

# THE HARROVIAN

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## GLEES AND XIIS

*Adjudicator, Mr James Vivian, Director of Music and St George's Chapel, Speech Room, 17 October*

### *The XII*

*The Wreath (Winner of Gleees): The Grove  
The Harp (Runner Up) Duries, and tied for third,  
Rendalls & Lyon's*

### *Gleees*

*The Bell (Winner of XIIs): Elmfield  
John Cotton Trophy (Runner Up): The Grove  
Third place was The Head Master's*



As seagulls start to make for Australia in their purgative millions and hosts of insects prepared their wintry death with cannibalistic fervour, Harrovians gathered round the King of the Mortal Year on 17 October to decide the fortunes of our own 12 Houses, not through cutting threads but through the Art of Song. [

This year, we were honoured to welcome Mr James Vivian, Director of Music and St George's Chapel, as our adjudicator. In a more discreet manner, however, correspondents of the Harrovian made their own judgements with swift strokes of the pernicious pen. Here I report the more pleasant and docile ones that came to pass.

The Lyon's Glee, which was *Georgia on My Mind* by Hoagy Carmichael and Stuart Gorrell, was, in short terms, really rather good. Harmonies glided over one another like cherubim gathered on the edge of a painting, adoring the subject. One of the standout factors of this performance was the use of

percussion. Some other Houses landed percussive notes rather flatly, Lyon's maintained dignity in keeping metronomic time.

The Lyon's XII, *Your Song* by Elton John and Bernie Taupin, was one of the best of the evening, in the humble opinion of the Editors. The XII maintained a good momentum throughout, lacking very little in way of coherency and style, earning them a deserved third place. Many XIIs have a tendency to be dull and long drawn. It is for this reason that houses like Elmfield, this year, chose to lean into choreography, to keep the weary, wavering eyes of the audience open. However, Lyon's seemed to achieve a musically stimulating performance without the need of gesticulation, "dancing" (which usually amounts to 'shivering' at such performances) or bobbing.

The Druries Glee performance of *Only You* by Vince Clarke was both tasteful and stimulating. While the lower registers sometimes slipped from the sturdy Drurian fingers, the pained and yet melodic song (performed in a way that called to mind freedom songs like *Ol' Man River*, *Strange Fruit* and, at times, *Three Lions*) had all the beauty of the deep American South. However, we would suggest slightly less aggression would have been appreciated on the introduction of phrases.



The Druries XII was *How Far I'll Go* by Lin-Manuel Miranda, and their song title seemed to predict their final placement in second place. There was clear and appropriate use of dynamic expression, but during some parts of the song the singers felt slightly lost and sang less convincingly and deliberately than they were clearly able to. Text delivery was very clear, even in quieter sections, which the Editors found to be a rare gift offered only by a few Houses that evening.

The Knoll Glee, *Good Vibrations* by Brian Wilson and Mike Love, was one of the more interesting of the night, with good use of dynamics and tone. The piece, however, did feel a little scared at points. Some of the notes eked out, like a pane of glass, whereas others maintained the balanced tone that most of the piece enjoyed. Overall, while it didn't place, the piece was not forlorn: a testament to the honour of those who live without award, and persevere.



The Knoll XII, *Quiet* by Tim Minchin, was also good. There were some strong memorable moments, especially the lower notes, which were truly dignified. The pitch was good throughout, with fine expression in the melody. There was good use of dynamic surprise which startled some of our correspondents. Praises to The Knoll too for having a boy to accompany without page-turners (or in fact music).

Like a plump babushka gliding between tables in a crowded beerhall, holding aloft a tray full of sweet buns emitting pleasant odours, *The Grove* offered up an impassioned performance of *Top of the World* by Richard Carpenter and John Bettis for their Glee. The advanced harmonies flowed well, with no discernible moments of weakness (besides, perhaps, a slow beginning). The solos were sensitively managed and balanced, earning them a very well-deserved second place. This placement clearly didn't live up to the title of the song, but it was a laudable effort, even giving the illusion that CST's dictatorial grip was not yet gone.

The Grove XII, much like its Glee, was executed with competency. The piece, which was *Use What You Got* by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman, seemed well rehearsed and certainly coherent. Additionally, a good range was demonstrated by all the performers. The piece dreamily lulled me into a state of slumber. The image of which I dreamed during this brief delirium was of Anson Ching in The Grove Bill Hall throwing a torrent of objects at various Fifth Formers, shouting "louder, damn it!" However, when, with a quite unnecessary if entertaining Karajanian flurry, the conductor waved the XII quiet, I awoke from my slumber and contributed to the applause. An excellent performance, and a convincing first place.

A spacious and tender rendition of the late Jim Kahlke's arrangement of *When She Loved Me* by Randy Newman, the Moretons Glee was certainly enjoyable to listen to. Despite occasional intonation issues and a some lack of clarity of expression, the words were generally strong and the texture well balanced throughout. However, there could have been more room for interest, perhaps through a greater level of emotional commitment and understanding, or through a more flexible sense of tempo to help create a clearer atmosphere.

Beginning the XIIs, *Moretons* was similar – it seemed to many that the general emotion was a relief to not be singing Schubert, as opposed to an investment in the joys of Michael Bublé. The song was placed in quite a low key – a sacrifice

that may have saved grace on several of the high notes, but led to muddy low sections, where the words became unclear.

A generally assured performance, *Newlands'* Glee performed *Sway* by Luis Demetrio and Pablo Beltran Ruiz, where they managed to create a personal atmosphere through solid intonation and a good clarity of words throughout. However, the performance lacked strong rhythmic interest and sense of cohesive swing, which ultimately meant the song felt more like a resigned lean.

Continuing a growing trend of pop songs in the XII, *Newlands* performed *Perfect* by Ed Sheeran, providing a performance which we thought needed more commitment in the emotions of the song. It was technically very well performed, with clear words, a sense of togetherness, and a particularly poised ending, all of which served to contrast the boredom on many of the singers' faces.

The Head Master's Glee, *Sh-Boom* by James Keyes, Claude Feaster, and Carl Feaster, was certainly one of the better performances of the evening, with a clear and relaxed atmosphere, created by a flexible sense of tempo, and clean intonation and texture throughout. While there may have been more room for greater dynamic contrast, several solos were shared among the rather large group throughout the song, all of which were performed with poise.

Once again, *The Head Master's* did well with their XII, *The Girl From Ipanema*. The only House to venture to sing in two languages, the XII was certainly an impressive performance, with a strong clarity of words in particular – the Portuguese was also (apparently) intelligible to some. On top of this, their XII sang with a nice tone throughout, though once again simply lacked a persuasive intention towards connecting with the audience.

The West Acre Glee, *Hey Jude*, was performed with a good sense of poise, though it sadly lacked some much-needed energy – a problem to be expected by the time of the last Glee. However, it had mostly good intonation, and the solo was sung with confidence and clean tone. The texture was sometimes slightly murky, and the clarity of words dipped on occasion.

Similarly, the West Acre XII was sung very well and with clear words – but they needed to have a bit more character and the judge would have liked to see more drive behind it. While the words themselves were audible, it was felt that their meaning and feeling never reached the audience.

Numerous stories were reported by our correspondents about the Bradbys Glee, *I Wish You Love* by Leo Chauliac, Charles Trenet and Albert A. Beach, although nothing is verifiable enough to present here. The texture was well spun, but the arrangement was somewhat too low for the basses and the sound risked being top heavy, but the text was persuasively and clearly delivered. Their XII, *Can You Feel the Love Tonight* by Elton John and Tim Tice, on the other hand, lived up to its reputation. Our adjudicator suggested that their sound needed some more clear projection, in order to create more dynamic expression and dictation.

Elmfield, in a spectacular attempt to successfully defend their championship from last year, produced one of the greatest Glee I have heard during our time. Despite the harmonic and textural complexity of their arrangement of *Friend Like Me* by Alan Menken and Howard Ashman, they delivered a convincing and largely undisputed (save by the Grovites) victory. The solos were passed between different voices with ease – a clear sign of dedicated rehearsing – and the texture was well balanced. There was a good and appropriate range of dynamic expression to create an engaging and musical performance. However, the Editors would like to point out that it is tradition that no choreography is to be used!

Their XII, *Luck be a Lady* by Frank Loesser, was also excellent but clearly didn't win the favour of the adjudicator. The Editors felt that they delivered a good tone, perhaps at



times too bright, with vivid dynamic contrast and clear delivery of the text. There was, of course, more illegal choreography. DNW, as the accompanist, in an unprecedented display of his ostentatious showmanship, employed not one, but two page-turners (although some correspondents reported that this was due to a page-turn disaster that happened during the previous evening...). We would be personally disappointed if WJC does not produce three page-turners next year.

The Park's performance of *Country Roads* by Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert, and John Denver was somewhat tentative and boyish, and only occasionally recalling the awesome plains and mountains from which this song came, in the solos of Max Rugger-Price, while the others seemed more like a British garden: neat and docile. The overall texture was perhaps lighter than appropriate and felt in need of more middle-voice presence. Their dictation was clear, but the Parkites are in dire need of improving their American accent if they are to keep picking American songs (a similar fate shared by their XII last year). The correspondent of this segment reported his pities for their Shell treble.

