

# THE HARROVIAN

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## VICTORY AT TWICKENHAM

*Continental Tyres National Schools Cup Under-18s, Twickenham, v Queen Elizabeth Grammar School Wakefield, won 22-14*

Harrow returns to Twickenham! A lot had changed since our last trip to HQ in March 2024 – the stadium was now known as Allianz Stadium (boo!), and the all-conquering heroes of the 2023/24 side were scattered across the world. Some, like Kepu Tuipulotu (*Druries 2019<sup>s</sup>*), Charlie Griffin (*The Head Master's 2019<sup>s</sup>*), and Reggie Hammick (*The Knoll 2022<sup>s</sup>*), were plying their trade for England Under-20s and in the professional game. Filip Edstrom (*Bradbys 2019<sup>s</sup>*) and St John Smith (*Newlands 2019<sup>s</sup>*) were making their mark at Berkeley and Brown, while others, like Charlie Hope (*Rendalls 2019<sup>s</sup>*), Rob McCorquodale (*Elmfield 2019<sup>s</sup>*), Freddie Dinan (*Rendalls 2019<sup>s</sup>*), and Guy Paton-Smith (*Elmfield 2019<sup>s</sup>*), were either down under or at a Full Moon party on a beach in Thailand somewhere. Needless to say, the legend of that side lived on, casting a long shadow over the pride of Lions of 2024/25.

The 2024/25 season has not been an easy ride. Tough early losses to Clifton and Wellington caused not only heads to drop but also saw the squad shrink, with serious injuries ruling a number of boys out early on, including one of last year's Twickenham Lions, Sammy Clayton-Bennett, *Newlands*, and our

inspirational captain, Sam Winters, *Elmfield*. However, resolve and toughness became key elements of this group's success, and they rebounded well. An emphatic Round 1 win against St George's Harpenden got the campaign underway. Further regular-season victories followed against Dulwich, Warwick and the heroic come-from-behind win over Radley on The Sunley, proving there was plenty left in the tank.



In Round 2, Harrow battled through torrential rain at Mill Hill, grinding out a 21-7 win against a fiercely competitive

side, setting the tone for what was to come. Round 3 saw us travel to Campion, facing an unbeaten side packed with Saracens and England talent, in front of their entire school on a tiny pitch. Our most complete defensive performance of the season secured a statement 40-7 victory and a confidence boost heading into half-term.



The second half of term saw a stumble as we blew a nine-point lead in the final eight minutes against Cranleigh. With nerves present, we travelled to Epsom for Round 4, facing a strong side on a greasy pitch. Once again, resilience shone through, and Harrow secured a 21-13 win, marking our third away victory in the cup and securing a quarter-final berth.

We had become accustomed to away draws, so when the quarter-final draw pitted us away again against Whitgift, three-time cup winners crushing all in their path, we embraced the challenge. In early December, we headed to Whitgift for a late 3.30pm kickoff under the lights, perfectly timed for their whole school to watch. Memories of previous 'quarter-final curses' had been banished after last year's emphatic 46-5 win over Ipswich, and the Lions roared again. Ferocious in defence and clinical in attack, Talal Nsouli, *The Knoll*, scored a superb try after a Patrick Keaveney, *Drurries*, seed, before James Talamai, *Drurries*, put us ahead through the now-feared Harrow maul. Whitgift struck back, but Harrow held firm, securing a 10-10 draw, progressing on the away rule. A defining performance, this side had now fully found its identity – toughness, resilience and dogged defence with a clinical attacking edge when it mattered. A semi-final against a highly fancied RGS High Wycombe team awaited in three months' time.



Over Christmas, we travelled to Abu Dhabi for the World Schools Festival. While results and performances weren't quite as we hoped, playing world-class sides and strengthening squad bonds off the field was invaluable for us all. Against Paul Roos, the best rugby school in the world and a Springbok factory, we proved our worth with a tight 15-12 loss and earned the respect of the Southern Hemisphere.

And so, the long and anxious wait for the semi-final began. Academy League matches came and went as the boys donned the colours of Saracens and Saints. Unlike last year, when we lost captain Tuipulotu during this period, this time the squad emerged unscathed and with our boys constantly playing for their clubs. Training continued once a week, under the floodlit darkness of Thursday nights, keeping the squad sharp while introducing a few tactical innovations – 'The Chef', 'Ireland', and 'Ka'boom', all of which would later feature in the final – were crafted in the depths of February's cold nights and my never-ending PowerPoint playbooks.

Finally, the semi-final arrived. Unlike last year, it was not scheduled over an exeat, which presented logistical headaches for SAH, EWH and RAJF as the full School sport programme remained active. The usual impassioned Harrow support seemed likely to be limited to the Dev Rugby boys and Seamus. However, a late rallying cry from a certain underground Harrow sporting society saw RAJF, BTM and AJC mobilise a second bus, scarves packed and ready, bound for Aylesbury to bolster the team's support.

RGS High Wycombe presented a formidable challenge. They are a two-term rugby school, still playing through the intervening period, superbly coached and packed with high-calibre players. They had made the St Joseph's Festival final, no small achievement. But Harrow had come to fight. The match began well: a powerful maul try within five minutes gave us an early lead, and further chances beckoned. However, we failed to capitalise, and rust began to show. RGS responded with ferocity, dominating for 20 relentless minutes during which Harrow had no answer. Suddenly, we found ourselves 13-5 down, and with half-time looming, the outlook was bleak.

A turning point arrived with a well-placed short kick-off. Harrison Dunne, *Elmfield*, found space, drawing a penalty. Keaveney's pinpoint kick to the corner provided another opportunity, and when RGS conceded a penalty in the maul, we got a second bite. The pack roared to life once again, and Talamai powered over for his second try. 13-12 at half-time. Time to breathe, reset, and believe.



Early in the second half, Keaveney had a shot at goal and took it – 15-13 to Harrow. The final 25 minutes were torturous to watch. Harrow's defence was immense, while RGS relentlessly pressed forward. Neither side could find the moment of magic or momentum to break the deadlock. My hair went from grey to greyer as the minutes ticked by, convinced that it might slip away. But these boys are believers. A monumental defensive stand repelled 14 phases of RGS attack before a failed drop

goal attempt granted us the lifeline we needed. We dug deep, and when Dunne booted the ball to touch, the celebrations erupted. It was an extraordinary performance. Not perfect – the Harrow attack had the cutting edge of a spoon at times – but the defence had the heart of a pride of Lions. This team simply refused to lie down.



And so, Twickenham awaited once more. Excitement and anticipation grew. WMAL once again issued the edict that the entire School would return to HQ to support, a greater logistical challenge this year, given it was the Thursday before exeat, requiring multiple fixtures to be cancelled. I remain grateful to RHTN and all the other Masters-in-Charge of sports for their co-operation, and to the Moretons team for adapting plans around their House Play, *Macbeth*, as well as my colleagues and the boys for being willing to come along to support.

