

# Winchester Day Quelle

Saturday 14th June

£2

## The Jun Play Debate

*Hugh Macfarlane debates the point fairly...*

One of the highlights of Winchester Day is always the performance of a number of the best plays from the previous week's Jun Drama Festival. This year is no exception. I'm sure you all know, however, that this year saw a controversial change in the format of the plays. Until this year, all 11 of the plays were performed across three evenings, each of which was attended by a different commentator. The commentator gave feedback, and Mr. Taylor chose four or five plays to be re-performed on Winchester Day. It seemed, however, that all too often, the performances of the Jun Plays bore certain similarities to Roman gladiatorial combats, with unwilling first years hurled onto the stage, while a crowd of Sen men bayed for their blood. There is some truth in this. Some of the performances were certainly somewhat distasteful – unsuspecting parents would arrive to watch their son's first foray onto the boards of QEII, and be astounded when he stumbled onto the stage in high heels, with Pamela Anderson-

esque breasts, and proceeded to simulate sex with another first year dressed as a camel. It is also true that the audience was often rather more boisterous than usual, and frequently spilled down the steps of the theatre and out of the doors. Some of the plays were really quite poor. But they were definitely a minority. Although most of the plays paid tribute to the 'classic Jun Play' with a smattering of innuendo, a dance and a measure of blatant transvestism, there was diversity – last year, for example, Toye's performed a play about clowns. Not paedophiles dressed as clowns, or clowns with a penchant for latex and bondage, but clowns. In my first year, I was in an adaptation of Moby Dick. The image of Jun men blithely reeling off innuendos to their braying seniors is, for the most part, a fiction.

As I mentioned, transvestism and lewd behaviour are fairly common in the Jun plays, and of course it's hardly fair to force first year actors to degrade themselves on stage. The fact is, how-

ever, that the first year are almost always willing to do anything that is required of them – partly for the sake of their art, but mostly because they quite simply don't care if other Wykehamists see them in a compromising position. It is a play, after all, and they know that every other member of the audience had breasts as big, if not bigger, than his in the first year, or delivered an even more thinly-veiled homosexual innuendo.

The new format came about for the intended benefit of both the first years and the time-strapped, exam-pressured Wykehamist. This year, for the first time, all of the plays were performed on weekday mornings, to an exclusively first-year audience, and all of the houses were judged by one adjudicator. He selected the six plays which were, to his mind, the best, and those six were subsequently performed to ticketed audiences on Thursday and Friday evenings. In short, the Jun Drama Festival is now a competition, with the newly created Dancy Pot (named for famous Wiccamical actor Hugh Dancy) awarded to the house that scoops first prize.

The competitive nature of the Jun Plays does have obvious implications for quality. The poorest plays, of course, will not (one hopes) make the cut, and directors will be forced to raise their game accordingly. However, there are a number of down sides to the competition as well. Looking round the theatre, every spectator is sitting on the edge of his seat, staring intensely, as he sizes up his rivals. The fourth year directors search for weaknesses in the performances, willing the actors to make a mistake, restraining themselves from laughing. The atmosphere has changed. This year, at least, it

felt tense, nervous – indeed, many of the directors were forced to change their shirts after the morning's performance. I myself got through three.

It is often hard to appreciate the time and effort that go into producing these plays, and the bond that forms between the directors and their plays, the actors and their roles, the fourth years and the Jun men. In fact, they are worthwhile simply because of the effect they have on cohesion in the House. The disappointment when the actors and directors (and sometimes writers) of these plays do not have the opportunity to show their play to a large audience, to their friends and housemates, or their parents, is crushing. I certainly saw a great deal of upset that could have been avoided. The point of the Festival, it seems to me, is not to crush the spirits of Wykehamists who have rehearsed long and hard to prepare their play. Tears were shed before bedtime; the time when the first year used to be rehearsing.

Problems also arise from the restriction of the audience to first years. Although it could be said that it is the adjudicator who must be impressed, nobody wants to direct a play that flops in front of the audience. Inevitably, this system must produce a certain type of play – serious commentaries, or political satires (such as the Hopper's play this year, unpopular with the crowd but much appreciated by the adjudicator) are out. Cruder innuendo, stronger Indian accents, larger false breasts than ever before are now set to become the order of the day. The new format has inadvertently limited the range of topics which can be addressed. Furthermore, wildcards are out. Directors are forced to play it safe to ensure they

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get through, because the ultimate objective for the modern Jun play director is wide exposure, and credit for the hard work that he and his first years have put in. This year, it was the opinion of the adjudicator that all the plays were of a similarly high standard, and in his view all of them deserved to be seen. The new format makes no provision for this, and as a result a selection of different plays were chosen for performance.

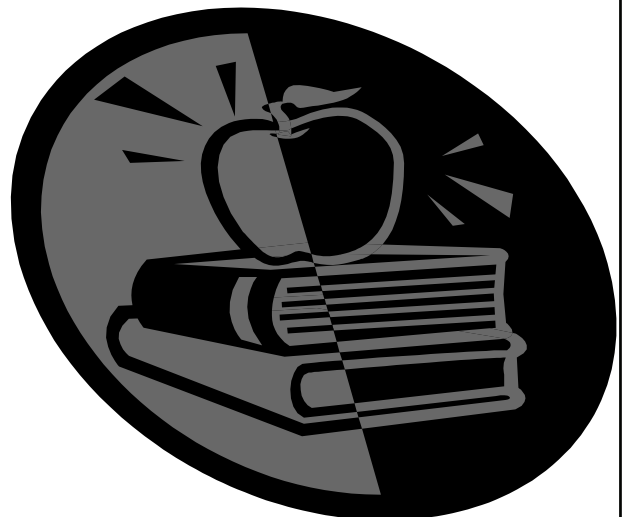
What’s more, under the new format, five plays simply are not to be performed. Even if they are of the requisite standard, they cannot be seen by a large audience, an audience which, as it is composed of a variety of year groups, will give a much better response. Plans for a runners-up night have been squashed.

The Jun plays are a great institution, giving every man in the school his chance to tread the boards and show his talent, even if he had never had theatrical tendencies before. It says a great deal that they have by far the best attendance of any play except the School Play, and the devotion of all those involved is made painfully clear by the looks on the faces of the actors and directors of the plays that didn’t make the cut. Perhaps a happy medium can be found. A confidence-boosting performance in front of the first-year, a ranking to award Dancy Pot, and the three best performances to be shown on Winchester Day. No play deserves to languish, forgotten, on weekday morning after the amount of work that is put into these plays. Winchester promotes hard work, does it not? Surely the best response is not to fail to reward it.

My name is Hugh William Andrew  
Macfarlane,  
Commander of the Legions of the North,  
General of the Felix Legions.  
Loyal servant of the true emperor, Mar-  
cus Aurelius.  
Father to a rejected play,  
husband of my distraught co-directors,  
and I will have my vengeance,  
In this *Quelle* or the next...

**COMMENT OF  
THE WEEK:**

**Roraig Finney: “I hate  
world peace”**



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# Hatin'...

*Roraig Finney is straight outta Compton...*

There is nothing more popular in political circles, of both the Right and the Left, than the expression of hatred and hostility towards America and Americans. This phenomenon is by no means universal, but it is frighteningly prevalent amongst those of apparently polite society.

Of course, an important element of the growth of Anti-Americanism has been the foreign policy of the United States: rises in the unpopularity of America have historically been strongly correlated with the prosecution of unpopular wars such as those in Iraq or Vietnam. Fear of military or political interference can vastly increase the scope for Anti-American sentiment in those countries where this is possible, while Europe fears being left behind in the wake of American unilateralism: indeed, Europe's commitment to the United Nations can be said to be born not out of ideological preference, but out of a desire to restrain the US. In the Middle East, opposition to America has its roots in a history of American involvement with the region through the oil trade and the orchestration of opposition to the USSR.

Such opposition on the grounds of foreign policy is, fairly or unfairly, to be expected, though it should certainly find more opponents than it does: considering the debt Europe and the World owe to America for the vanquishing of Hitler's Germany and the Soviet Union, there should certainly be more willing to de-

fend its conduct, especially in the Middle East, where US support was crucial to the ejection of the Soviet Union from Afghanistan.