The Park's XII, *My Way* by Jacques Revaux, Gilles Thibaut and Claude François, was a laudable performance. The tone of the sound was bright and maintained energy even in the quieter sections. Projection was clear and bold, but some correspondents reflected that the words were at times not together, hearing as many as 15 distinct 'd's and 20 't's on the line 'I did it my way': an interesting interpretation of the Sinatra original.

The piece the Rendallites sang, *Out There* by Alan Menken and Stephen Schwartz, was a clear reflection of the love of Shostakovich their Glee leader has (reported to me by many correspondents): and not a love shared by his fellow singers. The avant-garde and mystic harmonies in this arrangement placed the Rendallites into a labyrinth that would ensnare even the best of singers. They did immensely well to maintain intonation and clear dictation, but some singers seemed unsure about their next note, and indeed even more unsure after they heard the harmonies those notes produced.

Their XII, *I Need to Know* by Leslie Bricusse and Frank Wildhorn, seemed to escape this plague of modernism and the singers produced a convincing performance. There was good dynamic range and contrast, creating a rather sinister mood. Dictation was good and piece was delivered with good expression, although at times risking being too quiet. A performance which the Editors feel ought to be placed higher than third (not that our words matter, of course).

There, was, of course, an unusual performance of *Forty Years On*, which Mr Vivian requested. 'Reliable' sources inform me that Mr Vivian had only brought this up four songs from the end, in which time DNW miraculously managed to talk to WMAL, decide the timing of this performance, inform WJC and PJE, and then smuggle two Song Books into Speech Room. It was a moment of such overwhelming and euphoric sublimity that the Editors should request it be made tradition for future years.

In addition to the prizes offered by Mr Vivian, the Editors' office has come to several opinions regarding some informal awards. Best pianist goes to Nabhan Chowdhury, *Lyon's*, for his thoughtful and virtuosic piano playing, all without the aid of music and therefore page-turners (a role model for DNW). The best conductor and arranger goes to Brian Ching, *The Grove*, for the excellent arrangement of *The Grove Glee* as well as his violent stabbing motions, which the Editors found very engaging. Overall, this year's Glee and XIIs competition was a memorable evening, with less outrageous results compared with previous years. The Editors offer our congratulations to the boys and Houses that were placed and our applause to all who courageously performed. We also offer special thanks to all the beaks of the Music Department who helped to rehearse, accompany, and organise these wonderful performances.

## HRC BIENNIAL INSPECTION AND WREATH LAYING

Monday 14 October saw the biennial Inspection take place and a visit from the Mayor of Harrow. The afternoon was an evening filled with a multitude of activities going on simultaneously. The inspecting officer, this year, was Group Captain Jonathan T W Hough, Station Commander Northolt and Regional Commander Southeast Stations. Captain Hough was accompanied and toured by Contingent Commander and Head Master Lieutenant Colonel W M A Land and Major P S Lemoine. Group Captain Hough's first port of call was to inspect the Guard of Honour, led by Head of Corps SUO F P M Williams, on the War Memorial forecourt, which they passed with flying colours. No pun intended. Group Captain Hough was soon toured through the Corps' presentation of flight simulations, classroom lessons on the principles of flight, Royal Marine troop battle exercises on the Rifle Range, lessons on Army fieldcraft and Royal Naval field gun training.



Soon after the first inspection of the Guard of Honour, the Mayor of Harrow, Councillor Salim Chowdhury took centre stage. After his week-long voyage of laying wreaths across ten different memorial sites in Harrow, paying his respects those who have fallen in the name of country, he finished with Harrow School's memorial and was able to inspect the Guard of Honour on the Council's behalf. He thoroughly enjoyed his time being able to see cadets in action and was delighted to hear that many of us were keen to join forms of service after our education.

For context, the contingent strength sits at 440 cadets and is composed of four sections: the Royal Navy; the Army; the Royal Marines and the Royal Air Force. Service in the HRC is compulsory for cadets in the Remove and is an optional service alongside Conservation in the Fifth Form. Many cadets opt to remain into the Sixth Form with 84 senior cadets currently on the nominal roll. With that being said, we had the greater part of 400 cadets taking part that afternoon, which was a feat of great degree.

The HRC, raised in 1859, exists to provide Harrovians with the opportunity to better develop the attributes of good citizenship, leadership, responsibility, self-reliance, resourcefulness and a sense of public service. These aims are achieved through the professional delivery of a range of military and adventurous activities, making use of the varied and superb resources available on the School site and on training areas in the UK.

The Inspection was brought to a close that evening with a final saluting from the HRC and some words from the inspector. Group Captain Hough spoke passionately to the contingent about the importance of service, the opportunities that are available in the cadet forces and the responsibilities young people have to being good citizens of the future. A quote from Group Captain Hough, "For what you put in, is what you will get out."

## CROSS-CURRICULAR LECTURE

*Transformation – Part 2, From Bacchus to Bordeaux,  
The story of how wine and the world changed each  
other, Dr S M Kennedy, 30 September*

On 30 September, boys and beaks alike gathered in the OSRG for the second instalment of the Cross-Curricular Lecture Series on change. SMK gave an intriguing and informative introduction on how wine changed human society in many areas: religion, diet, medicine, culture and economy. Although the lecture itself was of an exceptional calibre, sadly, I would like to inform the readers that there were not any samples of wine to match the quality of the talk. Perhaps a point of consideration for SMK next time, if he had wanted a more interactive audience.

SMK began by discussing the topic of wine domestication. One of our first encounters with wine was discovered in 1968 by Dr Mary Voigt. She excavated two jars with a volume of about 9 litres at the neolithic site of Hajji Firuz Tepe in the northern Zagros Mountains of Iran, dating back to 5400 BC. Both jars contained calcium tartrate, which can only lead to one thing – grapes. It was also during this time that human cuisine appeared. The processes of fermentation, soaking, heating and spicing began to dominate the human diet, but, for SMK, the most important part was the alcohol that went with this.



SMK then spoke about ancient Egypt, where the fundamental techniques of wine-making were first developed. Grapes, which were typically depicted as blackish-blue in Egyptian art, were hand-picked and transported in baskets for crushing. The pickers would sing songs to Rennutet, the goddess of the harvest, as they worked. The process involved placing the grapes in large vats, where the weight of the fruit above crushed the grapes at the bottom, allowing a small amount of pure juice to run off. This run-off juice was often used to create a very sweet and slightly fermented white wine. The fermentation process then occurred in large clay jars sealed with pottery lids and Nile clay, which had small holes to allow carbon dioxide to escape during fermentation. Once this was complete, these holes were sealed to prevent spoilage. Clay seals provided vital information about the wine's origin, the winemaker and the vintage, essentially serving as the forerunners of modern wine labels.

With wine becoming central to human consumption, its implications for medicine and religion grew significantly. It was applied to bandages with herbs and spices, believed to disinfect and heal wounds faster, as well as reducing swelling. It was prescribed for ailments like appetite stimulation, and even treating asthma. Moreover, wine took on important religious associations. The grapevine symbolised the cycle of death and rebirth, a theme prevalent in Egyptian funerary art. Intoxication was sometimes viewed as a means to transcend earthly bonds, allowing individuals to approach the gods more closely.

SMK went on to discuss the Greek and Roman influence on wine. The wine trade flourished between Egypt and Crete as

early as 2500 BC. Eventually, the cultivation of grapes and wine production began on Crete, and references to wine appeared in clay tablets detailing agricultural products. From Crete, wine-making spread to other Aegean islands and mainland Greece, where the deity Dionysus became central to the culture. The Greeks innovated viticulture practices, shifting from growing vines up trees to using trellises and stakes, making grapes easier to harvest. Vineyards proliferated, becoming one of the three main products of Mediterranean agriculture alongside olives and grain. This viticultural colonisation transformed local societies, as wine became synonymous with civilisation itself.

Here, SMK noted that wine consumption reflected social hierarchies. Some wealthier individuals would enjoy superior vintages, whereas the less fortunate were stuck with wine of poorer quality. The emergence of a bar culture in Rome distinguished the drinking experiences of different classes. In the upper echelon of society, drinking occasions evolved into formalised symposiums where men gathered to discuss politics, philosophy and art. Social drinking games, such as kottabos, also emerged along side the bars. In fact, the proliferation of bars in cities like Ostia, Pompeii and Herculaneum highlighted wine's integration into daily life. Menus from these establishments reveal a vibrant wine trade with varying prices and qualities, often leading to shady practices where cheaper wines were passed off as premium brands.

Lastly, SMK moved onto the transition of wine into Christianity. For example, in the book of Genesis, Noah's first act upon disembarking after the flood was to plant a grape vine for wine-making. As the early Christians began to adopt the symbols associated with Dionysus, wine gained new spiritual significance. Jesus turned water into wine, emphasising its central role in Christian rituals, particularly during the Eucharist where wine symbolised the blood of Christ. Indeed, wine has served humanity for millennia, where society shaped its wine and in turn its wine shaped society.

## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

*Bring me that horizon: how organic chemistry can  
make the molecules of tomorrow, today, Dr D Holt,  
10 September*

The Scientific Society welcomed DH for its first lecture of the academic year in the new Sir Joseph Banks Lecture Theatre. In a talk entitled 'Bring Me That Horizon! Making molecules of tomorrow, today', he gave a fascinating insight into his own PhD research and the emerging techniques of synthesising key molecules.