QEGS Wakefield were to be our opponents, fresh off a dramatic comeback against Warwick, scoring 10 points in the final five minutes to clinch victory at Aylesbury. They were an unknown quantity to us but carried a fierce cup reputation – this would be their sixth final, though they had yet to claim the title. AGJ and I spent days poring over any available footage, hunting for weaknesses or chinks in the armour. Key themes emerged, and the squad owes thanks to the Development XV for a fantastic QEGS impression in the final pre-Twickenham training session.

A blow struck the squad when Charlie Hammick, *The Knoll*, dominant at number 8 all season, suffered a broken wrist in the semi-final. This necessitated one change – Elliot O’Sullivan, *Newlands*, stepping into the squad, having previously missed out due to Sixth Form entrant rules. Otherwise, the team remained unchanged from RGS, eager to refine key areas of play. Training in the week leading up to the final focused on two priorities – improving our defensive structure with a better ‘check and release’ approach to two-wave attacks to counter QEGS deep attack and refining our own depth in attack to grant players more time on the ball. Everything ran smoothly. While

nervy tensions flared occasionally at times on the Tuesday training paddock, by Wednesday a resolute calm had settled over the squad.

Wednesday’s pre-match meeting followed the now-familiar routine, though this time with experience guiding us. Matchday logistics, what to expect, and final administrative details. Everything was methodically planned. We were now seasoned Twickenham veterans, and the day’s schedule was more certain to us. The squad received their Twickenham t-shirts, and the final element was a collection of good luck messages.

Last year, legends of English and Harrow rugby – Messrs Itoje, Christie, Arundell, Vunipola, and even Ox Nche and Siya Kolisi from the Springbok Bomb Squad – had sent video messages. This year, it was a more intimate affair, featuring reflections from last year’s team and coaches. Their messages were simple but clear – enjoy the moment, win the match, and, crucially, Up the Row.

Finally, the day arrived. Motivational videos had been shared, scarves laid out in rooms across the Hill, and everything was in place. Morning lessons provided some distraction, but by 12.15pm, it was time for the squad to assemble for lunch – except for Algy Royle, *Rendalls*, inexplicably 30 minutes late. The team ate together before walking down to the bus, collecting kit along the way. The atmosphere contrasted sharply with the previous year. Where there had once been tense silence, this time there was singing, including a XV version of *Io Triumphe*. The confidence of those who had been here before was clear to see – this was just another game to our Twickenham veterans.

On the bus, players received letters from their parents, just as they had last year. Yet, for those returning, ‘second occasion syndrome’ clearly set in again. ‘Why have they written so much less this year!?’ roared one experienced Lion. ‘I only got two lines!’ protested another. The squad was calm, confident, composed. As coaches, it’s impossible to predict whether that’s a good or bad sign, but this felt right.



Upon arrival at Allianz Stadium, excitement continued to build. The squad disembarked, the coaching team entering the changing room early to prepare the space while the boys watched the Vase final from the stands, soaking in the occasion. This year, Harrow were designated as the ‘away’ team, meaning a smaller, less glamorous changing room. A few Harrow posters were hastily put up to add a homely touch, shirts were hung, and soon the squad gathered.

Quickly changed, the team assembled for the pre-match photo. The glaring sun made it a challenge, but it was done – despite a chorus of ‘Yorkshire’ chants from a cluster of small, excitable QEGGies. Then came strapping and warm-ups. We trained on the patch in the car park and were excellent, even as a few rowdy QEGS old boys provided their own unique brand of encouragement.

Final words from the coaches. Then, it was time.

Smoke filled the tunnel, pyrotechnics flared, and Harrow ran out, led by captain Henry Dargan, *Druries*, calm, focused,

composed as ever. The Harrow faithful, blue and white scarves aloft, erupted. The atmosphere was electric.

The kickoff was taken, and Harrow wasted no time settling into their phase play. A knock-on from Hal Hersee, *Newlands*, was swiftly forgotten as the Harrow scrum erupted, driving forward with immense power to win a penalty on a dominant shove. Keaveney stepped up, launching a pinpoint kick to touch, 30m out. Talamai readied himself for the throw. What followed will surely go down as one of the great moments in Harrow rugby history.

Talamai found Dargan with a precision throw, and the maul was set, thunderous yet beautifully structured. It surged forward relentlessly, O'Sullivan anchoring the front and Ollie Moran, *Newlands*, guiding its direction. As the try line loomed, Fraser White, *The Head Master's*, charging in from 12, delivered a final decisive shove. The pack crossed, and Talamai grounded the ball. Harrow had made their mark early, asserting their physical dominance and leaving QEGS stunned. The Harrow crowd erupted, scarves waving in celebration. Just as Kirkham had done to us 12 months earlier, Harrow had set the tone with an emphatic early score. And we weren't done yet.

QEGS quickly mounted an attack of their own, but we had studied their patterns well – target the second runner off 10, leave the front, and jackal from the inside. Hersee executed the turnover to perfection, winning a crucial penalty. Keaveney pumped the ball deep into QEGS territory, and Harrow shifted into attacking gear. Our depth and precision in phase play were evident as White drifted out the back, linking seamlessly with Rory Griffin, *The Head Master's*, and Nsouli, who released a rampaging Talamai down the wide channel. He surged forward, but fell just short of the line. Dunne, ever the opportunist, spotted a gap between retreating legs and dived through to dot down for Harrow's second. Keaveney's conversion struck the upright, but at 10-0, Harrow were in dreamland, the perfect start.



Inevitably, QEGS responded. Renowned for their resilience, the Yorkshire side began to find their rhythm. Their attack sparked into life, their defence tightened, and Harrow's early dominance was momentarily checked. A few set-piece errors offered QEGS a foothold, and nervous pacing on the touchline began. Harrow were still in control, but a two-score lead was never comfortable.

As half-time approached, we regained the upper hand, marching toward the QEGS line. Relentless pressure condensed the defence, creating space out wide. Keaveney spotted Nsouli, who executed a clinical finish, reminiscent of his try against Paul Roos in Abu Dhabi. The conversion was missed, but at the whistle, it was 15-0. Harrow were firmly in command.

Then, the heavens opened.

To those in the stands, it may not have been obvious, but on the field, the rain was torrential, hammering down with unrelenting force. For Harrow, it was perfect. These boys loved the rain. Ever since they had lifted the trophy in storm-like conditions at Rosslyn Park in 2023, the rain had been Harrow's welcome

ally. The 2023/24 quarter-final demolition of Ipswich had been played in a downpour, and this year, victories over Mill Hill and Trinity had come in similarly grim conditions. With a 15-point cushion, the weather played into Harrow's hands.

And then came the magic moment.

Keaveney, sharp as ever, spotted a gap behind the QEGS defensive line. The opposition 9 had over-pursued. Keaveney chipped ahead, perfectly weighting the ball. Gathering at full stride, he drew in three defenders, absorbing contact. With his jersey scragged, he checked his balance, freed his arms, and offloaded sublimely to the ever-present Moran, who stretched out and slid under the posts. Twickenham magic. The Chef was cooking. Harrow were 22-0 up.

