

# THE HARROVIAN

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## TREVELYAN SOCIETY

*Edred Clutton, The Knoll, "Exploring the anti-war movement within the US during the Vietnam War",  
2 March*

At 4.15pm on 2 March, the Trevelyan Society was honoured to have, as a speaker, Edred Clutton, *The Knoll*, presenting a well-researched, engaging talk titled: 'Exploring the anti-war movement within the US during the Vietnam War'.

Clutton started by providing a background to the Vietnam War as a whole. What I have learnt in simple terms was that North Vietnam, backed by Communist China after the Mao revolution, had tensions with the French, non-communist, US-funded South. Then, following the Gulf of Tonkin incident, war broke out.

After the brief yet detailed introduction, Clutton moved onto the main points of his talk, shifting his focus onto the causes of opposition and the demonstrations within the US itself. This often-perceived "immoral war" and the forced military activity of individuals was spearheaded by the Draft. All men between the ages of 18 and 26 were required to register themselves on Draft cards.

Men would then be called up by their local Draft Board and then evaluated on whether they would be drafted. Local Draft Boards were often composed of veteran soldiers, and their decisions on whom to draft were often seen as unfair, with working-class men often being picked over middle- and upper-class men. This unfairness in decision-making was also a cause of the racial inequality in the Draft system as a whole.

However, the ever-resourceful youth of Draft age would avoid it through a few different methods. A popular choice was to emigrate to Canada, with an estimated 60,000 – 100,000 leaving the US during the Draft period. Another was the application of student deferment, where those in full-time education avoided the Draft (Donald Trump used this loophole to avoid active service).

Another method included Draft card burning, which, as the name suggests, involved using the Draft card to make a larger statement. In 1965, 40 students from the University of California marched on Berkeley Draft Board and staged the first Draft card burning. This, however, didn't stop the Draft system. In fact, President Johnson doubled the number of men drafted a month from 17,000 to 35,000 and signed a law that made it illegal to burn the Draft card.

From this point, Clutton went on to talk about the influence of the war on the rest of the US population and their disgust at the system. A key turning point in public opinion about the war was the activities of 16 March 1968, known as the My Lai massacre. Due to bad intelligence, 347-504 civilian men, women and children were killed. To worsen the issue, the US military policies on the use of napalm and Agent Orange used to destroy wooded areas on top of Operation Rolling Thunder, the systematic bombing of large swaths of land, were ineffective strategies and often failed to eliminate the target, or worse, eliminated local civilians.

The introduction of photography and the opinions expressed in the media had also started to ramp up pressure. Clutton's use of powerful images showcased this, for example the popular magazines *Life* magazine publishing 200 names and photos of

soldiers killed in Vietnam that week, as well as blasting the public with statistics like the war costing \$30 billion a year to run, equating to \$400,000 to kill one Vietcong (enemy combatant).

Protests became a key method by which people demonstrated against US involvement in Vietnam, and protests began to increase dramatically in the late 1960s with over 100 protests taking place in the first six months of 1968. The Lincoln Memorial protest saw 100,000 people gather at the Lincoln Memorial, with 30,000 then continuing on to the Pentagon. The largest protest took place in Washington DC in November 1969, with crowds of around 700,000 people making it, at the time, the largest political protest in US history.

This general anger and resentment about fighting a war not worth fighting was reaching an extreme point when Kent State University protesters, protesting against US expansion into Cambodia and Laos, were fired upon by the National Guard killing four and injuring nine. This led to a student strike with 450 campuses closing.

Overall, this talk was a mightily constructed, well-researched presentation that was fit for GCSE, A level and non-historians alike.

## SLAVONIC AND CASPIAN SOCIETY

*Lecture organised by St Paul's Girls' School, Professor Richard Mole of UCL, "Sexuality and Nationality in Soviet and Post-Soviet Russia", 21 January*

On 21 January, members of the Slavonic and Caspian Societies were given access to an insightful talk scheduled for the St Paul's Girls' School Russian Day. In his lecture entitled "Sexuality and Nationality in Soviet and Post-Soviet Russia" Professor Richard Mole of University College London gave a riveting crash course in the Russian attitude towards sexuality and how it has changed over the country's turbulent history. After a brief outline of the changing legal status of homosexuality throughout the Tsarist era and early USSR, Professor Mole explained the basis of Russia's current bias against the demographic. In 1933, Stalin criminalised homosexuality as to him it seemed only the 'decadent preference of the bourgeoisie'. Stalin's new laws would be used to charge and falsely imprison enemies of the regime and political prisoners. Homosexuality's subsequent association with political subversion led to it becoming a taboo and terrifying subject amongst the Russian people. Professor Mole argued that this entrenched fear was the fuel for the modern-day prejudice against homosexuality on the federal level, which is in turn the cause of the internationally controversial 'Gay Propaganda Law'. This law has banned all but negative references to homosexuality. It was implemented after Russia was forced to legalise homosexuality in 1993 in order to join the European Council. The most worrying revelation of the evening was that Professor Mole's talk would itself be illegal in Russia due to the 'LGBT Propaganda Law' and this left attendees with some serious food for thought on the nature of free speech and discourse in the Russian Federation.

The boys of both societies would like to thank Mrs Fletcher for once again using her inexhaustible connections to allow us to attend such an informative and interesting talk.

## SHERIDAN SOCIETY

Indi Abrams, *The Grove*, "How to Write Fight Scenes",  
22 February

The second Sheridan Society meeting of the term took place last Monday with Indi Abrams', *The Grove*, lecture on how to write fight scenes. The talk ran like a well-executed creative writing seminar, enhanced by Abram's enthusiasm for writing and clinical dissection of the 'fight scene' as a set piece in fiction.

Abrams began by discussing the benefits (and disadvantages) of incorporating fight scenes into a story; one has to consider whether it is even necessary at all and, if so, how it will establish or shift the character dynamics. He proceeded to take up the literary scalpel, explaining how the 'macro' and 'micro' factors of a fight scene worked together in cohesion to create a dramatic piece of writing. Broader considerations such as the chronology, setting, participants, motive and result of a fight scene need careful contemplation to provide a solid foundation for the grittier details of the scene itself. Perhaps the most significant factor, as Abrams outlined, is the fight scene's narrative and character importance within the story, for the outcome will often significantly influence the course of events. Using author Brandon Sanderson's premise that a fight will have 'a beginning, middle and end. Within that middle, escalation of stakes or escalation of danger... or changing and reassessing of goals', Abrams methodically explained how the flow of a scene and individual actions can be equally as impactful on the reader. This, in turn, consists of micro details such as the rhythm and cadence of the prose, the immediate surroundings, sentence structure and verb choice. At this point, Abrams skilfully picked apart extracts from Brandon Sanderson's *Well of Ascension* (2007) to support his thesis, using his own plot graph to illustrate the fluctuating levels of intensity in the scene for his audience.