But this animus, it must be noticed, goes far beyond opposition to and criticism of American politics and policy: it seems to be rooted in a remarkable combination of envy, fear and contempt. While envy and fear are responses one might expect to any hegemon, even one as benign, or philanthropic, as the USA, contempt is a far more worrying and far less easily explicable response. This contempt seems to infuse much informal, and even some formal, discussion of America or its people, manifesting itself in assertions that Americans are 'fat, lazy and ignorant' or that racism is widespread and deep-seated in all American society. These assertions are usually made with a pseudo-scientific gravity behind them, justified with source-unknown or context-free statistics. This betrays the desire to justify a more invidious, irrational basis for the attitude, that lies partly in the fear and envy of a superpower, but also in revulsion towards the very nature of American culture and values.

This revulsion towards American culture and values lies partly in the perception of American 'Cultural Imperialism,' the fear that America's economic and political values are so powerful that they will subvert traditional national identity. This is a more or less universal response to American supremacy and the

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# ...On an American Playa

*...fo' real*

enthusiasm with which many of its values and practices have been adopted. This reaction is to be expected, but not forgiven: whether in Europe, Asia, or elsewhere, such a reactionary, even xenophobic attitude stands as the enemy of the free and open marketplace of ideas which is the core of a liberal and tolerant society.

The very nature of American values is offensive to some. To a part of the Left, especially in Western Europe, the US is hateful because it stands as the supreme alternative to socialism, and it has exported its supremely successful model for economic growth and good governance throughout the world by setting such an example: to these members of the Left, socialist and social democrat alike, the success of the American system threatens to upstage their societal designs. Such resentment is so wholly derived from this paralyzing fear of obsolescence that it cannot be truly taken seriously: those flaws in the American nation that do exist are magnified and distorted through the vitriol of this particular strain of Anti-Americanism.

To those who pledge allegiance to secular liberalism, the unique situation of the USA as the most Christian and religious of the Western nations, with its swathes of evangelical Christians, is an intellectual and visceral offence aggravated by its status as the only superpower. This viewpoint fails its own test of tolerance: secularists are not exempt from the need for understanding, and any

claim that the US suffers from its religious nature is belied by the fact that the US leads in every field of the Nobel Prizes except Literature.

To some of more conservative bent, both in Europe and throughout the world, American culture is inherently vulgar and brash, lacking in humility or sophistication. This attitude may manifest itself through Islamic opposition to the materialism of American culture or through European ridicule of the famous American optimism. In whatever guise it is found, this attitude is of little consequence, being spiteful, unpleasant and, most fundamentally, wrong: any assertion that American society lacks sophistication betrays a woeful underappreciation of American literature or theatre, ignoring such geniuses as Steinbeck, Faulkner or Vidal, among so many others, as well as the fact that the US is second only to France in Nobel Prizes for Literature.

Anti-Americanism is not a unitary ideology; it is barely even a Big Tent. It is distinct from criticism of US policy in that it is irrational, intolerant and, essentially, blind. It does harm to international relations in the blindness to truth it engenders, and in the vitriol it directs towards a country that gives more in private charity to the rest of the World than the top eight governments of Europe do, and which has done more to advance human wellbeing and liberty than any other in history: the most offensive element of such sentiment is the sheer ingratitude.

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# Tesco...

*Bob Nicholson isn't just any writer...*

I am becoming angry with corporations. The fashion of the teenage leftist (smoking weed and discussing how corporations invaded Vietnam etc.) is way gone, to be replaced by moon boots and the beehive. But I think a word needs to be said about British corporations, and the direction they seem to be taking. The British corporation has often been ignored because they present a fluffier image of themselves – BP, for example. They have made only cursory attempts to curb their own carbon footprint. They have committed to no program that might result in the fossil fuels they supply producing less CO<sub>2</sub> once it has been sold. But they present themselves, with great success, as a “green” corporation committed to providing sustainable energy for the future.

But I don't want to talk about the environment. I want to talk about Tesco. I raise my eyebrows at their destruction of the village shop. But that's just capitalism at work; you can like either the shop or the prices, not both. However it is their breathtaking hypocrisy that stuns me. The Guardian recently published a report into Tesco's offshore tax avoidance program. Due to some factual inaccuracies, Terry Leahy (Tesco's CEO) sprang into action; he is suing Alan Rusbridger (the editor) for malicious falsehood. This may seem fair; but the Guardian was

only wrong about quantity and method. However, Tesco are doing this in the spirit that the damage done is not by the factual inaccuracies, but by the way the article portrayed Tesco as tax avoiders, thus losing them business.

A short time after this, journalists working for Private Eye worked out that Tesco are using a company called Cheshunt Overseas to, er, avoid tax. A branch of this company (named after the Tesco Headquarters) has been set up in the Swiss tax haven of Zug. This company borrows in Switzerland and sends the money back to Tesco in Ireland, Hungary and Britain. This means the original loans are taxed, not at the British rate of 30%, but at the Swiss rate: 6%. This system serves no other purpose than to save money on loan tax (approx. £16 million) but, according to Tesco, this is not tax avoidance. No, this is a different beast altogether: “Financial Planning”. The Guardian article was, supposedly, a “devastating attack on [Tesco's] integrity and ethics”. Integrity and ethics to which Tesco does not subscribe.

The stupid lawsuits only start there. Tesco is currently expanding into Thailand with “Tesco Lotus”. The cottage farming and selling economy is still strong in Thailand, and many there fear that Tesco's devastatingly quick expansion will put many “mom and

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# ...Global Superpower

*...he's an M&S writer...*

pop” sellers out of business with their low prices.

I am not a protectionist. I believe that the eventual benefit that Tesco can bring to the Thai economy and the low prices they can bring to the poor Thais will outweigh the costs to small business.

However, three journalists in Thailand, Jit Saratranont, Kamol Kamoltrakul and Nongnart Harnivilai, wrote articles that were opposed to Tesco. Jit said that the aggressive expansion of Tesco was harming small retailers (true). Kamol was paid £16 an article that claimed that Tesco was seeking to minimise their tax liabilities in Thailand (written without sufficient data and with some false statistics, but Tesco does avoid tax). Nongnart wrote a short satirical piece in which she claimed that Tesco did not “love” Thailand (funny, tongue-in-cheek and utterly harmless).

Tesco is suing them all. Jit is facing £16.4 million of libel damages and up to two years in jail on charges of criminal defamation and civil libel. Kamol is being sued for £1.6 million for his £16 article, and Nongnart is also being sued for £1.6 million.

There are several problems with these charges. They are all trumped up: not one of them has serious errors that relate directly to the main thrust of the article. The damages are arbitrary numbers plucked out of thin air that have

nothing to do with the real cost that the articles were for Tesco. Many potential customers are illiterate, most of the rest are more concerned with reading the price tags than the newspapers. They are only able to reach the courts because of repressive libel laws that have been denounced by human rights organisations. Their intent is not to recoup the losses these articles inflicted. It is to pre-empt other articles, and warn Thai journalists that writing against Tesco will not be tolerated. They are gag orders. It is a direct attack on free speech.

Tesco’s corporate responsibility policy states that Tesco is committed to supporting the United Nations Universal declaration of Human rights. Its actions in Thailand, both by their intent and the usage of “archaic and repressive” laws, contravene this.

Terry Leahy (that relentless guardian of the truth) claimed that Tesco had only been forced to take the matter to court because the Thai journalists refused to engage with them. He said that they had tried “time and time again” to talk to them. All three of the journalists independently deny being contacted; Tesco has since admitted this.

Tesco lies, cheats and dodges. It is the arch-hypocrite, but we still buy their bread. And this article will probably get me sued.

# America:...

*KAS doesn't have a passport...*

Every few months it happens. The stress proves too much and the anti-American floodgates of some Wykehamist come crashing down in a typhoon of Yank abuse. Take Ed Orlick's sociological observations: "Americans seem to fall into four categories: trailer-trash rednecks, rude businessmen, layabouts and cowboys." (Guess I'm a redneck in this scheme. If only I could wrangle cattle.) One might also reference Chris Lee's pithily titled "Fat and Ignorant" which he started with that eternal question: "Why do I dislike Americans?" He then deduced that it was because Joseph McCarthy accused some people of being communists in the 1950's.