He began by introducing the aim of organic synthesis to be the making of molecules that benefit society, for example, medicines, biological probes and functional materials. Most of these molecules have complex structures that require efficient synthetic tools to increase efficiency and reduce cost. In the first quarter of his lecture, DH explained the use of transition metal catalysts to speed up organic reactions. Traditional organic synthesis relies on the reaction of two functional groups to bring two molecules together, and the use of catalysts, as per the IGCSE definition, can lower the energy demand for a reaction, making it more sustainable, and perhaps discover novel bond-forming processes. Therefore, catalysts are required which can perform catalytic cycles, interact with organic molecules, and 'tune' reactivity. Transition metals are very fruitful in these properties, being able to change oxidation state and modify properties with ligands. The 2010 Nobel Prize in Chemistry was awarded for such research into palladium-catalysed reactions, providing a meeting point for carbons to form bonds together, through

oxidative addition, transmetalation and reductive elimination in the Heck Reaction Cycle. In order to get selectivity of C-H in synthesis, so that compounds fit in the right place, functional group chemistry must be left behind, with the C-H bond being less polar than other functional groups, stronger than other bonds and its ubiquity leading to selectivity issues. Using different transition metals to manipulate the activation energy difference means that each C-H bond can be 'activated' selectively.

In the next part of his lecture, DH explained the idea behind his PhD research, in exploring the potential of using copper as an alternative to palladium in organometallic catalysis, building on the research of senior supervisors. The major reason for this is that palladium is running out as a raw material, with copper being potentially a much cheaper and less toxic alternative. However, Cu(III) is a very rare oxidation state for copper, more commonly +1 and +2, but was eventually made by mixing a hypervalent iodonium salt with a copper compound. This Cu(III) species can be used, for instance, in electrophilic aromatic substitution, ripping up the A-level reaction rulebook, in allowing a meta-selective electrophilic addition to an electron rich arene, succeeding with a 99% yield. Such a process can be performed on other feedstock functional groups, opening lots of potential for synthesis reactions.

DH also introduced other emerging techniques in organic synthesis, including photoredox chemistry, where light is used to create a radical and enable redox processes controlled by transition metals. Automation synthesis is another technique where machines are used to speed up reaction discovery by conducting hundreds of random reactions then testing and analysing a successful reaction. Looking at the future, as many key transition metals are predicted to run out by 2050, new methods are being researched to develop reactions, such as using an organic catalyst to facilitate selective organic reactions without the uses of metals, the subject of the 2021 Nobel Prize for Chemistry.

## MEDICAL SOCIETY

*Mpox: how it is transmitted, how to recognise it and how to prevent another global health crisis, Ben Wu, The Head Master's, 2 October*

On Wednesday 2 October the Medical Society welcomed Ben Wu, *The Head Master's*, to discuss monkeypox (which was discovered in 1958 in monkeys, hence the name). He started his discussion with the introduction of how Mpox works as a double-stranded DNA virus that replicates itself on the cytoplasm of cells. This means that it is much more stable compared to RNA stranded viruses like COVID-19, which makes it more likely to mutate. This makes Mpox much easier to treat as it doesn't change at a very fast rate.

After this section of the talk, the entertainment began, with Wu asking the audience questions to make sure they were listening, and rewarding each correct answer with a small bag of Haribos. This was followed by him telling us how Mpox is transmitted by close physical contact through broken skin, mucosal surfaces and respiratory droplets if there is prolonged fact-to-face contact. This can also include contaminated objects like clothes or bedding.

Once the virus is inside, it targets epithelial cells (which line organs and tissues) and immune cells such as macrophages. The virus binds to receptors on the surface of these cells and enters through endocytosis. But because it is a DNA virus it duplicates its genetic material in the cytoplasm of the cell using viral protein, rather than the host's nucleus. The disease itself gives humans a rash that has five stages: first flat, red spots, then raised, firm bumps, next fluid-filled blisters, followed by

pustules filled with pus, then finally these dry out and form scabs all over the body.

As the virus travels through the body, it spreads through the bloodstream and affects various organs, causing such problems as secondary infections due to bacteria infecting the scabs, pneumonia in the lungs, encephalitis (brain inflammation) as well as in some cases cause damage to eye sight. All in all, it's really a rather horrible disease.

So, we were all wondering, how do we treat the blasted thing? Wu explained that we have several ways of treating the virus. The first is Cidofovir, which inhibits the DNA polymerase and prevents the replication of the cell, but it is associated with nephrotoxicity, which means it can't be used that often. The next was Brincidofovir, which is very similar to Cidofovir except that it is less nephrotoxic and so seems more promising than the former.

The final treatment he explained was Tecovirimat (TPOXX) which targets a specific protein (F13L) that is essential for the formation of the virus's outer envelope which allows the virus to spread from cell to cell. By inhibiting this protein, the drug blocks the virus from being able to spread around the body.

He finished the talk by explaining key prevention measures for the spread of Mpox. The main three were: avoid close contact, use protective equipment, get vaccinated! He went on to answer some thoroughly difficult questions before finishing up. Leaving the Medical Society with yet another brilliant talk and all our minds filled up with this fascinating subject.

## PIGOU SOCIETY

*Unleashing the power of AI: revolutionising stock trading through intelligent algorithms', Mark Pecherskiy, Moretons, and Aditya Singh, Moretons, 9 October*

Aditya Singh, Moretons, and Mark Pecherskiy, Moretons, gave an encapsulating lecture to the Pigou Society on AI's influence in the stock market (for both investors and as a market regulator). They split their talk into three distinct sections: how AI is used by investors, how AI is used as a regulator, and future predictions for AI in the stock market. It started with a brief overview of the history of the stock market from the Dutch East India Company to the global expansion of the 1900s, before moving swiftly on to predictive analytics and forecasting techniques of historical data, with some enticing anecdotes to help with visualisation. Robo advisors was the next mini-topic as they explained in detail how automated financial planning is the future. Another mini-topic was natural language processing within predictive analytics, which concluded their first major point.

Their second point began with how AI could detect fraud, explaining anomaly detection, predictive modelling, automated surveillance and adaptive learning, which were all interesting in their own respects and demonstrated a way in which financial crises of the past won't be repeated. This branched off into challenges, with regulations and oversight with harmonisation between AI platforms needed to co-ordinate regulatory framework. The last subtopic was how AI would help with market volatility, with Pecherskiy and Singh stating that, with rapid response, AI will quickly be able to deal with herd behaviour and liquidity concerns.

Finally, they made their future predictions, and the main summary is that natural language processing is the future of the stock market and will revolutionise data consumption. After a round of applause and a few thought-provoking questions the talk came to a close.



## SHERIDAN SOCIETY

*Ancient myths and modern literature, Arjun Kular,  
Elmfield, 8 October*

Retreating into the Vaughan after a chilly and wet afternoon, members of the Sheridan Society gathered for Arjun Kular's, *Elmfield*, lecture on ancient myths and their impact on modern literature.

Kular began by comparing the myth of Narcissus and Echo with *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Although both protagonists are obsessed with themselves, Narcissus wishes to keep his reflection forever while Gray yearns to be rid of his portrait. Furthermore, the stories are ironically twisted as Gray's death and the restoration of his portrait satisfies Narcissus' desire, but Narcissus himself has what Dorian wants – eternal beauty. The perversion of myth, twisted to match modern interpretations, is a recurring theme throughout modern literature.

Moving on to the example of *Life of Pi*, Kular explained how mythology was created and how it can be recreated today. Pi's boat floats between the heavenly sky and the murky waters, mirroring the grand city of Olympus and the hellish environment of the Underworld. Pi can only escape from reality through the written word as he used his manual and notebook to transform his hopeless situation into the magical realm of mythology. Similarly, the Ancient Greeks lived in two worlds – the corporeal world that could be explained and the supernatural world, where myths were the answers to terrifying things such as fire or the vastness of the ocean.

Ancient myths also helped in shaping the concept of storytelling. Symbolism, metaphors and allegories all originated from ancient storytelling techniques. Likewise, themes like tragedy or comedy, commonly seen in Ancient Greek plays, remain in Shakespeare's works.

Kular concluded his lecture by describing the influence of classical mythology on writers in the Romantic period. From Byron to American literature, classical myths remain relevant across continents, as they address universal themes such as creation, morality, heroism and the struggle between good and evil. An equally enlightening discussion followed his lecture, a highlight being the question of whether modern literature should still refer to classical mythology. After displaying a wide variety of viewpoints, we further discussed why authors can never stray from the myths when writing books.

## BUCK SOCIETY

*Classical Music Recommendations*

Piece: *Symphony No. 11 in G minor: "The Year 1905", II. Ninth of January*

Composer: Shostakovich

Composed by Shostakovich in 1957, the second movement of his 11th symphony tells the events of the massacre on Bloody Sunday, outside the Winter Palace of the Tzar. Largely considered to be one of Shostakovich's most successful symphonies after his fifth, the overall piece is a crowning example of both the power of programme music and of the power of music to deal with the grief and tragedy of past events.