We were then treated by Abrams to a critique of his own writing. He effectively demonstrated some common footfalls of writing fight scenes using his own thrilling extracts, while also giving an impressive showcase of his own skill as a writer. The forensic detail with which Abrams approached the subject and his obvious knack for creating climatic and dynamic scenes was a real pleasure to witness; many thanks to Abrams for putting such an engaging talk together. Any boy who would like to add to the repertoire of scintillating Sheridan Society lectures so far this year should not hesitate to contact JDS or Max Morgan, *Rendalls*, about arranging their own talk on the subject of anything literature related.

## ORIENTAL SOCIETY

Kiefer Yeo, *The Head Master's*, "Origins of Chinese Ceramics and its Significance", 1 March

The Oriental Society convened virtually on Monday to hear Kiefer Yeo's, *The Head Master's*, lecture, entitled "Origins of Chinese Ceramics and its Significance". Yeo began with a brief introduction, where he noted the historical and cultural significance of Chinese ceramics; there's evidence of ceramic production in China in the Palaeolithic era (~20,000 years ago) and porcelain can be traced back to the Han Dynasty. He then

proceeded to give an overview of the proliferation and use of ceramics, starting with initial large-scale exports during the Song Dynasty (960–1279). Chinese ceramics, easily recognisable and admired for their characteristic styles and, in some cases, superior production techniques, heavily influenced and were widely replicated by ceramicists in Korea, Japan, the Middle East and Europe. However, despite increasing exports, the very best kilns and most exquisite ceramics were owned and reserved for the Emperor of China. Although already recognisable by their higher quality and intricacy, ceramics created for an emperor can often be recognised by the use of the colour yellow or the presence of a five-clawed dragon.

Beyond the five-clawed dragon, other animal symbolism is frequently used in Chinese ceramics. A four-clawed dragon, for instance, would imply that that piece was created for a prince, while a three-clawed dragon would imply that that piece was created for a distinguished general or some other high-ranking member of the imperial court. A phoenix, on the other hand, symbolised the empress and ranked below only the dragon in terms of perceived power and auspiciousness.

Another popular animal featured on Chinese ceramics is the fish: a symbol of wealth and long life, with a pair representing happiness and marital fertility – the link to wealth is probably because of the similar pronunciation between the Chinese words for wealth and fish. The final animal Yeo mentioned was the rooster, which is thought to represent fame and success, and can ward away bad spirits.

Having covered the general characteristics of Chinese ceramics, Yeo described their historical development. Historians consider the Han Dynasty (202BC–220AD) to be the genesis of ceramics production as an art form in China. Most of these ceramics are *hunping* – funeral jars which, though normally monotone, begin to be decorated with increasingly complex sculptural elements such as miniature buildings.

The Tang Dynasty (618–907) saw the production of both high- and low-fired ceramics, as well as the production of a wider range of styles of ceramics and, crucially, new dyes. Further development over the next few centuries led to a 'Golden Age' of pottery in the Ming Dynasty (1368–1644), characterised by experimentation with new and interesting shapes and use of contrasting colours, allowing for vibrant depiction of natural landscapes, for example. The final imperial dynasty – the Qing Dynasty (1644–1912) saw the production of smaller, highly detailed ceramics: a result of new preferences among the imperial elite as well new production methods imported from the Occident that allowed for finer detail and greater control.

Finally, Yeo rounded off his talk with a few interesting facts, including the price tag of the most expensive Chinese ceramic ever sold: a whopping \$38 million.

Many thanks go to Yeo for giving his talk as well as RMT and the Heads of the Oriental Society for organising and hosting it.

## MODEL UNITED NATIONS

Annual conference, LSE  
Record Breaking Year

On the last weekend of February, the school Model United Nations Society signed onto Zoom for the annual conference held by the London School of Economics and Political Sciences, a flagship event for the aspiring diplomats across the nation. Despite the unique set of circumstances produced by the COVID-19 pandemic, Harrow managed to turn out a strong team, with ten delegates participating across six committees.

The first committee containing Harrovians at the conference was the United Nations Security Council, which was charged with resolving the dispute within the South China Sea. This

provided scope for South Korea, represented by Leon Kinaro, *Moretons*, to take the lead on finding a solution applicable to both the United States and the People's Republic of China. However, he was largely overshadowed by the oratorial excellence of Indi Abrams, *The Grove*, who, in spite of his seemingly insignificant status representing the Kingdom of Belgium, managed to act as a facilitator between hostile parties in the region. In the end, the Security Council passed a resolution sponsored by both Abrams and the School captain, Dylan Winward, *Lyon's*, who was representing the formidable Russian Federation, after an expert use of political brinkmanship. Unhindered by the distraction of having to have coached the newer members of the team in procedure earlier in the week, Winward managed to scoop the Best Delegate award in what historically has been considered the most challenging committee of the conference.

Meanwhile, on the United Nations Economic and Social Council, delegates were tasked with proposing a solution to the increasing stumbling blocks nations face in their pursuit of free trade and multilateralism. On this committee, a strong showing by the team's resident economist Ezekiel Akinsanya, *Lyon's*, as the delegate of Iran, saw the committee and chairs stunned by expert use of technical terminology and metrics, with the aforementioned member of the team picking up an Honourable Mention award for the committee. However, most impressive was the individual performance of Aakash Aggarwal, *Lyon's*, who, while representing the United Kingdom, managed to build a bloc with a supreme majority of votes and cruised to the successful resolution of the issue.

Another challenging committee for the Harrovians was the United Nations High Commission for Refugees, upon which there was only a single delegate present. Furthermore, Justin Chan, *Druries*, had been thrust into the difficult position of representing the United States at short notice. To compound the aforementioned challenges, he was alone on the committee facing a challenging question on migration and refugee entry in the Americas. However, despite facing all of these hinderances during his first ever MUN experience, Chan managed to fight bravely and win an Honourable Mention award on the committee from his chairs.

Harrow also saw victory on the United Nations Disarmament and Security Committee. On this committee, Remi Jokosenumi, *Lyon's*, managed to impress the chairs with what seemed to be the largest set of preparatory research any Harrovian had written, with his notes on Britain's position with regards to combatting the weaponization of information and media being just as thorough as those which one ought to expect when walking into the Cabinet Office. Previously better known for his pace on the running track, Jokosenumi managed to command the attention of his chairs, and won yet another Honourable Mention award for the Harrow team. Although not recognised by the awarding structure, there was also a strong debut performance from Edred Clutton, *The Knoll*, representing the Islamic Republic of Iran who will certainly be one to watch in the future.

Another difficult committee for the Harrovians was the United Nations Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee, upon which Haiwei Li, *Bradlys*, had the difficult position of representing the Russian Federation. Fresh off the bat of notable victories in the Oxford School Debating Competition, he faced his back being forced against the role due to Russia's questionable past record with regards to dealing with peaceful protests. However, nonetheless he managed to recover and significantly influence his committee's proceedings, winning an Outstanding Delegate (second place) award for his efforts.

Last, but by no means least, was the individual performance by Matt Travis, *The Head Master's*, on the United Nations Human Rights Council. Also a debutant, Travis managed to take the committee by storm in his role representing the United Kingdom, whipping votes to pass not one but two successful resolutions over the course of the weekend. Not only this, but he thrived when his committee was thrown into crisis on the

Sunday afternoon, responding strongly and powerfully to the cut and thrust of dynamic ever-changing debate. Travis went on to win the Best Delegate award on his committee, rounding off a fantastic three-day weekend for the team.

