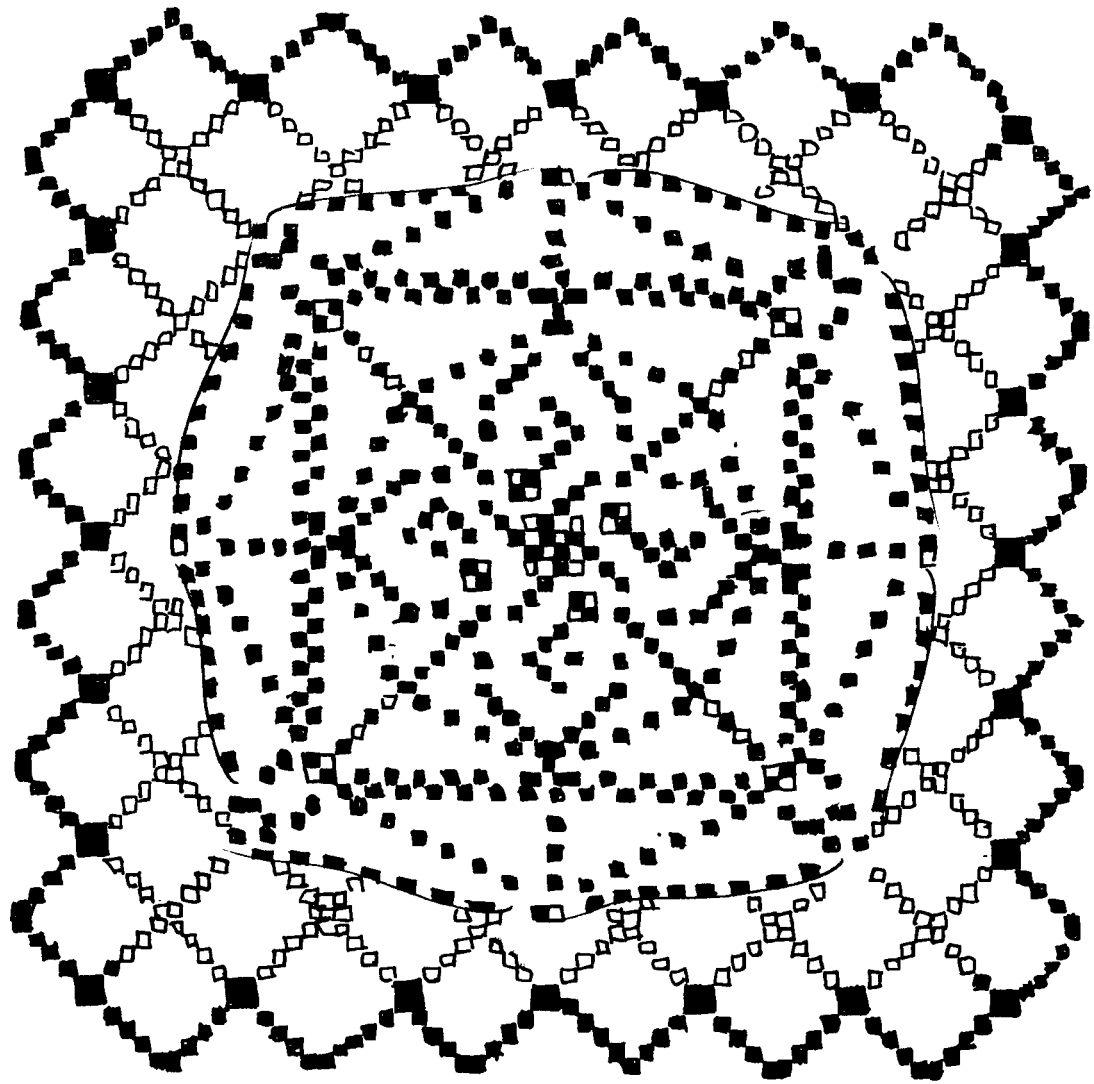




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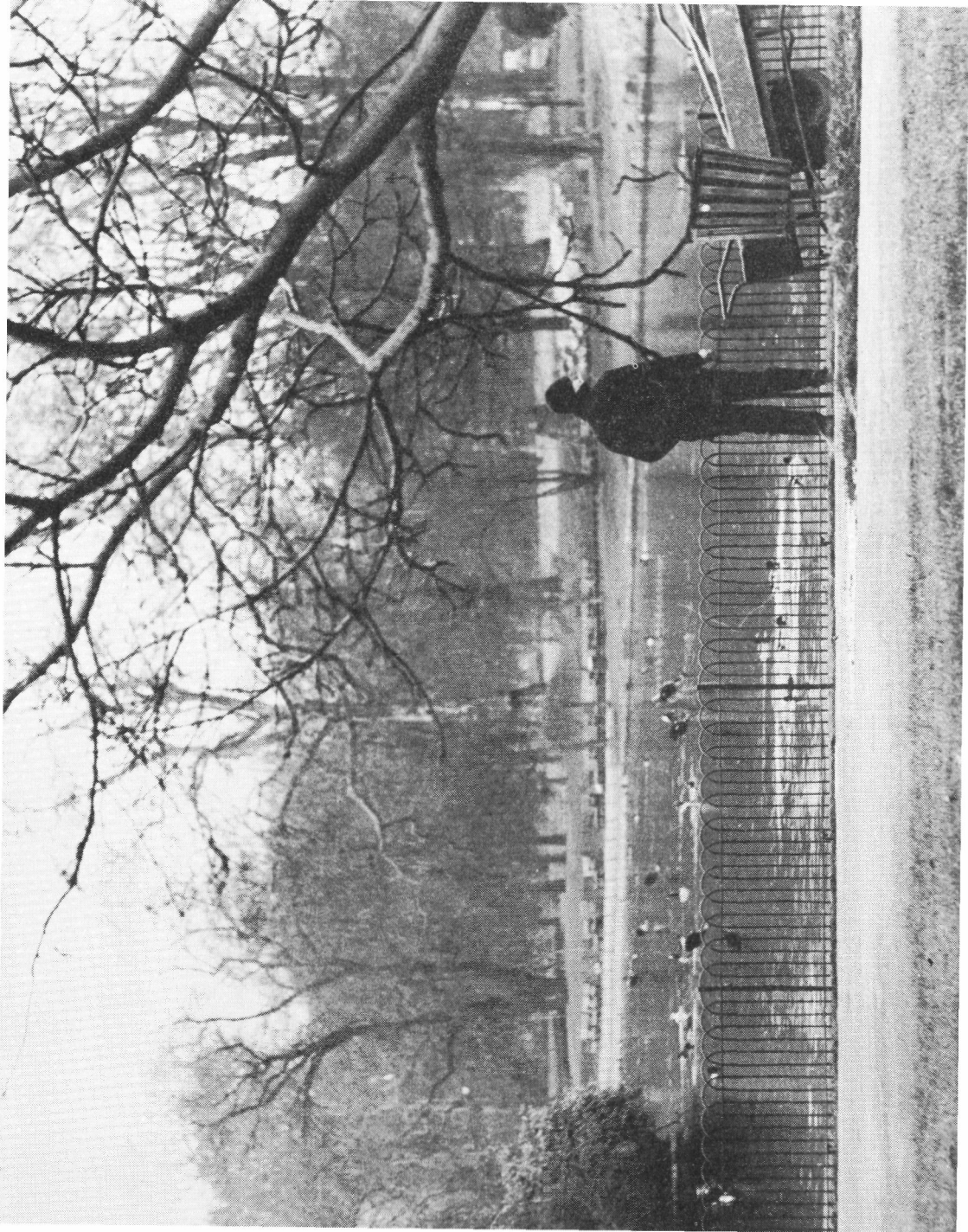
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# The Elizabethan

Editors Paul Berman, Isobel Bowler, Ian Bostridge, Penelope Gibbs, Scott Donohue, Justin Albert, Michael Hugill

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Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1

February 82, Vol. xxxiv No 4, Issue No 696

## Commemoration of Benefactors 1981

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*Commemoration of Benefactors is attended by several generations. For this reason we are publishing two accounts of this year's service, one by an Old Westminster, Charles Low (1967-72, QS) the other by a present member of the School, Scott Donohue.*

What an extraordinary occasion! In an institution which is not without its fair share of anachronisms, Commem. must surely count among the most anachronistic of them all. To give thanks to *benefactors*? In Latin?

Why, then, is this triennial pilgrimage made? Partly, I suppose, because like any other pilgrimage it provides reassurance. It is comforting to view the well-known sweep of the Abbey, illuminated only by the tapers and the floodlights filtering through the windows; to see that the scholars are quite as cherubic as they ought to be; to behold once more the Common Room in all the colourful glory of its academic dignity; to read what personal meaning one likes into the simple offering of roses; and afterwards, with soul well soothed by the familiar resonances of the service, to fight and jostle through the throng Up School in search of faces clearly remembered or half forgotten. All this is indeed reassuring.

But Commem. is rather more than an opportunity to admire, drink and gossip. It is precisely because it is for many a pilgrimage that it is also in some sense an affirmation, or reaffirmation, of faith. Faith in what? For some the object of their faith may be articulated as carefully as in the Head Master's address—excellence in learning, and dedication to the spirit of truth; for others, it may be a vaguer, semi-enunciated principle; and for others yet, it may be simply a wordless affection for a school close to their hearts. But what seems above all to unite the congregation at Commem., and perhaps to distinguish it from other Westminster gatherings, is a common determination both to celebrate the present and to give thanks for the past.

Yet to what extent are those who give their name to the occasion really

remembered? For the most part they are a lumpen body who are no longer separately identified in the roll of honour, but are submersed in the generic and anonymous title of 'benefactors'. Some, perhaps, need no identification, or, indeed, additional honour, 'among whom in the forefront stand the Kings and Princes of this realm'. But some there be, which have no memorial: who are perished as though they had never been. To these we might say *si monumentum requiris, circumspicite*.