Now Roraig Finney (for whom I am going to erect a mighty and glorious shrine) speculated as to where this hostility generally comes from (see p. 4), but I wanted to look closer to home. I decided to pick apart a typical *Quelle* tirade, separating the more factual wheat from the more spurious chaff by doing a little research. Here follow the most popular anti-American "facts" and my findings:

## **Americans are fat.**

I could make some argument about how the U.S. is actually 9<sup>th</sup> on the fattest countries list, but it would be half-baked sophistry at best. All the countries ranking ahead are little island nations that are deemed 90% fat because there are 9 fat people on them. America squeezed into the top ten with a fat rate of 74.1% which translates into the hun-

dreds of millions. In short, this assertion is fairly factual (if still dubious grounds for hatred). I will add, however, that the UK weighed in with a rate of 63.8% Stones, throwing, glass houses, etc.

## **Only 10% of Americans have passports.**

According to the U.S. State Department, the real statistic is that now much closer to 30% of Americans have passports. But the number isn't as important as the sentiment behind this myth; the insinuation is that Americans are happily isolating themselves from the rest of the world, revelling in cultural ignorance and scoffing at the very idea of travelling abroad. The reality, however, is that most Americans would struggle to afford travelling to another continent whether they wanted to or not. Twenty two miles and a (Ryanair) penny may get you to France, but it won't get an American to the next town.

Let's pretend you're the average American. So you, ole John Q, and your wife have two kids. Your income, the median income for all American households, is \$48,000. Your housing, according to the Consumer Price Index, will cost you 33% of your income; you're left with \$32,160. Your 4 and 6 year-old children, according to MSN Money, will cost you \$6,630 and \$6,710 respectively; you're left with \$18,820. Just buying gas for your 2005 Dodge Neon will cost you \$2,914 and it will cost another \$1400 to insure you and your wife to drive. Ac-

## ...Fact and Myth

According to the National Coalition for Health Care, the average annual premium for an employer health plan covering a family of four costs another \$12,100. You're left with \$2,406.

Just the adults' flights from Springfield, Missouri (a nice, average American locale) to Paris will cost \$2,240 – if you go in the off-season. Now, given that you and your wife, according to the above breakdown, have yet to buy a pair of shoes or *eat anything* this year, is it likely that you will be mincing around France now or any time in the foreseeable future? No. You were struggling to make ends meet in the first place. Want to spend an extra \$60 on a passport application fee just for funsies? Probably not.

I agree that it would be great if my fellow countrymen did all travel and experience other cultures first hand, but the fact is that the average American fiscally can't. Telling many of those who don't have a passport that they should buy one is like telling me to spring for a high end cricket bat; it's a nice idea and all, but we'd just be blowing cash on something we couldn't possibly justify needing.

### **Americans don't spell properly.**

This one, it turns out, both is and isn't true. It depends how we define "properly". I think the reason that Americans spelling things differently (again, rather dubious grounds for animosity) is such a sore spot relates to the rather far-fetched assumption that we do

it because we're unruly linguistic mavericks with no respect for the past, hell bent reckless spelling. Yeeeeee-haw!

However, if "proper" means longest established (and "Older = better" is certainly a maxim that gets thrown around a lot in these US v. UK debates), then it turns out Americans are the proper ones about half of the time.

That ever divisive "-or" spelling of words like "color", for example, is derived from Latin non-agent nouns having nominative *-or*. The "-our" spelling was adopted by Brits (who originally used the "-or" spelling) from the French after the Norman Conquest. Even more controversially, "gotten" is actually an older past participle than "got" (you may see SPA for further information on the Germanic roots that prove it). And I know you'll be pained when I tell you that "aluminum" actually predates "aluminium".

Hence, in some cases the American spelling is more true to the past. But for every time we get the "Oldest Spelling Award", the Brits get one, too. We'll call this one a tie.

### **Americans are stupid.**

Not a day goes by that I don't curse Miss South Carolina Teen USA for her response to that fatal question: "Recent polls have shown that 1/5 of Americans can't locate the U.S. on a world map. Why do you think that is?" In her immortal wisdom, she managed to respond by saying that "our education over here

*KAS continued....*

in the U.S. should help the U.S., should help South Africa and should help the Iraq and the Asian countries, so we will be able to build up our future.” Shock, horror – is that even a sentence? The implications of the question would be bad enough without her soul-destroying grammatical diarrhoea.

But amidst my seeming concession, I would ask that we not confuse being uneducated with being unintelligent. Horrible though she is, Miss Teen South Carolina USA does not point to an ethnic disposition so much as a flawed educational system. A teenager in the US drops out of high school every 26 seconds and the kids who *are* sticking around aren’t being taught basic lessons: a recent survey found that a quarter of students tested could not identify Adolf Hitler and fewer than half knew that the Civil War took place between 1850 and 1900.

Americans have certainly proved capable of being at the front of the global class. One study found that at age 10, Americans scored at the very top of all countries in maths and science. However, by the time they were 14, they had become average in the scheme of things, and they had truly started sinking by age 18. So while this “fact” is true in the sense that many Americans aren’t as *knowledgeable* as they could be, it doesn’t mean the only thing we get on IQ tests is our drool.

**Americans have never contributed anything valuable to the world.**

This one never ceases to impress me. I thought the best way for me to address this would be to simply list some valuable things for which America or Americans have been directly responsible: telephones, light bulbs, artificial pacemakers, bifocals, refrigerators, coffee pots, motion pictures, safety pins, roller skates, typewriters, motorcycles, toilet paper, blue jeans, cash registers, hearing aids, escalators, fountain pens, revolving doors, Ferris Wheels, zippers, safety razors, aeroplanes, windshield wipers, tea bags, bubble gum, chocolate chip cookies, photocopiers, microwave ovens, oral contraceptives, barcodes, artificial hearts, peanut butter, Coca-Cola, Scrabble, and Monopoly.

So what’s the moral of this myth-busting story? I think we’ve seen that there is some truth and some ignorance behind the favoured stereotypes, but the serious lesson behind my silly exercise is this. There are two kinds of cultural criticism that are worthwhile: the kind that’s funny and the kind that’s thought-provoking (the very best stuff will be both—see p. 16). But there’s little to be gained through the uninformed, vitriolic or cavalier pigeon-holing of 300 million people (even if it does pretty much guarantee you a spot on the front page of the illustrious *Quelle*).

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# The Mongol Rally

*Dan Risch wants you to pay for his gap year...*

Three Old Wykehamists are doing the Mongol Rally! Dan Risch, Oscar Collins and Charlie Hutchinson (along with another *non*-Wykehamist named Tom Ruffell) have decided they want to dedicate a decent wedge of their time towards organising this large charity event – details below, in an interview with Tom, Dan, Oscar and Hutch, otherwise known as the British Expeditionary Farce.

## What is the Mongol Rally?

**Dan:** It is a bit of insane, possibly dangerous fun. You buy a crap car, point it east, and hope that you end up in Mongolia; whilst wearing dinner jackets, sipping gin and tonics and referring to each other by our surnames (or a classic ‘Biggles’ nickname such as Algy, Ginger, Chippy or Bongo), in finest public school tradition. For charity, of course.

**Hutch:** The Mongol Rally is basically the government's attempt to identify how many people in the country have been misdiagnosed as 'sane.' The idea being that driving nearly 10,000 miles in a 13-year-

old car, across 8 time zones, through some of the world's most hostile regimes (although, worryingly, we will have a British soldier in the vehicle), through inhospitable deserts, mid-summer, without any mechanical know-how...is surely not something conceived by the more rational member of our society.

**Tom:** How hard can it be? You can take any route, any vehicle (under 1000cc), and any supply of alcohol. Just as long as you make it to Ulan Bator in one piece then you've succeeded! It has been known for teams to finish on the backs of stolen camels with sirens sounding from Iran onwards.

## Who is the British Expeditionary Farce and what is its purpose?

**Tom:** The British Expeditionary Farce is a mangy group of imperialistic inbreds, hung over from the 1900's who are intent on a quick and decisive domination of Europe and the far east. We are, simply, idiots. But idiots with a good cause. Hutch and I have known each other for over a decade, having first met

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# Mongol Rally...

