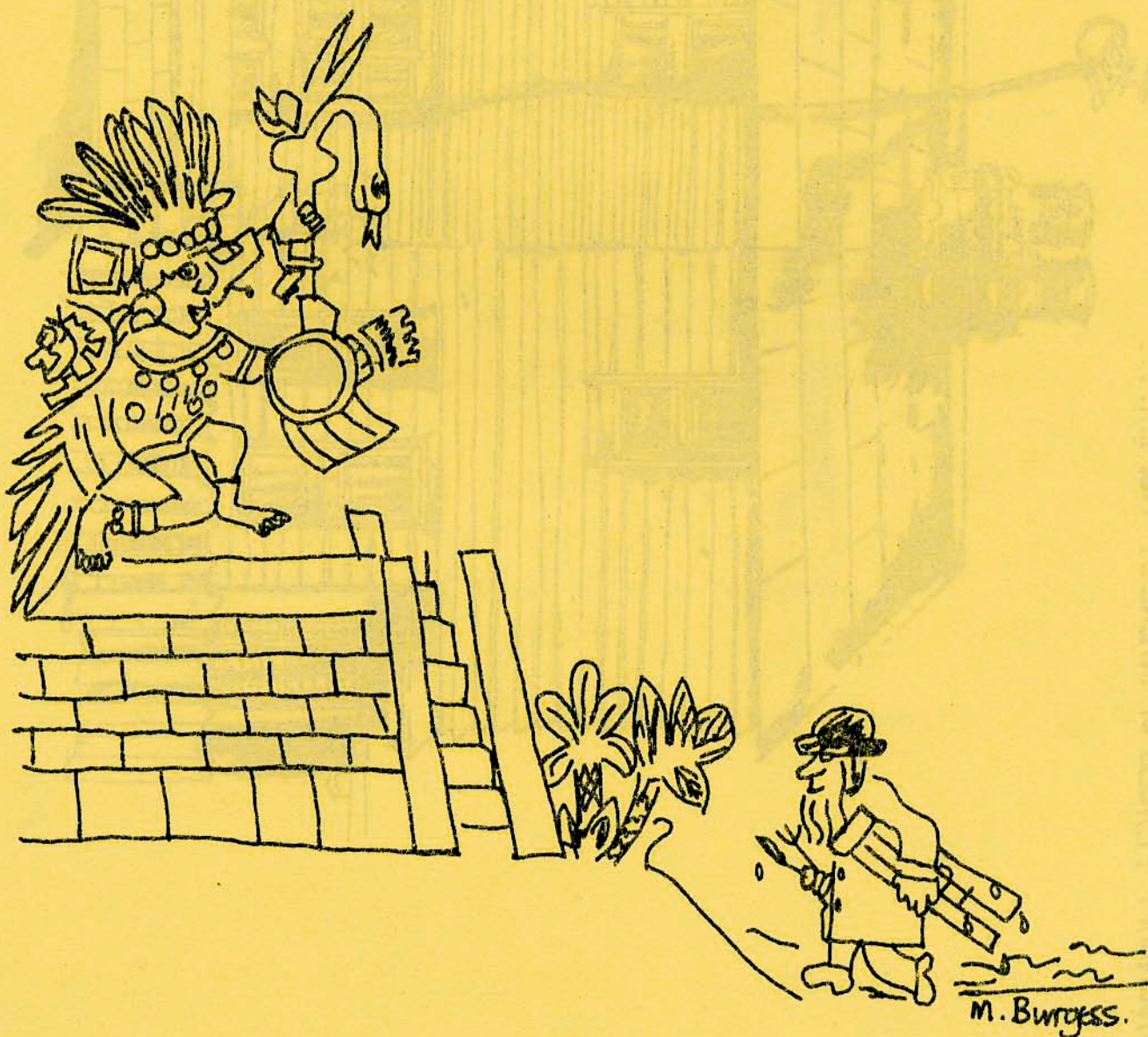
The sun in ancient Egypt was called Ra, the sovereign lord of the sky. Each day he sailed in his boat across his kingdom from east to west, all the while keeping a weather eye open for his old enemy Apep, the serpent who lived in the celestial Nile, for it was Apep's aim to swallow the solar barque and then perpetuate the rule of darkness. Keeping a lookout for Apep became a wearisome job to Ra, so he took on seventy-five assistants to do the job for him, of which number was the sun Falcon Hours and the sun Scarab Khepri. Licensed to carry a maximum of eight suns, the boat was now overloaded, so it sank lower and lower in the heavens until it was near enough for Apep to swallow it. This catastrophic event was called the Total Solar Eclipse, but no-one down on earth saw it because they had been warned that looking at an eclipse of the sun, even through smoked glass, could be dangerous to the eyesight.





## INCA

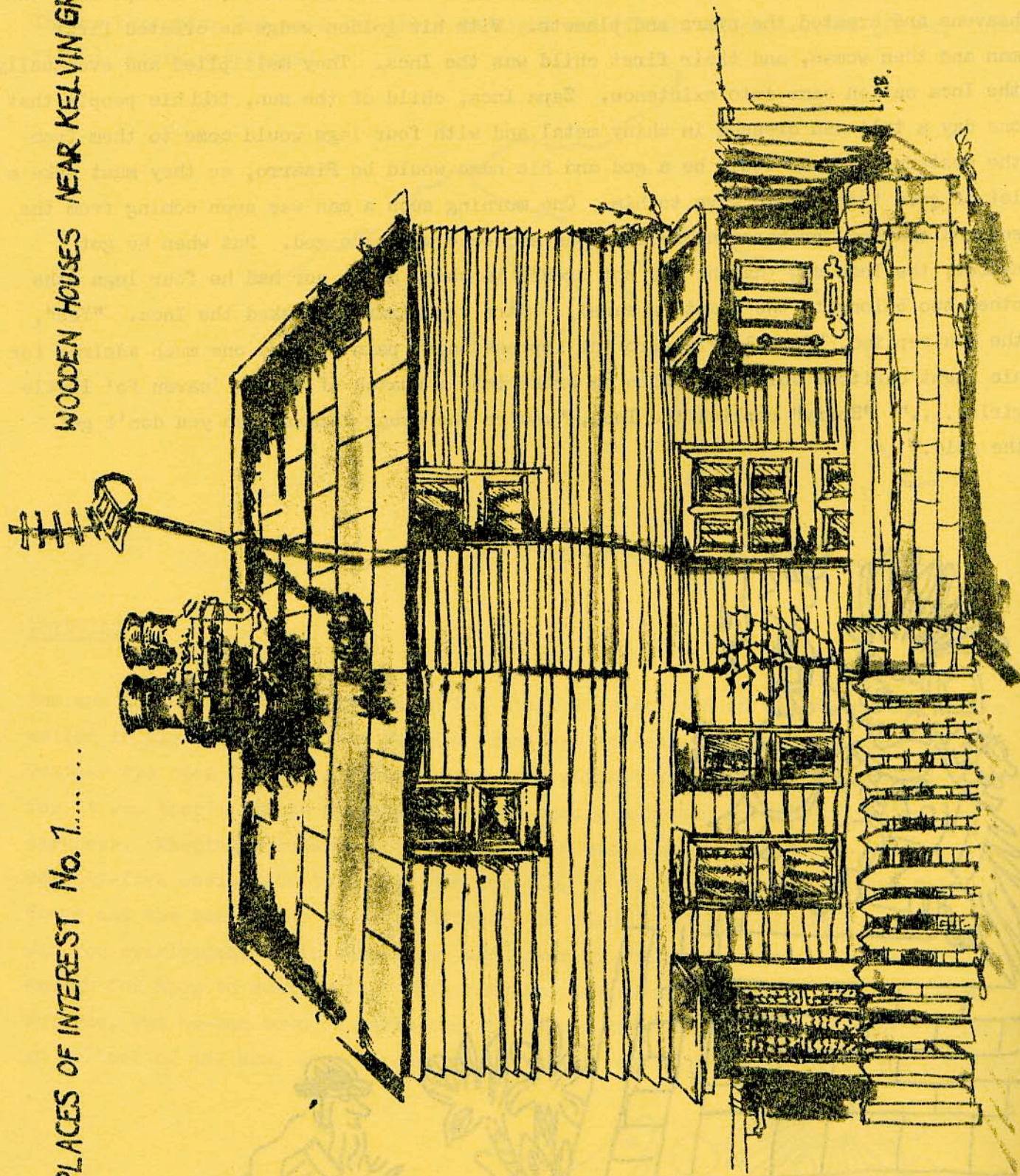
When Inti the sun god escaped from the cave under the lake Titicaca, he leapt into the heavens and created the stars and planets. With his golden wedge he created first man and then woman, and their first child was the Inca. They multiplied and eventually the Inca nation came into existence. Sapa Inca, child of the sun, told his people that one day a tall man dressed in shiny metal and with four legs would come to them from the western sea. He would be a god and his name would be Pizarro, so they must make a lot of gold trinkets to give to him. One morning such a man was seen coming from the sea and the Inca prepared himself for an audience with the god. But when he got nearer, the Inca saw that he was not dressed in shiny metal nor had he four legs (the other two belong to the painting easel). "Are you Pizarro?" asked the Inca. "Yes", the god replied, "Camille Pissarro the impressionist painter, and one much admired for his light baritone voice" at which he broke into a snatch of "Thank 'eaven fo' leetle girls....." "Sorry" replied the Inca, "you're the wrong Pizarro, so you don't get the gold."





SYDENHAM PLACES OF INTEREST No. 1.....

WOODEN HOUSES NEAR KELVIN GROVE.





## An application form.

What is an application form?

Something not to be confused with an interview,

Though a similar way of telling someone about yourself.

A form is an empty conversation

Without replies.

A form is expressionless.

The empty spaces are vital,

Like the seconds of a telephone box call

The information is vital.

It's true,

But not so true

There is no room for character, or explanation

It gives away nothing but your handwriting.

Yet an interview

Gives away your dress, your speech, your attitude.

The form is what they give you

The interview is what you give them.

Katie Andrews.



## LOVE HURTS FOR SOME

For Mandy and Steve it had been love at first sight. They had met at the local skating rink. Now all that was over; she was alone again. As she looked out of her bedroom window she remembered back to the day they had met. She had been skating when suddenly a fast skater knocked her, sending her into somebody skating on the other side.

"Oh, I'm sorry". Mandy picked herself up as she spoke.

"That's all right. I never look where I'm going. Are you O.K.?"

"Yes, I'm fine thanks. Are you?"

"Yes, I'm all right. Would you like a drink, though, to take away the shock?"

Mandy laughed. "Yes, thanks, that would be lovely".

After that Mandy and Steve went everywhere together and Mandy grew to love him. Then one day news came which nearly broke Mandy's heart. She had just come in from work. "Is that you Mandy?" her mum called from the kitchen.

"Yes, mum, what do you want?"

"There's a letter on the hall table for you. It was put through the letterbox about an hour ago."

Mandy took the letter and went upstairs. She opened it and read what was inside.

"Dear Mandy,

I am writing this note to you as I did not know how to tell you to your face. It's like this. I have to go and do a course in London, at Waterloo, so I will not see you for six months. Please forgive me for not telling you sooner.

Love, Steve. P.S. I'll write every week."

Mandy dropped the note on her bed. She was very upset at the thought of not seeing Steve for six months.

A week passed and not a word from Steve, until she was coming home from work one day. She bought a paper to read on the bus.

"20 KILLED IN TRAIN CRASH" read the headlines. "The crash took place near Waterloo .....

"She stopped reading. Steve worked near Waterloo. What if ..... ? She knew she was being stupid, but could not help worrying all the same. Two days passed. Still no letter from Steve. Then came the day when she received a letter that would change her life.

"Letter for you, love", called her mum as she came in.

"Is it from Steve?". She took the envelope and tore it open eagerly. It wasn't from Steve but from his mum.

"Dear Mandy

This may come as a bit of a shock to you. As you may have heard, there was a serious train crash at Waterloo. I'm sorry to inform you that Steven was one of those involved. I thought you might like to know that the funeral is on the 25th of this month at Honor Oak Crematorium. I'm very sorry. All my love.

L. Mount (Mrs)".

Mandy just stood there. She couldn't believe it. Steve, her Steve, dead. No. No. No. She screamed and fell onto her bed, crying.

Now, a year later, a quiet, lonely looking girl sits at her bedroom window looking blankly onto the street. Her name is Mandy.



## EVER BEEN A RABBIT?

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Margaret Liddle (6Gr) on *Watership Down* by Richard Adams.  
Published by Puffin Books in Paperback.

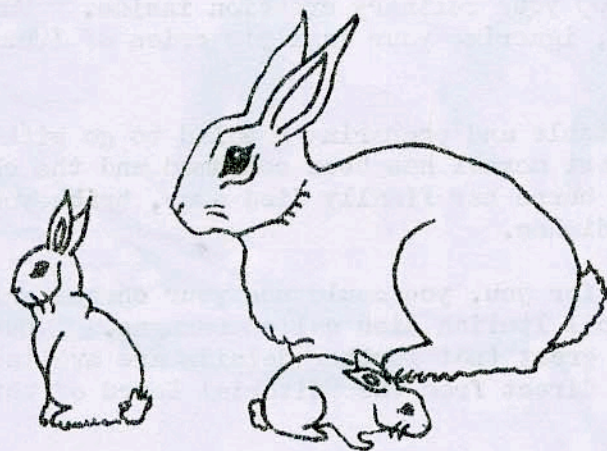
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*Watership Down* is one of the few books that is ideal for people of all ages. Everyone who reads it will gain something from the powerful, yet gentle story of the rabbits and their way of life.

The rabbits are like friends, the reader shares their happiness and fears, as their journey progresses and the story unfolds. A moving story that is surely a must for all animal lovers. Once read this story will stay in your mind, and you will see animals and nature in a new and more interesting light.

The bravery of Hazel when he sets out alone on that terrible evening, to face General Woundwort, in a desperate attempt to try and save his friends against all odds, makes the story both moving and compelling reading.

The reader cannot help respecting and sometimes fearing General Woundwort one of the fiercest rabbits that ever lived. He mysteriously disappears and his body is never found. It is up to the reader to decide exactly what happened to General Woundwort after he was visited by Captain Aven. Perhaps somewhere near *Watership Down* lives a great and solitary rabbit, who will come back; if ever great danger arises to fight for those who honour his name.....





## BEAT THE SQUEEZE!

Recipe by ROSK

Next time your mum says 'I don't know where the money goes!' step forward with your copy of this magazine and cry joyfully 'Fear not, good Mother, I shall prepare a nourishing and cheap meal for the whole family!' If you can talk her into leaving you alone in the kitchen for a bit more than an hour, you might just do it, if you carefully follow these AUTHENTIC INSTRUCTIONS!