The rest of the second half was a bit of a blur to be honest. Harrow played composed, intelligent rugby in the deteriorating conditions but couldn't quite add to their tally. Keaveney and Dunne controlled territory expertly, pinning QEGS back with some good kicks, while the Harrow defence remained monstrous. QEGS found some late momentum, breaking the line a few times and eventually sneaking over for a try to bring the score to 22-7. The game had an air of tension, but in reality, Harrow were always in control. The crowd sensed it, singing defiantly through the rain.

The bomb squad sub-bench maintained intensity, and the forward pack remained dominant. The scrum was a force, so powerful it teetered constantly on the edge of breaching the 1.5m push law, which the excellent referee, Owen Taylor, did his best to manage. The maul and lineout functioned flawlessly, just as AGJ had designed. The backs were composed, skilful, and defensively ruthless. There was no drop in standards with any change.

QEGS fought until the end, as expected. With time up, Harrow continued playing, enjoying their Twickenham day but offering their opponents one last opportunity. To their credit, the QEGS number 8 and captain, a standout performer, powered over for his second try at the death. But it was nothing more than a consolation.

Harrow had done it.

A second national title in as many years. Back-to-back champions. Joining the pantheon of Schools Cup legends. As the final whistle blew, the field was stormed, the Harrow crowd erupted, and the name of Harrow rugby was permanently etched in the Schools Cup history books.

Keaveney was rightfully named Man of the Match by the commentary team, later meeting The Good, The Bad, The Rugby crew, led by Alex Payne, James Haskell and Mike Tindall respectively. But so many in blue had shone. Talamai was ferocious and clinical. Moran was everywhere. Nsouli and White were a defensive nightmare for QEGS. The old heads – Cam Knight, *Newlands*, Hersee and Ashton Ilincic, *Rendalls*, playing their final game for Harrow – were outstanding. And the co-captains, Winters and Dargan, led from the front, Dargan battling on the pitch, Winters rallying from the sideline, desperate to be there beside him. Too many names to mention. Too many heroes in blue. But it was a performance that made the School, the coaching staff, and every Harrovian, past and present, immensely proud.

And now, with just a few sevens games left, the curtain falls on this memorable era of Harrow rugby. A golden age, filled with unforgettable moments and teams whose spirit and dedication always showed the values of Harrow in action.

Harrow rugby is more than just the XV; it is a 20-team club full of enthusiastic players, a group of passionate coaching beaks and ever-present supporters. Beaks, House teams, academic staff and Matrons have all played a key part in this journey – sewing Lions badges, driving boys to x-rays, nursing them back to health and ignoring boys missing lessons. Support staff have prepared packed meals, maintained our fields, driven players to academy sessions, and endlessly strapped, bandaged and reassured the squad. Wider squad members have pushed

the team to be better, acted as opposition in training, fetched balls for goal-kickers or held tackle-shields when needed, or simply been there as voices of encouragement or challenge.



This is all creates more than just one winning team. This is a rugby club forged in togetherness, built on the highest standards of values and behaviour, and defined by an unbreakable will to succeed, backed by all those around them, on and off the field. I'm proud to lead such a group, and to be backed by so many off the field, and I hope we can continue to entertain and make the School proud in the years to come.

The recurring theme of our season stood no truer than at Twickenham last Thursday:

The strength of the Pride is the Lion, but the strength of the Lion is the Pride.

Roll on, 2024/25. And to our leavers – thank you for everything. Up the Row.

## ELMFIELD HOUSE PLAY: 'DEATH OF A SALESMAN'

27 February

On 27 and 28 February, Elmfield, directed by AJC, presented their masterful rendition of one of the greatest plays of the 20th century (and possibly of all time), *Death of a Salesman* by Arthur Miller. What was immediately interesting about this particular House play was its unusual setting. Instead of the Ryan Theatre, the play was performed in the Vaughan Library. This turned out to be a brilliant choice, as the audience felt quite literally in the middle of it all and this peculiar setting also enhanced the chaotic atmosphere of the play and the realism of the breakdown of the salesman, Willy Loman (played by Feo Mishin), and his family. The play was incredibly emotional and profound, and I did notice some watery eyes in the audience after it ended, which included (but was certainly not limited to) EWH from the SMT.

The lighting effects in the play were limited by its setting, but, despite that impediment, it was nonetheless very effective. Different coloured lights were used to indicate the scene (i.e. a flashback or happening in the present). This was quite helpful in certain parts of the play when everything everywhere is happening all at once. The live music was also very impressive, displaying Elmfield's musical ability. It also fitted very well into the rest of the play.



Feo Mishin was an outstanding Willy Loman, with a great understanding of this complex character. Willy is a character riddled with contradictions, a man who deeply believes in what he does, but, at the same time, he is misguided, angry, insecure and lost; he is betrayed by what he is so committed to and that makes him jealous and fragile. He is a family man: he loves his sons, but yet some of his actions may not indicate that. Notice the purposeful vagueness in my comments, I wouldn't want to spoil the play for anyone who has not read it or watched it before. Toby Woolf was a lovely Linda. Linda is loyal to the end, and because of that she is worried and, at times, confused. However, often she sees the situation most clearly. Woolf especially shone in the ending sequence. Mac McDowell gave a passionate portrayal of Biff, who is a character that changes throughout the play, seen particularly in the flashbacks, and that dimension of complexity was wonderfully encapsulated in his performance. Young Biff idolises Willy, but that changes, and Old Biff also reveals his dissatisfaction with his father as the play goes on. The rest of the supporting actors were also very talented and gave effective portrayals of their respective characters.

There were very few points of dissatisfaction in the play, all very minor. Occasionally, some lines or actions didn't quite fit in with the rest of the scene, but nothing that disturbed the audience's understanding of what was happening. Some of the props were confusing, as was one of the sound effects, but, again, nothing to greatly disrupt the audience's experience. In general, it is probably the best play I have seen at Harrow.

## MORETONS HOUSE PLAY: 'MACBETH'

13-14 March

Saving the best for last, GLJ's production of Shakespeare's famous tragedy concluded a busy and unprecedented House play season of four excellent productions. The stage was bare, furnished with only some grey wooden blocks that drew the mind to the city of granite, Aberdeen. As the play opened

with an ominous bagpipe drone, one already felt the pricking of one's thumbs.