*Dan Risch continued...*

while still in shorts at Pilgrims. We were merry for a while. Then Oscar came along and ruined everything. We forgave him, and then allowed Dan into the club when they hopped across the road to Winchester College (I went to Charterhouse – the gentleman's option) and now, several years later, our fraternal bond has crystallised into The British Expeditionary Farce.

**Dan:** We're pretty much going to do things as they would have been done when Britain was Top Dog (note capitals), around and slightly before 1900. The British Empire conscientiously ruined most of the peoples and cultures it came into contact with, and this is our goal. We're going to show Johnny Foreigner who's boss in the least imperialistic way possible – by driving through his country without his knowledge and with some difficulty, for charity.

**Oscar:** That's a rubbish question, its kinda self explanatory and you know us anyway. But we're mad and we're going to Mongolia in

car, so come to the beer tent on Winchester day, so you can see it.

**So which route are you taking?**

**Hutch:**

1. head on a bearing of 090° until we reach water
  2. pay a ferryman to take us to the next bit of land he can find
  3. head on a bearing of 090° until we get shot at, indicating our arrival at the Iranian-Afghan border
  4. (look for signs to a hospital)
  5. head on a bearing of 030° until we think we are in Russia (if air temperatures reach -30°C, we shall re-trace our footsteps to the blood-soaked floor of the Turkmen hospital we left earlier. Alternatively, head south and ask a Kazakh in a man-kini for directions)
- head on a bearing of 090° until we find other fine Englishmen looking slightly worse for wear

**Tom:** Drugs, Tractors, Autobahns, Dimitar Berbatov, Razvan Rat, Caviar, Persian Rugs, Camals, Donkeys and Scorpions. That say anything to you?

## ...Continued

**Dan:** To paraphrase – London, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria, Turkey, Iran, Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Russia and then finally and not a little hopefully, Mongolia for a big party.

### **Which charities is this in aid of?**

**Dan:** The charities and projects we will be supporting are mainly concerned with Mongolia and the welfare of its peoples. The main two charities we are donating to are CAMDA (Cambridge Mongolian Disaster Appeal) and Mercy Corps Mongolia. The projects organised by these charities that we are supporting are CAMDA's "Wellsprings of Hope for Mongolia's Nomadic Herders" - which provides free wells for the Mongolian nomads to use, in order to help them maintain their culture and lifestyle; and the other is the Mercy Corps-organised "Training, Advocacy, and Networking Project" - which helps rural Mongolian community leaders to start to rebuild vital infrastructure after the

demise of Communism.

I think anyone reading this will agree these are very worthy charities to be fundraising for - any help would be greatly appreciated. In return, we can offer a firm handshake (with genuine eye contact) and a periodical newsletter informing you of the perilous happenings whilst we're actually on the rally, sent via email.

### **Gosh. So how can we help?**

**Tom:** Donations, support, publicity and friendship. Oh, and save the planet.

**Dan:** You could visit our charity fundraising website – [www.willwemakeit.com/themongolrally](http://www.willwemakeit.com/themongolrally) - for details on how to donate online (and a bit more blurb for your delectation). If you would like to see us we will be wandering about the Winchester Day proceedings, begging for money and parading our car about in the hope of aid. PLEASE HELP US!

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# Head of House...

*Joe Beecham is bitter...*

As we slowly but surely approach the end of term, one of the many issues dominating VIbk2 lunch table banter is the selection of heads of house. Housemasters, matrons and outgoing heads of house sparingly give tantalising snippets of gossip and subtly suggest possible names for this illustrious office. I am writing this article “on the outside” of the possible list of candidates, being able to view the blatantly obvious head of house drives that began earlier in the term, or indeed, at the beginning of the year.

But what kind of person would make an ideal candidate to ‘lead’ a boarding house? One would expect that the individual would be academically able, have a good sporting background, be able to discourse “culture”, and to stay largely out of trouble. Perhaps the most important factors should be that the individual is liked and respected in the house and that they are endowed with certain leadership qualities. These students are rare, if not non-existent. Thus various compromises have to be made. Previous heads of houses around the school have been illiterate, but in Lords, or

have a brilliant intellect, but are mateless, to give just two examples.

Housemasters clearly have a difficult, if not impossible job in selecting a senior boy to lead a boarding house. In some years, it can be extremely easy to choose an HOH – just pick the one who’s not on final warning. In other years, there can be such a multitude of candidates that the housemaster agonises over his choice.

In the course of writing this article, some people have suggested to me that a democratic system of electing a head of house would be a good idea. They are wrong. The end result would be a candidate that may be the most popular, but not the best candidate, as well as the possible fractionalisation of a year for the summer term. But it is important that housemasters make their decisions based not on the (numerous) “HOH drives” or on a boy’s popularity but on an individual’s consistent progress. There is one particular housemaster, who, at the end of the first week of a new first year, puts a predicted HOH and deputy HOH name in a sealed enve-

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## ...The Great Game

lope, and compares them to his final decision four years later. I am not suggesting the housemasters should choose HOHs during someone's first year but perhaps it might be best if housemasters secretly chose HOHs during the third year.

HOH drives are, however, very amusing to watch. Individuals who spend much of their school life cocooned in their dark, fetid bedsits watching piss-poor television series spring into action. They volunteer to show parents around the school. They try to communicate with the rest of the house, in particular with the younger years. The younger years interpret this as weakness, and are spree towards that particular individual for the rest of their time at WinColl. They may decide to engage with some charitable activity. They may even make a totally unnecessary announcement in preces about a matter which nobody could care less about, just to show the rest of the house and the don on duty that they have something worth saying. These attempts are usually futile, as housemasters are usually fairly adept at sniffing HOH drives out.

But is the Head of House position really worth the effort? Perhaps it is merely a secretarial role, where the HOH makes the duty roll and decides where everyone sits at house dinners. There is, of course, the inevitable "It looks good on a UCAS form" which is difficult to deny. There is also the "glory" as one former HOH put it, which I suppose could be attractive. The HOH is also charged with being a listening ear to anyone within the house who may be in trouble, or otherwise troubled. They should maintain discipline within the house, which may make them unpopular at times and generally act in a responsible manner. They also (in Kenny's at least), get first choice of bedsit, which is widely spoken of as the main motivation for going for the job.

So, in conclusion: three things. 1) Housemasters choose better heads of house than the students themselves. 2) If you know someone on an HOH drive, laugh at them. And 3) Are you sure you want this HOH job anyway?

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# Conspiracy...

*Dexter Findley speaks out...*

In 1962 the US Department of Defence drew up a plan called 'Operation Northwoods' which was planned to create U.S. public support for military action against the Cuban government of Fidel Castro. The plan says, "*The desired result from the execution of this plan would be to place the United States in the apparent position of suffering defensible grievances from the rash and irresponsible government of Cuba and to develop an international image of a Cuban threat to peace in the Western Hemisphere.*" Basically the U.S. Government was planning to stage acts of terrorism on its own people to scare them into supporting an unjust war. Think this is a hair-brained conspiracy theory? Look it up on Google and/or Wikipedia. How is this information freely available? The previously secret document was originally made public on November 18, 1997, by the John F. Kennedy Assassination Records Review Board, a U.S. federal agency overseeing the release of government records related to John F. Kennedy's assassination. It was subsequently put online and has obviously attracted much attention and comment.

Now type '9 11 Truth' into YouTube, Google or Wikipedia (preferably YouTube, since you get to see pretty videos). Let's say you choose YouTube. You'll be presented with a host of videos with *actual footage* of the controlled demolition that destroyed the World Trade Center. Sorry what?? Controlled demolition, you say?? Watch the videos. Some even have helpful commentaries,

and one (an excerpt from the documentary *Zeitgeist*) even has one of the architects who helped design the Twin Towers explaining how his team designed them to withstand impacts of a commercial aircraft. Isn't that odd? We were all told that 9/11 was Al Qaeda's fault, and that it sparked off this omnipresent 'War on Terror'; not that it was the planned hijacking of civilian aircraft by government operatives and the subsequent controlled demolition of the two main WTC buildings by the US government.