First take about 2-3 ozs. of butter and melt it in a medium-sized saucepan. Then sift into the saucepan 2-3 heaped tablespoons of plain flour and a little salt and pepper. Stir and blend to a paste. Allow to cook for about three minutes, but don't let it start to get brown! And KEEP STIRRING IT ALL THE TIME! Very slowly, still stirring, add about a pint of milk, trying to avoid lumps. (If you get lumps you squash as many of them as possible against the side of the saucepan with your spoon and hope the rest will just go away. They often do, and anyway your family will be so grateful to you that they'll never notice the odd survivor).

While you wait for this sauce to thicken, put on at least four pints of water to boil in a large saucepan (try fitting four pints of water in a small one if you don't believe me). Add some salt to the water. Meanwhile, KEEP STIRRING THE WHITE SAUCE. (Is it thickening yet? How are the lumps coming along?).

Now discover that you have no cheese. Send your little brother to the corner shop (or the supermarket if it's still open - cheaper you know) for about half a pound of matured cheddar. When he gets back, grate this cheese all up and put it aside. Oh, and KEEP STIRRING!

By now the water ought to have boiled over and you can send your little brother out again, this time for a packet of macaroni. Let him choose the shape - little tubes, bows, shells, whatever - it'll make him feel useful. Next boil this macaroni for about eight to ten minutes until it is 'al dente' - not hard, but not soggy-soft either.

While the macaroni is cooking, take your now fully thickened and lumpless white sauce off the heat and stir in your cheese, all except for a little bit.

Drain the macaroni and put it into a buttered casserole. Pour on the cheese sauce, sprinkle the rest of the cheese on top, add a few knobs of butter. You now realise that you've forgotten the oven. Switch it on, wait for it to heat to about 350°F (180°C) then pop your culinary creation inside. Wait for about half an hour or forty minutes, ignoring your family's cries of 'When do we eat?' and 'What's gone wrong?'

Pass the time by setting the table and preparing a salad to go with your macaroni cheese. When the last morsel has been consumed and the chorus of congratulations and satisfied burps has finally died away, bribe your little brother to help you with the dishes.

And if that wasn't bad enough for you, you could use your cheese sauce instead as part of a wonderful classical Italian dish called Lasagne. But the possibilities of chaos are so great that further details are available to carefully screened candidates direct from the Editorial Board of this magazine only!







# SPECTRO





**D E E S**

**Fashions**

**E**

**4**

**E**

**Dartmouth**

**Road**

**S**

**Forest Hill**

SEE OUR NEW SELECTION OF

**jeans, jumpsuits,  
skirts, T-shirts.**

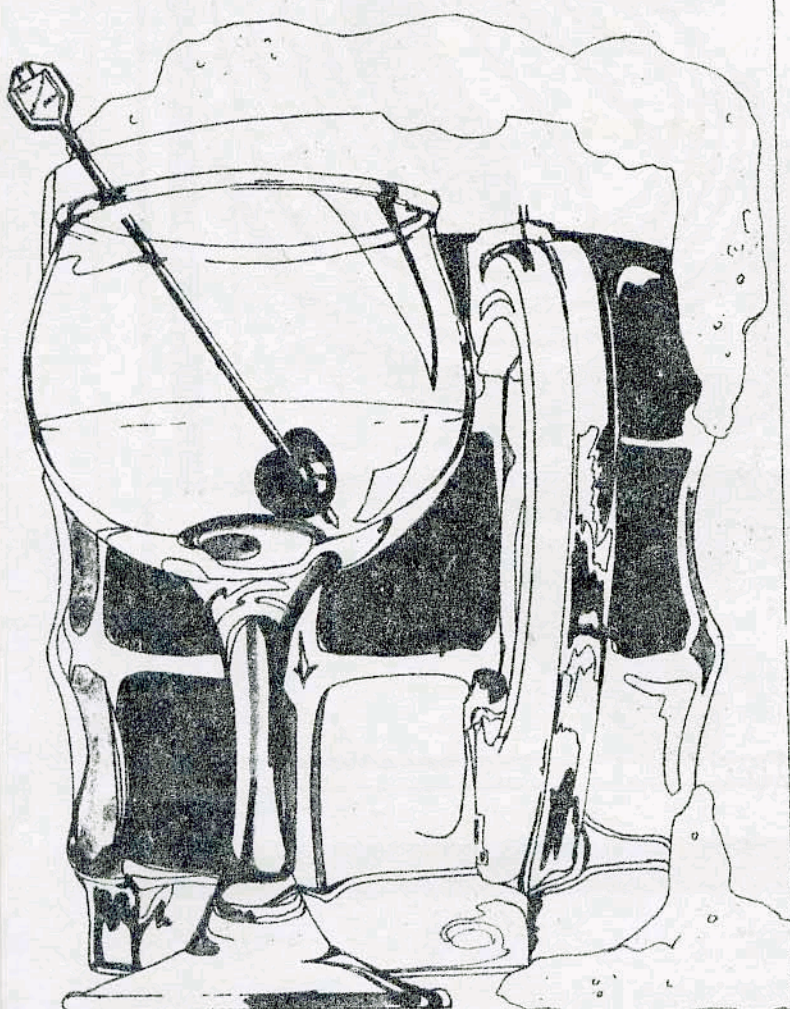
**Bromley Stanford**  
**House, Land**  
**& Estate Agents**

**SALES OFFICE**

**5 Devonshire Road,**

**Forest Hill**

**Telephone 699 6778**



**THE**  
**BRICKLAYERS**  
**ARMS**

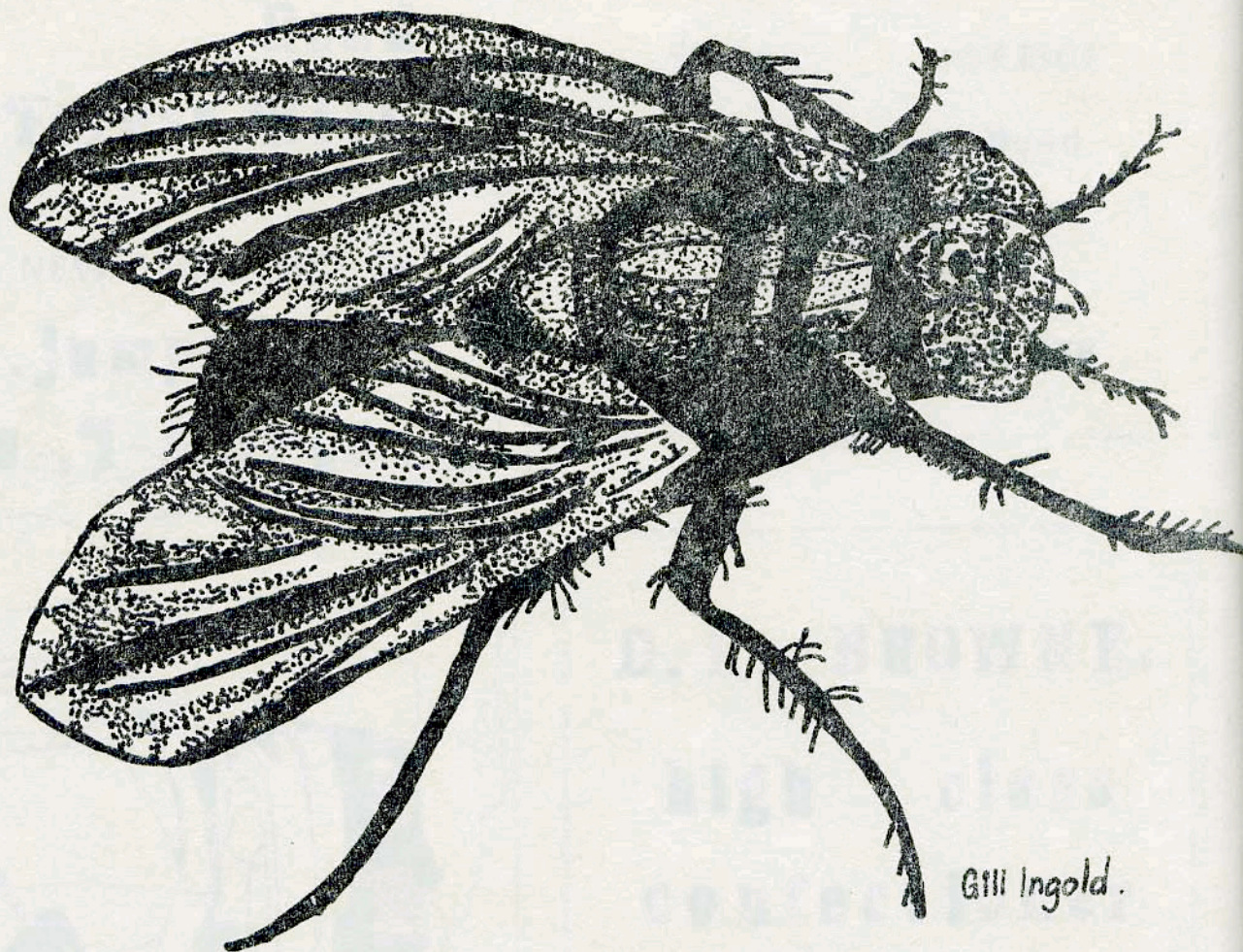
**D. R. BROWNE.**

**high class**  
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**& tobacconist**

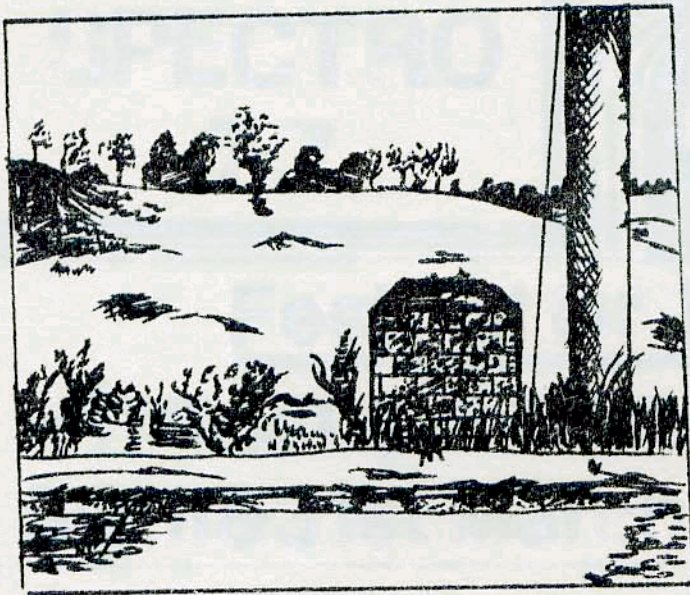
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**26A Sydenham**  
**High Road**  
**S.E. 26**

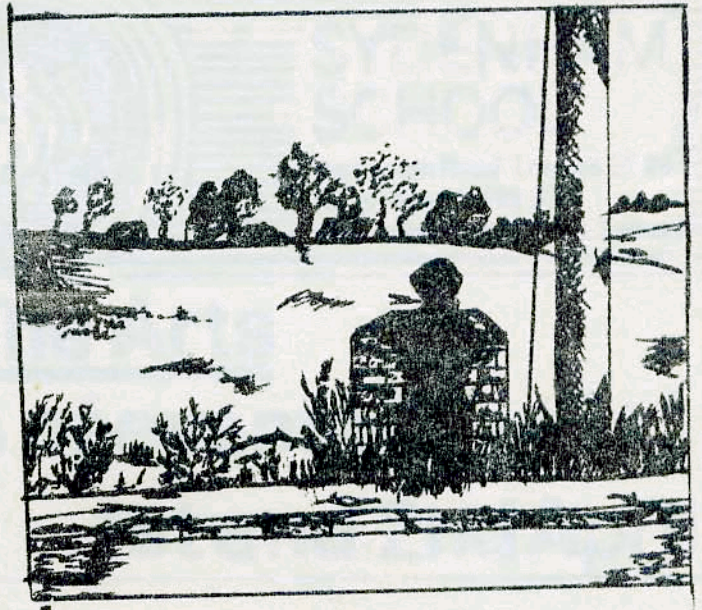








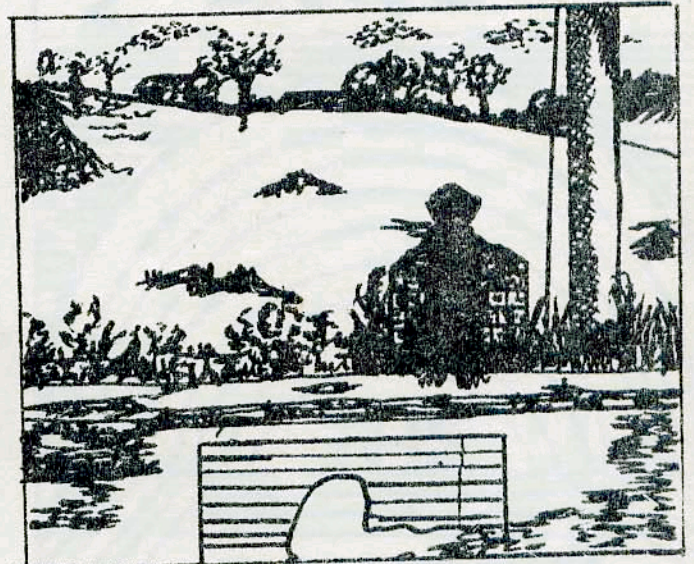
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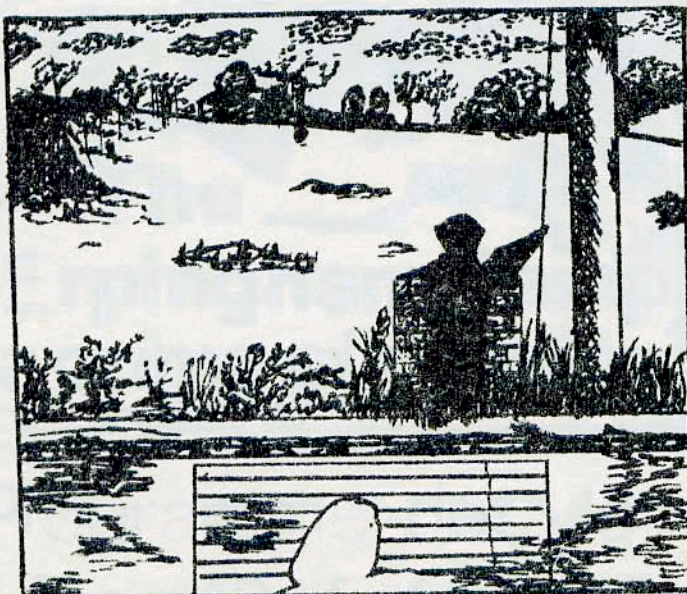
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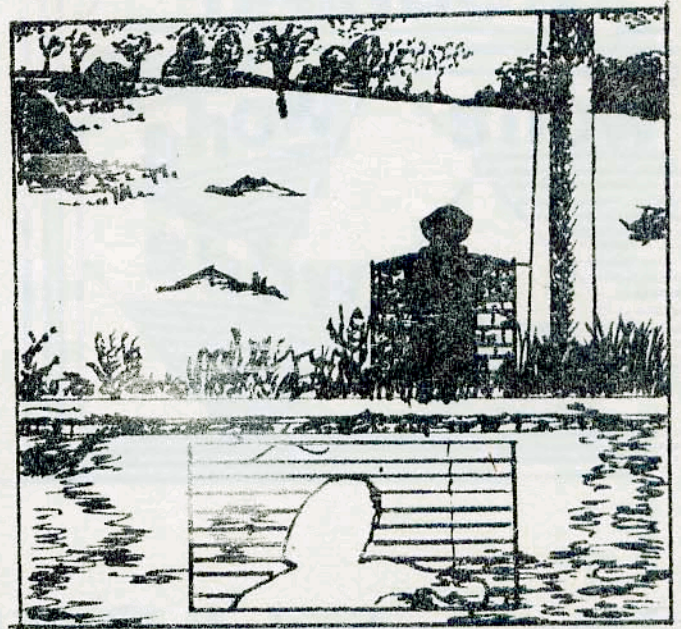
3.