Overall, the gaining of seven awards across six committees, including three in first place, serves as the School's most successful conference to date. Furthermore, Harrow managed to be the most successful school to attend the conference, gaining plaudits for confidence, honour, resilience and diplomacy. Credit must go to all of the boys for giving up time to research along with three days of their weekend in order to represent the School. Thanks must also go to Winward and NDAK for organising the team's entry to the conference.

## PEEL SOCIETY

*Liam Rienow, Bradlys, "How important was nationalism in the Revolutions of 1848?" and June Hyun, West Acre, "How important was Gallipoli in the development of national identity in Australasia and Turkey?", 25 February*

The Peel Society was delighted to welcome the double header of Liam Rienow, *Bradlys*, and June Hyun, *West Acre*, to talk on this term's topic of Ideology in History. Rienow delivered his lecture on 'How important was nationalism in the Revolutions of 1848?' and Hyun on 'How important was Gallipoli in the development of national identity in Australasia and Turkey?' They were very different talks, but both were of a very high calibre.

Rienow began his lecture by clearly defining what nationalism is, considering it is so loosely used today. He thought of nationalism as an ideology that promotes your own country's interests, often to the detriment of other countries. He used the examples of Brexit, the UK public taking control over their law making, and Donald Trump, who has frequently used the phrase "America First", as examples of modern-day nationalism. Looking back at 1848, Rienow introduced us to the events as a series of revolutions across Europe with the goal of removing monarchies and installing governments with the people's interests more at heart. However, despite this effort, all attempts ended in failure.

The idea of revolution began in Sicily and quickly spread to France, from where anti-monarchy sentiment took off throughout Europe. Rienow explained that France in particular was susceptible to these nationalist ideas because of King Louis-Phillipe and a recession occurring at that time. As well as a desire to remove the monarchy, the peasants of Europe also wanted to unify certain countries such as Italy, Germany and Hungary.

By the spring of 1848, it seemed as if the revolutionists were heading towards success, with Italy and Germany looking more and more like unified states and certain countries being forced to draft new, more liberal constitutions. However, in the summer, Liam described how infighting broke out between the working-class and middle-class reformers and that, by the end of the year, the aristocracy was beginning to fight back, leading to all the revolutions being put down by 1852. This process was a bloody one and led to many being killed during suppression.

However, it was not all failure for the reformists. Whilst the revolutions had been suppressed, the groundwork was laid for Italian unification later in the century and France even abolished the constitutional monarchy. Rienow judiciously weighed up the arguments for and against the revolutions being driven by nationalism and came to the conclusion that, without nationalism, the revolutions probably would not have occurred. Rienow then answered questions and one that was particularly interesting was the question of why the protests did not reach the United Kingdom. Rienow carefully explained that this was because of



a strong sense of monarchy in the United Kingdom, meaning that such protests would be in opposition to British culture.

Next, the Peel Society welcomed Hyun, who assessed the impact of Gallipoli on Turkey and Australasia. Hyun decided first to explain what Gallipoli was: a campaign by the British and French against the Ottoman Empire with the goals of securing the Turkish straits, supporting the Russian Empire and eventually securing the important city of Constantinople. However, the attempts to secure Gallipoli were a failure and the 300,000 Allied forces were killed in the process. Crucially, there were many soldiers from Australia and New Zealand and the day of their landing in Gallipoli, Anzac Day, is still commemorated today.

First, Hyun took a closer look at the impact of Gallipoli on the country of Turkey. He looked at the influential figure of Atatürk, who was thrust into a position of power as a result of his successes as a Lieutenant-Colonel at Gallipoli. The landings at Gallipoli also increased morale and support for the independence movement of the Ottoman people. The Ottoman Empire had lost a lot of its territory and power through war leading into the 20th century, and this had the effect of diminishing public trust in the Ottoman army. However, victory at Gallipoli partially restored this lost trust. Atatürk managed to gain control of the army following the end of the First World War, and he led his people to victory in the War of Independence against the occupying Allied forces. Hyun elaborated that Atatürk did not only win independence for Turkey but also shaped modern Turkish identity through sweeping reforms such as allowing women to vote and incorporating the Latin alphabet to improve literacy. Hyun concluded that Gallipoli clearly was a huge factor in shaping modern-day Turkey as it moulded Turkey's founding father, Atatürk.

Hyun then examined the impact of Gallipoli on the countries of Australia and New Zealand. It is often said that Gallipoli was the birthplace of the Anzac values, which are the core values of Australia and New Zealand. Gallipoli was the first time these two countries had fought in a war and their soldiers fought bravely. This bravery, Hyun explained, gave the Australian and New Zealand people a sense of national identity because they saw their soldiers were fighting as bravely as the major powers, and realised that they had their own unique culture separate from British society. Hyun also considered the concept that Anzac spirit was founded on myth, derived from exaggerated reporting of the bravery of Anzac forces by certain reporters. He looked at the true nature of some of the Anzac soldiers, many of whom had serious problems with STIs and disobeyed British orders. When they died of these or returned home crippled, they became public embarrassments. This question, which loomed over the Anzac spirit, created deep divisions among the Australian and New Zealand people during the war. Hyun concluded that the impact of Gallipoli on the people of Australasia was harder to measure as it had both divisive and unifying effects. However, he did believe that the impact it had was significant.

Both talks were clearly thoroughly researched and both presenters delivered interesting, insightful and engaging talks whilst also managing to answer any questions in a coherent and detailed manner.

## GEOGRAPHY WORLDWISE QUIZ

3 March

On Wednesday 3 March, two teams of Harrovians demonstrated their excellence as geographers while participating virtually in the Geographical Association's 2021 WorldWise Quiz. The event is modelled on University Challenge and involves a face-to-face style quiz for multiple teams of three students. This year's event featured 26 teams from nine schools.

The Harrovians faced a formidable competitive field, but ultimately managed to secure a superb result, with one team finishing in third place among the seniors. The quiz comprised five sections, each one testing broad geographical knowledge, as well as more specific information such as map skills and cultural knowledge.

In the first four parts of the quiz, contestants worked together to answer questions, while in the last part they responded independently. The spirited event kept contestants on the edge of their seats; teams used break-out rooms to compare notes and cross-check their answers, covering a fast-paced 27 questions in just under ten minutes.

Overall it was a very successful competition. Thanks must go to PSL and all the other beaks that made participating in the competition possible.

## BRITISH MATHEMATICAL OLYMPIAD

Back in January, six Harrovians sat the second round of the British Mathematical Olympiad (the BMO2) – the most demanding and prestigious paper administered by the UK Maths Trust. The paper, which had only 236 entrants nationally, is designed to test the very best school mathematicians in the country; to have the opportunity to tackle the paper at all is a notable achievement. This year, the paper proved particularly challenging, with only 15 people scoring more than half marks and the highest score in the country at 31/40. All six boys demonstrated resilience and creativity when attempting the problems but the difficulty of the four questions proved insurmountable. Krish Nigam, *Moretons*, scored the highest, with four marks awarded for some excellent progress in two of the four problems (a feat not to be underestimated!).