Can you remember any other discrepancies in the 9/11 story that the media gleefully mulled over in the ensuing months? The Pentagon plane mystery (no evidence of a plane crash, CCTV confiscated by the CIA); the mysterious collapse of WTC 7 (the small building next to the Twin Towers which 'imploded' before the two main towers collapsed); the fact that 'Al Qaeda' means 'toilet seat' in colloquial Arabic; the explosion heard in the basement of WTC 1 by maintenance officials; the fact that some of the 9/11 suspected hijackers were found alive and well after the incident; the fact that NORAD were staging war-games so the military jets weren't scrambled, since they thought it was just another exercise? Its weird to think that we can all remember at least one of these stories, but we still unconditionally accept what the US government told us. Could it be that the attack on the WTC nothing but another stunt by the US government to gain popularity for their 'war on terror'?

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## ...Theories

What is this 'terror'? Does anyone personally know any Muslims who want the bring about the End Of Western Culture In General? I thought not. The creators of this 'war on terror' are in a win-win situation: they can attack the forces of Fundamentalist Islam and say its fascist, evil etc etc, thus not only making citizens of western countries terrified of the threat of Muslim religious extremism, but also creating new terrorists and terror leaders by progressively alienating and 'labelling' their society. Hence the 7/7 bombings and the Madrid bombings (if the people who are claimed to have perpetrated them actually carried them out and were actually extremists enraged by anti-Islamic sentiments on behalf of the West ...). They even gave this 'terror' a face: Ladies and Gentlemen, a warm welcome for Osama Bin-Laden!

Come to think of it, where IS Bin Laden? Is he even still living in Afghanistan/Iraq/Iran/Stanmore of wherever the hell they think he is? It is widely known that the Bush and the Bin-Laden family are well acquainted, so couldn't Osama be living somewhere in darkest Texas, sunning himself in the sweltering climate of fear generated by this supposed 'terror', under the protection of G. Dubya himself?

But why go to all this trouble? Why kill thousands of your own people and fabricate an unknown enemy, one which is not afraid to die? The answer is blindly obvious, and one element of it has been circulating for ages: oil. Its an old, wearisome and well-worn story, but a

true one. What with oil reserves running out and a large proportion of the US economy being kept afloat by the stuff, the presidential administration needed a reason to invade the Middle East, and get a foothold in this veritable 'Well of gasoline'. The rest, they say is history.

The second part is much more sinister. There is an old saying, 'together we stand, divided we fall', and it seems that the real perpetrators of 9/11, whether they be the Bush Administration, the CIA or anyone else, wanted the Western world to be 'divided' – to be scared, to distrust, to suspect each other. Why do you want a scared populous? So you can control them.

Remember how in George Orwell's book '1984' there was no real enemy, and how the state rained rocket-bombs on its own people to give the impression of a common foe? It is easy to see that we are slowly descending into this Orwellian nightmare: the time a person can be arrested and detained without charge has now risen to 42 days. The new Anti-Terror laws are eroding our civil liberties, and the irony is that we'll welcome them with open arms, because we're scared of a terror that isn't there - little do we know they could be used against *us* as well. In the immortal words of Rage Against the Machine, "And now you do what they told ya, now you're under control".

It looks as if it's about time the world woke up and realised that it's being lied to. **www.zeitgeist.com**

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# The Big...

*Christy Rush lives in a box...*

Losing a struggle against facial stubble, a decidedly off-putting smell, a bored look on their faces, and a bunch of magazines in their hand. I am, of course, describing not only the first years selling this very publication on Winchester Day, but the official vendors of the magazine that inspired the (former) name (7, 4: a fairly large object, worn to protect feet) of one of Win:Coll:’s most illustrious bands. The *Big Issue* is thrust in the average person’s face in an average day an average of six times. How many of them, though, actually bother to buy it? Saying ‘no’ has become habit, and people aren’t particularly keen on contributing to drug funds.

We all return to our warm, snug homes and stuff ourselves with steak. A roof over our heads, and food in our stomachs, is considered the most basic of comforts that humans should have. We could never imagine sleeping rough, yet that’s what hundreds of men, women and children have to deal with every single day of their lives – and this is in Great Britain, supposedly one of the most economically developed countries in the world.

John used to live in a cottage on the outskirts of Winchester with

a seemingly stable job at a local factory. Everything seemed to be going well in his life, and then, through a series of unlucky financial transactions, gambles and unemployment, John suddenly found himself unable to keep up his mortgage payments. His home was repossessed, and within the week he had nowhere to shelter. Now, John is on the streets selling the *Big Issue*, and receiving basic facilities and occasional accommodation, particularly around the Christmas period, from the *Big Issue*’s charity.

Trading in the rougher parts of the area, John has had many fine specimens of human saliva to deal with, numerous insults involving various animals and their means of carrying on the species, and his humble abode (consisting of: 1 x blanket, 1 x set of clothes) treated as an ATM machine for free money and also the public conveniences. It’s a hard life, obviously, but he’s gradually building up savings, and he’s grateful for all the help he can get from the various charities who support the homeless. He doesn’t do drugs – if he did he wouldn’t be sold the magazine – and he hopes to enrol in a scheme of employment with companies such as Cadbury’s,

## ...Issue

who work with the Big Issue Foundation.

There are probably some of you out there, however, that are more concerned about the content of the *Big Issue* itself if I am to try and convince you to buy the publication, and upon whom the emotional paragraphs about the guy who I bought my virgin copy from has not made any impact. Well, and you might want to be sitting down to hear this, it's actually an extremely good magazine. Film reviews, celebrity interviews, political and social comments and columns, and some top-notch adverts combine to make the *Big Issue*, dare I say it, even better than *The Spirit Lamp*. It's light reading, but at the same time original and stimulating. Many a train of thought has been lost during the construction of this article when I have become engrossed in one or other of the numerous sections within the magazine.

"Street Trade – not Street Aid" is the Big Issue's slogan. This emphasizes the point that you are not funding drugs habits, but rather providing those who are homeless or "vulnerably housed" the opportunity to earn a legitimate income. Sure, there are a few grammatical and principal/principle errors within the magazine, but it really is a good publicā, and with 80p of every £1.50

magazine going towards helping people who have drawn a short straw in life's lottery, you can't go much wrong.

Unsubscribe from that useless magazine *The Week*, don't give working unwanted things to the dump (where profits go to a commercial company) or sell old books on eBay; instead buy the Big Issue, and donate to and buy from charity shops. Even if we do have slightly longer than four minutes to save the world, at least try and do something kind *outside* of CS – and who knows, you might even feel good about it.



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# Water Polo...

*Conrad Griffin loves men in speedos...*

Water polo, modern day's gladiatorial combat. Arguably the most physically demanding sport, even in this age of super-athletes, and one of the few remaining sports in which men can truly pit their strength of body and mind, their ball skills and their aggression against their peers in an epic battle to prove their shaven-chested masculinity.

Water polo started as holiday recreation during the 1850's as British tourists fashioned barrels into ligneous horses, and canoe paddles into crude polo mallets, in order to literally play 'Polo' on the cool and welcoming waters of the scenic Lake District. Before the 1880's, these 'horses' and their mallets were cast aside, the lakes were substituted with deep, level bottomed swimming pools and holidaymakers gave way to enthusiastic 'professionals'. Perhaps too enthusiastic; until rules were drawn up in the 1880s to focus on skill rather than brute strength, the game resembled a violent brawl as men beat and drowned their opponents to gain possession of the ball. Admittedly, this primitive form may have had considerable appeal for today's gore-loving viewers, but the new rules, which are still in use today, brought skill and respectability to the game. I can hear anguished sighs as you presume that once again health and safety regulations have triumphed and castrated yet another full contact recreation. Fear not.

The essential rules are the ball must only be caught, held or thrown with one hand, it may not be dragged under water, players may not tackle a man not

in possession of the ball, and players may not use the floor or walls of the pool for support.

Although the rules state that fouls such as drowning another player, kicking in his teeth, dragging him to the bottom, clawing him, or otherwise unnecessarily harming him, are to be punished by a penalty shot or the eviction of the culprit from the pool, the very aquatic nature of the sport renders successful refereeing impossible. As one CBC journalist noted, 'for every visible foul, there are plenty more taking place below the surface.'