4.



5.



6.

Mandy  
Warner.



**SPECTRO  
77**



**SYDENHAM  
SCHOOL**

Dartmouth Road London SE 26  
Telephone 01-699 8781  
Head Mistress Mrs. Y. B. Zuckerman

## **Festival Of The Arts**

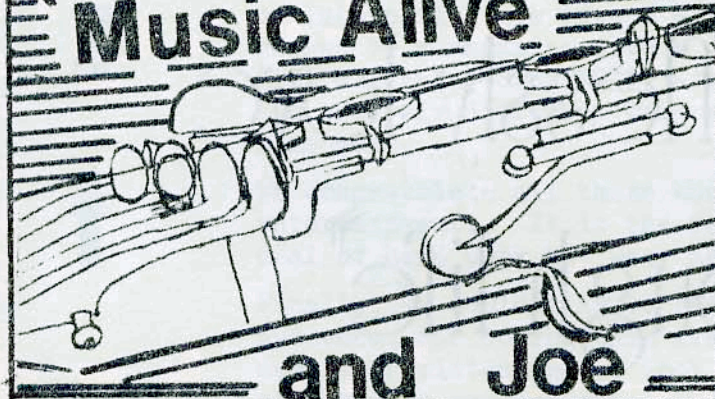
**· two programmes of events ·**

**30th & 31st March**

**1st and 2nd April**

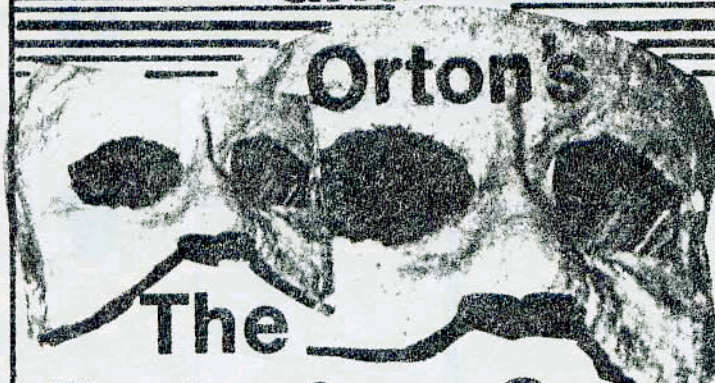
### **1. MUSIC · DRAMA ·**

**Music Alive**



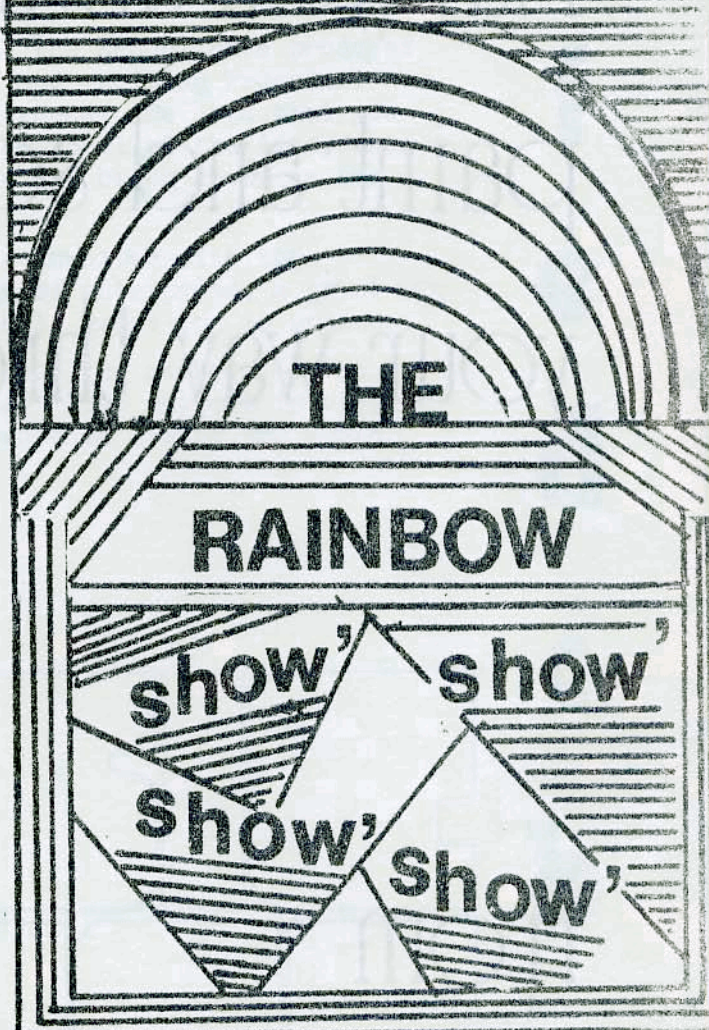
**and Joe**

**Orton's**



**The  
Erpingham Camp  
a crime of passion**

### **2. DANCE ·**



**Programme details**

**Music 10-15 ,Gym 16-17 , Celebrity Chat 20  
-36, Art 37-42, Drama 44-51, Dance 52-58.**



# A FESTIVAL MESSAGE \*\*\*

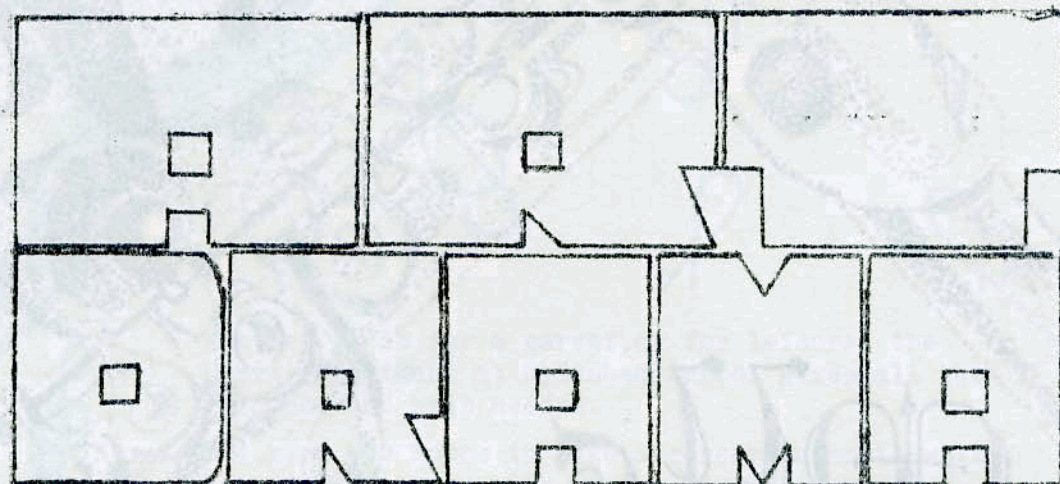
"May you always dance, sing,  
paint and selflessly love  
your way through life"

From

Yehudi Menuhin \*



o n m l k j



Dear Parents

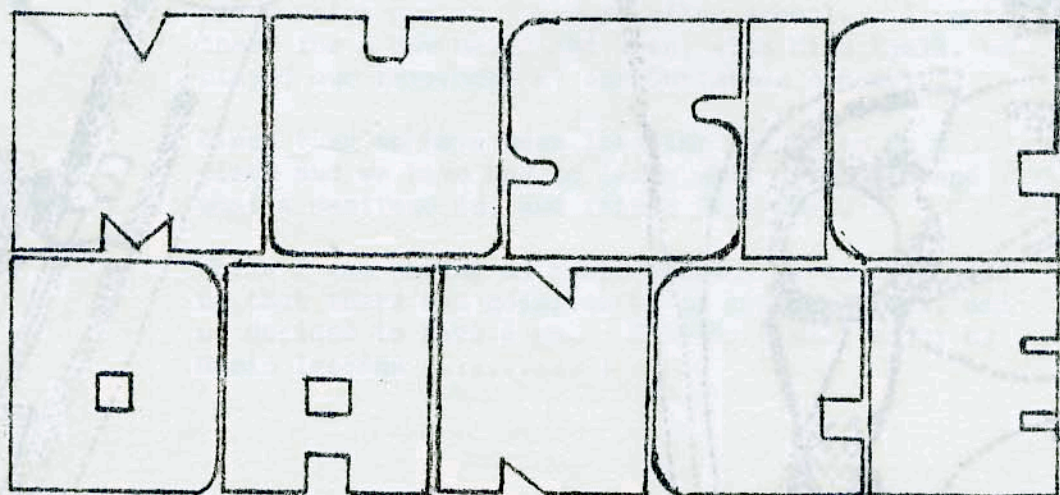
Once again the staff and girls of the school have produced an interesting new idea - a full and exciting Programme backed by a magazine with a difference. We hope that you will all enjoy SPECTRO 77 - our Festival of the Arts, when two entirely different programmes are being shown in the same week.

We congratulate all those who are involved with the entertainment. It is the result of enterprise, a great deal of hard work but was, as usual, great fun to produce.

Finally, we would like to thank you, the members of the audience, for coming this evening. Your support is very much appreciated and we look forward to seeing you again at our next production.

Yours sincerely

Y.B. Zackerwich



Y.b.Zackerwich.

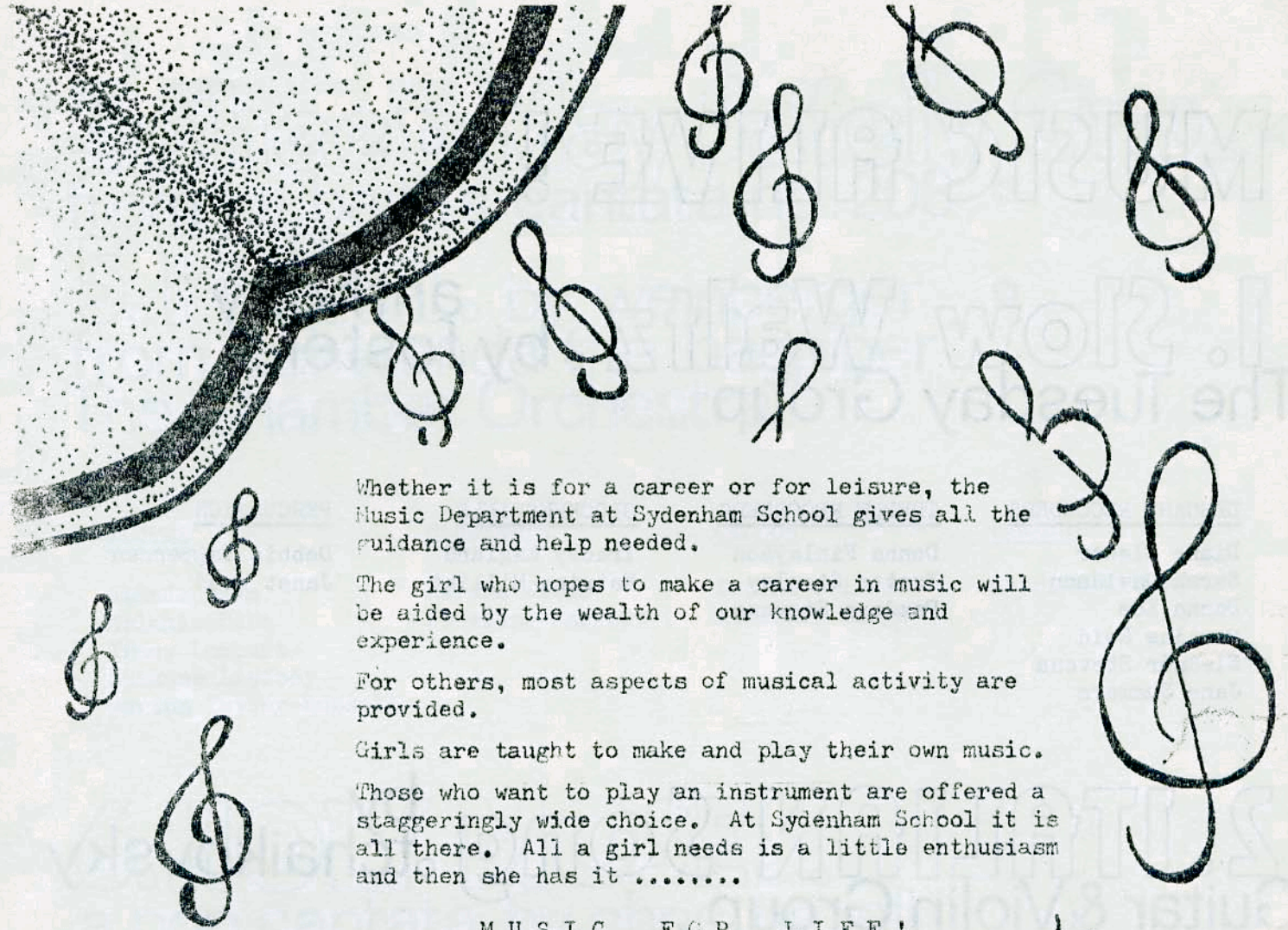


The background of the page is a detailed, stippled illustration. It features two crossed musical instruments, possibly flutes or recorders, with their keys and fingerings clearly visible. Interspersed among the instruments are various leaves and floral motifs, some with circular patterns. The overall style is reminiscent of 19th-century decorative book design.

MUSIC

ALL  
THE





Whether it is for a career or for leisure, the Music Department at Sydenham School gives all the guidance and help needed.

The girl who hopes to make a career in music will be aided by the wealth of our knowledge and experience.

For others, most aspects of musical activity are provided.

Girls are taught to make and play their own music.

Those who want to play an instrument are offered a staggeringly wide choice. At Sydenham School it is all there. All a girl needs is a little enthusiasm and then she has it .....

MUSIC FOR LIFE!

## New Blood !

When I came to Sydenham School, the first week I was there I had music. We had a go on the recorder and the teacher said that I should join the recorder group which met on Tuesdays after school. I went there for a few weeks and then, with Miss Lyall, we played our recorders at our Christmas concert.