The plot of the play needs little introduction. The witches prophesy that Macbeth, a Scottish thane, will be King of Scotland, and that his friend Banquo will also be the ancestor of a line of kings. Macbeth proceeds to murder King Duncan and Banquo to secure the throne, but lets Duncan's son Malcolm and Banquo's son Fleance flee. Macduff, another thane, flees to England with Malcolm, being very suspicious of Macbeth. Together they raise an army and restore Malcolm to the throne. Although narratively this play is straightforward, and, in this case, technically quite minimalistic, the interpretation and presentation of the complex relationship between characters was the most interesting facet of this production, in particular, that of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, played by Aaryan Dassaur and Maxi Jones respectively. Macbeth is an ambivalent character, always conflicted between his conscience and his ambition for power. Dassaur's presentation of this was clear, even in the first scene when he encounters the witches, remarking that the prophecy 'cannot be good, cannot be ill'. Lady Macbeth, on the other hand, is the manifestation of Macbeth's inner ambition. Jones' portrayal of her initial reaction when she hears of the prophecy was particularly thoughtful: an initial element of surprise, which is quickly overtaken by a sense of stealthy joy, then becoming the scheming plotter as she considers the murder of Duncan, portrayed with spirit by Nick Arnison. She urges Macbeth to commit the murder, expressing her concern that her husband is too honourable and just ('too full of the milk of human kindness'). As she expected, Macbeth is very conflicted and has a vision of a dagger – the first of the many such visions that signify how his hesitancy will lead to his inability to act. After the murder, Macbeth immediately enters a state of panic and brings the daggers back with him. His wife, again representing the ambitious and scheming side of Macbeth, finishes the job for him by placing the knives with the sleeping guards. The interaction between the two was delivered with subtlety, in particular highlighting how Lady Macbeth fuels the ambition of her husband and drives him to act against his conscience.

In a similar way to Lady Macbeth, Macbeth's friend Banquo, played by Neal Timblo, represents Macbeth's more honourable and righteous side. After Macbeth is crowned king, he hosts a banquet and also orders Banquo and his son to be murdered. At the banquet, however, he sees his seat occupied by the ghost of Banquo: a sign that he cannot get rid of his conscience, and, as a result, his regret will always return to haunt him. Dassaur portrayed Macbeth's reaction very vividly: a sense of growing fear and unease at Banquo's appearance, soon followed by complete bewilderment as his conscience struggles with his ambition. This vision, like before, is a symbol of Macbeth's incapacitating ambivalence.

To seek advice, he visits the witches again, who warn him against Macduff. Now, clearly turning erratic and unreasonable through fear and confusion, he orders Macduff's family to be killed. When Macduff hears the news, a very interesting contrast is presented between Macbeth and Macduff, played wonderfully by Rory Grant. While one is maddened and enraged, the other is calm-headed and sober. Grant, whose usual appearance on stage is quite avuncular, persuasively delivers the determined and cool-headed military leader. There is no outburst of grief or anger, but only a subtle but chilling melancholy, accompanied by the powerful but controlled resolution and determination of revenge. Meanwhile, Lady Macbeth suffers from trauma of murder, beginning with sleepwalking and eventually leading to her suicide. Her death represents the loss of Macbeth's ambition and the death of the Machiavellian Macbeth: one who acts boldly but not without planning, a master of schemes and plots, and prepared to use any means for desired his end.



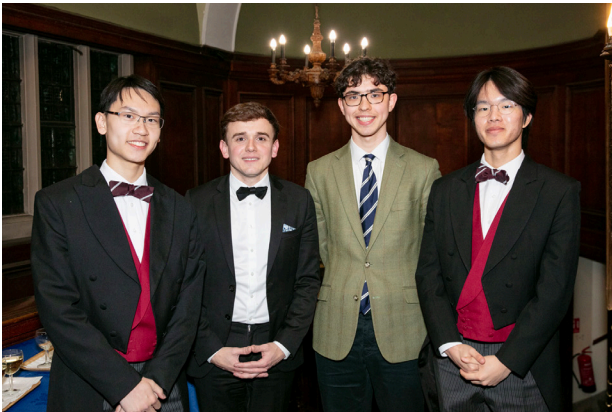
There remains, however, one final consolation for Macbeth: the witches prophesised that 'no man of woman born' may harm him. Thus when he battles with Malcolm and Macduff's army, he appears invincible. He then directly engages in a fight with Macduff. The performance of Dassaur and Grant in the fight scene was commendably persuasive and emotional, with Macbeth having the upper hand and nearly killing Macduff. However, he has another (the last) of his visions and enters a trance, allowing Macduff to fight back. Macduff then reveals that he was born by some form of primitive Scottish Caesarean section (how it differs from regular Caesarean sections is since lost to history). Eventually, Macbeth crawls off the stage and the limping Macduff follows with a sword. In the final scene, Macduff returns with the head of Macbeth, and Malcolm is crowned king. Yes, the ending is triumphant, but, as we expect from a great tragedy such as this, there is no winner: Malcolm loses his father, Macduff loses his family, and Macbeth loses his life. The rather grim stage, illuminated by harsh and cold tones, highlight the bitterness of Shakespeare's great tragedy.

Overall, this play was delivered powerfully and confidently by the Moretonians, paying special attention to the complex relationship of the characters and subtleties of emotion. If there was ever a doubt that Moretons is an "acting House", then this superb performance of such a well-known and celebrated play should dispell such rumours. Many thanks should be given to GLJ for putting together this wonderful performance, as well as the costume designers for putting together most excellent and elegant costumes, and also to the technical team of the Ryan Theatre who helped to present the production.

## ORGAN RECITAL TO CELEBRATE THE 70TH BIRTHDAY OF THE SPEECH ROOM ORGAN

*Thomas Ospital, Titulaire of the grand organ, Église  
Saint-Eustache Paris, Wednesday 12 March*

The beloved organ in Speech Room is a true musical might, made by the famed Harrison & Harrison of Durham in 1955. The bellowing tubes of the instrument are stored in two towers either side of Speech Room, with the 32ft pedal pipes behind the choir stalls, and the movable electronic console situated in the well. As the well-known story goes, Speech Room was hit by an incendiary bomb in 1940, and the original organ, which was situated where the current choir stalls are, suffered from water damage. Thus the new Harrison & Harrison organ was installed, and it was opened in memory of Sir Percy Buck (former Director of Music, 1901–27, also composer of *Silver Arrow*) on 12 March 1955. Therefore, celebrating the organ's 70th birthday to the exact day, we welcomed the internationally renowned Thomas Ospital, titulaire of the grand organ in Église Saint-Eustache Paris, which is the largest pipe organ in France. Mr Ospital offered an appetising programme of quintessential organ repertoire that covered multiple centuries, eras and styles.



No organ recital would be complete without the music of Bach, so Mr Ospital began with Bach's magnificent *Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor*, BWV 582. The passacaglia consists of a repeating bassline with different melodies on top. Although this form may seem monotonous, Bach ingeniously constructs a web of intricate polyphony from a few sigh-like broken-up figures presented at the beginning of the piece. The second part of the piece consists of an equally impressive fugue, using the passacaglia bassline as the subject. Mr Ospital's close attention to phrasing and articulation in this piece was particularly important in distinguishing different voices and creating a sense of momentum and direction, which is often absent in performances of Bach.

He then played Mozart's *Fantasia in F minor*, K. 608. This was one of Mozart's final compositions and was originally written for a mechanical clock – some kind of automatic organ machine. However, the scale and magnificence of this piece really deserve and demand a greater instrument and a greater player. The opening chords are striking and chromatic, with an aggressive dotted rhythm that parallels Beethoven's tragic *Coriolan Overture*. After the dramatic introduction, a fugal subject appears, making use of anguished chromatic quavers (again very similar to Beethoven's *Coriolan Overture*), developing into a restatement of the introduction in F#, and then a serenely lyrical section in the key of Ab. Mr Ospital articulated this section thoughtfully, maintaining a smooth singing line in the melody but not overloading the texture with fully sustained chords in the accompaniment. The fugue returns at the end again in a

more chromatic restatement, which was executed with great dexterity and clarity.