Indeed, during the 1956 match between Hungary and the USSR, the referees might as well not have been there at all. The atmosphere was slightly chillier than usual because only a month before the opening of the Games 200,000 Soviet troops had invaded Hungary; nothing like the odd invasion to sharpen the competitive edge of the downtrodden. It may not come as a surprise that afterwards, the pool had to be drained and refilled before the next fixture could be started; it was deemed a health hazard on account of the quantity of blood in the water. Hungary went on to win the Gold, if it is any consolation to those of you who love the underdog (and for any of you wondering whose blood it was in the pool).

Despite the seeming brutality, water polo requires as much skill as football, basketball, rugby or any other demanding sport one might care to name and should you or your parents be concerned, the competition at college level bears no re-

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## ...Sport of Men

semblance to the match described in the previous paragraph (thank the Lord). The Winchester College water polo team has always been of moderate strength; indeed many of our former companions are or were Oxford blues or members of equally impressive teams. However, Short Half of this academic year saw a struggle for the very survival of this great sport at the college after our ex-paratrooper, ex-international, wizened coach Tom Noyce was let go for bureaucratic reasons. After a term of petitioning our revered Headman, Mr. Noyce, our hero and god, was able to return to us.

Despite losing a term of practice, our team has gone from strength to strength in recent months with a new influx of recruits. Current members of the 1<sup>st</sup> VII include our captain, Barney Patterson, who would be nicknamed the Titanic were it not insulting because he really is unsinkable; Vice Captain Oliver Joost who makes the 6' 6", 17½ stone American International player Ryan Bailey look like a teddy bear; Gustaf Hemberg who is personally despised and feared by Arnold Schwarzenegger because he's set to win Mr. Universe every year consecutively until his death; Alex Short, our goalie, who has been accused of cheating because his face acts like what can only be described as a ball magnet, and many more legendary characters.

By next term, we will be ready to knock Millfield from their pedestal at the top of the country's league table (or drown trying of course). However, we are not so confident as to reject any offers of

help; if any magnanimous parent decides that he or she might like to exercise his or her philanthropic tendencies by mirroring the actions of one Etonian parent, who flew the College's water polo team out to one of California's world-renowned water polo training camps, then we would probably accept the offer – provided, of course, it was aboard nothing less than a G IV; we have to get one up on the Etonians.

For those of you mooting the idea of enlisting, here are a few advantages of water polo: 1) A six pack is guaranteed within three or four months, and females are apparently attracted to this (as are males depending on which way you lean). 2) Water polo is only an hour-and-a-half on Tuesdays and Thursdays and, on account of its intensity of play, you can see it as minimum time commitment for maximum muscle building. 3) The Water Polo hoodie has the power to embarrass all other hoodies. Let's face it, badminton, squash and chess ones just don't ooze hard man value. 4) If you want stress relief it's clearly the sport to play. 5) Your swimming skills will become unparalleled; by the end of your training, you should be able to swim into the Perfect Storm and feel like you're in a paddling pool.

Should you like the sound of any of this, I suggest you stroll over, perhaps with your parents and particularly your attractive sister, to the P.E. centre at three o'clock. Old Wykehamists versus 1<sup>st</sup> VII will be colossal.

# Fish...

*TJ Masilamani landed a big 'un...*

This season saw the arrival of a batch of eager new men anxious to wet their nets in England's finest chalk stream. A rainy start to Cloister Time dampened hopes of an early Mayfly hatch and a few frustrating hours were spent by the river in which no fish seemed to be taking. Slowly but surely however the appetite of the trout was picking up. Gradually the trout could be seen breaking the water's surface to suck up a young mayfly. Summer arrived.

There are few better ways to relieve the pressure of exams than escaping to the river where tangled thoughts can finally be straightened, and, if you're lucky, you might just catch a fish or two. I managed to fish on what must have been the peak mayfly day this year; swarms of flies in the air and frequent gurgles of water as the trout took advantage. On one afternoon I caught and released three fish which I felt was nothing short of incredible, until I met Christopher Lloyd-Davies on the way back. I noticed on his face a determined expression as he cast

out his line, as if he had been hired to clean out the river of every aquatic creature. He did just that in fact. As I approached him I saw on the grass by his side, the chalk stream equivalent of JAWS, and this was only one of a number of fish he had outwitted that sunny afternoon.

Often my angling fans ask me, where is your ideal fishing spot? There is one particular untouched haven upstream which I frequented this summer; Beat 5 (across Garnier Road from Gator Field and straight up the path). It is the furthest away from civilization and is completely calm. There is however the occasional rogue cow to combat; and if you have a bovine-phobia, they can at times be surprisingly unsettling. For the most part however, fishing anywhere at Winchester is therapeutic and relaxing.

The Fishing Society was particularly fortunate this season to receive an offer for a day's fishing on the River Test. Mr. Chute, Mr. Sankey, Duncan Stewart, Alex

## Soc:...

Carn, Jamie Dick, Oliver Malpass and I were all fortunate enough to experience a change of location. Whilst the day was a beauty, it was certainly not going to be easy due to it being the day of weedcut, meaning often the fly would get caught in drifting weed. Having observed the magnificence of the river, I started to get my line out onto the water. It became clear that there were few fish rising and just as hopes were falling I saw a dark shape near the bank swaying with the current. At first it looked like a clump of weed as is usually the case. Upon further inspection I saw that this weed had spots and a tail; no, it was not a Dalmatian, but a large brown trout. I landed my fly several times over its head to no avail. Once again I tried and saw the monster rise from the deep, just missing the grey fly. Again the fly drifted towards this Franken-fish and up it came, like a hammer to a nail, a clean strike. Never before had I felt such power from a trout. My reel was screaming as I struggled to keep it from darting downstream. I fought to control the Incredible Bulk as it jumped three feet out of the water and splashed back in. ‘This bad boy is going to feed the family,’ I thought to myself as my forearm began to ache. Then I got sloppy. I called to Ollie Malpass, ‘Help! We got a big’un, I need you to net him or he’s gonna take me down with him.’ Clearly the fight was not over. As Ollie crouched down and pushed the net out, Supertrout thrashed and writhed and wriggled and CRACK. My fly popped clean from his mouth and I saw him kick away into the darkness; his lucky day.

I am afraid that was the highlight of the afternoon on the Test, as all men but Duncan Stewart failed to catch.

Overall, it has been a highly satisfying and enjoyable fishing season. For those of you not of a fishing disposition who have reached the end of this article, I thank and commend you. Perhaps you too will join Winchester’s most understated and beautiful society. And for all the rest, enjoy Winchester Day.

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# American Football Society

*Henry Williams uses too much protection....*

American Football has finally hit Winchester. It's taken years of training and perseverance but the college is at long last part of the world's most exhilarating sport. 97.5 million people watched Superbowl XLII across the world and I pity those who weren't able to contribute to this number. Fox, a division of News Corps, charged \$2.7 million for 30 seconds of advertising time during the game. Surely a sport of this stature deserves a place in our school and so, Sam Sheridan, a New Yorker who supports the Patriots (Ouch), Ben Stevens, and I founded AFS.

We initially started playing only on Sundays, with basic rules and little organisation, but we have now progressed into a fully functioning society with state of the art equipment and expert analysis. Some of the finest athletes in the world grace our pitches: Gregory Wong, the greatest Offensive Lineman since Anthony Muñoz; John Bremridge, who is often mistaken for Randy Moss; and nobody ever disrespects the pace of Sam "LaDainian" Wesley. AFS gives you a chance to experience a thrilling sport whilst absorbing the playful banter of such characters as Gustaf Hemberg and Max Berrill. It goes without saying that the game is always a great competition; I have once left the field in tears after dropping a bullet pass from

"Canon Arm" Stevens deep in the end-zone. If the intriguing technical aspects of the game don't take your fancy then you can always just enjoy screaming "That's a sack, baby!" into the face of Ashley Hull, sprawling on the floor, crying for mercy.