Since then we have been learning the notes on a piano and we have had to learn what a tone is and what a semitone is, and things like that.

While I was having my music lessons my teacher told us that there was going to be an Arts Festival, and we decided to have a go. I think I will enjoy my music lessons .....



# MUSIC ALIVE !

## 1. Slow Waltz . by anthony foster . The Tuesday Group .

### DESCANT RECORDERS

Diane Blaker  
Sarah Davidson  
Donna Ede  
Pauline Reid  
Eleanor Stevens  
Jane Summers

### TREBLE RECORDERS

Donna Finlayson  
Yvette Stanley  
Pandora Stevens

### GLOCKENSPIELS

Tracey Eagland  
Katrina Milliet

### PERCUSSION

Debbie Tappenden  
Janet Wood

## 2. ITALIAN Song by tchaikovsky . Guitar & Violin Group .

### GUITARS

Judith Clarke  
Ula Costa  
Paula Dowling  
Christine Exley  
Helenka Fromings  
Wendy Gibson  
Karen Messenger

### VIOLINS

Millicent Hope  
Dawn Messenger  
Helen Sharp  
Dawn Taylor

## 3. Trio by haydn . For Flute, Cello and Piano .

Amanda Akam (flute)  
Sheila Collins (cello)  
D. Lyall (piano)



# 4. Sheep May Safely Graze

from j.s. bach's cantata no. 208. \*

# 5. Polka. by weinberger. \*

from "schwanda the bagpiper."

The Chamber Orchestra.

## FLUTES

Amanda Akam  
Melanie Dare  
Tracy Lambert  
Suzanne Lindsey  
Marion Taylor-Russell

## CLARINETS

Karena Ellis  
Penelope Jarrett

## CELLOS

Sheila Collins  
Rosemary Leigh

## VIOLIN

Katrina Milliet

# 6. HOLY MOSES.

a pop cantata by chris hazell.  
The Junior Choir.

## CHOIR

Sonia Bristow  
Miranda Broadribb  
Celeste Brown  
Suzannah Butowsky  
Frances Coysten  
Deborah Cox  
Bridget Davey  
Sarah Davis  
Valettia Davis  
Kim Deakins  
Claire Fitzsimons  
Tracey Fuller  
Jennifer George

Annabel Green  
Mary Grice  
Priti Goswami  
Sarah Hathwaite  
Paula Huitson  
Stephanie Jarrett  
Penny Jenner  
Lorraine Kerridge  
Carol Litchmore  
Wendy McNab  
Rachel McRobb  
Tracey Martin  
Dawn Messenger

Katrina Milliet  
Dawn Moffat  
Kay Moody  
Denise Morley  
Jane Newman  
Ann O'Neill  
Sandra Owen  
Hayley Page  
Jennifer Parker  
Nicola Ramsey  
Jackie Robinson  
Kim Ryde  
Claire Smith

Yvette Stanley  
Eleanor Stevens  
Pandora Stevens  
Roxane Still  
Julie Thaucoos  
Angela Thomson  
Christine Thomson  
Julie Tyler  
Sharon Webb  
Thurzanne Wigley  
Deborah Woyen  
Jacqueline Wray

## DRUMS

Tony Wells

Music arranged by ☐

\* D. Lyall. ^ T.W. Hull.



# Puff'n & Blow'n

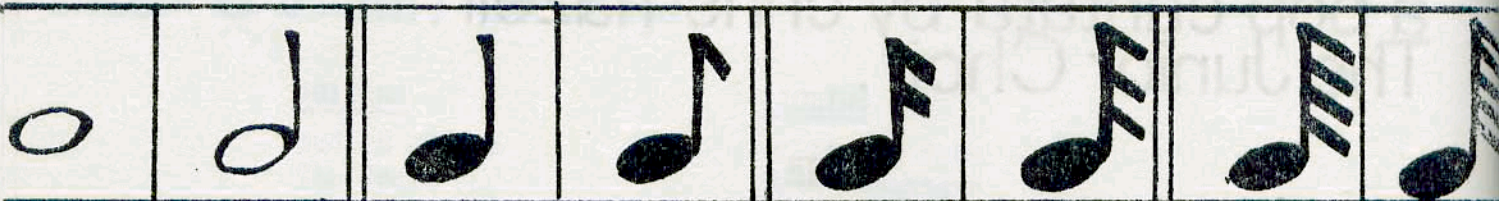
I started playing the clarinet because although I had no preference my mum liked the clarinet and the school happened to have a spare one. I began lessons at the beginning of my 3rd Year at Sydenham. I could already read music and so was able to concentrate on learning how to blow and the correct fingerings. When I had mastered a few notes I was shown how to play "Twinkle, twinkle, little star". I made all my family listen while I proudly played this piece to them.

The following January I started playing with the school orchestra. I get nervous when I feel that everyone is listening to me but in a way I still enjoy it. I also got very nervous when I did my Grades III and IV. The first grade was the worst. I felt terrible and only just passed. Before Grade IV I wasn't so nervous and I did slightly better. I am doing Grade V this Easter. Last May I played at the Ebury Music Centre and obtained an Award, which means that the I.L.E.A. pays for my lessons as long as I go on working and improving.

Last summer I joined the Lewisham Youth Orchestra and discovered the pleasure of playing in a large group. I love the way all the parts seem to fit together to make the music. In school I have also played trios with a couple of my friends. We have performed to the 1st and 2nd Years (I don't think the seniors would appreciate it) and they seemed to like it.

I used to only practice the day or two before my lesson. Now I find it easier to practice most days because I really want to improve. I want to be able to play the harder pieces I am confronted with at orchestra. My motivation is no longer what my teacher might say if I don't practice, or exams, but the enjoyment of making music together.

Penelope Jarrett.



Dear Diary

Mummy and Daddy bought little me a flute for my birthday; super, isn't it? I've now decided that instead of being a prima ballerina or the world's best show-jumper I'm going to be first flautist in the L.S.O. (I say!, Miss Holdenburg would have an absolute fit if she knew that I've been using all this abbreviation in my diary!). Ruffles will be frightfully jealous when I tell him about it all during my next riding lesson. In fact I should say he'll be jolly well pea-green about it all.

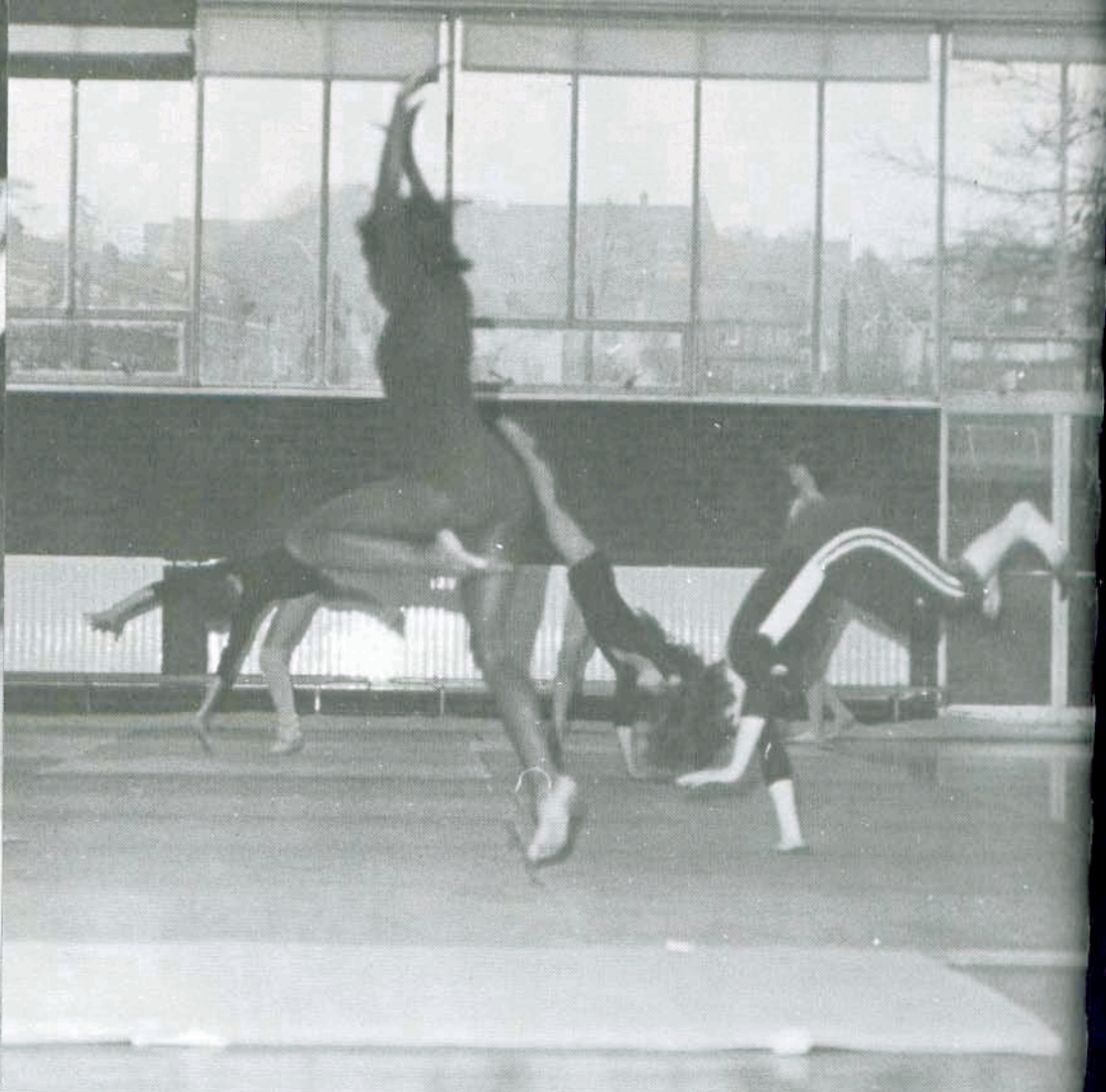
At first I was rather puzzled about which hole I was to blow down. It seemed awfully silly to twist one's mouth into such a terrible shape just so that one could use the smaller hole. I thought that it was much more sensible to put the end in one's mouth and blow down it as one would with a recorder, the only different was that the sound produced was of a slightly poor quality and that it caused slight problems with the fingering! I thought it would be much easier to play the flute - it is very disappointing to find at first one has to play scales, arpeggios, long notes, and once in a while very simple tunes (damned tiresome!). 'Peas Pudding Hot', 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' and once in a while infantile 'folk tunes' wouldn't really be my first choice if I could choose what I have to play. It seems that Mummy and Daddy had expected me to achieve more than I have after the first six days as well, but my flute tutor says that we are all being a mite too impatient. The excitement appears to have gone out of being a flautist - it isn't as wizard as I thought it would be. Maybe I'll be the greatest trapeze artist the world has ever known instead.

Ellen Russell.













# Olympic Gymnastics

Of all the sports in Britain today, Gymnastics is without doubt the most enigmatic. Although admired and enjoyed by an ever increasing number of devotees, it is understood by only a few. Its very name, Gymnastics, is not accurately descriptive. The most lucid of all dictionary definitions states: Gymnastic, 'of gymnastics, involving bodily exercise developing the muscles, originally performed whilst naked'! - Gymnastics is a misunderstood sport.

Those who have seen Gymnastics at its best will have marvelled at the skill, courage and beauty displayed by the world's top performers. Those gymnasts are perfectionists and have reached this standard through devotion and dedication, and have had the benefit of many years of correct and intense coaching.

As Olympic Gymnastics is not taught as part of the school curriculum our girls have achieved this standard through their own hard work, in after-school training sessions. The Junior and Senior squad have been entering competitions for the last four years, and this year Ann Murray reached the All London Finals for the third year running, and Lucy Watson was selected for the London Regional Junior Squad.

Alison Banks

## Acrobats

Tracy Emblem

Susan Glass

Jane Gittens

Ann Murray

Sandra Reboe

Pauline Reid

Hopal Romans

Gillian Rose

Yvonne Rowe

Michelle Stanley

Carol Warner

Lucy Watson

Belinda Whiting

Theresa Wise

## Music

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1. 'Maple Leaf Rag!' Scott Joplin
2. 'Starter For .....' Elton John



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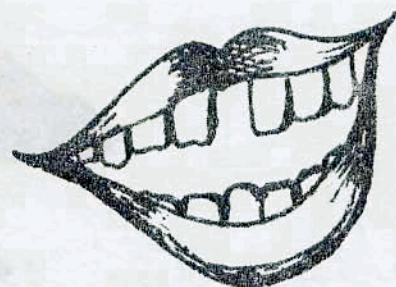
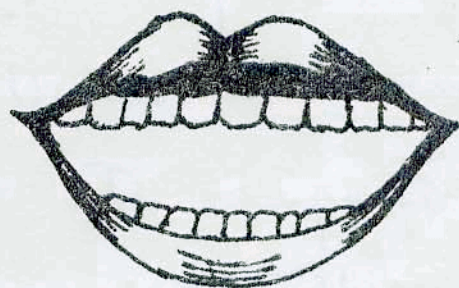
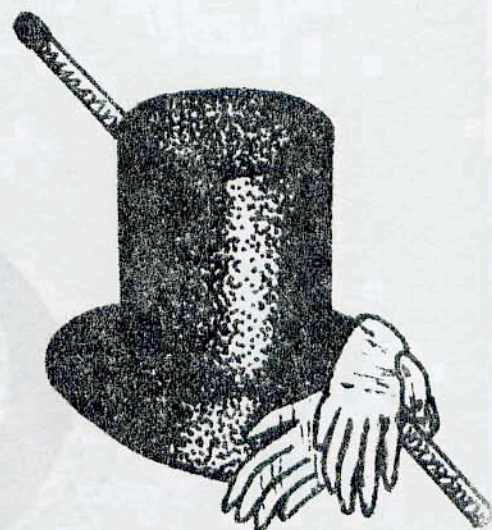
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# CELEBRITY HOT



talk  
of the  
town







# Arts go under to the sciences

By DAVID HENCKE

UNIVERSITIES are to lead a major new drive to expand science and engineering at the expense of the arts, Mrs Shirley Williams, Secretary of State for Education, will announce next month.

National Theatre

Feb. 9. '77

In today's 'Guardian' I read the headline "Arts go under to the Sciences" followed by an article beginning, "Universities are to lead a major drive to expand science and engineering at the expense of the arts, the Secretary of State for Education will announce next month."