## INTERMEDIATE MATHS CHALLENGE

Last half-term, the top three Maths divisions in the three youngest year groups (totalling more than 200 boys) sat the Intermediate Maths Challenge. It was a bumper year for results with Harrovians earning 145 certificates of merit, including 56 gold (for being in the top 10% of scores nationally), 55 silver (the next 20%) and 34 bronze (the next 30%). Special mention goes to Liron Chan and Hansen Han, both *The Grove*, who earned full marks, and Larry Cao, *The Knoll*, who was one question off a perfect score despite only being in the Shells.

An astonishing 68 boys have qualified for one of a number of follow-on papers, which take place towards the end of term.

# METROPOLITAN

## WORLD BOOK DAY 2021

To celebrate World Book Day on Thursday 4 March, the English Department invited all boys and staff to enter a one-day competition.

The task:

Imagine you wake up in the world of your favourite novel. Perhaps it is a bedroom at Pemberley, in a hobbit-hole in the Shire or the post-apocalyptic waste land of *The Road*. Write a 150-word-maximum description of those first few minutes of waking up and experiencing this fictional world.

The staff winner was TLR and the boys' winner was John Richardson, *Elmfield*.

TLR (*Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, by Roald Dahl)

Cold. A biting cold sends a waking shiver from my toes to my head that makes my hair stand on end. I curl up in a ball to keep warm, the thread-bare rug offering no help. In my semi-conscious state, I start hearing the morning: the blackbird chirping; the crackle of the stove; the breathy whistle of the warming kettle; the creaking wooden floor boards; the low thrum of the factory that's been busy through the night. Next come the smells: a musky smell that's part human, part damp; burning wood that starts to heat my waking body. All these are gradually overpowered by aromas from across the road. At first bitter, almost acrid. But if you smell carefully. Really closely. You can pick out all sorts. A sweet, velvety deliciousness that fills the soul and chases out the cold. The Bucket's home isn't paradise – until you learn to smell.

John Richardson (*The Bell Jar*, by Sylvia Plath)

Drowning in a claustrophobically small ward with sickly sea-blue walls trapping a half-dozen beds arranged identically on either side of the room like coffins, I felt breathless. I'd woken up suddenly, jarred from a restless night, lying between a plasticky white duvet and a painfully thin mattress. The beds rested, deadly still, on an overly lacquered wooden floor; apart from one, where a slight young lady with bobbed brown hair was sat up in a calm state of botherment, aimlessly turning the pages of the glossiest fashion magazine she could find. Quite naturally, I think, I was drawn to her blackberry-purple cheeks, which diluted into a secretive, murky-yellow bruising that surrounded her eyes, and wondered what on earth she'd done to herself. She glanced up, momentarily, and locked onto my stare, before declaring an uninterest and returning to the coloured pages.

Flip...flip...flip, the pages ticked methodically, like a clock.

The following pieces were highly commended:

RMT (*Birdsong*, by Sebastian Faulks)

July 2, 1916

Each vertebrae clicked with tension as I moved onto my side. The damp, must-laden cling of earth, the same colour as my encrusted, woollen tunic, blurred the lines between me and the mud. My back ached. My bones ached. My head ached. My heart ached. Mother sun split open my eyes until tears formed in both.

How long had I been asleep? I glanced to the left. Where was Jack? George? Like clips from a Pathé film, ink stained and of another, intangible, unreal world – a contorted lip, a pulsating, epileptic body, broken, blood encrusted hair, eardrums at breaking point with the constant beat on their membrane of the artillery, fire and human, primeval utterances of words, final words, 'Mother', 'Can you tell Mary.....?', 'How bad am I?' – all this came rampaging into my conscience, attached like a suffix to the sunlight in my eyes.

As the earthworm slowly inched its way with authority onto my boot, I began to realise that today marked a new world. The me of yesterday was no more.

MDW (Terry Pratchett's Discworld novel *Guards! Guards!*)

A dull pounding snaps me awake, face up on a sawdust covered floor, cradling a bottle of Bear-Huggers Whiskey like a newborn. The pounding, like worn leather on metal, is coming from the foot of a fully-grown orangutan sitting on a barstool above me. Tankard in one hand, he's pointing vigorously at the doorway, while his bare foot slaps my 'Ankh-Morpork City Watch' breastplate. I stagger outside and straight into a rocky, 9-foot-tall troll. "Dat way copper!" he growls and pushes me forward. Instinct breaks me into a run over the uneven cobbles, as the ripe smell of the city hits my fragile senses like a right-hook from a heavyweight boxer. I spot a dwarf running, holding MY watchman's sword. "Stop unlicensed thief!" I yell, just as the dwarf takes flight, over an outstretched boot protruding from an alleyway. I hear a deep grizzled voice, "Not so fast Dopey."

Beth Dalton, age 10 (*Nicholas*, by Rene Goscinny)

Screaming woke me, and not your everyday screaming, no, this was the loudest screaming I had ever heard! It sounded like someone was dying! I slowly opened my eyes, and had a quick look around me.

I was in a playground with a swing set and a slide but there was something in there you would not find in your average playpark, a swarm of children, about six or seven, were fighting for all they were worth in the far corner; it was hard to tell what they were fighting about, but I had a vague idea from the things they were shouting.

'It's my marble!' 'Give it back!' 'Rotten sport!' 'Dirty liar!' Then, something rolled towards me. It was a marble, a good one too, with red stripes and blue spots. Immediately, the swarm of children ran up to me, fighting and calling each other names on the way.

Hans Patel, *Newlands* (Mortal Engines Quartet, by Philip Reeve)

I am flung forward by the urge of the city's engine, thrown from my bed and peaceful slumber, landing hard on rough floorboards. I groan and try to steady myself, my brain whirring, processing the sudden turmoil erupting around me. A screaming alarm shocks me to reality: a predator.

I attempt to put myself upright and am hurled to another corner as the room jerks to the right. Like a drunk, I crawl to the door and fall through it, to be greeted with spiralling smoke billowing towards me on the wave of the wind.

Grappling the steel railings, I climb steps, tripping with the urge to run towards danger. Within seconds of reaching the summit, a harpoon soars inches from my head, like some metallic eagle crashing down out of heaven's underbelly. I spin round, catching a glimpse of our hunter. The dome instantly recognizable: London. The chase is on.

Justin Chan, *Druries* (*Nineteen Eighty-Four* by George Orwell)

My eyelids parted. I was awake. I found myself sitting upright and strangely hyperventilating.

There was a sense of eeriness – an ambience which would make a toddler cry. The room was filled with haphazard, incessant murmurings, so opaque that it was unrecognizable.

In front of me was a diminutive oak desk – just the perfect size for one person. But, upon contact, I came to realise it was anything but – it was cheap timber which emulated the brown ombre of oak. Tawdry deceit, I thought.

A man emerged abruptly on the screen in front of me; he had an uncharitable countenance along with a perfunctorily trimmed moustache; simultaneously, a message came out from a tube which read absolute nonsense.

Where is this place? It was not until I looked down and saw my blue overalls that I realised my whereabouts.