For me, the game is a continuation of intellect on the sport field. Sure, if you can run the 100m in ten seconds flat you'll be a success but the greatest teams are all headed by a mastermind. Vince Lombardi, possibly the greatest head coach of all time, took the Green Bay Packers to 5 league championships and two superbowl victories. He is famous for quotes such as "If winning isn't everything, why do they keep the score?" He was able to win games against far superior opposition by simply being one step ahead of them; his play selection was second to none and he snatched up victories without even stepping onto the grass himself.

Of course, AFS is open to everyone so please don't hesitate to get involved. Simply get in touch with one of the aforementioned founders and we will add you to the mailing list to arrange a game. No experience is necessary. We hope to soon get some fixtures with other American Football teams across the country. Remember, "Winning isn't everything, it is the only thing."- Vincent.T.Lombardi.

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# Shagwagg

*Ben Menzies-Wilson loves to play those instruments....*

Well, we may have come to the end of yet another year at this great establishment, but one thing for me has made this year even more enjoyable than usual. Every Monday and Thursday evening I have had the pleasure of Shagwagg rehearsals. Having spent much of my first two years at Winchester sitting in the garden in Trant's, listening enviously to the sounds of Shagwagg emanating from the top of music school, I was delighted to be part of that this year.

Sadly, we had to wait until the second term until our first gig, an evening performance in Phil's grubbing hall, but since then we have had an outdoor concert in the Warden's garden for the Wessex's Walk and, of course, today's QEII gig. In a hot, sweaty and cramped grubbing hall I felt the amazing excitement of playing my first Shagwagg gig, with the crowd pressing in. Unfortunately, our strong fan base evidently had better things to do on their Sunday than come and listen to us play, as the audience at our Wessex Walk performance was somewhat smaller - only the die-hard fans were still around by the time it came for us to load the heavy equipment back into the van.

Annoyingly, especially for our three girls, we have not been able to play the annual gig up as St Swithun's as apparently their diary was too fully booked already, but hopefully we can

do one early next term. Another issue that has slowed our road to perfection has been the fact that our singers and our trumpeter have only been allowed down one night a week which, as Marc Wild puts it, "is quite a pain because us brutish lads are left alone to our testosterone every Monday evening in a situation that is ripe for frustration, anger and depression." I wouldn't say it is quite that bad, but it is true that we would have improved much more had the girls been allowed down twice a week.

Saying that, however, we have managed to master many of the old favorites (including a vast quantity of Blues Brothers) and even launch the band into a new territory with a fusion of the two different versions of *Valerie* by The Zutons and *Amy Winehouse* and *Crazy Chick* by Charlotte Church. Sadly we will not have the same amazing line up next year as two of our number are leaving us at the end of this term: Kathy, one of our fantastic singers, and Chris, our trombonist. I know that both will be sorely missed and it will be difficult to fill their places in the band. So if you want to come and hear the last time they will perform with us, or you just want to have a break from all the classical stuff that seems to be going on, come down to QEII at 4:10 this afternoon, and have a listen to the Winchester College soul, blues and rock band.

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# Alive:...

*Tom Ooi has been at this one for three years...*

The date was exactly 400 years after the final colonization of the first planet (thus the crew was in slightly higher spirits than usual), which took place considerably later than 20<sup>th</sup> century (the advent of the space age) scientists had anticipated. This was because after the losses of several spacecraft the United States government had considered the space programme too dangerous to be supported and had withdrawn most funding from the idea, and as a result research had been painfully slow. Although it was still not possible to travel at the speed of light, technology allowed energy to be extracted from quantum foam, the fabric of space, to warp space into time travel and go nearly at the speed of light. Therefore although travel was time consuming, the actual time of arrival was the same as the time of departure.

Tension was high in the crew, which was common in space travel, because of the time and commitment involved. Second Lieutenant Heijn sat down in the computer room.

“Sedna, status report, please.” She said.

“Right away” the computer bleeped. “Velocity is seventeen kilometres per second: below escape velocity. Orbit height 17.5 kilometres. Trajectory is configured for perpetual sustainable descent. Date is four hundred years exactly after colonization. Distance to target is ten to the power of thirty five kilometres.

Damage report...”

“What?” said Alberta.

“Damage report...” repeated the computer doggedly. “Port above engine fuel cell sustained rupture at oh-eight-hundred hours today. Radiation leak has prompted automatic lockdown of the area. Engines will begin shutdown sequence in five minutes. After this time you will have 20 minutes before re-entry.”

Alberta slumped in her chair. “Sedna, call an immediate emergency meeting in Conference room five. And play some cheerful music.”

Ten minutes later, the crew was seated, sullen-faced, in the Conference room 5, to strains of “Zing-vecht, huil-bid, lach-werk en bewonder”.

The second lieutenant

## ...Part 2

began the briefing. “All right, chaps, this is the status-quo. The port above engine fuel cell has been critically damaged. We have fifteen minutes before this whole caboodle gets its one-way ticket to hell. We are *not* going to have time to repair the cell. I say we evacuate this flying cigar immediately.”

“We’re not stupid, you know”, retorted a minor lieutenant. “We all know that you are vehemently opposed to the transportation of this creature. You’re using this as an excuse to destroy them! I say ...”

“I say you should listen to you superiors!” shouted the First Lieutenant “You ectoplasm, I’ll have you clapped in irons...”

“That’s enough! You all shut up!!!” roared the captain, unexpectedly emerging from a sliding door, from which, somewhat alarmingly, thick smoke was curling. Although technically unfit to command, Andriaszoon de Ruyter still was held in great respect amongst his crew. “I don’t care what you do, I’m unfit to command, remember, but I am still the Captain and I shall stay with my ship whatever happens.” An uneasy

silence prevailed, none really wanting to stay on the ship, but none wanting to be the first to desert the captain either. “I take that as a ‘yes’.” said the captain, and receded down the corridor once more.

“Well this is just great” interjected an English crew member, Bartholomew Johnson-Stanton, sarcastically.

“You shut up, Bartholomew”.

Before further conflict could be exacerbated, the computer, somewhat, interrupted with the words, “Five minutes to re-entry. Repeat, five minutes to re-entry.”

Red lights began to flash all over the ship and a blaring siren wailed above the bleak silence of the drawn crew. The swirling, turbulent surface of Hob17:Wu loomed ever closer, until the ship plunged through the upper atmosphere, leaving a spiralling gash in its wake. The stress of re-entry and the disorienting nature of the alarms caused most of the crew to pass out. All, that is, apart from Second Lieutenant Heijn, and Captain De Ruyter.

# CFU—The Second Album

*Rob Callender haunts Colin...*

Colin Upton is famous around Winchester for his teaching, his stories and his pessimistic humour. However, in South Korea, he is known for his music. For the last fifteen years he has been composing classical music and about 4 years ago his first album – ‘From Innocence to Age’ was released and sold heavily there. Like this album it was a collaboration with (ex Freddie’s) Charles Mauleverer, but unlike this album it was primarily composed and recorded using a synthesiser and has now been disowned by CFU. The new album was recorded in Abbey Road studio 2 and Mr. Upton’s own studio.

‘Such Sights’ by Mauleverer is the most famous track, having had well over a dozen plays on Classical FM and is reprinted in an unchanged version and a new orchestral version on this new, as yet untitled, second album. It features a fantastically calming cello solo performed by Adrian Brendel (ex Phils) who is said to have taken one day, seventeen attempts, a few beers and a bottle of champagne to finally get the perfect take. The album is by no means cheerful; Robert Bottone, who provided a lot of all round support on this album, once said jokingly that putting two tracks by Upton together is like “suicide by hanging followed by suicide by gassing”, which is why the tracks mainly alternate between the two composers. ‘Passing Years’ (Upton) is a sad but soaring choral piece with solos by Harry Sever (X) and Ed Goble (ex Chawkers) and lyrics by Dr. Hebron. Whereas ‘Overture’ by Mauleverer is reminiscent of the soundtrack to a romantic film but

like ‘Passing Years’ they both have wonderfully climactic endings.