At the beginning of the movement, Shostakovich describes the gathering protesters outside the Tzar's palace – striking workers who had travelled to present complaints to the Tzar about the government's inefficiencies and corruption. Throughout, Shostakovich weaves folk themes (an exception to his usual style) into the background, building on the cold yet intensely Russian portrayal of the Palace Square established in the first movement of the symphony. Shostakovich uses these quiet

themes in order to provide a solemn contrast to the chaos later in the movement, as a description of the stillness of the square before the arrival of the protesters, and after their deaths. As the movement continues, the calls of the protesters grow louder as the music builds; the snare drum used in the background to represent the Russian soldiers lining up outside the palace, until one crack of the drum breaks through – a shot is fired into the crowd. From there, panic descends, spreading through the orchestra instrument to instrument as it would have person to person, until the soldiers decide only one thing can be done to handle the crowd: to order the Tzar's cavalry to charge. Announced by thunderous timpani and a violent brass fanfare, the movement reaches its climax as the cavalry massacre fleeing members of the crowd, including several children. Just as quickly as the music had exploded into a panicking mass of bloodshed, does it die away again, returning to the cold and still atmosphere of the Palace Square, this time furnished with the bodies of protestors. The Tzar was not even in the palace at the time.

Facing the harsh censorship of the Russian regime throughout his life, Shostakovich often struggled to get away with writing the music that he wanted to. Thus, while this piece is ostensibly about the massacre in 1905, and thus the glory of the Russian Revolution that followed in 1917, it is often interpreted as a shrewd criticism of the contemporary massacres that Shostakovich often witnessed during his life in Russia.

A testament to the emotional power of programme music, and of the interplay between music and politics that became fundamental to the music of the 20th century, I would highly recommend giving this piece a listen, and it can be found on all major streaming platforms, including YouTube.

As always, if you have any recommendations of a piece that you would like to see featured in next week's Harrovian, please send them to 21ShailerB@HarrowSchool.org.uk.

# SCARY STORIES

## HUMAN CAPITAL

*Is that... crying?*

William opens his eyes and looks across at Roderick's bed. The dark honey haze of streetlight illuminates his room-mate's absence.

Wait. That's definitely crying.

He slides from under the covers, careful to make no noise that might mask the faint weeping he's certain he heard.

Some kind of prank. Something in the desk drawer making that sound.

He shouldn't pry.

Yeah, well, if he's going to mess me around... Though why would he keep saying I should take a floater as well?

There's no speaker, no recorder, nothing like that. Roderick's family is super-rich, people say. Factories in... central Europe? Central Asia? Whatever. William expected more stuff.

A journal?

The novelty of such a thing puts it into his hands and it falls open at the latest entry, marked by the crumpled photograph of a boy William's age.

I heard it again. The crying.

William sits on Roderick's bed, eyes devouring the page in the faint glow.

Tomorrow's one year. I have to get out, go home. Can't be alone. Would that be worse though, with dad there? He won't tell me, but I found reports. The accident that killed them.

Burned them. The children went first, then she let go. Did she send the photo? He shouldn't have thrown it out. I know what it means. She blames him. She's right. She wants

The crying is here, in the room. William looks up. A figure unfolds from the deeper dark by the door, remnants of hair webbed over dressings obscuring the face. Something unspeakable in the sag of that rust-crusted gauze. A claw-hand rises, stripped of skin, and the sobs cease. Black nails drag the blindfold bandage down; one eye – acid-pale, sightlessly seeing – fixes itself on the photograph, then on William.

"You."

"Not me! NOT ME!"



## ALL THE WINDOWS SHATTERED

All the windows in the house shattered simultaneously. Screams could be heard from all corners of the house. A darkness engulfed the cold and dingy hallways of that historic house. Floors creaked, walls whispered, the ceilings looked like they would break through.

A man emerged from elsewhere. He walked slowly towards me. I felt my heart pounding and leaping out of my chest. Relief – it was only that unfortunate schizophrenic with a juvenile mind. How unfortunate. He whispered,

'The boy, he lies there cold and still,

There I stood, I felt a chill,

Cloth, soaked in blood, his mouth did fill,

Beside a note which reads his will.'

His eyes shifted side to side before he proceeded with nonsensical gibberish before heading back down the corridors and out of sight. A void of darkness filled the air. There was a sense of terror; a shiver ran down my spine. I crept clandestinely towards the end of the hallway. Every three steps, the floors creaked. I frequently glanced ephemerally behind me. I felt as though someone was watching me. Odd. I continued to make my way to the end of the corridor.

I ran upstairs, feet thumping, heart pumping, eyes travailing. I searched each room. No one seemed to be in the house. I was all alone. I ran back downstairs, along the corridor and headed into the bill room.

My ears started to ring most shrilly; I screamed involuntarily. On the floor lay a boy, eyes cloudy, limbs outstretched, face disguised with burgundy blood. His once pale skin had turned blue. Next to his hand lay a note. It read:

'Here I lay, cold and still,

Chilled in blood, I so hear my will,

Find that man who broke the law,

Then lay me on that plutonian shore.'

## THE WIND HOWLED

Wind howled through the High Street. Dense fog deafened the shriek of the Old Schools bell. It was unclear where the cricket pitches merged into the sea of emptiness. Wembley: invisible. Football Lane: a plank into the abyss.

It had started with an away fixture at that awful school near Slough. During match tea, the Deputy Headmaster was bitten on the arm. At first, he brushed it off without realising what had happened. However as he walked up Garlands Lane the pain hit him. Sharp jolts pulsed through his veins, a patch of green erupted on the back of his neck. The Deputy Headmaster was infected. Out the corner of his eye two clueless Shells crossed the road forgetting their hats. Custos was forgotten; instead he had a hunger for brains.

From that moment the School erupted into chaos. SMT the first department to fall. The Grove the first house. One by one the infection spread.

At one point, there was a glimmer of hope. A resistance group in the Shepherd Churchill provided a chance, however during renovations a wire was cut through, plunging the whole building into darkness. The boys had to return to their houses for packed lunches and were picked off one by one.

Only ten boys, two beaks and Custos were left. Stashed away in the Vaughan they lay awake. Listening. Waiting.

A deafening thunder pierced through the boarded windows. Again, the noise struck. It was unlike any thunder that had been heard before, there was a rhythmic tone to it. Louder and louder it grew; closer and closer.

A squeal cut through the air – it was the final Shell who was on lookout.

A horde of ex-Harrovians tramping down the High Street.

Edging towards the Vaughan, over 500 faces. And all so strange...

## A TEAR OF RED

A tear of red dripped down from the weeping floorboards at Moretons. This was unusual, normally the dripping only starts when there's rain. The world was silenced, there was not a soul that was unlucky enough to be there. As the stench of the fresh corpse crept in, he climbed out of the window, his body drenched with pus, and dirt, and rain, and boiling blood.

Jacob, "The Hound of Moretons", was patrolling the corridors when he smelled it, the lurking, irresistible stench that burrowed into his nose. Curious and desperate to catch someone out of bed, he crept across the solemn corridors, step after step after step...when he felt something slippery underneath his feet – a watery liquid that was sticky like honey. "Damn kids," he thought, as he walked towards the source. It was a Shell room; Larry Caker, the annoying Shell that is despised by all but one, Jacob.

It was a single room at the end of a long and quiet corridor, with liquid gushing out from underneath the door, as Jacob blindly wandered towards the opening of the door. Then he saw it. The liquid was red. He was stepping on blood.

With no hope of a response, he slowly creaked open the door, an action he quickly regretted when Caker was found lying in his bed, as still as the solemn graveyards of Grove Hill. The first time he's been quiet for ages. Although as still as a corpse, there was something peculiar about the way he perished, as if he saw it coming. His expression reminded Jacob of a beak who knows the student was going to fail his GCSEs, but was too kind-hearted to tell him.

As Jacob examined the corpse like a CSI detective, his eyes pelted towards the missing finger on Caker's hand...only to realize he's been stepping on something squishy this whole time.



## HOUSE SPIRIT

There was a creaking at midnight. Thaddeus Ordrudge shifted in his bed as the cool air sailed past the blasting radiator. He liked having the room to himself, now that Lorcan had left the school; they had never really got on. With room changes just around the corner, he tried to savour the aloneness, but that creaking felt guttural, a groan from the tired floorboards overhead.

Looking over to the denuded bed by the window, Thaddeus got to thinking of Lorcan's sudden departure and to the conversation they had had the night before he left.

\*

'The house doesn't like me,' Lorcan had whispered at lights out.

Thaddeus, rolling his eyes in the shadows at this wonted self-pity, went through the ritual of putting him at ease. 'Forget the Upper Sixth', he said, 'They're like that with everyone. And our year's... tough. But, you know, you don't help yourself.'

'You don't understand. The house. The house doesn't like me.'

'As in...'

'As in the walls, the windows, the floorboards, the wardrobes! I hear them. I hear the house. It hates me.'

A strange child, prone to imaginative flights of fancy, Lorcan was indeed little liked. After some perfectly cruel mockery of his distress, Thaddeus went to sleep.

\*

Presently, with room changes around the corner and with all evidence of Lorcan's presence unburdened from the noble building, Thaddeus could hear it. Only a few words. They were low and stern, emerging from banging pipes, closing doors, stomping feet, and that guttural institutional groan:

'You', he caught from the accusatory air flowing in through the window.

'Do not', two rhythmical thumps from a broken door down the corridor.

'Belong', tumbling feet above.

'Here', came the final infernal groan.

\*

The next day he too was gone.

## HAUNTING OF OLD SCHOOLS

On a freezing November night, Old Schools loomed out of the darkness, lit up only by a full moon. Inside, the worn wooden steps creaked without a step upon them. The portraits on the walls whispered as if wary of the ghosts of long gone teachers. The portraits were right to be fearful: an old myth held that the ghosts of past Eton schoolmasters lurked here, in the place of their greatest heartbreak, the Fourth Form Room.