Now bringing music from his native Francophone world, Mr Ospital offered three pieces by French and Belgian composers: *Allegro vivace*, the first movement from Widor's *Symphony for Organ No 5*, Cesar Franck's *Choral No 3*, and Saint-Saëns' *Danse Macabre* (transcribed for organ by Louis Robilliard). Widor was a great French organ virtuoso and a master of utilising the many different colours and tones of the organ provided by the advancements in French organ-making (he was also an excellent orchestrator). This movement is essentially a set of variations following a theme that seems inconspicuous and ordinary, taking a shape similar to a church hymn. The scherzando section towards the end was a particular highlight, with a stormy flurry of chromatic semiquavers in the left hand accompanying the main theme.



The Franck piece opens with frantic arpeggios that eventually settle into a pious and reflective chorale. The harmonic language, however, is ambiguous and uncertain. The middle section is rhythmically calmer but still very chromatic, putting the music behind a blurry veil of mystery. Mr Ospital paid close attention to the harmonic movements and added a sense of direction with a controlled rubato, to keep the audience grounded.

Compared to the previous composers, Saint-Saëns was more metropolitan, and the *Danse Macabre* is a witty narrative piece about Death's visit to the graveyard, with the dead all climbing out to dance for him. The piece opens with 12 soft chords – the stroke of midnight. The use of all sorts of forbidden harmonies, especially the tritone ('the devil's interval') and the scuttling and chromatic melody combine into a grotesque and somewhat Prokofievian musical image. The dance eventually turns into chromatic frenzy, which is then suddenly interrupted by the oboe pipe, playing a short arpeggio figure signifying the crowing of the cock, and with a few scuttling chords the skeletons shuffle themselves back into the graves and the piece comes to an abrupt end.



The final piece was the *Prelude and Fugue on B.A.C.H.* by Liszt. Despite his reputation of being the great piano virtuoso, Liszt was an equally skilled organist, famous for his improvisations. This fugue was styled after Bach's own last incomplete fugue, in which he ciphers his own name (in German, 'B' refers to what we know as B♭, and 'H' our B). These are, however, an incredibly unpleasant sequence of notes, being chromatically adjacent to each other. The prelude built from it, therefore, takes on an anguished and rather ominous character, making it all the more difficult for the organist. The fugue is perhaps an organist's worst nightmare: complex contrapuntal writing, virtuosic passages requiring great dexterity even in the pedals, and demonic experimental harmonies adding to the chromatic mess. However, it is the few moments of calm that really struck me in this piece, particularly the last statement of the subject, accompanied by the heart-wrenchingly beautiful progression of G♭–A–A minor–B major. It is in these few moments when we get to catch our breath that we can admire the true grandeur of this piece.

French organists have a long tradition of improvisation. So, to finish off the concert, Mr Ospital offered his improvisations on our own Harrow Songs. The first was based on *Forty years on*, opening with disjunct fanfares based on the 'follow up' motif, and eventually building into a triumphant march that recalls the descending figures of the opening lines of the song. The harmonic language was very French, often bringing to mind the impressionistic style of Debussy and Ravel. The second improvisation was based on *Ducker*, taking full advantage of its chromatic and rhythmic wit. Mr Ospital delivered a virtuosic and complex improvisation, with the twirling motifs of the song passed between the various voices. The humour and wit of the original song was captured in his thoughtful articulation and phrasing, and the use of antiphonal effects by making the pipes of the two tower 'converse' was particularly impressive given that the instrument is not one Mr Ospital is accustomed to playing. The third improvisation started with a four-part fugue based on the opening melody of *Silver Arrow*. Contrary to the previous ones, this fugue strictly followed the traditional Baroque dialect, with a well-woven polyphonic texture and lots of textural interplay. The second part of the improvisation returns to the pentatonic and impressionistic realm, where the organist was clearly more at home, presenting the melody of the *Silver Arrow* in inverted form. Every member of the audience was certainly taken back by the scale, complexity and effortlessness of these improvisations. Many thanks should be given to Mr Ospital for offering us this incredible concert, and also to DNW for organising the event and making this wonderful opportunity possible for member of the School community.

The mighty Harrison and Harrison organ was donated to the School by Colonel J.R. Warren (Small Houses and Druries 1902<sup>3</sup>) in 1955 in memory of Sir Percy Buck, Director of Music (1901-1927), which was a huge benefaction at a time of such austerity.

We would like to send out a special thank you to all OHs who visited the Hill to support the Music Department. Among the audience were three Old Harrovians who went on to become Organ Scholars after leaving the School, Daniel Baker (Moretons 2014<sup>3</sup>) Christ Church, Oxford, Sebastian Gillot (Moretons 2008<sup>3</sup>) Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and Dominic Wong (Moretons 2006<sup>3</sup>) Downing College, Cambridge, as well as Noel Bolingbroke-Kent (Moretons 1953<sup>3</sup>).

Noel, who was at the opening recital of the organ 70 years ago, approached DNW with the idea for this wonderful celebration and was central to the organisation of the event. Many agreed they had never heard the organ played better. The recital could not have happened without his encouragement, support and initial contact with Mr Ospital.

## JUNIOR INTER-HOUSE DEBATING FINAL

*'This House would scrap the two-child benefit cap',  
West Acre v The Park, 25 February*

On 25 February, the Junior Inter-House Debating Final was held in the OH Room. The motion was 'This house would scrap the two-child benefit cap' – a limit on the amount of child tax credits a parent can claim for the third or subsequent children. The motion was proposed by West Acre: Mingyu Zhang and Nicholas Wang, and opposed by The Park: Caspar Spencer-Churchill and Isaac Wong.

The proposition spoke about this policy as a clear failure, one that harmed more than it did good. They noted that, although it was meant to influence family planning and to discourage parents from having more children than they could afford, birth rates have not decreased. They claimed that all this policy does is create child poverty and financial hardship, and a policy that fails while causing suffering is indefensible.

They then made further critique of the cap, claiming that it fails to account for unforeseen events and rising costs. There are so many factors that could come up and disrupt one's financial security (illness, death, divorce), as well as the cost of living crisis being a steadily worsening issue, burdening families even more with costs. By scrapping this cap, the government would recognise the unpredictability of life and promote compassion rather than punishment.

They finally argued that scrapping the cap would be good because it would not be costly because the cost of child poverty far outweighs the savings created by the cap. By giving struggling families more money, they are using that money to contribute to the economy and create a healthier one for everyone.

Onto the opposition. They argued that the benefit cap must remain, using a case study to make their point. In the 1990s, Sweden had an economic crisis, worsened dramatically due to the number of Swedes becoming unemployed and trying to claim the government's very generous benefits. The government solved the crisis by cutting back benefits. The opposition argued that, although we were not as bad off as Sweden, our current period of stagnation is not the time to expand benefit programmes. They said that we are lucky to have a government that cares about the people, one that does not want to cut benefits, but they firmly maintained that expanding benefits should not be on the table.