With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance. For the flourishing state of Commem. itself, and of the school behind it, is a mute but contemporary testament to the fact that the faith *they* once displayed was well placed, and continues even now to be justified.

Charles Low

\* \* \*

To live in an environment does not mean to have an inherent awareness of it. This is the case with most Westminster students, particularly with regard to the Abbey. But as a setting for an event that only takes place every three years, no other building could have been so fantastically enchanting. Awash in floodlight, the Abbey was an emphasised landmark revealing its detail: some of it plaster white from the cosmetics applied to it over recent years, some of it blackened by the filth of time. It was the perfect 'venue' for Commemoration.

It was basically a theatrical event. Parents and Old Boys trickled through the Great West Door from a beautiful autumn evening into the warm, inviting Abbey. The lights were dimmed, giving the ancient place a distinctly mediaeval atmosphere. The School entered via the Cloisters: the boys seemed to look smarter than usual, the girls appeared in their best. A trick of the light? Not at all. Just school pride. Westminster was showing off.

The audience was seated, and then, in full regalia, the procession moved down the aisle at a dignified pace, led by the Cross of

Westminster. The most intriguing part of the file came when the masters appeared. The men were in black tie, the women in evening dress. As they passed before the congregation, the student reaction varied from giggles to looks of envy. Were these people truly our classroom companions? In their academic gowns and formal dress they looked like anything but the somewhat haggard masters who had been teaching you 'King Lear' or the Rise of the Labour Party.

In the words of the Head Master, the essential theme of Commemoration is to thank all of the school's benefactors, 'men and women whose being here made a difference'. For the founding of the institution we thank Queen Elizabeth. Yet the concept of thanking our foundress is now somewhat obscure. So, in letting 'one stand for many', the gratitude is extended to all our benefactors. The Rose is for Elizabeth: the bouquet is for all.

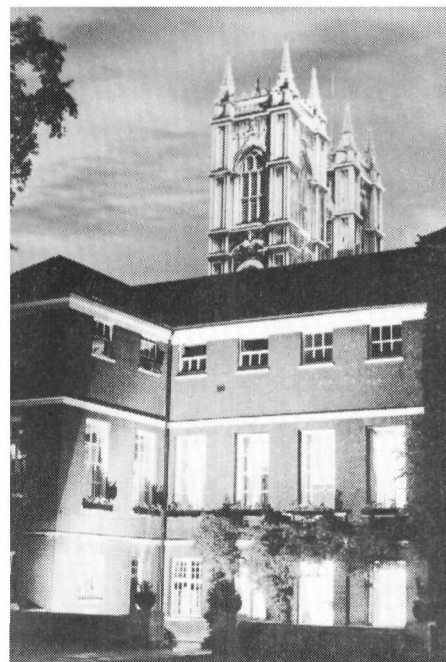
The Head Master used the occasion to define the aims of the school. The roses were not just symbolic of our thanks. They were representative of a 'dedication to truth'. To fulfil the school's aims we should ultimately

become 'men and women who never deny the truth'.

Speaking as a student, I feel that Westminster excels in its field. We are adults in the Westminster society, adults in the classroom and adults in Yard. This is only true, however, within the physical boundaries of this school. 'Outside' we are boys and girls. But what makes us boys and girls is the difference between our 'experience' in our limited number of years and that of an adult 'quietly knocking on the door of middle age'. Westminster is preparing us for that 'outside', not only by giving us an education, but also by offering us experience by which we can grow.

Commemoration was the only appropriate occasion to say this publicly because it is a rare, unique event that is sacred to the school. As the service came to an end and the Abbey emptied its congregation into the Cloisters, magically illuminated by Scholars holding flaming torches, one could not help feeling that, for another three years, the school would have to contain its pride within the private limits of Westminster society.

Scott Donohue



Fiona McKenzie

\* \* \*

## Drama

\* \* \*

### Romeo and Juliet

Reviewed by Jason Morell

There it sits, that thespian mammoth, displaying on its ample rump vast potential for dramatic anti-climax and underachievement, the perpetual School Shakespeare. This artistic onus is relieved for us at Westminster by the perennially pantomimic Latin Play and John Field's wise evasion of the more theatrically demanding plays in the Shakespeare canon, which are quite unsuitable to the manhandling of us public school amateurs. So, as recent years had been dominated by the comedies it was interesting to see how the director and his cast coped with *Romeo & Juliet*. Would our sophisticated younger generation be able to produce a more refined rendition of the stereotyped School Tragedy complete with cardboard armour and overworked prompter?

To begin with John Field's productions never slip into the slapstick regions of traditional School Drama. The issues which the audiences to the Summer Shakespeare concern themselves with are those of character interpretation and overall conception rather than word-learning or scene changing. Throughout this performance the eloquent atmosphere of a decayed but bustling Verona held sway while murmuring crowds went about their business, sweeping, flower-selling, dissolving into dissentious rabble or sympathetic onlookers. Within this context we saw not so much the political strife between Montagues and Capulets as the more lasting battle between younger and

older generations: the lovers and those who try to shape that love for the interests of 'house'.