As the clock struck midnight, Florian, a boy of fourteen whose curiosity and ambition sometimes eclipsed his reason, crept from his dormitory, clutching a flickering candle. He was determined to prove the emptiness of the myth. As he approached Old Schools the air grew icy, suffocating. He paused, chilled by a rising dread.

A faint rustle of pages broke the silence. He turned, but found nothing. Dismissing it as a few fallen leaves, he continued forward, slowly, but as he entered the inky room he felt the walls close in, shadows dancing like deranged figures.

He was about to turn back when he noticed the shape of a person, half-seen, just at the edge of his vision – a man dressed in black robes. The figure stepped closer. His skin was pallid and thin, like old parchment, his eyes hollow sockets, black as ink. Florian felt his blood freeze. "You have come," the form rasped, his voice like the scrape of a coffin lid. "And so you will stay."

With a creak, the spectre reached out, his skeletal hand grazing Florian's cheek. In that touch, Florian saw his tormentor's visions of rage and fear at centuries of humiliation at the hands of the old enemy.

Florian's screams echoed through Harrow's halls, heard by none but the portraits.

## THE HAUNTED KITCHEN

*A true Harrow ghost story, by Anne Hall Williams*

Tim was dead. Of that we can be certain.

When he failed to turn up for work and didn't answer his phone or doorbell, Ray put a ladder up to the window of his first-floor flat and there seated in front of a still blaring television set, with a half-drunk glass of red wine by his side, was Tim, Only he wasn't,

Not anymore.

Chapel was full for his funeral. A late Edwardian who had come to work for the school as a gardener's boy at fourteen and had risen in the ranks until he became Custos, Tim was very much loved and respected. He was kind, cheerful, funny, a gentleman in both senses of the word. We were all going to miss him.

A few weeks after his death I was in the basement kitchen of the War Memorial doing the stage makeup for the House play being performed in Speech Room. The kitchen looked rather messy. Tim, who liked order, had always insisted on cups and saucers being put away properly in cupboards after being used, but here they were, some of them unwashed, stacked on a tray all anyhow. He had liked messages on the notice board pinned neatly too, so that you could read them easily at a glance, but now they were stuck on haphazardly, some of them on top of others, most of them crooked.

Jean, the House matron, was the other member of the make-up team that night. It was hot and dirty work, and we were thankful when the last actor was finished and we could sit down and enjoy our "wages", a bottle of wine.

I remember how, uncharacteristically, we were both silent as we lifted glasses to our lips for that first welcome sip, the only two people, as far as we knew, still in the building.

Suddenly there was a sort of whirring sound behind me and, as I turned to see what it was, a drawing pin shot past my nose,



followed by another and another until all the pins seemed to be popping out of the notice board and falling to the floor, together with the papers they had been holding in place.

I jumped up and looked across at Jean who sat with wide eyes and an even wider-open mouth.

Then she too jumped up because, behind her on their tray, the cups and saucers had started moving around noisily and energetically though not enough to crash or smash.

Then, as suddenly as they had started, they stopped, and so did the rain of drawing pins. Well, they had to, of course, there were none left on the board.

Just then Ray came in and, seeing the paper-covered floor, said, "Oh, Tim's been up to his tricks again has he?" He then explained that what Jean and I had just witnessed had been occurring regularly ever since Tim's death.

I don't think that Jean or I made much response; we had the feeling that it all might be a practical joke.

But when Ray had gone we examined the kitchen, trying to find something that might account for what we had seen, a vibrating fridge or lift, cranky plumbing.

We found nothing.

Ray retired to Norfolk and Jean to Sussex. I saw her not all that long ago when she was invited to Peter Bieneman's retirement party and she stayed the night with us.

I reminded her of that night in the War Memorial.

"I didn't imagine it did I?" I asked, "It did happen?"

"Oh yes it happened," she said. "I was there!"

## THE PHANTOM FLASH

It was the evening of 31 October, and Halloween loomed over Harrovians on their Hill. George Boyle, a Fifth Former from Elmfield, made his way to the Art Schools after lessons, eager to show off his new camera to Mr Bell, his Photography beak. As they stood in the dimly lit photography room, George proudly held up the camera. "Let's christen it with a picture, Sir," he said with a grin. Mr. Bell nodded, standing by the old darkroom shelves. George snapped the shutter, but instead of the usual click, there was an intense flash – too bright, like lightning.

When George's eyes adjusted, the room was eerily silent. Mr Bell was gone. Startled, George frantically searched the room, calling out, "Sir? Mr Bell?" But there was no reply, only the cold hum of the lights overhead. Shaken, George dashed out of Art Schools, not daring to look back, and headed to the Shepherd Churchill, where Halloween dinner was in full swing. The hall was festive, students laughing, pumpkins glowing. George tried to shake off the unease, but then something strange happened. The lights flickered, and the walls began to darken. Green smoke seeped from the photographs displayed along the hall. In every photo, Mr. Bell's face twisted into a grotesque grin, eyes following George. Suddenly, the room fell into darkness. Panic emerged and murmurs filled the room. The Head Master stood tall on the dais, his voice cutting through the chaos. "Everyone, back to your Houses, now!" Students scrambled as shadows flickered in the smoke, but George knew what he had to do.

He raced back to the Art Schools, heart pounding. Inside, the air was thick, and green mist curled around him. There, the camera lay where he'd left it, the lens now glowing faintly. Through the mist, Mr. Bell's voice echoed, distorted, like a bad radio signal. George realised that the camera held the key. "The flash... it trapped him." With trembling hands, he wound the camera back, fingers shaking as he adjusted the settings. Eyes closed, heart beating he yelled and clicked the black button. "Stet Fortuna Domus". The green smoke vanished, and standing before George was Mr Bell, confused but unharmed. "You did it, Boyle," Mr Bell said, looking around. George breathed a sigh of relief; glad the curse was broken. Halloween on the Hill would never be forgotten.

## THE RENDALLS REAPER

It was a cold, dark October morning and the cold frost was settling on the grass. A chill swept through the school and even the metal busts and statues became overwhelmed by the cold. The sky was black and neither the sun nor the moon was anywhere to be seen. Silently, a small black mouse scuttled across the cigarette-strewn High Street awaiting the moment when the children would emerge. It was the night of Gleees and Twelves, and Speech Room was being prepared for the big evening. However, everyone had forgotten about the day's meaning. Once every hundred years, a boy tortured and killed at the School would emerge from St Mary's graveyard and seek revenge on the school that left him to die. He was named the Rendalls Reaper. He adorned himself in a black cloak and held a bloodstained, black steel scythe. Tonight, he was on the hunt and seeking blood.

Later that evening the Reaper silently emerged and dragged his chain-covered body down the hill and into the heart of the School. From the War Memorial building he could hear the shrieking of the Newlands Twelve and began to clink, clink, clink his way along the High Street.

The adjudicator stood in front of the crowd and announced that he was ashamed that he could only choose one winner when everyone already knew it would be The Grove. Clink, clink, clink, the chains smashed the floor tiles. The adjudicator (James Vivian) stopped and turned. The Reaper sliced through the doors and clunked and limped his way onto the stage. His face was covered by a hood and ominously he stood and almost whispered the words, "I have come to claim my payment!" His voice was raspy and hoarse, and he spoke with an implication of death.

## SHELL WAR

Trauma. I remember those nights in Shell. It was midnight, and chaos was about to erupt, though we didn't know that at the time. Half the year was chatting in big triple when it happened. The door was flung open and through the darkness something was thrown next to us. He picked it up.

"Axe body spray," he cluelessly murmured, and the realisation slowly dawned upon all of us.

It was a deodorant bomb.

The canister began emitting a pungent gas, far stronger than the odor of unwashed socks and dried sweat from eccer practice. He was caught full force by the fumes, and dropped to the ground, keeling over, eyes and lungs burning. Stunned, we looked around aimlessly. Despite preparing for this eventuality we were caught by surprise.



"Windows! Windows!" I shouted. We scrambled to open them over the cacophony of screams and choking, covering our faces with our shirts, but it was too late for some. The virulent gas had spread all across the room. A few of us made a dash to the door, but it was blocked from outside. As the gas thickened I could barely see the faces of terror surrounding me. Trying not to breathe, I thought of the people I had been living with only a while ago, now convulsing on the ground, their noses assaulted by the deadly toxins.

This skirmish has escalated. I realised this was not a battleground, but a graveyard. Defeat was guaranteed. The open windows weren't enough. I made a run for it, and clambered out of the window onto the scaffolding to escape, leaving my compatriots behind coughing up their own blood.

## WHITE HOUSE

We were all in the pub when, embolden by drink and wishing to impress, I stupidly responded to the dare to spend a night on my own, in White House.

Famous for being reputedly haunted, it had stood empty for a number of years and, though easily accessible, nobody, however desperate for shelter, had ever chosen to stay there, or, if they did, it wasn't for long.

But, having said that I would, I couldn't, even when sober, back down.

Which is how, on a dark winter's evening, I found myself being helped by two enthusiastic friends to pull down rotted wooden shutters from outside a glassless window and climb in.

There they left me, alone in the dark hallway, with my torch, a sleeping bag, a thermos of coffee, and a bar of Kendal mint cake.