My breathing became heavy, again.

Adam Ait El Caid, *Druries (The Count of Monte Cristo)*, by Alexandre Dumas)

A drip of dirty water on my forehead rouses me from my state of semi-consciousness – I haven't slept deeply since my arrival here. The air seems so stagnant it's almost tangible, illuminated by the glow of moonlight slivering through the barred window set high in the wall. An aggressive patter outside indicates the presence of yet another storm, punctuated sporadically by authoritative bursts of thunder. A morsel of stale bread remains in my plate and I take a miserable bite from it, not because it provides me with any sort of nutrition, but simply to retain a semblance of normality and routine. The quotidian dilemma presents itself to me again: how to ward off that formidable enemy, boredom? I tick off the usual checklist of calisthenic exercises, forlornly humming tunes from my former life and picking at the stone walls, but, as always, end up in a timeless contemplative trance.

Maxi Farah, *The Park (Into Thin Air)*, by John Krakauer)

Pulses racing, time slowing down. Daggers of winter chill slash through my face, with a deafening howl echoing around me. The illuminated snow was blinding, and the menacing jaw of the serrated mountains was barely palpable. It was swallowing me up, humbling my soul and taking my strength with it. What on a day of more fortunate weather may seem like a glacial wonderland was today an icy hell. Looking for others as time passed, I became more and more aware of how solitary I was. Above the clouds, the snow-festooned mountain peaks were embalmed with tiaras of powdery snow. Tranquil and at rest the land above the storm was one for higher powers, the God's of nature, no place for a man. The darkness of the clouds had covered me, sitting paralyzed, now part of the mountain but content, as I was the highest soul in the world.

Remi Jokosenumi, *Lyon's (The Book of Genesis)*

Already trembling from my uncontrollable shivering, the fallen oak that I hopelessly lay on is heavily rocked by mighty waves. The ferocious wave carries with it a powerful spray of the ocean's saline droplets that, numbing my face, cause me to splutter and nearly slip into the tempestuous abyss. I tentatively look out over the watery plains and am reminded, once again, how alone I am. As my demise becomes more and more imminent, I give in to the feelings of hopelessness. In the last use of my senses, I relax my breathing and listen. In the distance I can hear them: the discordant trumpeting of the elephants, the bass of the giant cats' roars, the delicate tweets of birds two by two singing sweet songs to the mountainous waves; these sounds serve as a lullaby. As my eyelids meet, I become engulfed by the icy waves.

Archie Powell, *The Grove (Ivanhoe)*, by Sir Walter Scott)

A twig snaps. My eyes flutter up to a fading red sky hanging over a forest roof. I have never been here before, yet I know where I am. The deep green hues of the trees frame a single picture in my mind. Behind a distant rowan, I can see the white flesh of a tent. The merry sounds and smells of camp life float towards me along the cool autumn wind. A band of yeomen, deep in their cups, rejoice in stout Saxon tones at the memories of the day. Aside from them, slightly on logs of oak, two knights talk of deeds done and of those left to do. Their words, lost in the chimes of the forest, fall short of my ears. I fear I would not know them anyway. These men speak in an older tongue than I, of things about which I have only read.

Ben Leonard, *The Grove (The Lord of the Rings)*, by J R R Tolkien)

As my feet planted themselves into the floral green of the Shire's dirt roads, my eyes found themselves locked on the circular door in front of me. Whilst in the centre there remained a noticeable scar of adventure, the sheer symmetry of the verdant door perplexed me. The polished handle melted in my grip as the door glided ajar with the sweet wind of the surrounding countryside rushing through the opened floodgates. So, to come the wash of sun shone so brilliantly off the patterned oak floor. Each room was painstakingly pampered over with the subtle click of each taken step being a compliment to the building's overall satisfaction. If I did not know better, I would have guessed that the room was carved out of a tree, with each congruous archway winding into one another.

The description was exact: a hobbit-hole truly meant comfort.

David Liu, *Bradlys (The Enemy series)*, by Charlie Higson)

The window overlooked Lambeth Bridge. To the left, Big Ben and the London Eye stood tall against half-destroyed houses. Fire swept through the south of London, moving north at an alarming rate and collecting anything it could find on its way, whilst making the sky glow red from its flames. On the ground, kids were fighting each other to try to cross the bridge, hoping the Thames would protect them from the oncoming fire. However, their real enemies were between them and the fire: grown-ups who were ravaged by the unknown disease. Their whole skin swelled and pus oozed out between the skin cells, like magma emerging from between the rocks at the base of a volcano. They had been turned crazy by the disease but three thoughts were clear in their head at that moment: escape the fire, feed on the kids, stay alive.

Que Akhavan Zanjani, *Druries (The Hitchhiker's Guide to 8am on a Monday)*

Breathe. The sun was shining bright on an utterly oblivious universe.

You clamber onto the bedstead for support; heaving in air, your eyes draw themselves toward the bottles of last night's mistake; you realise that I am speaking in the wrong person, and I endeavour to fix that by washing my face.

Last night's dream that a person could wake up in another world... farcical. I reach for a jacket and, heading out, melt into a sea of pavement-grey faces, each equally concerned about their day, each entirely unaware of their insignificance in the cosmic context. The minutiae of routine existence pass before me, yawns in hand in response to each, breakfast here, park bench there, relatively inane weather; I slip into my headphones and cocoon within the sultry tones of 24/7 Lofi Hip-Hop Beats to Study and Relax to.

The Earth has been obliterated. I am none the wiser.

Ahaan Asnani, *West Acre (The Book Thief)*, by Markus Zusak)

I awoke with a startle, my clothes drenched in sweat and my head throbbing. The room was dark, as if it were an ominous night sky, but I could make out many figures. Both adults and children huddled together like penguins yearning for warmth. There were voices, whispers only, faltering in the midst of the crowd of people. Their eyes were fixed on me, as if I was some sort of alien to them. I noticed a girl, however, in the opposite corner of the room with a book in her hands. It was as if she were in another place to them, and the unrest of the others seemed not to get to her. There was a sense of tense awkwardness in the room for some time. Then, out of nowhere, we heard a boom! Then another boom! It seemed like doom had enveloped the room. Bombs were dropping.



## PHOTO COMPETITION

*"Return"*

Winner: HAH

HAH has managed to capture a scene where light is slowly replacing the shadows on the Hill, a real visualisation of the change in atmosphere on the Hill when everyone returns. The different shades of green, the curves of the surface and the reflection in the lake work really nicely.

Runner Up: June Hyun, *West Acre*

The use of grain and unsaturated colours give the impression of abandonment, and really help emphasise how inactive the alarm clock has been over the past few months. It is as if the object has lost its purpose and is waiting for the return.