The main difference between the two generations was their approach to emotions. The older, mourning for Juliet became a show of public lamentation: 'Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead' whereby Lady Capulet was changed into a figure of Greek tragedy; a contemporary Clytemnestra wailing out her grief as the Nurse took the part of the Chorus 'O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day'. I had never before noticed how Escalus used his emotions, those of horror and disgust, as a political weapon: 'hear the sentence of your moved prince' and though the performances of Isobel Bowler (Lady Capulet) and Robert Stern (Escalus) caught the self-conscious staginess of all this adult posturing, they did not modulate it sufficiently. There was too much of the Machiavellian bellow from the Prince, and too much lugubrious howling from Lady Capulet for us to keep the sense of crafty purpose that lay behind their actions. What did emerge very successfully was the pathetic innocence of adulthood as Chris Cooper's Capulet fell into cliché after parental cliché: 'Will you tell me that? His son was but a ward ten years ago?': or exchanged faded, mildly chivalric reminiscences: 'you and I are past our dancing days'. Here we saw the core of the problem, the elders' naive ignorance of their children's view of love, as it overturned social and religious custom with sexual immediacy: 'Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged! Give me my sin again'.

In opposition to this staid youth, epitomised in its various forms by Romeo,

Juliet and Mercutio. For adolescents to act out their own traumas on stage requires a cool, even humorous objectivity and this was a quality that by their very age Dominic Martin as Romeo and Sarah McTavish as Juliet both lacked. But Juliet is both girl ('She is not fourteen') and 'woman' and Sarah McTavish was at her very best in acting out this contrast. We had an impassioned girl trying to communicate with her parents: 'Hear me with patience', going through the disillusion of the Nurse's sell-out to the adult world of the arranged match: 'Romeo's a dishclout to him'. 'Go counsellor / Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain' (undoubtedly the best and most moving dialogue of the production, demonstrating disciplined dramatic co-operation between Sarah McTavish and Alexandra Perricone's Nurse) and the cynical honeyed cloyingness of 'I have learnt me to repent the sin of disobedient opposition'. To see this Juliet playing parents and nurse with all the ruthless precision of a fly-fisherman was accountable to great dramatic achievement on the part of Miss McTavish.

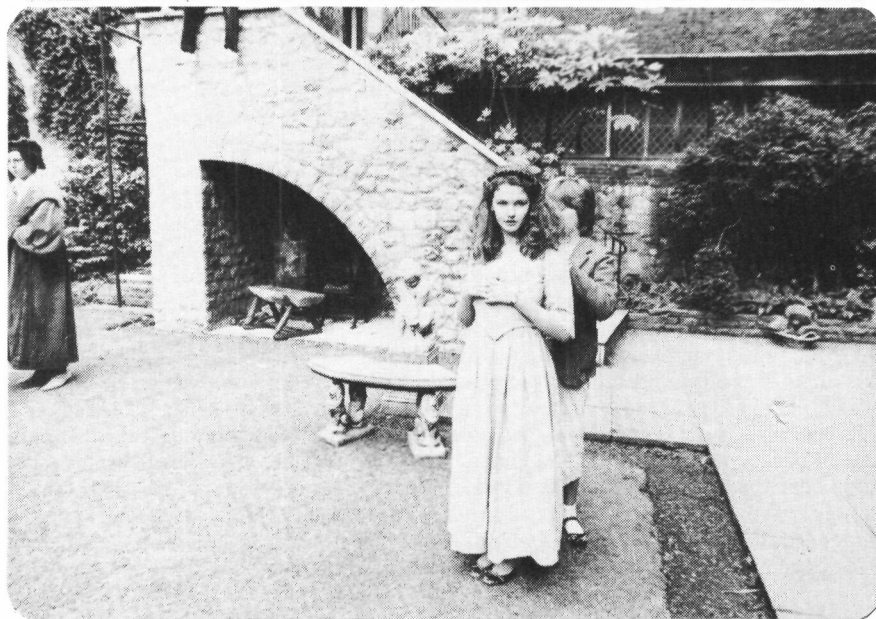
However, this credibility was undermined by the whole tenor of Romeo and Juliet's love scenes. These lacked emotional tension because the verse was spoken too meaningfully (though it was spoken well) for us to believe in these lovers who were not playing to each other but themselves. They had no sexual awareness of each other (which is important for this pair) and I am afraid to say that in the balcony scene I had the distinct impression that Juliet was too often too intent on seducing the audience rather than Romeo. Romeo himself was too

listlessly played, he was not changed enough by love. Dominic Martin showed us the bewilderment of young love with its 'Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms' subtly and intelligently but there was not enough of the contrasting passion or strength to give his performance proportion or perspective. In many ways Romeo is just as much a young Veronese lout as Mercutio and Benvolio, and so this frustrating gap in what was often a sensitive performance was galling, especially when seen beside the on-target bounce of Piers Gibbon's Benvolio and Julian Mann's excellent Mercutio.