I found and walked up the staircase and wasn't afraid to do so. White House was old and neglected but, like many ancient buildings, it had good bones and everything felt solid.

In one room I actually found a bed with a mattress still on it, damp, of course, but as the choice lay between it and a hard and dusty floor, I chose the bed, hoping that my sturdy sleeping bag would keep out the wet.

I decided to barricade myself in the room and to my joy found that there was still a key in the lock of the door that turned quite easily. There was also a sturdy chest of drawers, which I pushed across it for added security.

Then I got into my sleeping bag and, sitting up, enjoyed a cup of coffee and my Kendal mint cake before switching off my torch and snuggling down as best as I could.

White House was dark and silent. No creaking of timbers, no footsteps on the stairs or along the passage. No turning of door handles behind the chest of drawers.

So I lay there, and I closed my eyes.

Then a quiet little voice whispered into my ear, "Now we're all nicely locked in for the night."

## HALLOWEEN (1978)

*A review by Henry Barker, The Park*

When asked to write a review for this week's special edition of *The Harrovian* only one thought came to mind – 'I finally have a good reason to watch *Halloween*'. How much more on topic could you get? Plus, I get to finally watch the original film which started the 1980s' boom of "classic horror". Knowing that the legendary John Carpenter directed, wrote and composed the music for the film made me all the more excited. But, dear readers, I was not gifted with a treat but a trick!

I must admit that I was initially spooked by the opening music and credits as his score did do the trick and I was preparing myself for whatever horrors may occur over the proceeding

91 minutes. The opening scene was a classic example of how to subvert expectations as we follow what we assume is a murderer stalking a house, to getting a knife from the kitchen, to eventually stabbing a girl who recognises the murderer. This is the first hint at something sinister and then, as we follow the figure outside, the camera zooms out and it reveals that a small child has committed this horrendous act.

Boom! Is how my mind felt. I thought, what a clever way to



introduce the main antagonist of the film. But, unfortunately, that was the last time I thought highly of the film until the final shot (which I will get to later). It is now time to delve into the numerous problems I have with this film.

First, the damnable longshots. The majority of the first half of the movie is taken up Michael Myers stalking the teenagers. Which is fine in principle as it sets up atmosphere and tension, but the shots drag, like really drag. You will watch the main group of girls walk off into the distance for a solid minute or more with barely any to no dialogue. This is unbearable to watch. Especially when you are by yourself as I was (which I will also discuss further later).

Secondly, the stiff acting. All of the actors bar one (thank god for Donald Pleasence) are almost frighteningly bad. My favourite examples of this are during the death scenes where either they are exaggerating far too much or nowhere near enough. Even Jamie Lee Curtis, of whom I am a fan, wasn't putting on the greatest show. This led to the cheesier aspects of the film outweighing the scarier parts.

Thirdly, the violence. Now I know that we are all far too desensitised to gore and violence nowadays, but in well-crafted and suspenseful horror films it can still prove a powerful tool in making the viewer feel scared. Here, it feels like almost goofy or nonsensical. For example, the long strangling scene in the car, while adding some realism and brutalism to the film, doesn't achieve its goal in my opinion, as it almost becomes comical because of how long it lasts. Another example is when the boyfriend gets jumped by Michael in the kitchen and stabbed in the heart in complete silence. His mouth is covered and he just accepts his death and doesn't even try to warn his girlfriend in the other room that there is a murderer, which leads me to my final point.

The stupidity of horror films. For me, horror is at its best when the characters act in a believable way that you could see yourself doing. This allows the viewer to empathise and be more scared as they see no logical way out of the danger. The stupidity of horror movie characters is a problem in many films and not just *Halloween*, but it is a shame that is present here, making the film that much harder to watch. Luckily, as seen by his later film *The Thing*, Carpenter figured out how to make all the above work perfectly and created an amazing horror film.

What shocked me was how much I liked the ending. I thought it was very clever to have Michael Myers escape and be a lingering threat, which ultimately says to the audience, "Beware because he is still on the loose" and leaving the movie viewer a tense walk back to the car from the cinema.

However, overall, *Halloween* is a rather boring film and has aged quite poorly. If you want a treat this Halloween, I'm afraid you'll have to go to different house.

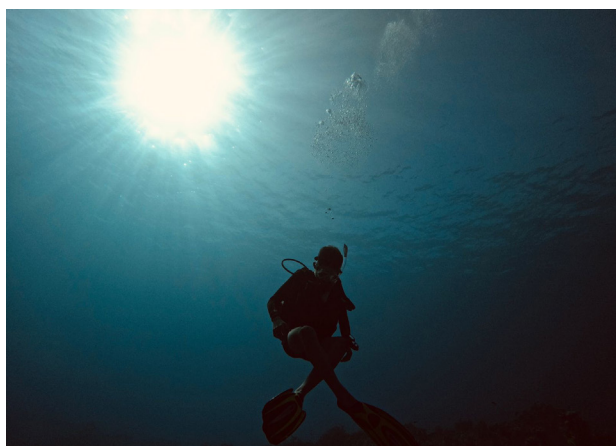


## HARROVIAN PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION

### *Shadows*

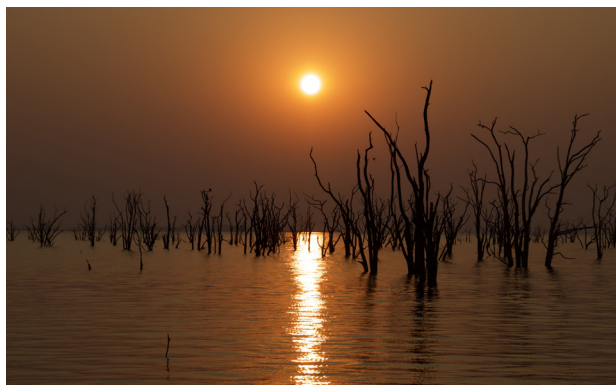
1st place: George Bamford, *The Head Master's*

This photo, quite impressively, is taken underwater, from below, with the subject looking up to the surface. The sun shines through the water, creating a silhouette of the subject and contrasting it with the rest of the turquoise water. A gradient of light runs down the frame, leading the viewer's eyes through the image comfortably, and the position of the diver is interesting. He/she kind of floats and sits still in the water, rather than the stereotypical position we see of photos of divers, either reaching up or diving down. The bubbles are a nice touch to the overall photo as well, adding a bit of texture to the otherwise flatter background. Great photo and well deserved first place.



2nd place: Henry Campbell-Johnston, *Elmfield*

I'm not usually a fan of sunset photos for their overly orange and flat colours, but Henry executes it well here. The scene isn't completely dominated by the strong orange, but rather only hinted in the background, and exaggerated in the reflection and obviously, the Sun. The silhouettes of the branches in the sea are composed well, with the tallest branch perfectly on the right third, and decreasing in height towards the left, leading the viewer's eyes to the emptier side of the frame naturally. The reflection is a great touch to the scene, running right down the middle of the picture, and adding in some highlight for contrast in the lower half of the frame. Beautiful picture.



3rd place, John Ye, *Elmfield*

To be honest, I am not sure what this photo is of. I would assume it is some sort of sculpture, but I cannot tell. All I know is that John gets the theme right and executes it brilliantly. He plays with the shadows well and highlights the geometrical shapes in the object, bringing apart illuminated faces and dark faces well. The light is well placed so that the object looks very

three-dimensional, almost as if it pops out the screen. There is not much contrast in this photo, the illuminated faces are not that light, but I feel that it fits well with the theme of the photo, as well as the challenge. It gives a gloomy and futuristic feeling. One thing I would improve is by trying to add a few more elements to the left of the picture, as it is currently mostly empty. A shift in composition to the right would work well. But otherwise, well done.



Honourable mention: Mr Parsons

Mr Parsons took this photo on the pitches of the School. The tree is backlit by the rising Sun, and a long shadow is stretched down the frame, and, behind the tree, a beautiful Tyndall effect is captured as a really nice touch to the photo. The light and shadow is used so well in this photo, and the colour is nice, with a warm ground and more cold colours to the left of the scene and in the shadows for nice contrast. My favourite part of this photo is still the Tyndall effect of the sunlight through the branches and behind the tree. It adds so many more interesting features to the photo and blurs out the background for the tree to stand out. One thing I would love to see as an improvement would be more of the sky. The scene is mostly focused on the ground for the shadow but leaves not enough empty space. But otherwise, a well-deserved mention.





## 12-WORD POEM ENTRIES

Toye Kolawole, *Newlands*, Lower Sixth  
Days go by,  
Forever counting how long you and I have together.

GHW  
I  
am  
but  
song  
burst  
bright.  
Marbled,  
Maestral,  
Melodious,  
Melancholy.  
Mellifluous  
Magnificence.

*Anonymous*  
One, two, three, four,  
poor zero.  
Doesn't seem to count.  
Neglected hero.

*Anonymous*  
What comes after x?  
Is it y or (x+1)?  
It all depends...

*Anonymous*  
Some infinities are larger than others.  
They really are  
Countable and Uncountable.

*Anonymous*  
What is bigger than a googol?  
Google googolplex.  
Now try Graham's number.

Harry Winward, *Lyon's*, Lower Sixth  
'Speech room, chapel, bill,  
of course.  
Football, rugby,  
Harrow  
in full force.'

JPBH  
One, Two...  
Feet secured,  
Forgotten key  
Twigs procured,  
Plump poultry  
Spadework  
Baker's flirt  
Twenty!