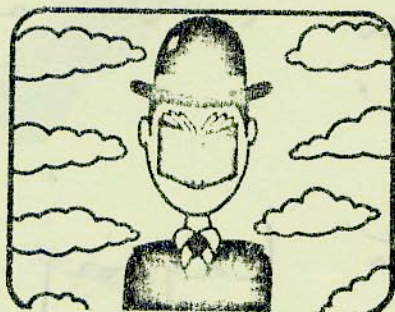
In this happy, technical and not too distant future, in



preparation for which you  
will now personally be  
encouraged by Dr Shirley  
Williams to turn your hands  
to the manufacture of plastic  
bags and your lathes to the  
manufacture of adolescent  
motor-cars, ~~may~~ may your  
arts keep alive the flickering  
spirit of humanity

Good luck  
Michael Gordon.

**READ · ALL · ABOUT · IT**



Good luck with your Festival.

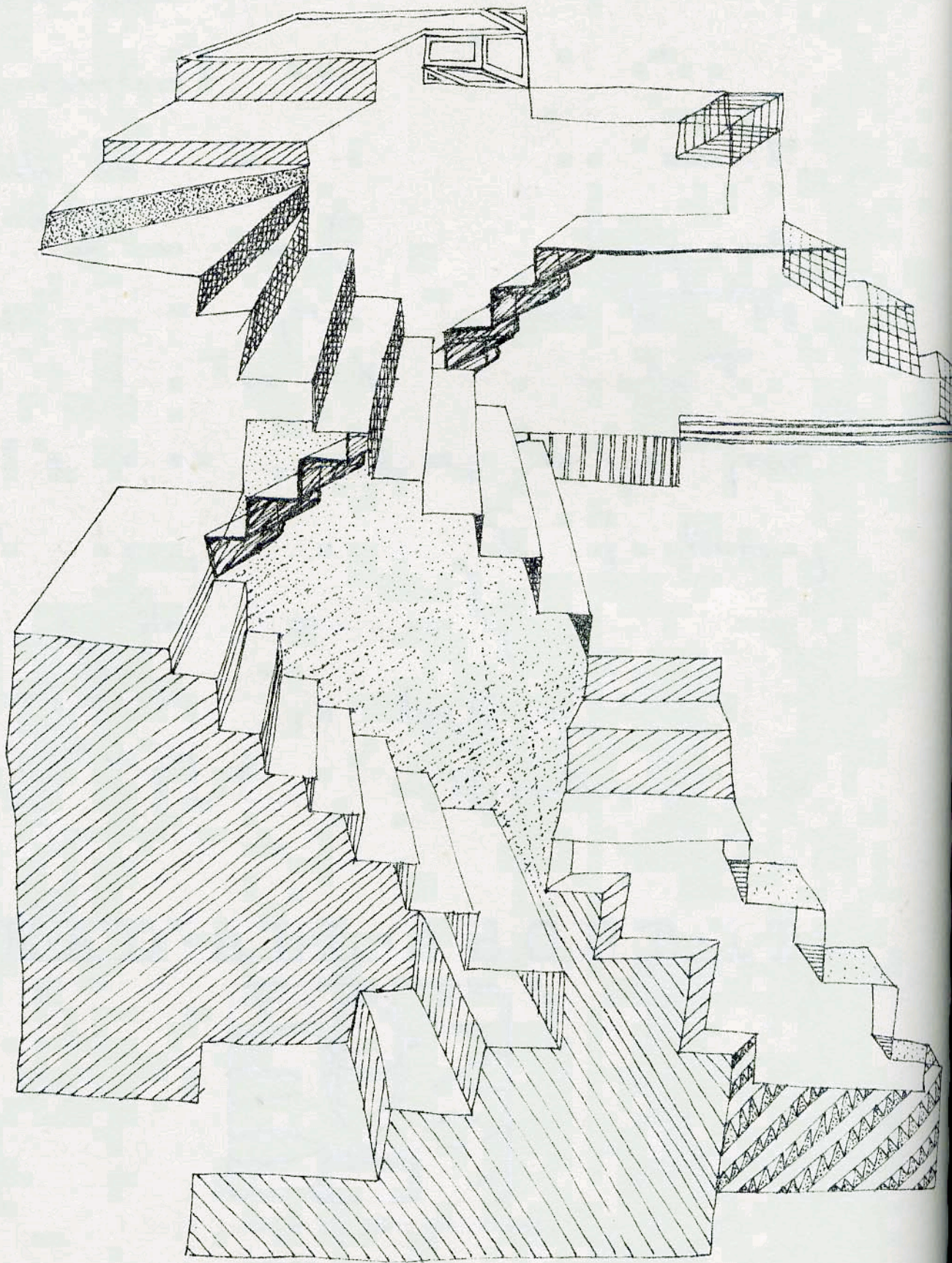
Best wishes.

Yours Sincerely,

M. J. Bragg.

Melvyn Bragg.





Tracey Payne





Rebecca Romp 4th yr '77





# Mermaid Theatre

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7th February, 1977

It's great news to hear you are having an Arts Festival, and such a pleasantly varied one. I only wish I could come and see some of the events. Certainly Joe Ortons play should be a great success.

Love from

*Bernard Miles*

SIR BERNARD MILES

help you. I am up to my eyes in doing my television shows and it is a monumental task getting material for them alone. I do hope you understand.

Yours,

*Ronnie Corbett*  
RONNIE CORBETT

may I wish  
every success to the Arts  
Festival Committee. The  
forwards of Arts - especially

To the group is terribly  
important, and I am always  
happy to hear of celebrate  
that further the interest of  
others.

*Janet Vero*  
*llllllllll*

MILLCENT MARTIN



Just a short note to wish  
you the Committee and all at  
Sydenham School the very best of  
luck with your Festival of the Arts.  
I feel sure it will be a huge huge  
Hit., and all your hard work will  
be rewarded.

My best wishes to you  
all in 1977.

Cheers

Jimmy Ash

The Secretary of State has asked me to thank you for your letter of 2 February inviting her to contribute to a souvenir programme for your Arts Festival in March.

As you may imagine, the invitations Mrs Williams receives to give interviews or to contribute articles to student journals, as well as the many other publications in the education world, are extremely numerous. With a very full programme of engagements, Mrs Williams has little time available for writing, even though many of the invitations she receives are extremely interesting and she would very much have liked to help.

Mrs Williams hopes that you understand why she therefore feels unable to accept your kind invitation. At this time, she feels the pressing problems of the education service must take priority over interviews and articles, however valuable they may be.



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ELIZABETH HOUSE, YORK ROAD, LONDON SE1 7BH

TELEPHONE 01-928 9222

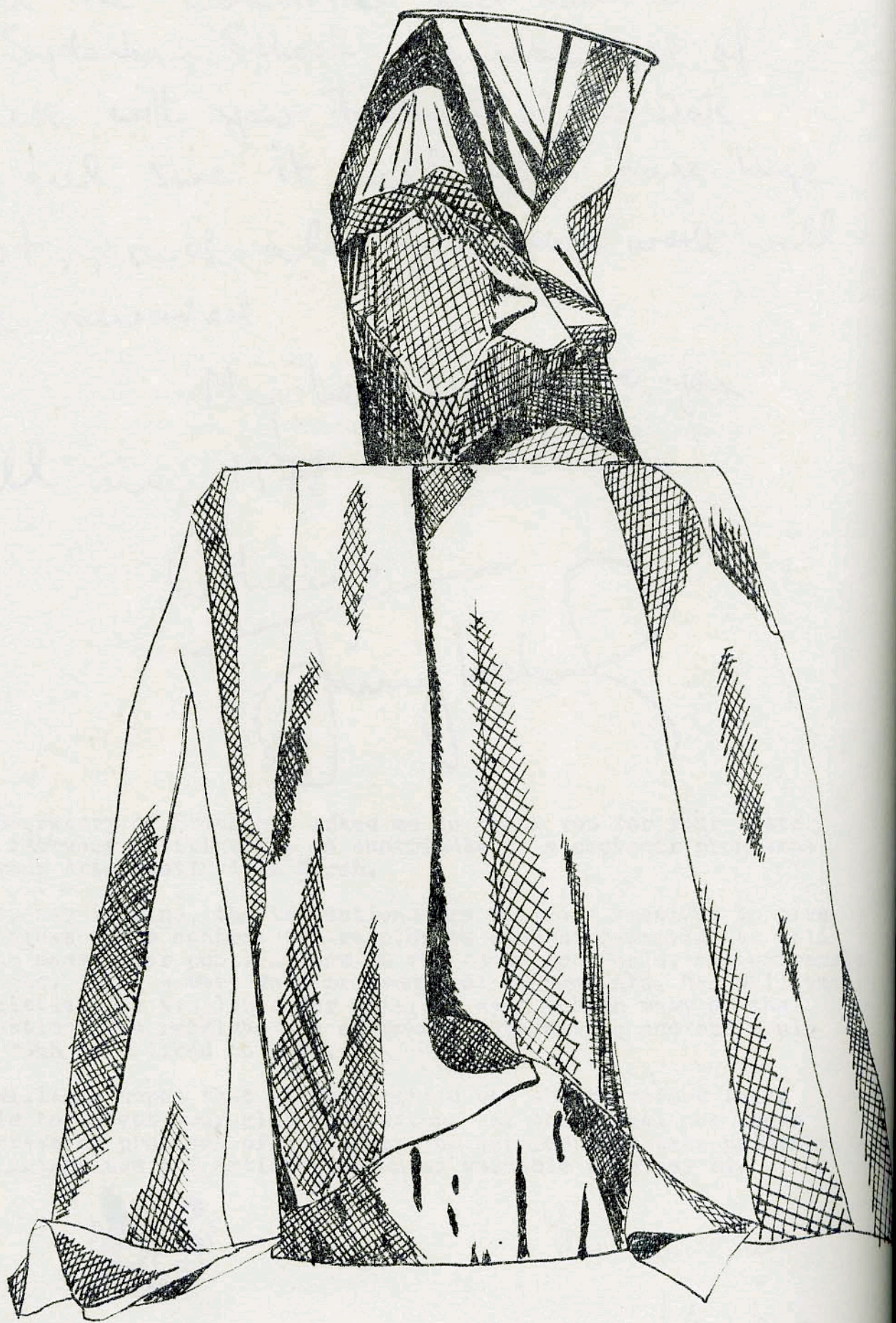
FROM THE SECRETARY OF STATE

Yours sincerely,

K Price

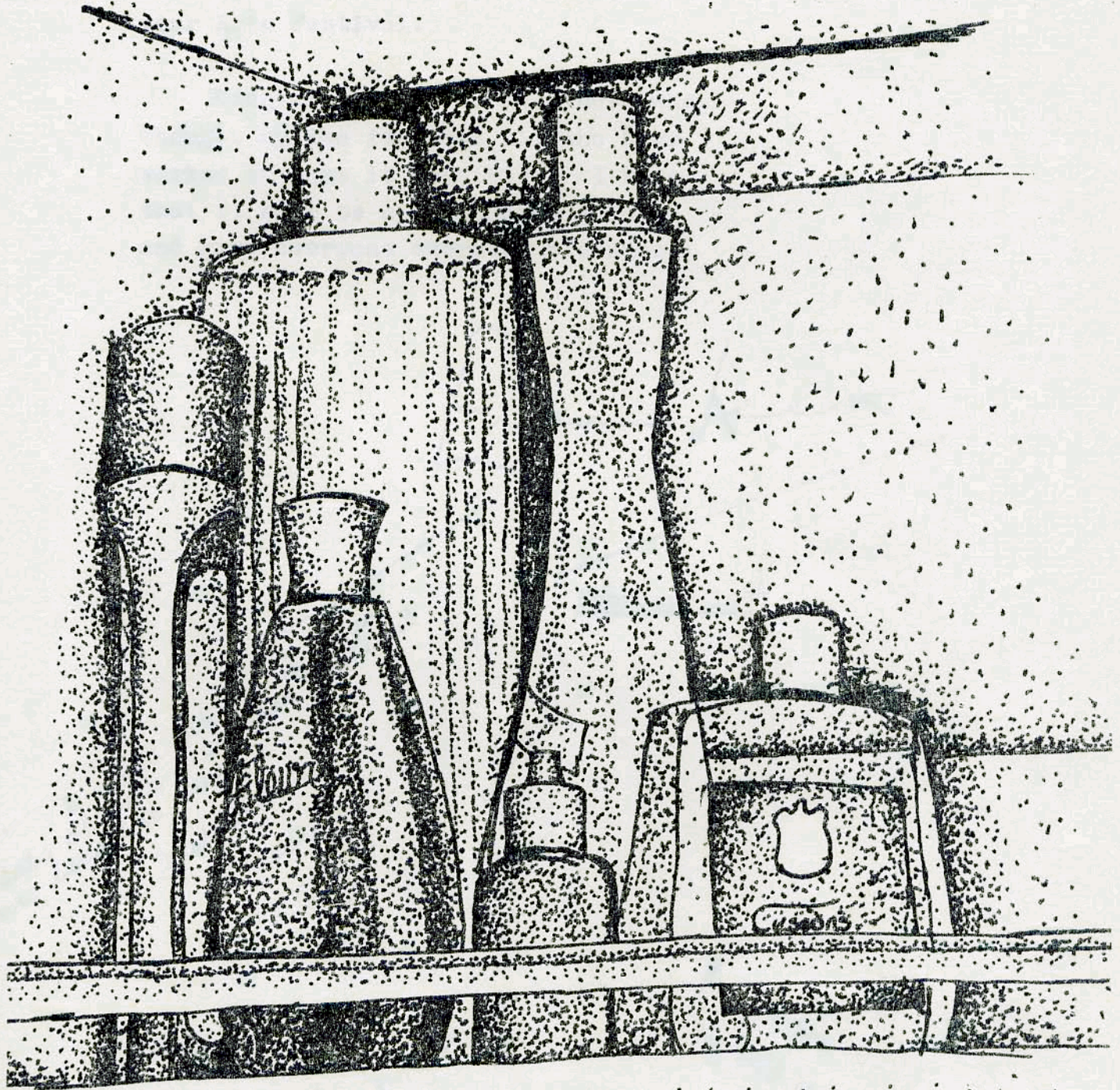
K PRICE  
Private Secretary





ESTHER DARE 402





Penelope Jarrott.



From: The Rt. Hon. Edward Heath, M.B.E., M.P.



HOUSE OF COMMONS

I send you my very best wishes for  
your Arts Festival.

Congratulations to all those who  
thought up the idea and all who have  
worked to make it possible. I hope  
that it will be a resounding success  
and give everyone enormous pleasure.

*Edward Heath*

February 1977

*I would like to wish you  
all lots of luck with your Festival  
- long live the Arts!*

*Best Wishes,  
Sincerely,*

*Penelope Keith*  
**PENELOPE KEITH**

*I hope the  
Festival is a great success.  
Best wishes,*

*John Cleese*  
**John Cleese**



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Patron H.M. The

Thank you for your letter inviting me to contribute something to your Festival programme.

I hope you will forgive me if I am rather churlish and refuse. My rehearsal and work schedules are quite horrific at the moment and I'm afraid that I simply do not have the time to write something for your programme - apart from the fact I don't know what I'd write about!

Once again I'm sorry not to help but may I send my best wishes for your Festival and I hope it is a great success.

