

RIVER PAGEANT BELLS

of course the main reason I stood for the day on the members' terrace at Tate Modern for the Diamond Jubilee river pageant was because I think that Queen Elizabeth II is the best thing that has happened since (I suppose I should say) George VI, but high on my list of motives was to satisfy myself that the barge of bells would be a cacophonous disaster. I was quite wrong. I actually heard only very faint bells from the barge, and nothing from the City except for St Paul's, as the wind was blowing in the wrong direction. A foolish friend of mine decided at about lunch time that she would *pop down to the river in the City to see the pageant*. Of course she got nowhere near the river but said she arrived at St Paul's to hear the answering bells, and they were charming.

My view of the pageant was a bit like seeing the ballet at Covent Garden from the gods: I got the shapes and the atmosphere, but really didn't see that much. The barge of bells (Paul Taylor saw the newly married Dickon Love ringing on it) was fitted with a horizontal belfry: think *chaise longue* when a conventional belfry

is a 19C chief clerk's desk. One does see so much more and better on television: and that is how I watched the service of thanksgiving in the Cathedral, and wished the children had brushed their hair.

Now, I look forward to hearing these bells ring out from the bell tower of St James Garlickhythe: their baptism I missed on 17 June, and sadly have yet to hear them. Three times every working day I see both St Magnus the Martyr and St James Garlickhythe. The bells of St Magnus seem to ring for the whole of Saturday and Sunday and are lovely. My (im)patience is about to be rewarded. I understand that a quarter peal will have been rung by Sunday 22 July and on Wednesday 25 July at the patronal service, the first full peal. I am told by the Rector that if a bell ringer makes a mistake *it doesn't count as a peal* and so the first peal will be rescheduled.

If only life were like that: I got it wrong: it doesn't count!

Shall we have heard these bells before the FCC newsletter lands on our mats?

Judy Stephenson