It was this split between the consistent qualities of the supporting roles and the varying on the part of the leads that was one of the more noticeable aspects of this production. The Nurse, and especially Mercutio, are showpieces of parts but Alexandra Perricone and Julian Mann both lived up to every part of their showiness without selfishly upsetting the dramatic boat. Alexandra Perricone nicely captured the balance between the comedy of the Nurse feverishly clutching onto the last shreds of her sexuality as Mercutio pulled at her skirts: 'What saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?' and her religious 'Comme il faut', while Julian Mann's Mercutio seethed with that strange brand of intensely masculine foppery but without glossing over his rapid, bitter decline of: 'A plague o' both your houses'. Both these performances were admirable in their evolution to the precise dramatic needs around them. This pattern, in which supporting roles often cannot help but disproportionately dominate aspects of a production, however skilful its direction or well chosen its actors, is in the very nature of School Drama, insolubly so, because I suspect the schoolboy cum student can never quite fill out the tragic hero with sufficient experience of the tedious 'real life as we know it'.

Above all the structure of this production was pre-eminent, as mood and action were punctuated and re-aligned by the ringing, jangling or tolling of a large brass bell. Within this framework John Field allied atmosphere and ideas, as the factions of emotion, generation and politics fought out the play in market-place or tomb. Our sense of proximity to these feelings was stimulated by swordfight or John Field's sweeping use of the garden's dimensions to impressive theatrical effect. This explorative thoroughness on the part of the director was fully matched by the force of Peter Muir's score; only with the lovers' consummation in death did the consummation of their musical theme take place. It is a mark of the overall unity of this production that musical virtuosity and textual accuracy were here combined so productively.

*Romeo and Juliet* was important for another reason; it was John Field's last Summer Shakespeare. I have never seen such angry devotion to a play as this man's, a sort of furious love that throws hysterical tantrums of frustration over incompetence one moment then transfixes the object of its scorn with a triumphantly friendly grin the next. I have been hit and told that I am a 'walking disaster' in the dress rehearsals of



past productions; no resentment, just a great deal of admiration for such a prodigiously creative force in the dramatic life of the school. A mammoth-trainer if ever there was one.

*Rehearsal photographs by Paul Lowenstein*

# 'La Sauvage' by Jean Anouilh

Reviewed by Penny Gibbs

*La Sauvage* vacillates between dramatic, almost melodramatic, action and thinly veiled philosophy, yet the twain never quite meet. An early Anouilh play, it has a similar plot and the same ideas as his later better-known creations such as *Oresos* and *Antigone*. Experience brought greater coherence to his later work, which lacks the clumsy patchwork effect of *La Sauvage*. I must confess my dislike of the play as a work of dramatic art. Some characters—Monsieur and Madame Tarde, Madame Bazin and Marie—are caricatures. These are well drawn and if, as in the Westminster production, well played, genuinely funny. But caricatures cannot involve or draw sympathy from the audience. The main characters should be unpredictable and complex. Yet Florent is too shallow, Hartman too enigmatic and Thérèse too proud to arouse the recognition of shared emotions. Thérèse is Anouilh's greatest failure and through her lack of awareness the play fails. She feels herself sullied by the sordidness of her past and cannot achieve happiness with Florent because he has never experienced pain and thus takes his happiness for granted. Anouilh's ethical idea that people who have experienced differing education cannot share happiness is one I find difficult to understand. Happiness is a spontaneous emotion and cannot be earned as Anouilh and Thérèse seem to believe. If happiness could only be achieved as a result of one's past experience, shared happiness would be an impossible ideal. Yet, it is not. Anouilh's pessimistic view of society and his extraordinary psychological philosophy are artificially imposed upon the play. One



Ian Huish

experiences, not life which is recognisable to all, but a view of life which few can share.

In view of the shallow qualities of the play and its one dimensional characters, the Westminster cast acted extremely well. Their French accents were excellent and in Nick Gough's case impeccable. The main characters, Thérèse and Florent, are unconvincing, many of their lines painfully sentimental. In the circumstances Sarah Ross and Dominic Martin played them very well. Those who played caricatures had an infinitely easier task and their performances were successful in injecting welcome interest into a play which constantly threatens to become one long monologue of Anouilh's social criticisms. Robert Stern created of Monsieur Tarde a man vibrant with mercenary desire, consistently funny in conversational blunders and manner. Sabine Durant and Wendy Monkhouse were

convincing in their snobbery and desire to appear worldly and yet kind. Marie's ideas on the nature of society are isolated examples of Anouilh's ability to attack his world with penetration. 'Il ne faut pas que les bourgeois se croient sortis de la cuisse de Jupiter. Nous sommes tous les mêmes et notre lot sur terre est de travailler les uns comme les autres.' Guy Barry as the wildly frenetic conductor and Henry Fowler as the gloomy suicidal Goster both gave enjoyable performances.

The acting and production were of high quality, the set attractive yet cunningly flexible, the music excellent, as to be expected from such a talented quartet (Charles Sewart, Andrew Patten, Isabel Nyman and Miles King). Yet the highest quality of production can never mask the weaknesses of a play and *La Sauvage* has few redeeming features.