Yours sincerely

Peter Hall

PETER HALL

Guinness Theatre

ALEC GUINNESS

12. 2. 77

Thank you for your invitation to write an article for your school souvenir programme, I would have been happy to do so if I hadn't got so much work on hand this month - but I'm afraid it's impossible.

yours sincerely

Alec Guinness

John Curran

All best wishes to  
you for your Joe Oxtow venture -  
I have not seen the play but have  
read it. I did play in the  
first production of "What the  
Butcher Saw" which I admired  
very much, but I was pretty alone  
in this opinion and we had  
no luck with it - that's what I  
mean by the start of this note

I WILL REPEAT IT

BEST WISHES

AND GOOD LUCK

very sincerely

Kaepa Richardson

7th FEB 77

I would like to send my best wishes to the pupils and the Committee of the Arts Festival at Sydenham School for every success in their 1977 Arts Festival

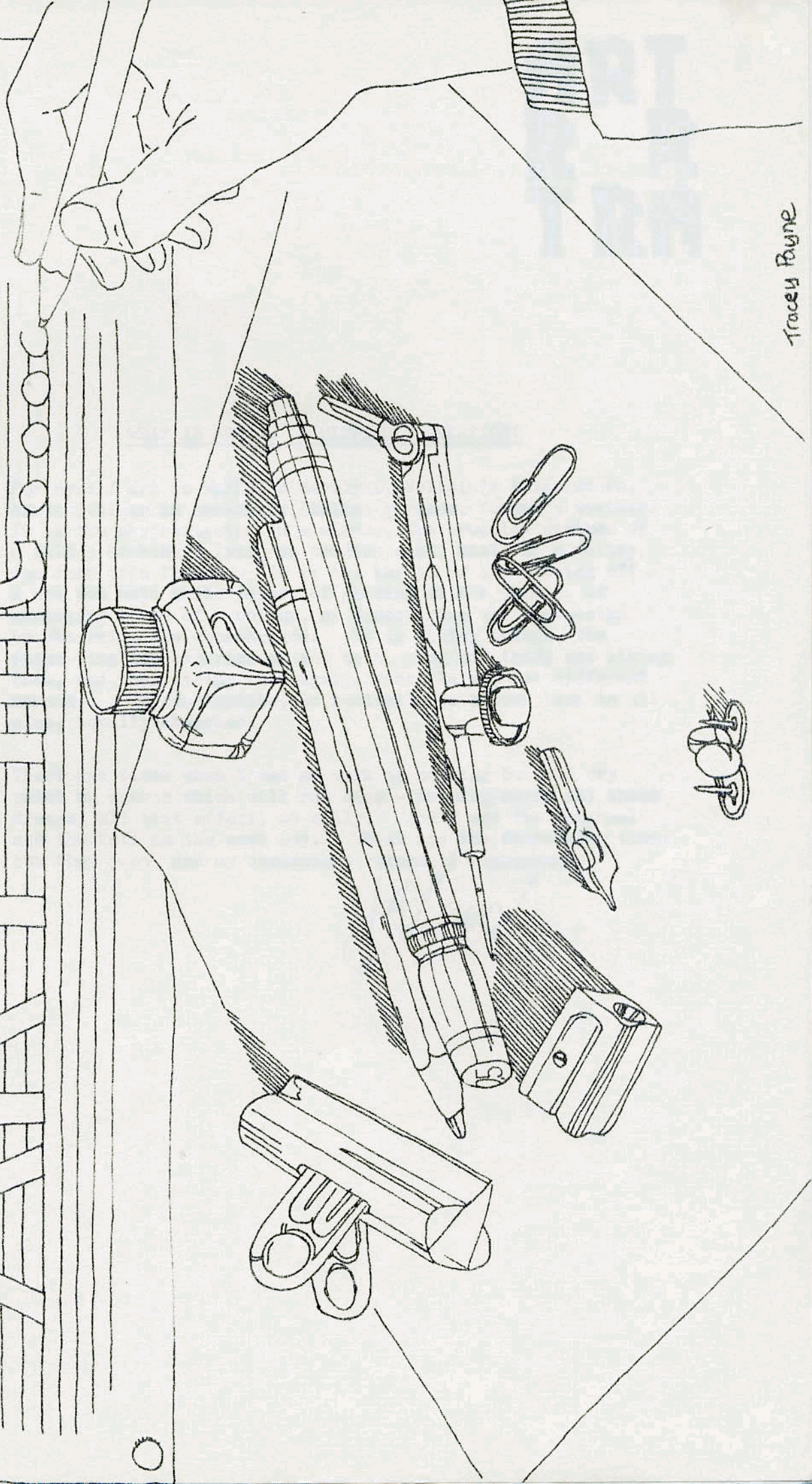




Penelope Jarrett.



# ART inc



Tracey Payne



# ART R R T RA

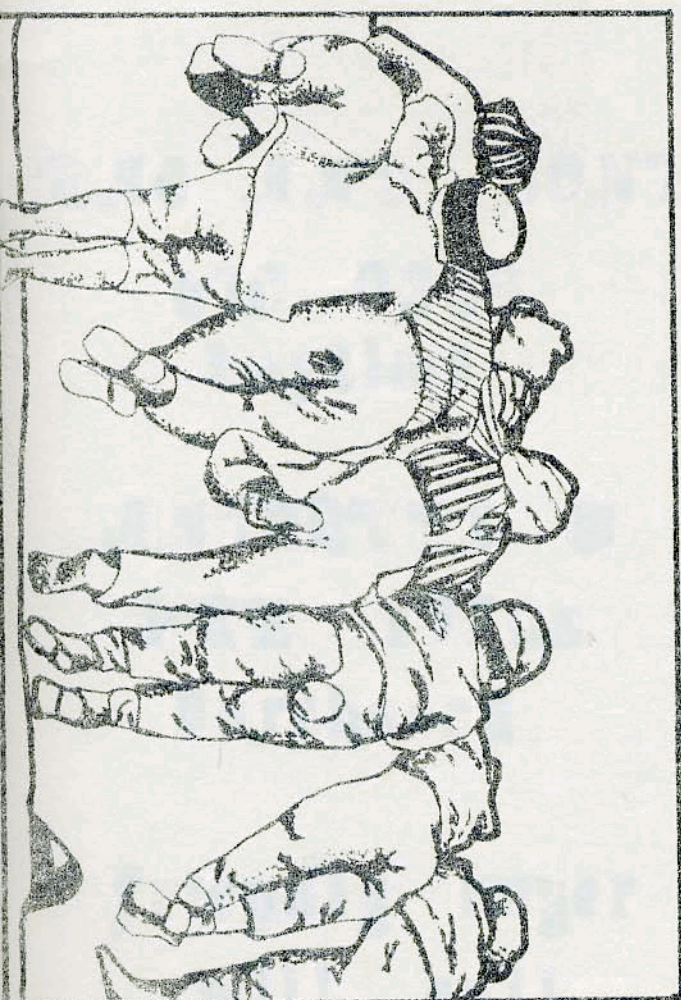
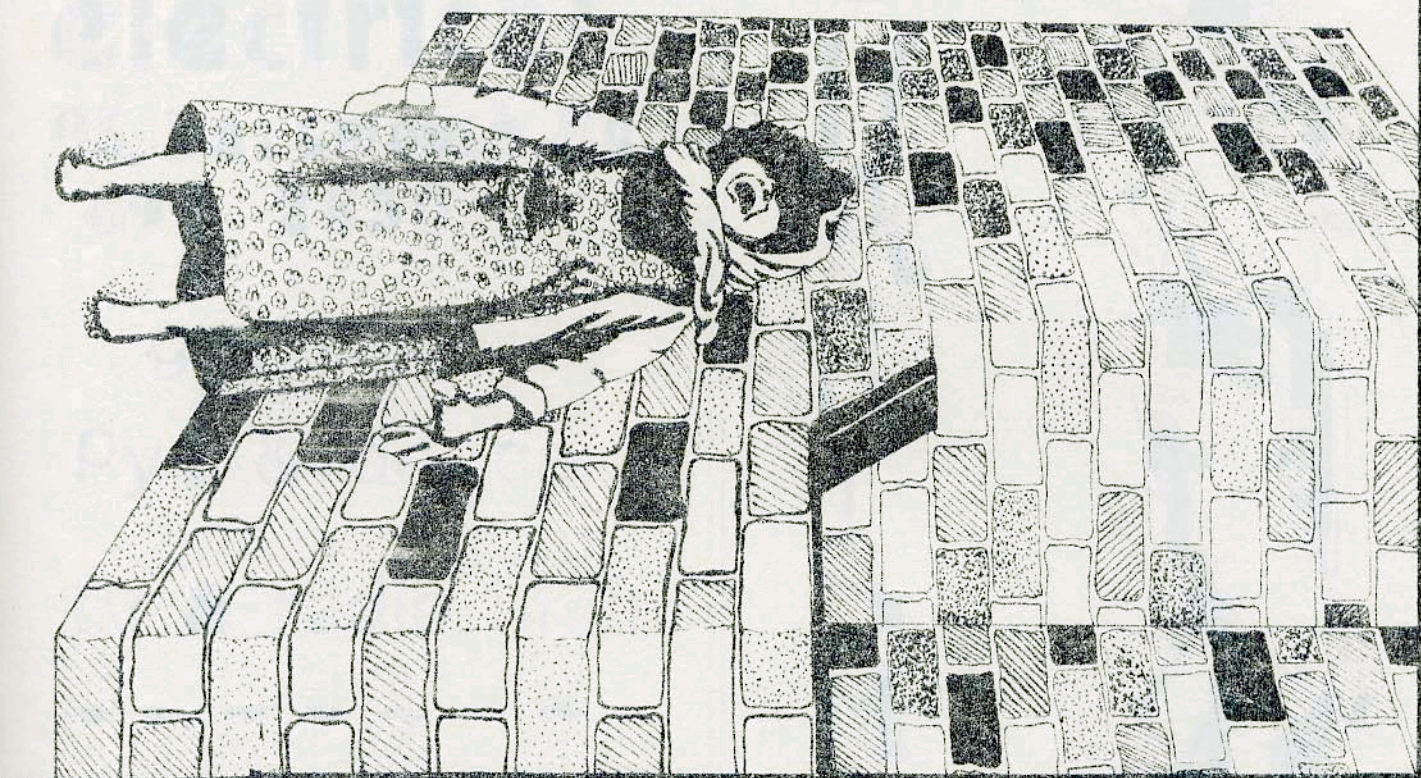
## WHAT IS ART - A DIFFICULT QUESTION?

For myself art is Warhol's Marylins, Holbein's Ambassadors, Annunciations in enchanted Italian gardens, Turner's weather. It is the sky reflected in a window, the crumpled stripes of a folded deckchair lying on trodden sand, mists in a valley, the form of a figure. It is the thrill of ink flowing off a new pen onto white paper, of shading with a pencil, of arranging tones of a colour, of discovering the unexpected by observing the commonplace. It is liking things, the spine tingling experience, and then going off them, not liking them, and then liking them again, years later, for different reasons. To contemplate, to meditate, to become lost to all else, totally absorbed.

There are times when I see my work as nothing but old dry paint on canvas which will rot away - nothing more, all those dreams, all that effort, so silly. And I see the National and the Tate in the same way. These are the depressing times, but they pass, and my obsessions return, I recommence.

*JA Leach*





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# **ERPINGHAM CAMP**

## **by Joe Orton.**

**Pianist**  
**Erpingham**  
**Riley**  
**Lou**  
**Ted**  
**Eileen**  
**Kenny**  
**Padre**  
**W.E. Harrison**  
**Jessie Mason**

**Michael Hayes**  
**Jackie Russell.**  
**Karen Plummer.**  
**Faith Steemson.**  
**Anita Carcone.**  
**Jane Supple.**  
**Vivienne Day.**  
**Jane Phelps.**  
**Linda Gainsford.**  
**Mandy Murphy.**

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**Bluecoats — J.Billiam, G.Cast, D.Clements,**  
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**J.Richardson, G.Sabourin, C.Thompson,**  
**C.Tysan.**

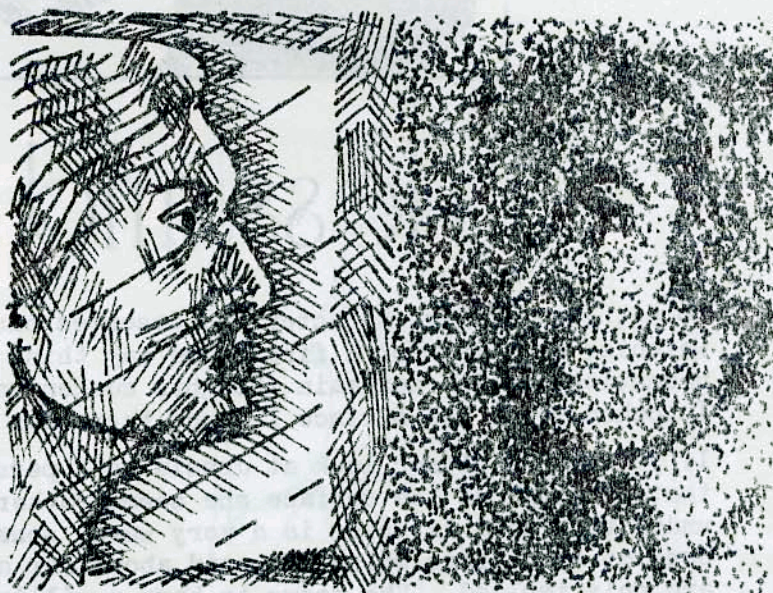
**Directed by Colin Dean.**



# "Go to the mirror boy" ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

## What do YOU see?

Well, what do you see?  
Usually only what you  
want to see - the hair  
you have rather than the  
empty spaces, your own  
teeth rather than the  
dentures!! Read the  
newspaper: what do you  
see? Usually only  
what you want to see -  
the page three girl, an  
article to your liking,  
the fashion page, the  
sports page.

