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[See paragraph bottom right beginning: *The final entry was the saxophone quintet...*]

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T H E H A R R O V I A N

the opportunity for those already baptised in infancy to make the faith in which they have been brought up, their own. The preparation includes the opportunity to reflect more deeply upon what it means to be committed to Christ in the modern world and become aware of the call of God in our daily lives.

For the Anglicans engaged in this process, regular attendance at the Eucharist both during the week and on Sunday is expected and encouraged. The day retreat at All Saints Pastoral Centre, London Colney forms a major component of the preparation. In the grounds of this former Anglican nunnery, now a conference centre run by the Archdiocese of Westminster, is the alleged site of St Alban's house, marked by a small shrine altar in the midst of a bluebell wood. During this year's retreat, in wonderful weather we celebrated the Eucharist together at this spot.

The title of this piece is taken from a verse in St Paul's second letter to Timothy which appears on the School Certificate of Confirmation. "I remind you to rekindle the gift of God that is within you through the laying on of hands; for God did not give us a spirit of timidity but a spirit of power and love and self control. Do not be ashamed then of testifying to our Lord." (2 Tim 1:6-8a) The Sacrament of Confirmation comes with the powerful reminder that through the grace of God, we are called to live out our faith in the God who is love through awareness of and in service to others. There can be no more powerful way of "testifying to our Lord."

The first group had been the trio of Han Min Cheung, *The Park*, violin, Rafi Coleman, *Moretons*, cello, and Alan Kim, *Moretons*, piano. They played two short pieces, firstly the *Allegro* from Haydn's Piano Trio in A major, No 10, and then *Valse Russe* from Frank Bridge's Miniatures. The former



Min-Jung Kym with the winners

piece was strongly rhythmic and together, while the latter was beautifully lilting.

Four clarinets: Sam Rutter, *Moretons*, Cameron Clarke, *Moretons*, William Brightman, *Druries*, Jamie Patrick, *The Park*, were then accompanied by Jeremy Chiu, *The Knoll*, on the woodblock in the *Clog Dance* from La Fille Mal Gardée arranged by Kenney. There was lots of jolly humour here and interesting variety of pace.

Much more sombre was the following presentation of the *Allegro non troppo* movement from one of the masterworks of the repertoire for piano quintet: the Brahms, in F minor, Op 34. The players were Sean Li, *The Head Master's*, and Nicky Lai, *The Park*, violins, Solomon Lau, *Bradby's*, viola, Geoffrey Hung, *The Park*, cello, and his brother Stephen Hung, also *The Park*, piano. They approached this work with startling attack and verve and offered astonishingly mature music making, as befits one of the senior musical ensembles in the School.

The piano trio which followed – Oswald Tsang, *West Acre*, violin, Joon Kwon, *Newlands*, cello, and Dominic Wong, *Moretons*, piano – were not put off by having to follow this outstanding entry. Their performance of the last movement *Vivace* from Suk's Trio in C minor, Op 2 was strong and wiry, but injected with a great lyrical feel. This was highly assured playing, which introduced a pleasing range of colours to the music.

The Hung brothers returned, alone, to play the *Adagio* and the *Rondo* from Stamitz's Duet in D major, Op 19 No 2. This is really difficult and exposed but they were very controlled and, of course, displayed great understanding between them.

They were followed by the cello quartet made up of Joon Kwon, Rafi Coleman, Felix Lashmar, *West Acre* and Robert Stone, *The Park*. They performed *Three Spanish Pieces* by Kelly, the first richly sonorous, the second agitated and tuneful and the third serious. The ensemble and communication of the group was especially praised.

Another group of experienced instrumentalists assembled next: the string quartet made up of Stephen Hung with Raymond Cheng, *West Acre*, violins, Arthur Yeung, *The Knoll*, viola, and Geoffrey Hung, cello. They played *La Malmconia* from the Beethoven Quartet Op 18 No 6. This was intense and persuasive playing which was very rhythmically adept and captured the appropriate atmosphere right from the start.

The final entry was the saxophone quintet made up of Charlie Lashmar, *West Acre*, (soprano sax) Hunain Khawaja, *The Park*, and Abeku Nelson, *West Acre*, (altos) Sebastian Webb, *Bradby's*, (tenor) and Zain Khawaja, *The Park*, (baritone). Their great concert closer was *The Lone Ar-Ranger Goes Sax Mad*, a piece assembled by Buttall from Rossini's *William Tell music* (which introduced the ancient Western TV show, *The Lone Ranger*)



There's always one who gets it wrong...

Chamber Concert and Smouha Prize Music Schools 13 May

Adjudicator: Min-Jung Kym

Aside from any competitive element, this evening contained a myriad of musical delights to charm the listeners' ears.

Many boys (and their teachers) have clearly worked very hard to polish their playing to this level of jewel-like perfection and our adjudicator, one of the most talented and impressive pianists of her generation, clearly had a difficult job in picking winners. This was an evening when the audience did not split into partisan champions of particular groups because winners were so hard to select. Rather there was considerable curiosity over how any one group could be objectively said to be better than any other.

via two or three dozen other themes, often flying past too quickly to identify (even at a second hearing in Speech Room the following morning).