The opposition then mentioned how the Labour government campaigned on the premise that they would remove the cap all the way until they got into government, and then they stopped, because they realised that this solution was infeasible. Combined with other factors such as general limits, this situation was not as cut and dried as the proposition claimed it was. They claimed that throwing more money at a problem would not magically resolve it.

Then, the opposition spoke about how the government is immensely supportive of the UK people, through education, benefits and safety, and by removing this cap, the government would condone overpopulation, which is bad because it increases overconsumption of scarce resources, which would be particularly detrimental for an economy like ours at the moment, with the cost of living crisis. Ultimately, the opposition concluded that the issue lies not with the cap, as it is a measure to maintain a strong position against overpopulation. Scrapping it would be costly, and would be ineffective at decreasing child poverty and other issues due to other factors.

Overall, it was a fantastic debate with excellent arguments and presentation from both sides of the house. Many thanks should go to SPS and JDBM for their adjudication and chairmanship. Although it was a close-fought battle, ultimately, the win was awarded to The Park.

## SUMMERSON SOCIETY

Philip Mould, *Adventures in the Art World*, 27 February

On Thursday, the School's Art History society was witness to a fascinating lecture given by Philip Mould, the UK's most well-known art historian and dealer. He has been feeding both the vacuous aesthetical appetites of the wealthy through his long and successful art career, and the artistic needs of the nation through his work on programmes such as the *Antiques Roadshow* and *Fake or Fortune?*, since the 1970s. So, what did our lucky audience learn from such an inspiring figure?

He began his lecture by sharing his intentions: to give an insight into the fascinating life of an art dealer – a seemingly mysterious world of hidden insights, million-dollar details, and artistic appreciation. While his speciality, as anyone who has watched *Fake or Fortune?* is aware, are the British and Dutch Old Masters, his knowledge expands over the entire artistic pantheon. While art is his livelihood, his true love of the medium of painting shone throughout his lecture. He said that to truly love art and the stories behind pieces of it is key: "To buy a painting is to invest in a story: to buy a piece of art [as a dealer], is to gamble on a story which is truly more interesting than, at first, it may seem."

He began with an anecdote from his early art historical career. He had just left university, and, at the age of 20, was a sole trader, going from gallery to gallery on his moped. He tells us that, in 1976, he had been shown a small watercolour painting of a horse and a pack of hounds, signed by the great British equestrian painter Alfred Munnings, at that time the most valuable British artist on the European market. He was taken by the beauty of the piece: the interesting colours and the exciting forms created by the sea of hounds. Almost certain that the piece was genuine, the excited young Mould borrowed the piece from the gallery in London and sped it up to Edinburgh to be verified by his brother. However, upon merely glancing at the piece, his brother quickly denounced it as fake: the colours were all wrong, the anatomy of the horse imperfect and the boldness of line lacking the soft and sensitive marks of Munnings. However, he would soon learn to differentiate fake from fortune for, in his own words, "Nothing gears the brain towards artistic skill more than financial risk."

Soon, his business became orientated in a different direction: heraldic portraits. After a decade of graft, Mould set up a small office on Bond Street \*ahem\* when it could be afforded \*ahem\* and began buying up cheap, tacky and altogether undesirable portraits of little-known individuals, before hiring an expert in lineage and family heritage to trace the sitter to a living relative. He would then call this relative (usually the voice responding would be either a gruff American farmer or timid old lady living in the Cotswolds) and tell them of a "fantastic new discovery" made by his "professional and large team" (his office was, in reality, a cupboard within a fairly filthy Victorian building). With a few smooth words and a faxed family tree, Mould found that very few individuals would turn down the offer to buy the painting, offered at an ever-so-slightly inflated price. This is where Mould found traction.

Soon, Mould could afford increasingly notable and esteemed portraits, selling them to increasingly notable and esteemed people. Most notable in this regards were members of the House of Lords who, in 1988, in order to honour his contribution, made him "Official Art Advisor to the House of Commons and to the House of Lords" – a position worth very little in tangible terms given the fact that his donations to parliament were often loss-leaders, but one that gave him that most favourable attribute: gravitas. Soon, Mould could afford to buy portraits of more prominent individual – Byron, Shakespeare and Austen – and his buyer base expanded significantly.

His true breakthrough came when he identified the only existing portrait of Prince Arthur, King Henry's brother. This occurred almost as a miracle. When the piece entered his

hands for a mere £12,000, two months before auction, he was immediately entranced by it: the object had a distinct animism. Digging through the records of the royal household, he saw that a lost portrait of Prince Arthur existed 'of the prince in his primacy [although, he would die in pubescence] holding a ghilly flower, 11" by 7"'. Almost a perfect match. Only for, alas, the fact that the piece in front of him was 11 inches by 15 inches. With only a week to go before the Sotheby's auction, Mould set out to prove that this must be the portrait mentioned. And, after restoration, the evidence was found: a seam mark on either side of the sitter. Mould and his team measured the exact width from seam to seam, and it came at 7 inches exactly: exactly 11 inches by 5 inches. With this exceptional discovery, Mould had uncovered the only existing portrait of a member of the Tudor dynasty: unsurprisingly, the piece was sold for a whopping £250,000 (£800,000 today), which gave him enough money to buy a house.

Mould then mused on aspects of his career after this. He recalled his first appearance on the *Antiques Roadshow* in 2008: particularly, how the "eternal serpents" of hopeful people would trail on into eternity. That hope for fortune is an enigmatic hook that makes for fantastic television but also shows us why art is so important and valuable: the stories. It's in that pin-drop moment when the art historian tells the object's owner a piece's history and thus its value. On the back of this hook, he was inspired to begin *Fake or Fortune?*, which would soon bring him to prominence in the public eye.

We then looked at Lowry's *Going to the Match*, Philip showed great enthusiasm for Lowry, who is famed for his matchstick men and industrial themes. He took all the exciting energy of the great battle of Victorian painters, or the mythical scenes of Titian, and transposed them into a vernacular of the common, modern man: a truly democratic painter. To some, the characters may look childish, but Lowry was a master of human movement and anatomy. To demonstrate this, we saw three supposed Lowry matchstick men, and were told that two were fake. After encouraging us to guess the real one (Harrovians, he said with some bashfulness, were more successful than he had expected, with most of the room guessing correctly), he described to us the attributes of the real one: the finesse of stroke, the believability of motion, and the character portrayed in stance and posture. This, for him, is the key to a painting: Identity, purpose and narrative. When looking at a painting, the viewer must be impelled to think about these key concepts.

Therefore, it is no surprise that the markets are determined by which artistic stories are fashionable. At the moment, for instance, the most valuable works of art are from historical female artists like Gentileschi, Leyster and Cassat, and contemporary African artists. Previously, however, this position has been filled by many different groups, reflecting the social struggle of the day.