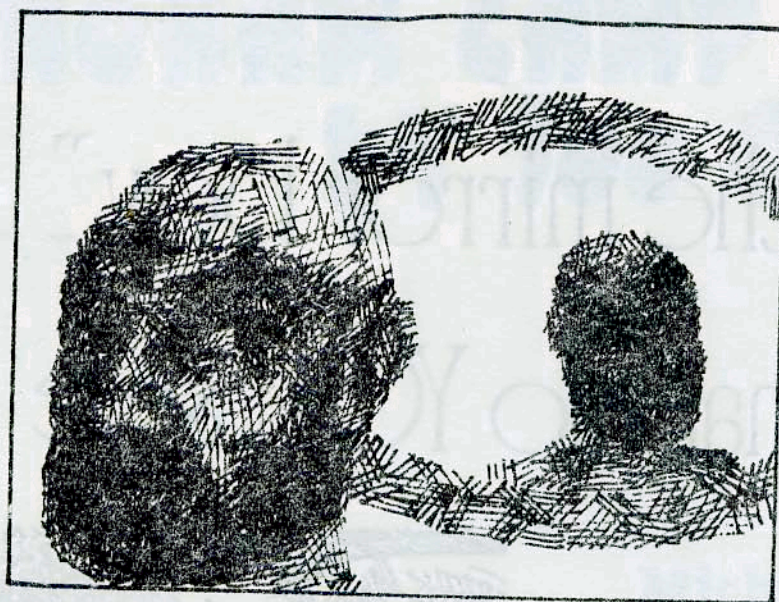


We protect ourselves from the "horror of it all" by turning a blind eye and who can blame us? Every Sunday we foolishly read the newspapers and then trudge down to the pub wondering if anything is worth the effort: "It's got nothing to do with me, I don't make the rules". But while we are trying to get away from it all the media with a mind to our well-being, leisure and education, bash us with crueller images "the bayonet in the gut" as captured by So and So with his Pentax from 15 feet F.11 at 250ths of a sec. The cinema and theatre conjures up stories of corruption, sex and violence for our delectation and delight in such liberal doses that every six months it has to take stock, measure the growth of public immunity and increase the dosage accordingly.

Joe Orton understood the implications of living in a steadily dehumanising society. He sensed the fact that old notions and institutions, Nation, Government, Humanity, Law, Church, Morality, were failing to capture the necessary commitment from the people, and thus were no longer really in control or exerting any influence. People were switching off, and I think it frightened him.

Erpingham Camp is school or work or country. It will make you laugh; it might shock you. Personally I hope it worries you because it terrifies me. Erpingham Camp is a warning but who will heed it? Not you. Not me. Our mental defences will sooth away the pain. We'll thank the hammer that crushed Joe Orton's head for protecting us from a cruel and insensitive prophet, ignoring the fact that there is a hammer-shaped shadow growing daily above our own heads.





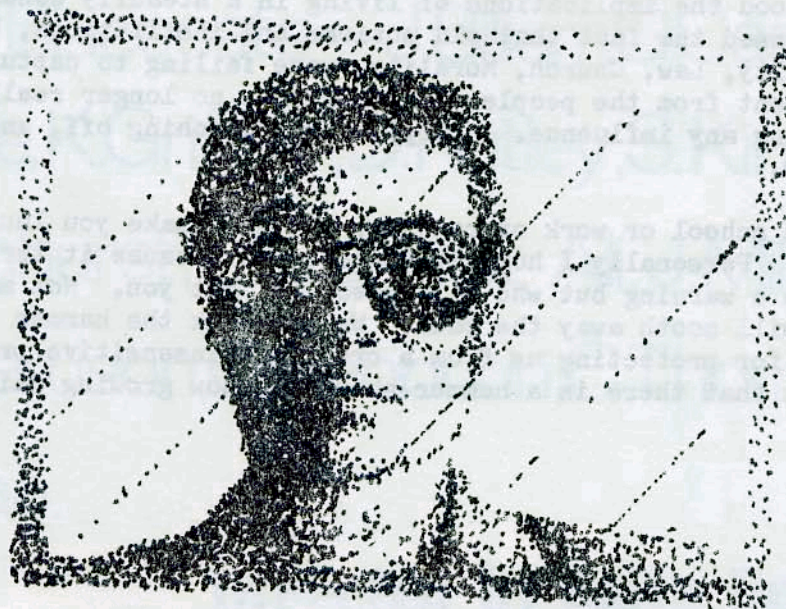
## Jess and Me

To me, Jessie is a character who deserves our sympathy. Although those watching the play for a first time may think she is terribly carefree and unemotional, with her main thoughts concentrated on stardom and men, when I looked below the surface I found there was a lot more to her.

If you take a closer look at Jessie as a person I think you may discover that although on the surface she seems rather cold and hard, yet I think under this calm exterior is a very warm, sensitive person. After all, none of the things which are said about her are proven to be true; they are only implied. She seems to have unwillingly built up an image of the camp whore, the butt of Riley's cruel jokes.

It has surprised me how my attitude to Jessie has altered just in the three short months I have known her. When I was first given the part in early December I was extremely wary of accepting it. I had the impression that I was to play the camp tart, and was very dubious as to whether I would be able to carry it off. But fortunately as I explored the character my attitudes changed, my confidence grew, and I soon realised that there was no character I would prefer to play.

Mandy Murphy, 5R2





# DEFINITIONS

The story of Erpingham Camp evolves due to one man at the top whose professed Christianity, often in question, is tested to the limit and found wanting. To just read the play you perhaps get the impression that it is just one big farce and far fetched, as it would be impossible for that type of chaos to happen. But to look at it in some depth we realise that this play sends up the whole 'traditional' idea of the family holiday in a holiday camp.

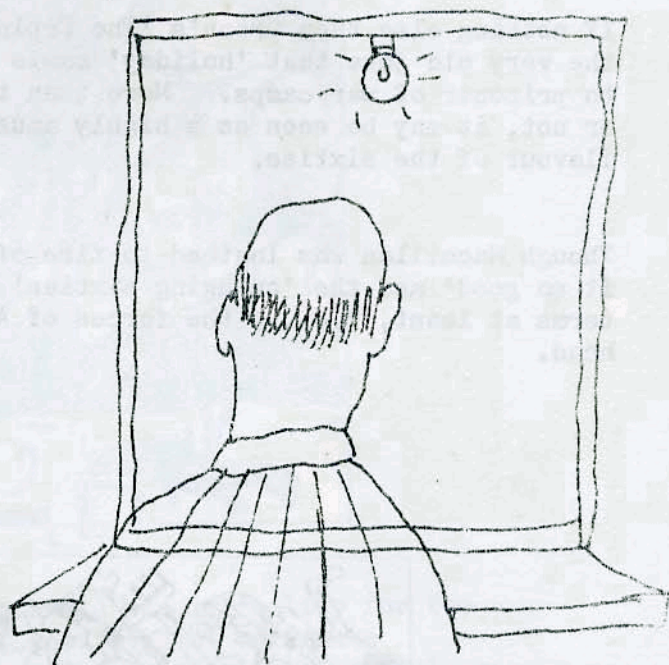
The play explores the idea of going away with the family, following the camp routine such as entering the "knobbly knees" contest or, in this case, "Tarzan of the Apes", watching those fat ladies with "Kiss me Quick" hats on, whose husbands are content to sit on the beach with handkerchief hats, reading the newspaper.

It is with this background that we meet the different characters, and from then on their lives become somewhat tangled, which results in the conflicts between the individual campers and the campers and camp staff. We are faced with two couples originating from different backgrounds having different beliefs, and we follow these people on the journey that leads Erpingham to his end, his downfall, which in this case happens literally.

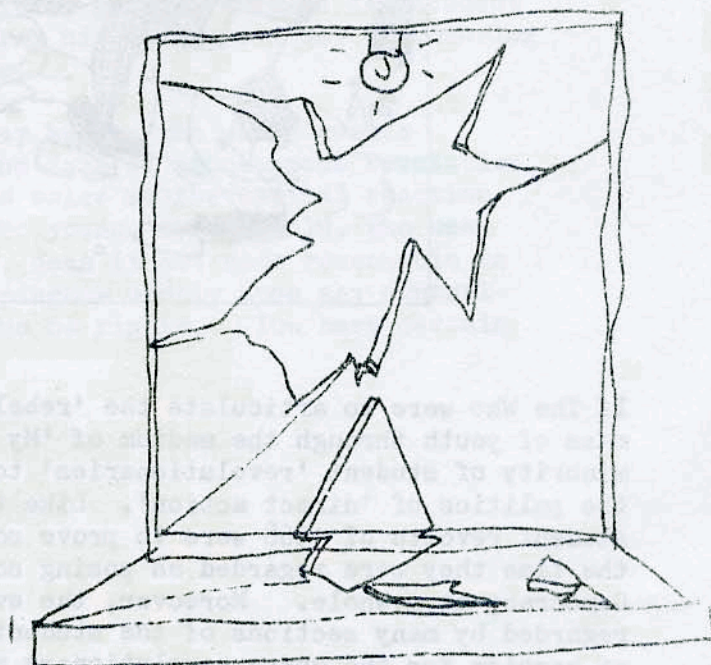
We meet many powerful characters - Jessie Mason, made up from a subtle blend of a child and a worldly woman, and Riley, Harrison, etc. All are trapped in Erpingham's Kingdom.

The whole play tells the story of the way people's attitudes differ, both in the way they act towards each other as well as the way they conduct themselves. Erpingham is confronted by people who finally disturb and destroy his ideal way of life, the idea that everything is run to a routine, and never is his word questioned.

Jane Phelps



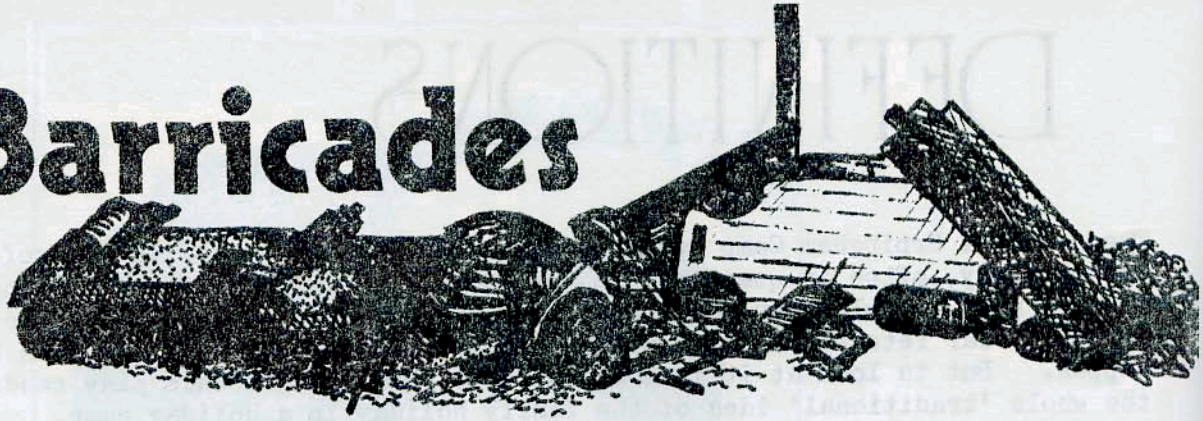
MAN "MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL  
WHO IS THE FAIREST OF THEM  
ALL?"



WOMAN "ASK A SILLY QUESTION!"



# Les Barricades



If nothing else then Orton's 'The Erpingham Camp' certainly reinforces the very old joke that 'holiday' camps bear more than a passing resemblance to prisoner of war camps. More than that, however, whether intentionally or not, it may be seen as a highly amusing commentary on the rebellious flavour of the sixties.

Though Macmillan was loathed to tire of telling us that we had 'never had it so good' and the 'swinging sixties' were in full flight, in Erpingham's terms at least, "..... the forces of Anarchy ....." were to raise their head.



If The Who were to articulate the 'rebellion of morals' and manners' among the mass of youth through the medium of 'My Generation' then it was left to the minority of student 'revolutionaries' to put this rebellion into active politics - the politics of 'direct action'. Like the rebellion in 'The Erpingham Camp' the student revolts of 1968 were to prove somewhat futile despite the fact that at the time they were regarded as posing some kind of dreadful threat to Western Democracy as a whole. Moreover, the events in Paris of May/June 1968 are still regarded by many sections of the student Left as representing the greatest moment of heroism for the young revolutionary movement.

Paris was not the only location for student unrest in the spring of 1968. However, it certainly provided the most dramatic events.



The minds of youth were stirred and, for a brief period of one month, they tried to approach long-standing problems in the spirit of the Commune of 1871. 'Interdit d'interdire' (no bans allowed) was the adopted motto of the movement and there were the inevitable dreams of a new society free of injustice and oppression.

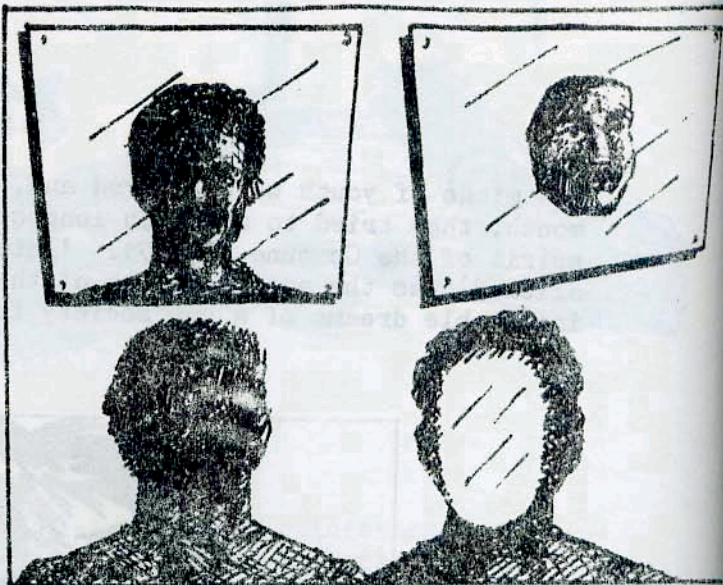
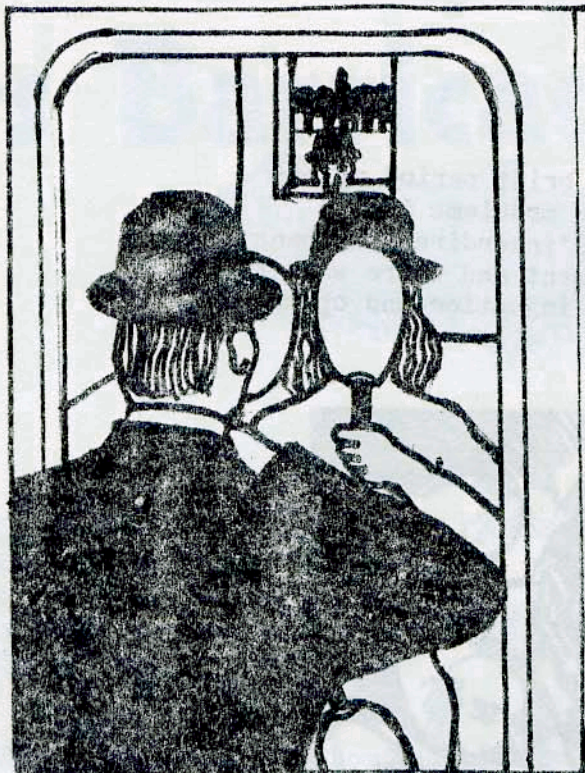


For a moment it seemed as if the dream would become reality for the Paris students succeeded in doing what most student movements habitually fail to do - they mobilised sections of the working classes to ally with their cause and man the barricades. Whereas the British students at the L.S.E. were only to aggravate, and indeed alienate, the rest of the population, the students of Paris forced their government to terrorise the 'revolution' into submission. Just as Kenny and Eileen were to discover, in Erpingham's little society, that revolutions have a terrible habit of going wrong, so the student movement was to find that de Gaulle and his ilk have a way of bouncing back to the top of the Christmas tree.