Ashwath Mehra



## The Seagull

Reviewed by Gavin Griffiths

The idea of a school production of a major Chekhov play is enough to inspire feelings of acute apprehension, not to say suicidal despair. Chekhov is a funny man but too often English productions concentrate earnestly on the sighs and silences that punctuate the plays. The notion of sitting Up School, on those thigh-crushing canvas chairs, while a group of intense and sulky adolescents delivered themselves of gloomy perorations on the monotonous nature of Human Existence, was almost beyond endurance.

It began well. Isobel Bowler delivered the 'mourning for my life' joke with considerable panache, even if the audience were too dozy to get it. In fact, her performance of Masha was, by and large, well thought out, even if it did lapse into exaggeration. This was also the fault of Julian Mann's Constantine. Chekhov needs restraint. Constantine is, if anything at all,

quietly narcissistic: to perform him as a screeching neurotic was perhaps radically misguided, although it did manage to convey the character's sense of his own uniqueness.

On the whole though, the first half of the play was both amusing and finely paced. The central group could meditate freely on their lonely tedium without seeming tedious. James Irvine's Sorin was particularly good at droning on ad nauseam while still retaining something of the audience's sympathy. Alexandra Perricone never quite caught Nina's fragile sadness, though she did well to convey the necessary passion for Trigorin, the desiccated academic author. Robert Hannigan proved himself to be wonderfully vacuous in this part—one of the best performances, along with Isabel Lloyd's ripely dissatisfied Polina, and Piers Gibbon's all too convincing portrayal of the clever, charming, apathetic Dorn. It was almost possible to believe the plausible doctor had been granted a good public school education.



The highest compliment that could be paid to the cast was that, at times, you felt you were looking at people, not actors. Even more surprisingly, one almost forgot the torture of the chairs.

Ian Bostridge's direction was not quite as fluid in the second half, partly because the play itself becomes a series of high-tension confrontations with long, potentially yawn-provoking, speeches. Isobel Nyman was suitably repulsive as Irina, though the pathos of a woman bragging about her youth, already well past, was missing. Irina needs to be played by an older actress, otherwise the preening remains just preening.

The only serious fault of the production was the rushed ending. The final pistol shot, when the self-regarding futility of the characters coalesces for a brief moment, went for nothing. No sooner had Trigorin spied the stuffed seagull than it was all over and the cast were bowing to grateful applause.

However, as a whole, the production was a remarkable achievement, occasionally capturing the quiet desolation that beats underneath the trivial exchanges about childhood or the weather. It proved that

## French Without Tears

*Reviewed by Melanie Levy and Scott Donohue*

C'était le second night. Le Lecture Room buzzed avec anticipation as les doors closed sur les unfortunate many qui arrived too tard to squeeze into le already packed room. Mais le seating problem merely demonstrated la popularité de la pièce. By then, Liddell's avait déjà reconfirmed son abilité to carry on un tradition de très bonne comedy.

The play is set in the South of France, where six students are trying to master the subtleties of the French language in a 'crash' course instructed by Monsieur Maingot (pronounced 'Mango' by the cast) and his daughter Jacqueline, played by Stéphane Khasru and Thyone Outram respectively. Stéphane was particularly well suited to the part of M. 'Mango', with his French upbringing (in fact his French was so authentic that it was at times incomprehensible) and Thyone acted her particularly difficult role well, even though her French accent sometimes seemed to have Russian intonations.

Despite M. Maingot's efforts, the characters fail miserably in their efforts to learn French, mainly because of the distracting presence of Diana, beautifully interpreted by the versatile Sarah Ross. Her first victim, Kit, was played by Christopher Cooper, a familiar face on the Westminster stages, who, as well as mastering his frilly Evzone costume with an air of comfort, also handled his role with confidence and dexterity. Chris was acting opposite Paul Rubens, who portrayed the staid character of Commander Rogers. Paul did his character perfect justice with his interpretation of the archetypal British



*Ashwath Mehra*

school productions do not have to be drawing room comedies or dreary exercises

Naval Man. This extremely proud, easily offended Commander was one of the most likeable characters, perhaps because he embodied the virtues that are so often regarded as vices.

In contrast, Alan, the unfortunate writer and even more unfortunate lover, was a character easy to dislike. But Max Burt was able to convey him more lightheartedly, in keeping with a general standard amongst the other people in the play. Indeed, in a particularly highly-charged scene, he added some comic relief by falling off the stage.

Adam Frankland as Brian did not have to summon up a lot of wizardry to play his part because it came to him naturally. This produced a quality in his acting that was unique, while it also reflected on the skilful casting of the play. Edmund Hubbard acted his part as Kenneth well, and John

in modernism. All in all I fidgeted less than usual.

Kulukundis made a memorable dramatic début as Lord Haybrook! The set was a true chef d'oeuvre, created by David Chinn and his 'company'—one which really enhanced the production.

There are very few things that Westminster as a school enjoys more than a comedy and *French without Tears* certainly provided us with this. One fact that contributed to a full comic appreciation of the play was certainly our knowledge of the members of the cast offstage, which added another dimension to an entertainment which was excellent in its own right.