Ms Kym heartily congratulated all the players and explained that she had been allowed to split the first prize between two groups.

Placed third was the Beethoven quartet.

Second was the cello quartet.

First equal were the Brahms Quintet and the Trio who played the Suk.

The audience had considerable sympathy for Ms Kym's difficulty in selecting winners from this very high quality field and joined DNW in thanking the players, Mr Burov and especially the adjudicator for such a wonderful evening.

The opinions in the following article do not express the views of the school.

Furthermore, they do not express the view of the writer. In fact, they express absolutely no view whatsoever.

So, technically, no one should be offended.

Mephisto Episode Four Somebody Told Me

"I took a bullet and I looked inside it,
Running through my veins an American masquerade."
(*The Killers*, Sam's Town)

Picture the scene.

We have just arrived at Orlando Sanford International Airport.

It's nice.

Loaded with bags and football equipment and girlfriends, we make our way towards passport control. Our coach heads to the front of the group to talk to the immigration officer. He is big. No humour supporting a ridiculous haircut. Coupled with the sort of IQ normally found in farmyard animals.

He's called Chuck.

He wants to be like Jack Bauer. He wants to be cool...the man.

He scans the form our coach has given him, specifically designed to lay out our itinerary in the simplest way possible. But it confuses him. He has to go and consult his colleague DeShaun. He's confused also. Finally they return after having asked everyone from Meryl at American Airlines to Belinda the air hostess.

Have we done something illegal?

Have they mistaken us for drug dealers?

Nope.

We have committed an act that is far worse than that. So bad in fact that Landon, the chief supervisor, has to come in and help.

We have not given them the street number of the hotel we are staying at.

The Sea View Hotel is regarded as one of the most exclusive in Miami. Our coach suggests they ring them to confirm our stay. Unfortunately, this suggestion is too rational, too obvious and has far too much common sense for Landon or Chuck or DeShaun. Belinda is just an airhead. Useless, nineteen, probably with four kids. An idol then, for many of the girlfriends travelling with us.

Chuck speaks.

"I'm going to need a number," he says, his mullet glinting in the lights, offending everyone and everything in the free thinking West.

"I'm afraid we don't know".

"Sir, I can't take no for an answer. I need a number". The coach stares at him. He stares back, the mullet resembling a mildly moulding piece of road kill. He was giving the distinct impression that he was on auto-pilot and this was a conversation he was prepared to endure until one of them died. The coach couldn't risk that. He needed to get back to England to answer when asked if he had anything to declare, that America was possibly the most stupid place on earth.

Chuck continued to chew his gum, arms behind his back, his four chins resting on his chest.

He was Jack Bauer.

Not.

A short while later, we are individually being checked by passport control when our centre-back is mysteriously halted. The officer is shocked. He's called Randy and he has just noticed that this group of players are multiracial. He has never seen so many passports from different countries before. Some he has heard of (obviously Japan - his dad had to fly there; similar to how German dads seem to have a unique sense of direction towards Poland). Others such as Italy baffle him. However, we come back to the original question, why had he stopped Tonka the defender? He's from Senegal, which for Randy, could be absolutely anywhere. But more importantly, through *his* eyes, Tonka was unusual. He wasn't fat.

Therefore he must be a terrorist.

We waste another hour in which the coach tries to persuade the officials that Tonka has no interest in harming America and that we are, in fact, not a renegade cell of Al-Qaeda. We sit down and watch the ensuing argument - I promise you, coastal erosion probably takes place faster than American passport control. Finally they let us pass, commenting that we seemed slight and small for a touring "football" team.

And that was our introduction to America.

In hindsight, it was interesting to note how people who were way down in the chain of command were allowed ridiculous amounts of power. Chuck or Randy could have easily sent us back to England, simply because Tonka was too black or Italy too heavily involved with the axis of evil. We quickly learned that in America, they don't do: "Er...yeah...I suppose that'll be ok." There is no common sense. No leeway. The fact that the people we had to deal with (the ones low down on the payroll) were intellectually comatose did not help. Reasoning with them was like reasoning with a tree. It could have been because people in the South were no longer having sex with their cousins and were in fact mating with vegetables. They definitely weren't eating them because although the acres of fields that lined the horizon were full of greens, all we could find on the menu was cheese.

That had been genetically modified.

And it was fat-free. So therefore it *must* be healthy.

America is a fantastic country of paradox and hypocrisy.

You have your token white American who supports the New England Patriots and will occasionally indulge in a bit of deer hunting. He hates terrorists and on the whole anyone who does not have a skin colour lighter than magnolia blossom which is 7 on the dulux colour chart. He is a member of a "Country Club". He likes this because he can indulge in sports that are both satisfyingly expensive and require little physical effort. To him, Osama Bin Laden is the Afghani equivalent of the devil. And yet he has subjected himself to so much heroin that he has technically become an Afghan. His passion is baseball, the national game of America, where the kit consists of belts and waistcoats and turtle necks as well as a truly historic proportion of chewing gum. They always say that baseball is the best of the American sports.

It may be true but that's the same as me saying I have syphilis, the best of the sexually transmitted diseases.