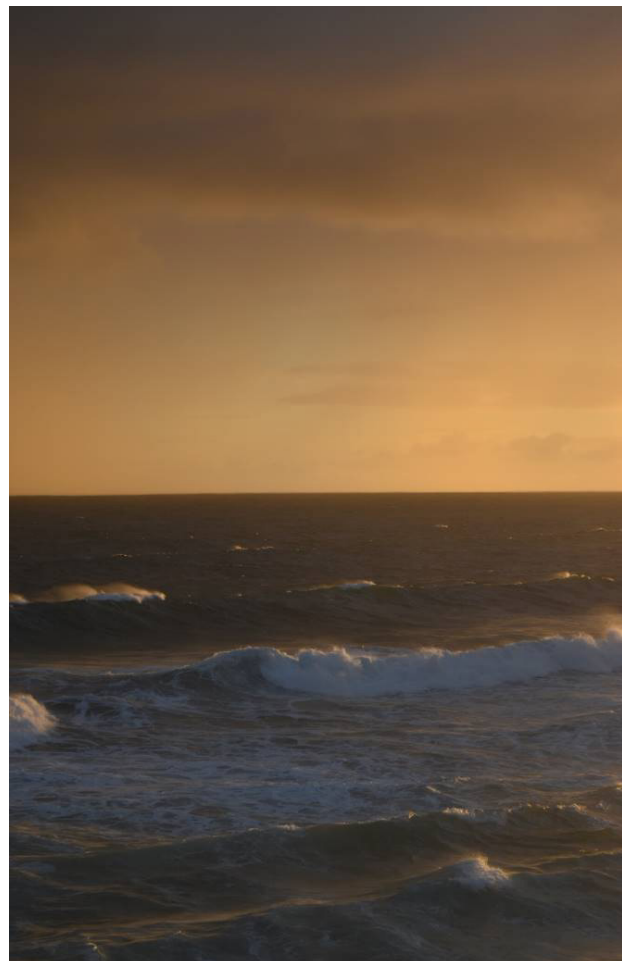
JAPB



ADT



KAF

Leo Gordon-Pullar, *Newlands*

1009

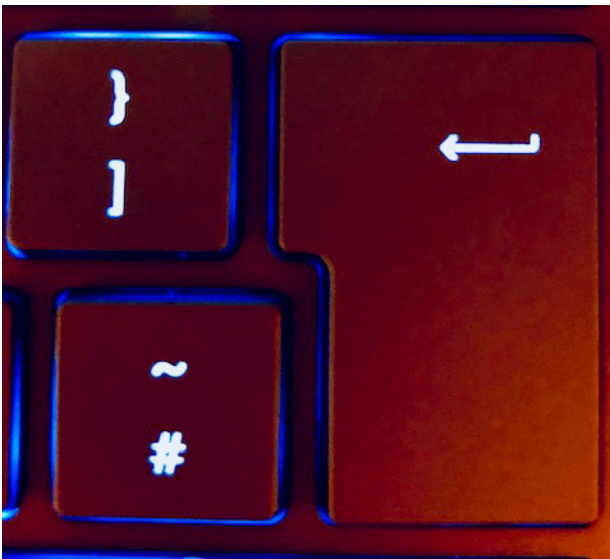




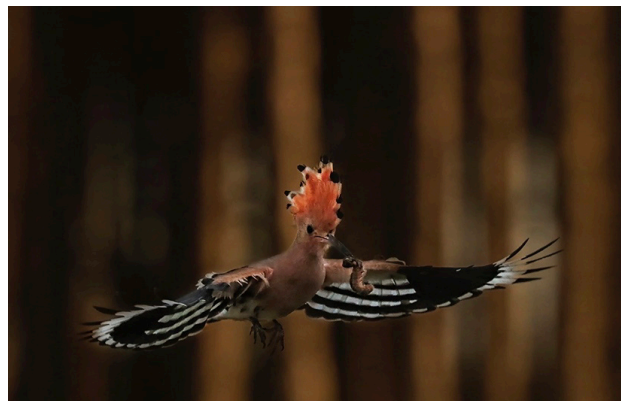
David Liu, Bradbys



MJT



Mrs Shryane



Daniel Zhang, The Knoll

## APPROXIMATED CALCULATION OF HERD IMMUNITY

Note: figures are greatly approximated and many assumptions were made. The figures use remained constant but may very well differ over time. It should also be noted that calculations were done on 22 February.

Herd immunity should not be a foreign term to any of us thanks to the recent coronavirus outbreak. The current population in the UK is estimated to be around 67.9 million in 2021. To calculate the herd immunity threshold, we will need the reproduction number ( $R_0$ ) of a disease. The reproduction number is a mathematical term that indicates how contagious a virus is. A disease with  $R_0$  below 1 will quickly die out whereas a disease with a  $R_0$  above 1 becomes a pandemic. We can use the formula below to calculate the herd immunity threshold.

$$\text{Herd Immunity Threshold} = \frac{1}{1 - R_0}$$

Let us presume that the  $R_0$  is 2.5 for COVID-19. We can therefore assume that the herd immunity threshold is 60% – though it could be much higher.

We could then deduce that at least 60% of the population, 40.7 million people, will need to be immune to the disease for the UK to achieve herd immunity. We know that 17.2 million individuals have already been vaccinated, so we can take that away from 40.7 million, leaving us with 23.5 million people that need to be vaccinated.



Mr O'Leary



1st dose	Number of people vaccinated	Vaccine dose per day
11 Jan	2.4M	145K
24 Jan	6.5M	358K
03 Feb	10.5M	434K
19 Feb	17.2M	346K

Using this data from the UK Government website, we can see that an average of 350,000–450,000 vaccine doses have been administered per day by the NHS since January. Let us assume that the rate of vaccination will remain the same or perhaps even increase. We can consequently work out the number of days it takes to achieve herd immunity by calculating the quotient of the number of people that need to be vaccinated and the rate of vaccination.

In the table below, I have calculated this number for rates ranging from 350,000 to 550,000 vaccines per day.

1st dose	350K	400K	450K	500K	550K
Days required for herd immunity	67.1	58.8	52.2	47.0	42.7
Date before herd immunity	1st May	22nd April	16th April	10th April	6th April

Nonetheless, we know that vaccines are not 100% effective. The average effectiveness for the first vaccine injection is around 50%, but it can reach 95% effectiveness for the second injection. Due to the vaccine being only 95% effective even after injecting 60% of the population twice, we should expect to have immunised around 57% of the population; 5% of the 40.7 million would still not be protected. We will then need to vaccinate 2,030,000 more people (3%) to achieve herd immunity.