Alex Garawal, *Elmfield*, Upper Sixth  
One Two Three,  
What does he see?  
Four Five Six  
Lunar Eclipse.

Leo Fitzherbert, *Lyon's*, Lower Sixth  
*Fleeting time*  
Count the seconds, feel them slip,  
Through your finger's calm, gentle grip.

BJDS  
I'm  
zero to one,  
one to one,  
one to three,  
I'm Fibonacci!

Rahul Gandhi, *The Grove*, Remove  
I waited for the artist, tick  
'He is away' tick, beep, tick!

Ben Stevens, *Newlands*, Lower Sixth  
Counting stars in the night sky,  
Sparkling way up high,  
Dreams Multiply

Ewan Gleason, *Rendalls*, Upper Sixth  
What's to count  
but if to wait  
and meditate -  
to some amount.

Acksel Sathish, *West Acre*, Shell  
Whispers of the truth  
Floating above me  
Unreachable, untouchable  
But counted nonetheless

Lee Brogan-Shaw, *The Knoll*, Remove  
I count my last days  
Evaporating from this  
Once perfect planet.

Andy Li, *Moretons*, Lower Sixth  
*Combinatorics*  
Counting choices,  
asphyxiating in fractal gore  
paralysed  
Watching choices  
collapse  
to zero

Victoria De Marco  
Counting seconds, minutes, hours;  
Never happy with the NOW!  
Wishing time away.

Seamus O'Leary  
*Counting 1..*  
Counting the time since Anno Domini  
2,024 years now has gone by...

*Counting 2, Anonymous*  
One, two, three, four...  
Listen to Skinheads roar  
wanting their hair back...

Tony Shi, *The Grove*, Lower Sixth  
Another scroll  
Another world —  
DOPAMINE DASH!  
Tik-Tok... Tik-Tok...  
minutes  
hours  
lives  
Drained.

"TZ"  
While counting stars,  
Forget about your scars,

You will overcome  
Whatever comes.

Debe Njoku, *The Head Master's*, Lower Sixth  
one more night  
for two souls intertwined  
each second stretched into three

CMC  
Counting stars,  
Endless space.  
Hidden in cosmic whispers,  
Our Universe explores itself.

Jasper Brockwell, *Druries*, Upper Sixth  
*Flanders Requiem*  
Three hundred and sixty eight interred.  
Forty one missing.  
Twenty one unknown.

Caden Soong, *The Grove*, Remove  
If I stopped asking only why,  
I would soar through the sky.

SPS  
Kingdom of God  
Given freely  
Cost: Infinity  
A few drops of blood

DMM  
How many will count the numbers one through twelve as  
their poem?

ERP  
*A Real Character*  
You have, countless times,  
Let me blundering down –  
Counting on you still.

PDR  
Pearl for sale  
Unreasonably priced  
Cost: threescore and ten  
Counted and lost

Max Stafford-Davies, *Lyon's*  
Punctuality.  
Saved my life.  
One, two split seconds.  
The beats would've froze.

Estelle Marshall, Accounts  
Marking off days  
The end of school  
The end of work  
(Ac)counting

Lucian Tyacke, *The Head Master's*, Lower Sixth  
Branches reach skyward,  
Counting leaves in autumn's grasp,  
Winds begin to dance

Jed Huan, *The Head Master's*, Remove  
One,  
to two;  
Append three.  
Just simply four  
A desire to count...

Alfie Murton, *Newlands*, Lower Sixth  
*Erased by Time*

One -  
The cycle begins.  
Twenty, adjourned adulthood.  
Regret grasps sixty,

Eighty forgets.

NCS  
Gaia,  
Emma  
Helen, Gail  
Deborah  
Sheila  
Maxine, Cate  
Virginia  
Serena  
Simone, Stephanie  
Sarah

SMK  
Neither tally regrets,  
nor count failures,  
nor reckon sacrifices,  
but measure blessings.

IRL  
One, two, three  
Open your eyes for me,  
Please don't leave me.

WJC  
Forty characters per line;  
Twenty lines per sheet.  
Double.  
What an artform.

Sheila Price, Matron, *Rendalls*  
A poem  
Theme of counting  
Twelve words exactly  
No more  
No less

Eileen O'Connor, House Masters' Secretary  
Counting loss, mounting escalation  
Nothing resolved by violence,  
Only dialogue for co-existence

William Welstead, Stores Assistant/Delivery Driver  
"Awake? I count using my fingers.  
Twelve? Could it be a dream"  
Insomnia

Karina Gumm, Senior Chemistry Technician  
Laying still  
Desperate for sleep  
Counting sheep...  
...peace....  
The new day dawns  
Tobias Idehen, *The Head Master's*, Lower Sixth  
Dear Ms O'Neil,  
I should win because  
I have written twelve words.

Andrija Boka, *The Head Master's*, Lower Sixth  
Twelve  
Eleven  
Ten

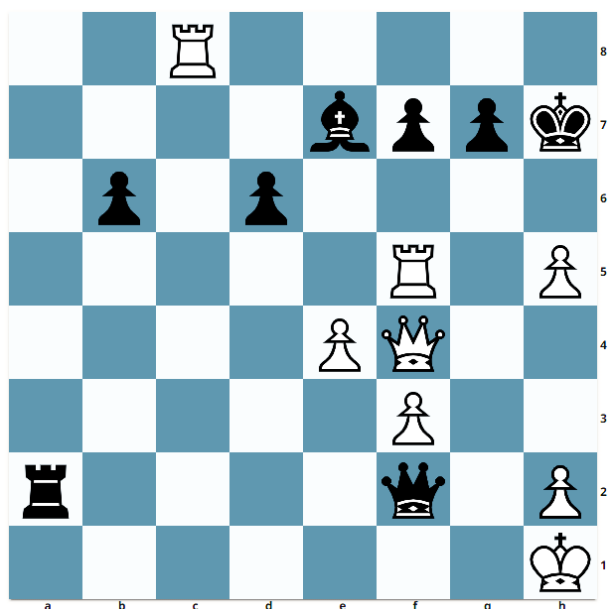
Nine  
Eight  
Seven  
Six  
Five  
Four  
Three  
Two  
One

Prejeev Suhitharan, *Druries*, Fifth Form  
1 year, 2 years, 3 years, 4 years, 5 years and finished.

## CHess PUZZLE

The weekly puzzle set by JPBH this week comes from the final decisive game of the 2016 World Championship. Defending champion Magnus Carlsen has his opponent, Sergey Karjakin, threatening immediate mate, but he found a very pretty combination to get there first. Can you find it too?

Submit your solution by email (jpbh@) to enter the termly competition.



White to play and mate in 2 moves.

Last week's answer: 1. Be5+ Kc5 2. Rc1+ Bc4 (or Qc4) 3. b4#.

Interested in chess? Come along to Chess Club, 4.30-6pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays in MS5. All abilities welcome!

## OPINION

DEAR SIRs,

As an Upper Sixth, I am confronted with my mortality. My knees tremble from both fear and age as every step passes, bringing me closer to leaving this world. I watch from my window as the sun becomes dimmer and lazily sleeps beyond the horizon. Each day, mist further obscures my final winter here. Though, as I gaze from The Grove, I know that the lights in Speech Room will turn on once again, bells will ring, and boys will complain, long after I have left. I have now sung my penultimate OH Songs. I have another 35 years

to wait until the next.

After such an event, I feel inspired to write to my predecessors in younger years who may not find them so special. I, of course, do not mean those who will read this letter next week – there is no such boy. I mean to communicate through the mouthpiece of a boy 40 years on, when my letters will be finally appreciated as they are inevitably read out in events. Songs ought to have the most meaning when one still sings them as a boy, connecting with one another and the Harrovians before us. Precious moments, such as Mr Land's accidentally sitting down after announcing that we shall sing *Stet Fortuna Domus* or his glare at Mr Woodcock after he didn't signal us to sit. Suddenly, this chapter will close as *Forty Years On* is sung and we finish on the National Anthem. The boys who mumble words without pride oughtn't have any.

Thus, one can only look forward to Songs in the distant future. A global war may have befallen by then, and I expect to have perished long before without Matron's care. At least the National Anthem may be sung louder with rekindled national spirit and fewer foreigners, though, I do wonder if we will be able to pronounce the Chinese. If I live to sing these songs and this letter is read out, I shall be willing to recite, from memory, every word of *Forty Years On*, Churchill verse included, with every mistake being met by hissing. Hopefully that pain will be dulled when the Young verse is finally sung.

A note to the boy reading this: my voice has been described as Morgan Freeman's if he were an English aristocrat.

Yours in the past and future,  
R.T.M. YOUNG, THE GROVE

## CLASSROOM CRIMINALS

Why are Classics and castigation so closely related? Just as many Harrovians lament their double handed out by beaks, seemingly like candy, this edition of the Classics Opinion considers the punishment tactics employed in classical times.

If naughty boys are punished with Classics, how were they dealt with in the classical world? The answer is simple, and not very nice: they (quite literally) were flogged. The Greeks were clear on the matter. Plato called children "the most intractable of animals", and Aristotle banned play in education, stating that "learning is accompanied by pain". A sentence of Menander, the famous Greek dramatist, reads, "The person who has not been flogged is not educated."