Whether the comic element is naturally inherent in Liddelites is a mystery, but the tradition continues. Arif Ali, the producer, certainly did not choose a play 'above his station', but the resulting production was definitely 'au-dessus de sa gare'.

*N. Kulukundis*



# The Rape of the Lock

Reviewed by Rory Stuart

Daring and ambition are always to be applauded: it was a daring idea to take one of the most perfect poems in the language and to present it in a dramatised reading. Daring because the presentation had to do something for the poem or it would have failed. The Grant's production was certainly not a failure. The verse was spoken with such intelligence that many who did not know the poem were able to and did enjoy its vitality, wit and variety. Great attention had been given to the clarity of the diction and to the pointing of the lines: some of the emphases I found surprising but nothing had been casually neglected. The five speakers were at their best in the set pieces—the Sir Plume episode, for example. The narrative was harder to follow, largely because Pope's verse is so dense and his syntax so loose that the sense is often hard to make out even on the page.

There seemed to be some uncertainty about the extent to which the poem should be dramatised. This emerged, for example, in the use of different voices for the speech of a single character: was the fear that we would become bored with the same voice? The movement was always suitably and stylishly formal but, I felt, it didn't always illuminate the drama of the poem. And I wonder if something more might not have been made of the battle between the Belles and the Beaux.

The performers all served the text with great honesty. Jason Morell as usual gave us his all in a variety of parts. What will the Westminster stage do without this ebullient theatrical figure? Neil Bennett, Charlotte Ellison and Alex Goldring didn't give themselves quite so fully to the spirit of the piece, but they spoke excellently. That the ladies' primness covered a more than passing interest in the gentlemen was hinted at with great delicacy and humour. Particularly enjoyable was the performance of Jason Rubens whose breathless, exact and



Timothy Odgers

intimate delivery gave us the impression that we were privileged to be among the first tasters of prime morsels of high-life scandal.

Nick Twyman dared a lot in this

production and gave everyone a lot of pleasure; perhaps with a bit more confidence in himself and his players he might have done even more.

# The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew

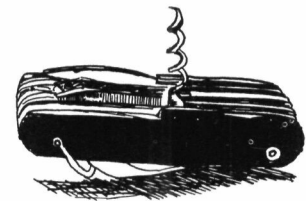
Reviewed by John Field

Ashburnham broke with their recent tradition of doing awful plays quite well, and gave us a good play, Robert Bolt's all-male extravaganza about old-style exploitation and chivalry (no sex, please: we're co-educational). They settled, very sensibly, for a very simple, homespun production which made the best available use of the theatrical graveyard of School, and created an arena which should have had actors and audience eating out of one another's hands, romping together in mutual uninhibited delight. That that didn't quite occur must be attributed partly to inexperience, partly to a rather sober view of the play which, now and then, left both

sides feeling slightly embarrassed by it. More confidence in the exaggeration of the various styles Bolt is playing with—omniscient story-teller, Arthurian romance, law-court, mumbo-jumbo, nineteenth century melodrama and so on—would have made more of the parodistic aspects of the play. These have to be made to work, since the progress of the story is unsurprising. Nevertheless, this was an enjoyable, if slightly underpowered production, and it was good to see so many young actors involved and clearly relishing the experience.

The talents of Todd Hamilton (a transparently decent Baron) and Jonathan Hearn shone out conspicuously and, towering above the tribe of gnomes who seem to populate the lower reaches of Ashburnham (is it now so crowded that mini-men are preferred?), strode Blackheart alias Walter Plinge alias Alan

Livingstone-Smith, whose courage, costume and combined role of Walter Mitty and Cecil B. de Mille must win him the Housemaster of the Year award.



R. S. A. Dean

Reviews of 'Arturo Ui' and 'Façade' will appear in the next issue

# Music

## School Concert—December 4th

Reviewed by Mark Tocknell

The programme of this term's School Concert contained five works, varying widely in style and degree of difficulty, yet the performances were generally of a high standard, and all very enjoyable.

Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll* is a difficult work for a school orchestra to perform, with its rapid changes of mood and intricate cross-rhythms, and the performance of this first item on the programme rarely rose above the level of technical competence.

Although performed by a larger ensemble than that for which it was originally written, the tone tended to be thin and the frequent changes in tempi clearly presented problems. While the strings seemed to be secure, the handling of Wagner's interesting woodwind writing was often disappointing. Nevertheless, there were some very fine moments in this performance and the orchestra should not regret having tackled a work which is so challenging in many respects.

The insecurity of this first item contrasted with Charles Sewart's masterly performance of the Haydn Violin Concerto in C. Here was mature playing—a very positive technique and a rounded, singing yet light tone—accompanied with great sensitivity by the strings of the orchestra. While never sacrificing the elegance and restraint of the *style galant*, both soloist and orchestra made the most of the dynamic variations in the work to produce a very memorable performance.