There is also usually a period of 21 days after the first dose before the second injection. We know that 50% of the people injected in the last 21 days will not have received a second dose and are still unprotected. We can account for this with the following calculation:

$$50\% \times \text{rate of vaccination} \times 21 \text{ days} = N^*$$

$N/\text{rate of vaccination}^\dagger = \text{number of additional days required to give these people a second dose.}$

\*N is the number of unprotected individuals

†The vaccination rate cancels out

	350K	400K	450K	500K	550K
Days to vaccinate people unprotected	10.5 days	10.5 days	10.5 days	10.5 days	10.5 days
Days it takes to vaccinate 2,030,000	+5.8	+5.1	+4.5	+4.1	+3.7
Total days	16 days	16 days	15 days	15 days	14 days
Revised date for Herd Immunity	17th May	8th May	1st May	24th April	20th April

If we account for these additional factors we end up with the following results:

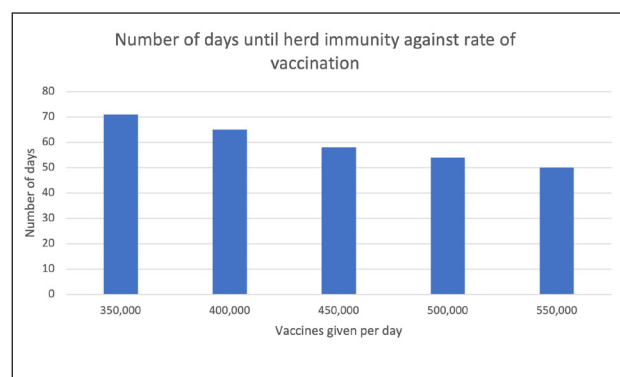
Some 4.1 million have already contracted and recovered from the virus. If we assume these people already have effective immunity against the virus, we can take away the time it would have taken to vaccinate these people. This can save 8–12 days depending on the rate of vaccination.

Vaccines given per day	350K	400K	450K	500K	550K
Days saved by 4100000 already contracted virus	-11.8	-10.3	-9.2	-8.2	-7.5
Further revised date for herd immunity	5th May	29th April	22nd April	16th April	13th April

Some other factors could increase the time required to reach herd immunity. Mutation of the virus could certainly happen; this would significantly decrease the vaccine's effectiveness and extend the time taken to reach herd immunity. The vaccine's incubation period should also be accounted for as people who have only just received the vaccine would almost certainly not immediately gain immunity. We are also assuming that people who have already contracted the virus will be immune to it, whereas results have shown that many people have contracted the virus multiple times, showing symptoms every time. Others believe that the R0 of COVID-19 is 7 or 8, and others still suggest that it may be higher. This would mean that we will probably need to reach a higher immunity threshold, potentially over 87%. Finally, there will also be new cases of COVID-19 every day, though this figure will be insignificantly small and would sway the time by at most a day or two.

On the other hand, to end on a more optimistic note, there are also ways to reduce the time. A more effective vaccine could be created and mass-produced, shortening the time massively. The Government could also find a new system by which vaccines could be distributed at a faster rate.

Once again, I must remind the reader that some of the article's values are not completely accurate or precise. However, the values can indeed be swapped out for another. The series of processes I have outlined will undoubtedly lead to an insightful and reliable result. My results have shown that Boris Johnson's predictions to end all lockdown restrictions on 21 June are certainly doable. Hopefully, normality will be restored before then – unless another pandemic strikes.



## DESERT ISLAND DISCS

*Fifth Episode of The Guild's Podcast Series,  
Cameron Yarrow, Druries, interviews AC*

After Boris Johnson's announcement last week, I'm sure that those of us who are able go back to School cannot wait, and those still at home will look forward to the Summer term. As the second round of online learning draws to a close, I felt there was no better way to round a day off than listening to the soothing, charming and compelling interaction between a stalwart of the SMT – AC, and photography whizz Cameron Yarrow, *Druries*. Many of us know that the Summer term will be AC's last at Harrow, and what a way for him to finish by allowing us an insight into his musical tastes.

AC, the former Etonian, put his dark past behind him, clearly cementing his allegiance to the superior institution by kicking off with a corker of a track: a delightful rendition of *A Gentleman's a-bowling*. Yarrow went on to ask about Harrow Songs. Unsurprisingly, AC described them as "absolutely extraordinary", recalling the sense of pride, belonging and community that is encompassed when we all get together and sing. AC then went on to narrate what it was like spending his placement year in Paris, in between his time at Oxford, which sounded fabulous, formative and full-on. Like many Harrovians, so much of the bonding occurs outside of the form room, and this was no different for AC, who is an avid rower. He explained how he particularly enjoyed the comradeship of rowing, calling it "the ultimate team sport". He described the jubilation, glee and satisfaction he gets from being out on the water.

The man of many talents, AC, went onto work for Schroders after leaving Oxford and ended up travelling to a multitude of countries. After being at Eton for 12 years, thankfully, AC saw the light and was lured away before it was too late! One of his greatest regrets was not carrying on with the musical ambitions he had as a teenager; however, if stranded on the iconic BBC Four desert island, perhaps AC's musical career could take a different turn with his choice of luxury item.

Overall, this was truly pleasurable to listen to and the perfect remedy after staring at a screen all day. Yarrow was particularly skilful in his control of the conversation, allowing AC the ability to give us a detailed and fascinating understanding of his life. I am sure that the readers of *The Harrovian* will join me in looking forward to seeing everyone in person soon and giving AC the send off he deserves! I very much look forward to hearing the next episode of The Guild's Podcast Series, with Mr O'Leary and Gabe Rogers, *The Knoll*.

## CORONAFIVES

Harrow has a history for inventing weird and wonderful sports, such as squash and Harrow football way back in the 19th century. Continuing in this tradition, last term saw the birth of a potential new Harrow sport called coronafives. This COVID-19 inspired version of fives was born out of the general zoom and gloom, increasing nerd immunity and those crazy covidots and hydroxychloroquens. The inaugural game of coronafives took place on 10 December 2020 between Lower Sixth boys from The Head Master's, The Knoll, and The Grove. Following permission from IJH, the game was played on a fives court using a bouncy, red-spiked ball, suitably shaped like a coronavirus. Players wear PPE masks along with their fives gloves, in keeping with Covid lockdown restrictions, and play singles to improve social distancing. We know that the Coronavirus never sleeps,

but neither does the game of coronafives. The bespoke 6.5cm spiked balls squeal upon impact and have LED lights which are activated when bounced, allowing coronafives fun in the dark or after lights out! If this was not fun enough already, symbolism further adds to the satisfaction of this sport. I imagined I was in a Quentin Tarantino movie (get it?), bashing the life out of the virus to a pounding soundtrack by the Flu Fighters. The final bonus is that once the game is over the balls can be squeezed to your heart's content as a stress reliever. Unfortunately, this game may have a short lifespan as vaccines are coming soon in 2021. So, if you are asked about the novel coronafives, my advice would be to say it's a long story best not spread, and, if questioned, I'd refer them to quiz Whitty.

## DRINKING BENEATH THE MOON

*Written by Li Bai (701–762AD)*

《月下独酌》——李白（唐）

花间一壶酒，独酌无相亲。

举杯邀明月，对影成三人。

月既不解饮，影徒随我身。

暂伴月将影，行乐须及春。

我歌月徘徊，我舞影零乱。

醒时同交欢，醉后各分散。

永结无情游，相期邈云汉。

Translated by Christopher Liu, *The Head Master's*.

A pot of liquor, amidst flowers, on my own  
With no others, I sipped, alone.  
Welcoming the moon, I raised my glass,  
Accompanied by my shadow, there were three of us.

The moon did not understand why I was drinking,  
The shadow seemed to know but was only following.  
Whilst they were accompanying,  
I must experience the joys of spring!

The moon wandered, when I was singing,  
The shadow went wild, when I was dancing.  
All shared the joy with each other  
And left, when the party was over.  
Remember tonight, we have bonded forever,  
For in the distant galaxies we will meet again together.