‘Ship of Sunrise’ (Upton) is a smooth and triumphant piece with an epic trumpet solo by Leo Cairns (X) that could even calm Miss Copin and ‘Far above the Midnight Sky’ (Upton) again with Sever/Goble and words by Hebron is by far and away the most uplifting piece building up to great orchestral crescendos before returning to quiet choral solos. ‘Just a Stranger’ (Mauleverer) appeared in a shorter version on the first album and is another choral track, this time with Harry Sever and Tom Jesty (H), which puts harmony vocals and a great clear classical guitar tune together and ‘Enigma’ (Upton) is the track that seems most out of place on this album, which is mainly a calm and relaxing group of songs. It starts with a violent violin solo which after around 45 seconds melts into a shiny strings and choral piece with guitar and violin solos dispersed throughout - it is the most animated track by a long way.

The album is very relaxing and is an interesting blend of sad and bright hopeful tracks, which are instantly memorable. When played loud it is an intense and almost tangible work and when played softly it is calming bed-time music and I highly recommend it. Having said that, it will not be on general release too soon because they don’t have a manager on board just yet but when it is, it’ll be a nice slice of modern classical music featuring current Wykehamists; Harry Sever, Will Keen, Tom Jesty and Leo Cairns.

# Strange World

*Alex Macleod missed off Fritzl...*

Some things just don't make sense, like Britney Spears shaving her hair, or Div, or foreign policy. I will give you a taster of the silliest and stupidest of this week. I will tell you the story of the woman who didn't know she was pregnant, a hip-hop band launching a chess website, rotating ice-cream, and more.

First the woman who didn't know she was pregnant. Apparently when she gave birth, she had just left a hen party of a friend because she was feeling ill. The baby was born prematurely, but how she didn't know she was pregnant was nothing short of extreme idiocy.

Then rotating ice-cream. The developers say the gadget helps avoid drips on hot days and, as well as saving the tongue effort, gives the tired sun-worshipper's wrist a break too. The device is made for home use so all you have to do, when exhausted from a hard day's lolling in the garden, is fill the cone with your favourite flavour and press go. It is powered by batteries.

Next is that the Wu-Tang Clan, a notorious hip hop band known for violent lyrics and 'brush-ins' with the law, has launched a hip hop chess website. For £29 (\$48) a year users can take on other rap fans

across the world, set up their own chess "clans", and even earn the right to battle with Wu-Tang Clan members and other chess-loving hip hop stars.

Also, Apparently George Sampson, the winner of Britain's Got Talent, has to be protected by a team of six ex-SAS soldiers as girl fans try to get to him. Four girls managed to breach security around the young star and were found hiding in a dressing room next to his. George has already had up to 150 girls camp in his street trying to catch a sight of him.

Penultimately, the inhabitants of the Greek island of Lesbos, in the Aegean, has begun a court action to prevent those who dabble in Sapphic love using the word 'lesbian', which came from Lesbos due to the world's most famous homosexual woman of antiquity, Sappho living there. The inhabitants say that the word should only describe the people of Lesbos, let alone the women.

Finally, a 37-year-old Ecuadorian window cleaner who fell 47 stories from the roof of a New York skyscraper has begun walking again 6 months after his fall, which killed his younger brother who was working with him.

# 14th June

*Joe Golding-Ochsner gives a lesson in Wikipedia...*

Though Winchester Day 2008 is without a doubt the most auspicious thing to be associated with June 14<sup>th</sup>, my skill with the obscure sight known only as Wikipedia has yielded some interesting information. It seems that June 14<sup>th</sup> does exist in a vacuum filled only by the celebration of all that is Wiccamic. Consequently, the budding historian inside me (yes, I do A level history) yearns to tell you all about some of interesting things that we could alternatively honor. Today is Flag Day in the United States, my home country, as it was on June 14<sup>th</sup> 1777 that the Stars and Stripes was accepted as the US flag. It is also World Blood Donor Day and the Day of St. Eliseus the Prophet. In the Roman Empire June 14<sup>th</sup> was celebrated as the eight day of Vestalia and today (you should be reading this on June 14<sup>th</sup>, if not put this Quelle down) is my un-birthday. Below is a compilation of various things that have happened on June 14<sup>th</sup> throughout the ages.

One of the earliest claimants to the day is Song dynasty's coronation of the prince Zhao Shi, making him Emperor Duanzong of Song. This occurred in 1276. In 1645 the battle of Naseby yielded a victory to the Parliamentarians in the English Civil War and 3 years later in 1648 Massachusetts hanged its first witch. In 1775

the American Continental Army was formed and America started on its journey towards military dominance.

June 14<sup>th</sup> 1789 may perhaps be the greatest June 14<sup>th</sup> of all, as not only did the famed Captain Bligh finally reach Timor after the mutiny on the Bounty but the whisky known as Bourbon was first created. Also of particular interest is 1863 when Virginian forces defeated Union forces during the battle of Second Winchester during the American Civil War. In 1938 Superman was introduced to the world when only a year earlier the US congress passed the Marijuana Tax Act. June 14<sup>th</sup> 1940 was a big deal for the Third Reich as they not only occupied Paris but also introduced 728 Poles to new living accommodations at Auschwitz. They would be the first of many to enjoy German hospitality there. In a similar vein, Anne Frank started her diary on June 14<sup>th</sup> 1942. 20 years later in 1962 the European Space Organization was started in Paris. And in '66 the Vatican abolished its longstanding Index of Prohibited Books making reading exempt from sin. 1982 saw the end of the Falklands war to the delight of Mrs. Thatcher and most recently, in 2004, the Workers Party of Bangladesh was dissolved. For a more complete list consult Wikipedia. Winchester Day has not yet been added.

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# McDonalds, Winchester

*Ed Orlik asked for a knife and fork...*

This week we visited the newly refurbished MacDonald's in Winchester. The venue had been freshly painted in tasteful green and brown and the staff had new hats and name badges. This was not the first time we had dined at McDonald's and we were pleased by the comfortable new seats which we classed as 'satisfactory' in our feedback form.

'Shaun' served us our meal. He appeared to be a mid-op transsexual and a saggy pair of breasts accompanied his greasy beard, but service was exceptionally fast – certainly one of the high points of the visit. On this occasion, we skipped the starter and headed straight for the main course. Ever the traditionalist, I ordered a Big Mac™ burger (which, with some difficulty I managed to arrange to look exactly like the picture. Also, who photographs those?) with a side dish of 'fries' which appeared to be a kind of chip. The wine list was unavailable at the time, so my drink was a Diet Coke™. The burger was of a sufficient size to deliver the full range of the burger's taste which featured some fruity top notes with strong, meaty undertones, while not being large enough to cause indigestion. The 'fries' were rather salty but had some merit when added to the restaurant's tomato purée. The burger was sweeter than those I was accustomed to in the classy food joints of Soho but was nonetheless a tasty treat, though

not one to have every day as its calories were many and its sugar content almost high enough for it to be classed as a sweet. The restaurant was thoughtful enough to supply a fact sheet with every meal. This paper informed me that my meal had been sourced from a Staffordshire burger farm, run by a man called Jerry who knew each of his flock by their name. My burger had previously been Molly. She was killed humanely and organically processed until she reached my table. It is reassuring to know where a meal comes from, but I could not help but feel that this information was surplus to requirements and put me off my food a little, knowing that an innocent burger had been slaughtered for my pleasure.

Unfortunately, espressos had run dry the day before, top-notch Havanas and liquers were also out of stock, so our desert was a McFlurry™ - a peculiar mixture of chocolate and ice-cream. I had heard good things about this strange concoction, but was severely disappointed by its overly sweet taste and sticky texture.

All in all, the experience was rather pleasant, with a scrumptious main course and a passable pudding. Drinks were simply top notch although I sorry to see the poor wine list which did not even stretch as far as a cheap Merlot. However, I would happily return another day for a quick meal and drink.

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This year's Winchester Day Quelle was edited by **Hugh Macfarlane, Oliver Joost, Charles Bishop, Cam Benge and Will Morris**. Other contributors: Hugh Macfarlane, Roraig Finney, KAS, Bob Nicholson, Joe Beecham, Conrad Griffin, Tom Ooi, Dexter Findley, Joseph Golding-Ochsner, Henry Williams, Christy Rush, Rob Callender, TJ Masilamani, Ben Menzies-Wilson, Alex Macleod, Ed Orlik and Dan Risch.