Once, however, Mould recalls when the most valuable pieces were paintings of Scottish scenes with Highland cows in the foreground (what he describes as "dreadful tat, which now would cost more money to transport than could be made on a sale"). Similarly, English watercolours, Dutch Old Masters and religious pieces have all plummeted in value, reflecting a change from gilt flames, dusty rooms and drawn curtains to contemporary. In his words, "Fashion is a fickle thing."

Finally, we reflected on his gallery's most exciting recent showing, Jonathan Yeo's *His Majesty King Charles III*, which came into his possession in 2024. The piece, in the opinion of Mould, is the finest royal portrait since the 19th century. The fat sausage fingers contrast so perfectly with the serene and dignified expression: the red-coat scarlet background, like a Russian ikon, shrouds him with religious mystery, while the butterfly on his shoulder reminds us of his humanity. It's the perfect painting for the modern state of monarch. Charles is a man who, as head of the Anglican church, keeps the God-like status of the Stuart age, while carrying a new human personality and dignity not seen before.

Unfortunately, however, during the showing, which drew unprecedented numbers to his gallery on Bond Street, the painting was attacked by protesters. This, he said, was the message he wished to leave us with: art is divisive, like nothing else. It can bring the reasonable to violence, the rich to poverty and the tyrant from his assumed status. Why? Because it tells a story. And in this story is millions of pounds worth of profit, we must concede. But also, as all art-dealers know, a passion for humanity.

## CLASSICAL SOCIETY

*Theatre trip, Sophocles' Oedipus, Old Vic, 11 March*

Last week, the Greek students and EMH set off for the Old Vic to watch a captivating adaptation of Sophocles' *Oedipus*. The boys promptly headed off the Hill and made their way to Wagamama for a delicious dinner, though it was a difficult start to the night with EMH's meal failing to make it to the table and Basran's bao buns nowhere to be seen. Despite the rocky start, we were all keen to head off to the Old Vic, get some snacks and enjoy the play. Again, we took our stratospheric seats reserved especially for educational visits, which were fortunately far from the miasma of Oedipus' curse.



This adaptation included a striking addition unseen in Robert Icke's performance, which we saw earlier this term: the incorporation of dance and music. This feature was something that really altered the dynamic of the play and made it so much more thrilling. Rami Malek opened the play as the eponymous Oedipus, who was seen gifting the palace's water to the citizens due to the drought the city was suffering. He wanted to consult the oracle to find out the cause of the drought, and it was revealed that the city could only recover if a certain individual was removed from the city's walls. As the play progressed, the conflicting themes of piety and practicality began to rise through the representation of Jocasta and Oedipus respectively. Eventually, Tiresias, a blind prophet(ess), was called to speak the truth, but his/her words were ignored by Oedipus as he/she told him that he had unknowingly married his mother and killed his father. (N.B. According to Greek mythology, Tiresias was famously transformed into a woman for seven years. Thus, Tiresias' pronouns are unpronounced and heavily debated.)

The director's choice for the characters to use a microphone when speaking to the crowd made us feel so closely linked with the characters – we all felt like Theban citizens. Additionally, the use of dancing not only enhanced the play but also helped to explain the story, the most vivid example of this being when they appeared to rise from the ground, just as the Thebans had risen from the dragon's teeth that Cadmus sowed when he killed it, according to Greek mythology.

The production retained this core plot throughout, and the themes of powerlessness and piety were still intricately woven into the performance primarily through the portrayal of Oedipus as a pious man, who is sharply contrasted with Jocasta who thinks of it all as superstition and nonsense; this left the audience feeling the tension between the two that is also further emphasised by the characterisation of Oedipus as a foreigner,

which was most vividly portrayed through his out-of-place accent. Although some parts lacked a true sense of emotion, and Rami Malek, at times, didn't convey the emotions of Oedipus as well as he could have, particularly after hearing about the death of his supposed father, the king of Corinth, to which he dryly replied 'oh, oh' even though this fact would have proved the oracle wrong, and he would be innocent.

Nonetheless, from a general stance, the play was superb and conveyed the majority of the emotion that the original play would have. The play reached its zenith once Oedipus understood the true extent of his crimes after his realisation that Tiresias' words were true. In this performance, Tiresias was arguably the standout character. He/she brought the play to life through his/her booming voice and emphatic mannerisms that created a particular suspense.

Oedipus eventually blinds himself in despair after the dark realisation of his actions, but the disappearance of his wife Jocasta leaves the viewers perplexed as to whether she managed to escape or killed herself as she does in Sophocles' play. The play ended with the meeting of Antigone and Oedipus outside the walls of Thebes, and it was resolved that Jocasta was in fact dead. The audience was left with a deep sense of sympathy for Oedipus, yet also relieved that the rain began to fall on Thebes again thus the city was saved.

With the play all wrapped up, we left the Old Vic after an outstanding performance and made a quick trip to McDonald's to make up for the Wagamama disappointment earlier in the day before swiftly returning to the Hill. A huge thank you to the Classics Department for organising the trip, and in particular to the enthusiasm of EMH for making it all possible.

# METRO

## OH NEWS

Tom Dunbar (*The Park 2000*<sup>3</sup>) is seeking a record 20th title in Eton fives. Tom has won the Kinnard Cup 19 times in the past 24 years, and once went 13 years without losing a match.



During 2024, James Cottingham (*The Head Master's 1997*<sup>3</sup>) took part in the World Endurance Championship, racing all over the world in eight rounds, driving the Factory McLaren 720S GT3LM. This championship includes the Le Mans 24 Hour race in France. At Le Mans James and his co-drivers led their class at the midpoint but unfortunately retired with mechanical issues after 19 hours. For 2025, James returned to the World Endurance Championship with McLaren and finished second at the opening round in Qatar, February 2025. In 2024, James was also granted membership of the British Racing Drivers Club in recognition of his international success in modern motorsport.



Swimmer Nick Finch (*Newlands 2019*<sup>3</sup>), who left the School last year is taking the Ivy League Championships by storm. In just his first year at Yale, he was named Ivy Champion in the 50m freestyle with a pool record time of 19.07, also winning the 100m fly and two freestyle relays in record times. Before going to Yale, Nick represented England at the Commonwealth Youth Games, and represented Great Britain at the European Juniors.



Duncan emerges from ambition and malice by him and Lady Macbeth, played by Maxi Jones. However, after Duncan is killed in his sleep and Macbeth takes the throne, King Duncan's and Banquo's ghosts haunt him, and murder leads to insanity. As Macbeth grows more violent and paranoid, Lady Macbeth begins to break under the weight of their crimes. She sleepwalks through the castle, wringing her hands and trying to scrub away imaginary bloodstains. In her most famous line, she cries, "Out, damned spot! Out, I say!" revealing her deep guilt. Yet, in the end, Macbeth is killed by Macduff (Rory Grant) and Donalbain (Cassius Jones) takes the throne – giving us a circular ending.