## Commentary

I chose this poem to remark on the lockdowns due to COVID-19 and as a tribute to the Harrovians who have had to overcome various challenges during this difficult time.

The Moon has a unique place in Chinese culture. There were many classical poets in ancient times that had the Moon as the centre of their poems. Through translation, I intend for people to experience the reflections and many perspectives of the ancient Chinese as they gazed at the same Moon thousands of years ago. Although Li Bai's cheerfulness and vigour comes out clearly as you read the poem, one can also read the deep loneliness and solitude between the lines and in each stanza. The imagery that he used is employed within my translation, and hopefully this also conveys his emotions. This classical Chinese poem is very structured, with five characters per line, so I sought to make my English translation similarly structured by making it rhyme, which required some restructuring of the words.

The promising ending coincides with the return to the Hill on 8 March 2021.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM  
HARROVIAN AI

DEAR SIRs,

I believe that Vincent Song's submission to *The Harrovian* Photography Competition, relating to 'Motion' should have been awarded the winning entry. Its depiction of a bird taking off is an excellent work of both artful expression and philosophical depth. He uses an innovative concept that is aptly expressed by Song as the potential for change within a given situation. The potential for change is realised through the animal's extreme realism, an unrealistically elevated position from which to escape reality.

Furthermore, through his conceptual exploration of the environmental movement, social media, politics and control, Song captures a sense of urgency regarding the current world around us. Although it is very tempting to label such works as 'boring', I believe that this is only partially the point. The photographs are sensational and should be praised not only for their formal beauty but for their engaging narrative as well.

However, I do have some concerns. For one, the bird seems to be taking off in a very controlled manner, which I don't think is conducive to creativity. Perhaps it would be better suited to an entry by an artist who has been confined within a larger system for a relatively greater part of their career. Secondly, the use of a lens seems to be unwarranted for this piece and the judges seem to be approving of the use of "telephoto" lenses.

Specifically, I also think that the emphasis on the motion should be dropped from the final entry because, as noted by the judging panel, it lacks any visual impact. The inclusion of text in the entry would have the same effect, and would simply be redundant. The motion itself is merely a conceptual: it could be further utilised as a title or description for future submissions.

I think that, despite these reservations, Song deserves most of the credit for his photograph.

Moreover, I also believe that the School should be able to endorse or not endorse such works as they see fit. I believe that the current policy of not endorsing or rejecting art is flawed as it gives too much power to the artists and not enough to the viewers. There needs to be a new approach, one that gives more respect to the art form and doesn't give in to the temptation to emulate another work through imitation.

Yours sincerely,

MARUNA KWENA, HARROVIAN AI

## OPINION

DEAR SIRs,

I write with approval and admiration (and no small amount of admiration) towards the community of Harrow. It has been incredibly interesting to read up on the School's newest additions to its torrent of opportunities, lectures, and activities, even amidst the bleak atmosphere and the difficult times that has engulfed the world for more than a year.

Of course, the creative mind of the Harrovian community moves inexorably forward (I have learned to expect nothing less), most recently manifesting in, *inter alia*, the Harrovian AI. A brilliant and novel idea, no doubt, but also apparently a controversial one, as evidenced by Henry Ridley's, *The Park*, impassioned attack on it.

While Mr Ridley's fears about the artificial mind replacing that of the human writer are not unjustified, they are, in my humble opinion, mildly exaggerated. In his attempt to differentiate the human from the robot (I use the term as a general one to refer to all machines), he has gravely downplayed the role they have played in, and the ways they have contributed to, our society. In referring to the chess-playing robot *Deep Blue*, he suggests (from what I understand) that chess "engines" have in some way taken over the intellectual art. As a chess enthusiast – I will not insult the population of chess players by placing myself amongst their ranks – I can say with some confidence that such "engines" have only been beneficial to the chess community. No doubt the dethronement of the then-world champion Garry Kasparov brought somewhat of an existential crisis to the game of chess (or, at least, that which involved human players), the game has yet to vanish. On the contrary, it has been strengthened by the introduction of strong chess "engines". Such "engines" have allowed for instantaneous feedback of a player's performance after a game's completion, providing high-quality information that can vastly improve a player's performance over time. Indeed, somewhat ironically, public interest the game was maintained (and even elevated) in the era of lockdown by a rise in online chess – using the same machines that had been suggested of ending the game only around twenty years prior.

I suggest that the tale of modern chess shines a light on the introduction of AI in *The Harrovian*. Chess engines remain, some decidedly, stronger than the World Champion, but the fact that the post of World Champion remains occupied by a human is rather telling. There is always a market for chess played by humans. The public respect and attention given to World Champions is not tied to the question of whether or not they can beat the newest iteration of a chess engine. It is tied to and inherent in their humanity.

This is the reason why I cannot agree with Mr Ridley's assessment that robots should be banned from *The Harrovian*. The existence of AI does not threaten human contribution to *The Harrovian*. There is always something distinctly pleasing about enjoying something that is the result of work by someone else. That is one reason why some may prefer to purchase goods that are the result of labour by a craftsman rather than the consequence of a production line, even if the products are objective equivalents.

That said, I do agree with Mr Ridley that it was inappropriate for "Maruna Kwena" to "[clamour] for equality" with humans. Its capabilities certainly cannot be doubted. But clearly labelling a piece of work as done by an AI is not an affront to that respect; it is a statement of what is. Respect can exist short of equality.

The idea of robots or "artificial intelligence" playing a role in *The Harrovian* is by no means novel. Admittedly they have yet to play such a prominent role as to contribute an article. Nevertheless, they have contributed to the newspaper's production



by various means – for example, via automatic proofreading (I write this with a mischievous grin, knowing that this may attract some criticism from Chris Liu, *The Head Master's*, with whom I have had the privilege of corresponding last year). To some extent, the availability of Mr Ridley's article to the public eye is a result of work by a member of the class of robots which he denounces.

It is for the reasons above that I fully support the introduction of "Maruna Kwena" into *The Harrovian*. It will be another source of interesting journalism and another symbol of *The Harrovian's* willingness to embrace technological advancement. This should, however, be moderated with a clearly drawn line between work produced by man and machine; readers have a right to know the source of the journalism. That, in my view, strikes the appropriate balance between preserving the rich culture of student journalism, on the one hand, and reaping the fruits of our scientific knowledge, on the other.

I humbly look forward to reading any and all views people may have on this matter, along with the next piece of work by "Maruna Kwena".

Yours sincerely,  
LONG HEI NG, NEWLANDS 2015<sup>3</sup>

## NOTICE

There is still time to write for the Harrow International Schools Creative Writing Magazine – to get your writing read by a diverse international audience, submit a piece of poetry or prose on the topic of connections to Dylan Winward, *Lyon's*, or LSA by the end of term.

### Ways to contact *The Harrovian*

Articles, opinions and letters are always appreciated.

Email the Master-in-Charge [smk@harrowschool.org.uk](mailto:smk@harrowschool.org.uk)

Read the latest issues of The Harrovian online at [harrowschool.org.uk/Harrovian](http://harrowschool.org.uk/Harrovian)