The Romans were unoriginal in many things. Just as in many cases, they simply copied the Greeks again. In education they were no different. Education was not systematic in Rome. However, schooling broadly took place in three stages. First, boys and sometimes girls would learn from a private guardian, or 'pedagogue'. Later, boys would be escorted by the pedagogue to school, where a master would teach them their writing and arithmetic. Then, if the child kept going, he would study with a "grammarian" who taught him how to read poetry.

Roman citizens could not be beaten – this was in fact one of the privileges of citizenship – but children did not enjoy the same protections. In the classroom, misbehaving students, or students who simply struggled to memorise the material they were meant to learn, would regularly be flogged with a vicious variety of terrifying tools.

First was the ferula, a cane cut from the fennel plant, similar to the kinds of canes employed in British schools well into the twentieth century. More serious was the scutica, or whip. Worst of all was the catomidio punishment (sometimes called the "horse"), whereby a person was over someone's shoulders while his ankles were held up in the air by someone else, so that he could be fully exposed to the teacher's lashes.

Ouch!



All three of these punishments were reserved for two kinds of people in Rome: schoolchildren and criminals. They would also frequently take place in public, since schools often met outside in places like the forum. So it is safe to say that, in Roman society, children were often punished, and humiliated, just like criminals were, regardless of whether they were born to Roman citizens. Classroom misbehaviour was pretty much akin to literal crime.

Some people were sceptical of these methods, however, suggesting a friendlier approach to learning that involved more figurative carrots and fewer literal sticks. But many believed that suffering was not only a means of punishing students, but also a source of learning itself. It could be a means of testing and cultivating moral strength and virtue: “the greater his torment is, the greater shall his glory be”, one Latin proverb went. This belief was particularly associated with the ideology of the Stoic philosophers.

By comparison, copying out a few lines of Latin or Greek double sounds positively modern and much less painful!

## SPORT

### CHARLES ALCOCK

On 17 October, ten local primary schools came to the Hill for the third iteration of the Charles Alcock Cup, named after the Old Harrovian who founded the Football Association Cup in 1872. After receiving their packed lunches, the teams began to warm up on the hockey astro (must to the consternation of IH) while boys from the development B&C teams helped to set up the pitches.



This provided some early entertainment as we learned just how many Harrovians it takes to move a five-a-side goal from the Sports Centre to the astro! (answer: four on a good day). After an initial welcome from Dan Edwards, our Soccer Professional, proceedings were soon underway in the group stages. The ten teams were split into two groups of five teams, and the games lasted ten minutes each, all being controlled by chief whistle-blower RHTN. Group A was a very close affair, as three teams finished on nine points from their four group games, with St George's coming out on top thanks to a superior goal difference. In fact, they scored an impressive 19 goals in 40 minutes of football! Group B, on the other hand, was dominated by a single team, as Pinner Wood won all four of their games, scoring ten goals and not conceding a single one. Throughout proceedings, we got to witness the varied refereeing styles of our Sixth Formers: Jesse Eledan, *Newlands*, was by far the most energetic of our officials, demonstrating some fantastic backwards jogging to keep up with play and generally looking

like he wanted to take the ball off the children and score for himself. Aris Aldrich Blake Ouzounis, *West Acre*, on the other hand, took a different approach. He positioned himself just to the side and became the five a-side equivalent of the ‘centre-circle ref.’ The standard of play in the group stages was generally high and conducted in the right manner, even if I was asked at one point, “Sir, can I give a yellow card to a parent?”



As the knockout stages began, it was time to turn to the big guns of the refereeing world, namely Eric Pan, *Lyon's*, Babade Fasinro, *Lyon's*, Israel Olaigbe, *Moretons*, and Harry Murton, *Newlands*, who expertly managed the increasing tension both of the players and of the adults on the sidelines. There were comfortable wins for St George's, Pinner Wood and Roxeth, who all preceded with some ease to the semi-finals, and it was clear that St. George's would certainly have some strong competition on the other side of the bracket. Welldon Park, who narrowly defeated West Lodge in their quarter-final, and Roxeth were unable to match the quality and intensity of the two teams that progressed to the final. Pan, who was later overheard calling himself ‘the next Michael Oliver’, was in charge of the final and did a sterling job in what was a even and fast-paced game. Although St. George's ran out 3-0 winners, this does not reflect the pressure they were put under by Pinner Wood in a game that both sides should be proud of. Overall it was a fantastic afternoon and one where football was certainly the winner!

## FOOTBALL

### *The School v Winchester, 14 October*

Development B XI away v Winchester College 2nd, Won 1-0

Harrow grew into this game against a physical and direct Winchester side, eventually forcing a winner through Simon Michael, *The Grove*. MOTM was Eric Pan, *Lyon's*, who was strong in the tackle and used the ball simply and effectively throughout the game. The Dev Bs are 6 from 6 so far this season!

Development C XI away v Winchester College 3rd, Lost 1-2

The Dev Cs succumbed to a direct, physical opponent. James Ho, *The Knoll*, scored and narrowly failed to equalise with a last minute drive off the bar.

### *1st XI v Dulwich College, Won 1-0 (AET)*

#### *ISFA Trophy – Round 1*

In an entertaining game, the 1st XI produced an outstanding team performance to progress to the next round in this national cup match. Thoroughly dominant in regular time but unable to put away their chances, the game went to extra time, with man of the match Ralph Collier-Wright, *Rendalls*, coming up

with the winner in the final moments. Eli Dewotor, *The Head Master's*, Isaac Humphrey, *West Acre*, and Paul Olusegun, *Druries*, were particularly outstanding in this one.

## WATER POLO

On the afternoon of Tuesday the 1st of October, Harrow went to Latymer School in order to compete in the regional qualifiers for the English Schools' Swimming Association Finals in November. The Harrow teams successfully qualified for all four age groups that they were eligible to compete in, winning both the intermediate and senior 4 x 50m freestyle relays and finishing second to Whitgift in the corresponding medley races. Standout swims included those by Eric Lesesne, *West Acre*, Mir Hamid, *Bradlys*, Henry Gilbertson, *Newlands*, Andrey Tarnopolskiy, *West Acre*, and Stirling Smith, *Lyon's*, who all set new PBs at the event.



## BASKETBALL

*The School v University College School (UCS),  
Lost 30-53, LISBA*

The Harrow Under-18 basketball team faced off against University College School in another league game on Tuesday, which unfortunately resulted in a frustrating loss to a technically weaker side in terms of individual basketball ability.

Following a strong start by the Harrow side in the first quarter, they managed to build a lead – a small one, but a lead nonetheless – and went into the second quarter aiming to pull further away from their opponents. However, this quickly proved to be quite a challenging undertaking as, surprisingly, UCS took the lead instead, thanks to a few lucky shots. They definitely hadn't fully taken control of the game yet; the game was still easily winnable from a Harrow perspective. But whether it was the early-season nerves forcing rushed plays, the series of questionable foul calls against Harrow, or perhaps the weird game ball, who's to say? The team lost their rhythm and simply weren't "hooping". This meant that the Harrow side stopped playing team basketball, which gave UCS opportunities to exploit the gaps, allowing them to make straightforward passes to the basket for easy layups, further increasing their lead.

Overall, a disappointing but eye-opening experience: playing as a team is going to be very important moving forward and something to work on. Hopefully, this experience will allow the Harrow side to bounce back against Watford Grammar.

## RACKETS

*The School v Wellington, 17 October*

1st v Wellington College, Lost

1st Pair Jack Nelson, *Bradlys*, and Ben Hufford-Hall, *Moretons*, Lost 0-3.

Nelson and Hufford-Hall fought hard but were outthit by physically stronger opponents. After some excellent results, and performances, I am sure this will focus their minds on the need to keep developing their skills.

2nd v Wellington College, Won

2nd Pair. Tom Campbell-Johnson, *Druries*, and Arjan Lai, *West Acre*. Won 3-0

A convincing 3-0 win for Campbell-Johnson and Lai, with a consistent and aggressive display.

Colts A v Wellington College, Lost

Colts A. Ned Steel, *Druries*, and Louis Nicholson, *The Park*, Lost 0-3

Steel and Nicholson just couldn't find a hold in the match against a consistent pair.

Junior Colts A v Wellington College, Won

Junior Colts A Ethan Jones, *Druries*, and Max Warner, *The Head Master's*. Won 3-0

Jones and Warner took control after a tight first game to dominate the next two games.

Junior Colts B v Wellington College, Lost

Junior Colts B. Pablo Castellano Burguera, *Rendalls*, and Huw Griffith, *Druries*, Lost 1-3

In a dramatic match full of twists and turns Castellano Burguera and Griffith performed admirably despite a 1-3 loss.

## SWIMMING

*ESSA qualifiers, LSSA Regional Team Championships,  
Latymer School, Away, 1 October*

On the afternoon of Tuesday 1 October, Harrow went to Latymer School in order to compete in the regional qualifiers for the English Schools' Swimming Association Finals in November. The Harrow teams successfully qualified for all four age groups that they were eligible to compete in, winning both the Intermediate and Senior 4x50m freestyle relays and finishing second to Whitgift in the corresponding medley races. Standout swims included those by Eric Lesesne, *West Acre*, Mir Hamid, *Bradlys*, Henry Gilbertson, *Newlands*, Andrey Tarnopolskiy, *West Acre*, and Stirling Smith, *Lyon's*, who all set new personal bests at the event.

### 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/Harroviaan](http://harrowschool.org.uk/Harroviaan)