The play was spectacularly done, and Mrs Jervis did a fantastic job directing the whole thing with a splendid cast. Dassaur delivered a towering performance as the doomed Scottish king. He spoke with great eloquence, very tongue-in-cheek – his "Is this a dagger which I see before me?" was spoken with a haunted intensity that made it feel as though we were watching a man battling the voices in his own head. Truly masterful. Jones was a force of nature as Lady Macbeth. From the moment he took the stage, he was portraying the ruthless and cruel character with perfection. Her "unsex me here" monologue was both commanding and unsettling, sending goosebumps down every spectator's spine. Grant brought a quiet strength to Macduff, making his grief and fury deeply emotional. His reaction to the news of his family's death was devastating, filled with emotion that left the audience in a sad silence. His climactic fight with Macbeth left the audience "ooh" and "ah" ing at the amazing choreography. Nick Arnison brought regal dignity to Duncan, making his murder even more impactful (though he did come back once again to play the royal doctor!), while Cassius Jones portrayed Malcolm's growth from a cautious prince to a determined king excellently. Harrison, Olunloyo and Sasegbon's witches were terribly creepy, delivering their prophecies with an unsettling tone of doom. The ensemble, including Antares Au, William Bearman, Ben Hufford-Hall, Ben Leinwand, Lawrence Li, and Arthan Mehta, added depth and energy, and their uniform marching and dialogue were brilliant.

All in all, a phenomenal version of Macbeth, with stunning acting and music, making a very memorable House Play. Hats off to Mrs Earl, Mrs Jervis, and everyone else in the Ryan Theatre Team – it was incredible.

YOURS SINCERELY,  
SIDDHARTH SHAH, *BRADBYS*

## OPINION

### CORRESPONDENCE

*Letters to the Editors*

DEAR SIRS,

Having heard and seen many interpretations of the world-renowned Shakespeare play Macbeth, I was unsure of what to expect from this iteration of the performance. Macbeth is the story of a tragic literal ambition and what becomes of it. Macbeth, played by Aaryan Dassaur, is a valiant Scottish general who has won the battle and the affections of King Duncan, played by Nick Arnison. Yet, his destiny spirals downward following a visit from three witches, played by Monty Harrison, Jimi Olunloyo and Sebastien Sasegbon), with proclamations of his future status as king. They also tell Banquo, played by Neal Timblo, that while he will not be king himself, his descendants will one day rule Scotland. Before Macbeth and Banquo can ask more, the witches vanish into thin air. Soon after, messengers arrive with shocking news – King Duncan has rewarded Macbeth for his bravery by giving him the title Thane of Cawdor, just as the witches predicted. This makes Macbeth start to believe that the final part of the prophecy – that he will be king – might also come true. Following the promotion, a yearning to kill King

## SPORTS

### SKIING

*Appi Kogen Championships, The Asia Cup, Japan,  
8 February*

Following the success in the Canada Cup and the British Schoolboys' races, six skiers headed off to Appi Kogen, Japan, in order to take part in the newly launched competition: the Asia Cup. Despite being the first year of the competition, the Asia Cup was unprecedentedly competitive, with Harrow being joined by numerous skiers from around the world, including Harrow Appi, Harrow Shanghai, Harrow Zhuhai, Wellington Shanghai and Malvern College. Throughout the trip, the boys not only enjoyed the training and the races but also had the opportunity to enjoy cultural and recreational activities, such as soba making, a traditional Japanese tea ceremony, snowball fighting and banana boating. The team also enjoyed a full day of powder skiing, better known as world famous Japow, and delicious Japanese cuisine, including ramen, donkatsu, and Yakult! The trip also provided an excellent opportunity for the

boys to bond with different people from different backgrounds, particularly the students from the Harrow International Schools. It was an unforgettable experience to sing *Forty years on* with Harrow International School students.

Focusing on the races, the ski team, led by captain Min Choi,



*Bradbys*, performed exceptionally well in the highly competitive Asia Cup races. In slalom, Ferdinand Klitzsch, *The Grove*, secured gold for the male Under-16 category with the fastest time of the day. Klitzsch was joined by Choi (gold male Under-18), Charlie Harrison (silver male Under-18), *Moretons*, Max Nardo (silver male Under-16), *Bradbys*, John Li (bronze male Under-16), *The Grove*, and Ethan Jones (4th male Under-16), *Druries*. Boys delivered an impressive performance, with all six boys securing a position in the overall top seven. A special mention must go to Choi, who delivered an outstanding second run to secure a gold medal after a rather disappointing first run.

In the Giant Slalom races, the boys performed even better with all six boys in the overall top six, finishing with a clean sweep. Individual results included: Choi (gold male Under-18), Harrison (silver male Under-18), Nardo (gold male Under-16), Klitzsch (silver male Under-16), Li (bronze male Under-16), and Jones (4th male Under-16). Most impressive performances came from Nardo, Klitzsch and Choi, who were the only three racers to finish with a combined time of sub-minute.

With the outstanding performances in the races, the team secured the first-ever Asia Cup, claiming the title of founding champions of the competition and the title of treble champions. The team's performance was nothing less than perfection, a result the School can be proud of.

Overall, the 2024/25 season was a very successful season for the ski team, arguably the best season in the team's history. We brought the Canada Cup back for a second year in a row, secured the Sailthru Cup for the first time in 19 years, and secured the Asia Cup. In addition to the treble, we came runner-up in the most prestigious Sunday Times Cup, the highest position we ever finished, and were once again British finalists for the dry slope races. Six boys were also selected as the English Schools ski squad.

With the season coming to an end, the team thanks Captain Robson for his unwavering support and guidance for the team as the master in charge. Gratitude must also be expressed to RRM, our ski coach Dan, and our fitness coach Raymond. Furthermore, the team also thanks Timmy de Hemptinne, *Bradbys*, whose five-year Harrow skiing career has come to an end. He has been a true leader and an outstanding racer. His legacy will be remembered within the team.

## JUDO

*Independent Schools Judo Champions for 2025,  
16 February*

On 16 February, a judo team of 24 boys travelled to High Wycombe Judo Centre for the Independent Schools Judo Tournament. Competitors are pooled by weight in three separate age bands with their individual results entered into a medal table to decide an overall winning school.



At the end of superb day of judo, Harrow finished with six gold, three silver and eight bronze medals. Special congratulations to this year's champions: Leone Bartoccioni Menconi, *The Grove*, in the Junior age band; Larry Jang, *The Park*, Claudius Tyacke, *The Grove*, and Aidan Huang, *The Park*, in the Intermediates; and Diamond Nzola, *Bradbys*, and Sultan Al Thani, *Rendalls*, in the Senior age band.

Bartoccioni Menconi and Nzola were also overall winners of a combined weight category in their age bands, earning them each a second gold medal – an outstanding performance.

In a reversal of last year's result, Harrow just topped the medal table above Whitgift and finished as Independent Schools Judo Champions for 2025.

Nzola, our Captain, was also selected as this year's recipient of the prestigious Budokwai Cup, awarded annually to one competitor who best exemplifies the spirit of judo, with the organisers mentioning his leadership and support of his teammates.



*This is the final edition of The Harrovian for the spring term. The next issue will be 26 April.*

### 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)