Orton, of course, had written his play before the above events materialised. He anticipated well the fate of spontaneous revolution and one might well regard Erpingham's voice as the typical reaction of most of 'authority' to those of the young, or even old, who seem to be stepping out of line. Indeed, does it not seem reasonable to assume, in a rational world, that Erpingham merely apes any central government when he declares, "You have no rights. You have certain privileges which can be withdrawn"?

George Herbert





# COCKNEY RULES !!

To really bring the characters to life, a suitable voice and accent is definitely needed. For example, Erpingham who is a harsh, hard man could not have a voice suitable for W.E. Harrison because W.E. Harrison has an effeminate personality. The first thing to do is to discuss the characters, to get to know them, and try to understand their personality.

I had great difficulty in acquiring a suitable voice and accent which suited the character I am playing. We sat in the class rattling our brains trying to think of a voice suited to my particular character.

"What about Cockney?". "No, we've already got someone doing that".

"Um, ar, what about Birmingham?". "I can't do it".

Everyone else seemed to be able to do it but me. Perhaps I haven't got the ability to acquire accents like everybody else.

"Watch 'Crossroads'. You know, Jim Baines, he comes from Birmingham".

I did watch it and I tried my best, but I tried in vain.

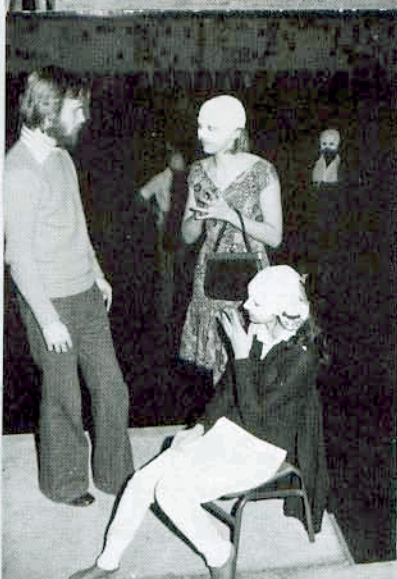
"What about Welsh?". "It really could go with your character, Eileen".

We were all agreed on me experimenting with Welsh, so I tried it. I found it a bit difficult at first but with some help from Mr. Walker who was "good at Welsh" it slowly improved. Then one day at a rehearsal, out of the blue Mr. Dean said "The Welsh is not suited to Eileen, it's not harsh enough. It's too soft, we need a voice which brings out Eileen's harsh, cold character".

Once again we all agreed on Mr. Dean's advice, and my accent was changed.

I am now a Cockney, like my husband Kenny. If only I could have used Cockney in the first place, there would have been no aggravation!











# COLOUR IT DANCE

Men and women have danced for joy and to celebrate living for thousands of years. Our Dance Production this year - the Rainbow Show - is a celebration of movement, rhythm, music, light and colour and we offer it to you as an illustration of our Dance life at Sydenham.

The girls you will see in the Rainbow Show are but a fraction of our dancers in school, as all our 1st, 2nd and 3rd Years have regular weekly Dance lessons. In the Senior School there are further opportunities to study Dance at C.S.E. level.

Dance in Sydenham has expanded and has flourished over the past few years and we are proud of the children's enthusiasm & commitment to the Arts Festival. This is an expression of our belief that Dance is to be enjoyed .....

## EXPRESSING ... STEPPING

Dancing is a way of making your body say what you want to say. If this is done well then there is no need for speaking to take place.  
Vivienne Day, 5C

Dancing is being able to use mind and body simultaneously.  
Vivienne Day, 5C

I think Dance is a very good subject and I think a lot of people benefit from it - it is a good way of communicating with other people. If you are a good dancer, then I think that this is a sign of skill and inner self-control.  
Tracy Lambert, 5C

Dance is expressive body movement  
Ann Murray, 5B

Dance is to entertain and Dance is fun. It also exercises your legs and arms and the rest of your body  
Denise Joiner, 4N

When you are dancing you are enjoying it and you are expressing yourself.  
Christine Ruffell, 4M

People dance all over the world and there are so many different ways to dance. I like dancing when I am at home and when I go to parties. I also like dancing at school when my friends are around.  
Kim Nembhard, 4J



# TEN Modern YEARS



1926 was a momentous year for ballet. It was the year in which British ballet was born with the formation of this country's first company - Ballet Rambert. 1966 was an equally momentous year for dance - the year of Ballet Rambert's rebirth as our first modern dance company: a company influenced by two great pioneers of movement, Marie Rambert and Martha Graham: a company which retained the best of the classical and adopted the best of the Graham techniques to create that distinctive Rambert style.

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Ballet Rambert's influence on the modern dance scene in Britain cannot be underestimated. The contemporary technique, already well established in the United States, had only rarely been seen in this country. It was Rambert's Artistic Director, Norman Morrice, who first introduced important American choreographers to this country. Of these, Glen Tetley was to have a profound effect on the shaping of the contemporary Rambert style. In works like *PIERROT LUNAIRE* and *ZIGGURAT* he combined classical and modern techniques to really stretch the abilities of both dancers and audience. But if modern dance was to establish itself, the Company could not always look outside Britain for its inspiration: choreographers had to be encouraged from within the ranks. Morrice had already mounted important, innovative works and before long his example was followed by his colleagues - John Chesworth and Christopher Bruce, in 1974 to become, when Morrice resigned, Director and Associate Director: dancers in the Company, like Joseph Scoglio, Jonathan Taylor, Zoltan Imre, under the demanding but protective hand of the Artistic Direction, discovered and exploited their own choreographic talents.

Ballet Rambert had in such a short space of time, transformed not just itself but the whole face of British ballet, pioneering new styles of production and design, introducing new music, developing new choreographers. These advances prepared the way for the emergence of other modern dance companies and it might have been easy for Rambert to take the credit and sit back. But this is not the way of a Company like Ballet Rambert. For more than five decades Ballet Rambert has been a platform for generations of talented artists who constantly explored new avenues of performance and production. Why should it stop now? Wisely the direction has concentrated on consolidating those advances to ensure a firm foundation for dance in this country: special programmes for schools, the exploration of different performing areas like thrust stages: co-operative projects involving varied disciplines: increased use of film and video. It is an indication of how far modern dance in this country has developed under the impetus of companies like Rambert, that audiences for modern dance, once a small dedicated few, can now compete in size with audiences for classical ballet. Who knows, one day we may win!



# THE RAINBOW SHOW

## 1. ALL COLOURS OF THE SPECTRUM 5th Year — music: Carmina Burana by Karl Orff

Beverley Dublin  
Lorna Green  
Maria Jarvis  
Gillian King

Melody Morris  
Ann Murray  
Manda Warner  
Beth Woolcott

## 2. RED

### 1st Year — music: Music from the Big Top

Dorrett Bayne  
Dulcie Bent  
Lonneka Broadribb  
Margaret Colvin  
Beverley Foster  
Cheryl Francis  
Ann Freestone  
Ann Griffiths  
Stella Headley

Jenny Hotham  
Maria King  
Pauline Leslie  
Maria Mackey  
Joanne Nash  
Michelle Russell  
Lisa Sard  
Deborah Sheard  
Janet Wyllie



### 3. RED & ORANGE

4th Year — music: Jaws

by John Williams

Vicky Belcher

Margaret Geary

Paulette Gordon

Marcia Johnson

Arlene Morrison

Shirley Norfolk

Bridget Sepaul

Tina Sivier

Trudy Smith

Marian Steadford

### 4. GREEN

4th Year — music: Death at Santa Cruz

by Urumbamba

Pauline Gordon

Sandra Hall

Susan Hards

Maureen Henry

Debra Hunter

Tracey Leach

Karen Stanley

Debra Tongue

Jacqueline Watson

### 5. YELLOW

3rd & 4th Years — music: Hang up your  
hang ups

by Herbie Hancock

Sharon Brown

Esther Dare

Christine Edwards

Katherine Griffey

Pearl Henry

Ann Johns

Donna Moutarde

Diane Nelson

Dorell Nelson

Susan Rose

Susan Salmon

Christine Sinclair

Mary Trainor

Carol Walton

Deborah Williams

Suzannah Wright

INTERVAL



6. ~~BLACK~~  
4th Year

music: Paint it Black  
by The Rolling Stones

Carol Campbell  
Suzanne Christodoulides  
Debra Clarke  
Teresa Goldsmith  
Sharon Gordon  
Janet Johnson

Denise Joiner  
Lillian Jordan  
Kim Nembhard  
Christine Ruffell  
Karen Wakeling

7. BLUE

2nd Year — music: Nocturne  
by Chopin

Tracey Boyce  
Elizabeth Graham  
Sharon Haines  
Debbie Headley  
Sharon Higgins  
Deborah Holdforth

Karen Miller  
Kethi Ngcobo  
Denise O'Neil  
Lesley Steele  
Esther Williams  
Sarah Wood

8. INDIGO

5th Year — music: Join the Boys  
by Joan Armatrading

Tracey Allen  
Lesley Ball  
Maureen Brooks  
Dalia Grant  
Tracey Lambert

Gillian Marshall  
Sharon Murdock  
Sheila White  
Sandra Wilson  
Cindy Wood

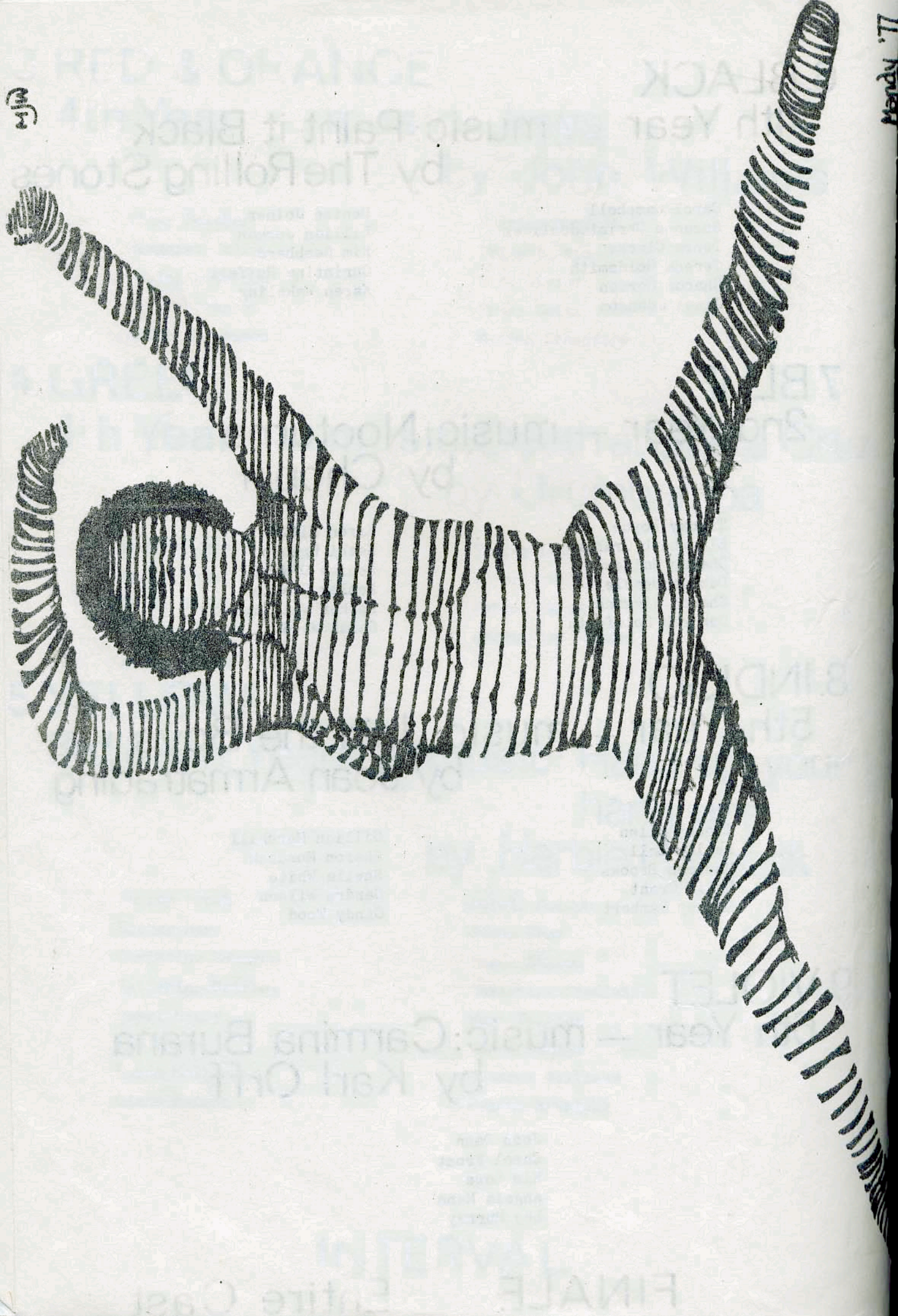
9. VIOLET

6th Year — music: Carmina Burana  
by Karl Orff

Joan Dann  
Carol Frost  
Kim Lowe  
Angela Mann  
Lee Murray

FINALE - Entire Cast









Sarah Gove 6P





H.D.W. xx



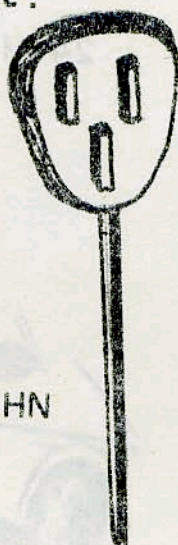




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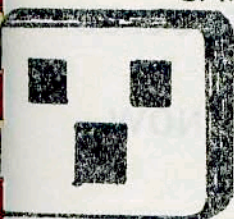


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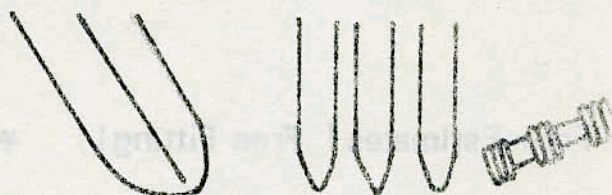
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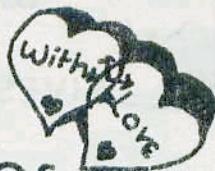
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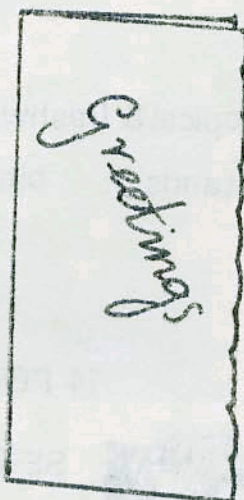


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