The words 'First Performance', appearing in a concert programme, are likely to produce contrasting feelings in the minds of the audience—the excitement of hearing a

totally new composition, or fear that the work will be confusing, even uncomfortable to listen to; the thought that this work could contribute to a distinguished composing career, or nagging doubts about its validity as an art form. However, Peter Muir's *Piano Sonata* gripped the audience's attention, from the sultry Introduction to the fleeting chords of the Coda. The composer's success in achieving a true blend, rather than a patchwork, of twentieth century styles was clear, as was his skilful use of the full range of the keyboard. Interest in the work itself makes it easy to overlook Peter's considerable ability as a pianist; his performance of the Sonata was intense and exciting, contributing greatly to the audience's enthusiastic reception of the new work.

The fourth item on the programme consisted of three extracts from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*. The three soloists, ably accompanied by the chamber orchestra, gave a very entertaining account of this tragedy—a tragedy which is at all times very light-hearted. Omar Qattan sang an ardent, intimate and charming Polypheme, although his voice was perhaps too light to succeed in portraying this character as a 'monster'; Ian Bostridge's Acis was more detached but intense, and displayed a very pure tenor tone, especially in the final, despairing recitative. The part of Galatea was sung by Lucy Bazandall with a voice which, while sometimes too quiet to hold its own with the accompaniment, blended superbly with the other two voices in the marvellous final ensemble, 'The flocks shall leave the mountains'.

After this, under Charles Brett's direction, the orchestra threw themselves into a delightful rendering of 'A Children's Overture' by Roger Quilter. The performers clearly enjoyed this just as much as the audience; gone was the reticence and nervousness with which the concert opened, replaced by a superb handling of the music's

many changes of mood and style by all sections of the orchestra. The range of tone colours produced was wide, the full orchestra achieving a warm, rich sound.

This brought the evening to a close—an entertaining end to a concert in which very high standards were reached by the performers, and which was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

## Common Room Notes

We congratulate David Edwards and Sarah Stott (1975-77, W) on their marriage during January.

We welcome the following members of staff who have joined the Common Room since the publication of our last issue.

Mr. Robin Aizlewood to teach Russian. Mr. Aizlewood was educated at Winchester and Brasenose College, Oxford, of which he was a scholar. Since gaining his degree he has done research into the poetry of Mayakovsky at Oxford, research work at Moscow State University, and has taught Russian literature at Oxford.

Mr. David Bland to teach Mathematics. Mr. Bland was educated at Drax Grammar School and St. Catharine's College, Cambridge. A regular soldier from 1951-78, he retired with the rank of Lt. Colonel. His previous teaching post was at Cranborne Chase School, where he was Deputy Headmaster.

Miss Evelyn Ender as French Assistant. Miss Ender is a graduate of the University of Geneva, has had three years teaching experience in a Geneva secondary school, and is currently working on a dissertation in comparative literature directed by Professor George Steiner.

Mr. Simon Hard to teach History. Mr. Hard was educated at Eton and Lincoln College, Oxford, where he was a scholar. He gained a M. Phil. for work on the History and Philosophy of Science at Wolfson College, Cambridge.

Miss Bronwen Powell to teach Mathematics. Miss Powell was educated at Bryntirion Comprehensive School, Bridgend, University College of Wales and Bristol University.

Mr. Mark Tocknell to teach Physics. Mr. Tocknell was educated at Daniel Stewart's and Melville College, Edinburgh and Pembroke College, Cambridge. A keen musician, he is a clarinettist and has conducting experience.

Mr. A. C. South joined the staff temporarily to teach Chemistry during the Play Term during the absence of Mr. Harben.

## Westminster Under School

Westminster Under School moved into its new premises, the former Grosvenor Hospital in Vincent Square, last term. We send greetings and best wishes to the Headmaster, Mr. Richard Dawe, and his staff and pupils.

Fiona McKenzie



# Opinion

## The Monitorial: Whose side are they on?

by Isobel Bowler

I read with interest Tom Custance's article 'In Defence of Monitorial Selection' but I have to confess that I was left feeling rather unsatisfied at the end of it. I learnt, with growing bemusement, that approximately 46% of last year's monitorial had not been watermen, on the other hand 15% had been coxswains, another 15% had been scholars and 38% had sung in the choir. 'O' Level Venn Diagrams began to loom before me. I began to anticipate the questions. . . . What percentage of the coxes also sang in the choir? . . . Another question occurred to me. What had any of these facts to do with the selection of monitors? Then I understood. The monitorial had been accused of being 'a bunch of thick watermen', a typical Westminster generalization, and the Captain of the School was producing these amazing statistics to prove the accusation false. As seems inevitable at Westminster it was only the superficialities of the issue that were being dealt with. People do not think further than the personalities of the monitorial. It is much more valid to look beyond and question its whole function.

The monitorial are supposed to provide a link between the Head Master and the rest

of the school. To do this effectively they must be respected and trusted by both parties and, from the point of view of the school, approachable and recognizable.

How many of the Fifth Form and Upper Shell could put a name to a face of half of the people they see on the platform in Latin Prayers? More importantly, how many of them have ever spoken to a school monitor?

In too many eyes the monitorial are seen as the Head Master's henchmen. They are there to interpret his ideas to the school and to make sure that we all obey the rules. We must all attend Abbey, carry a cup and a plate out of College Hall tea and behave well in the school store. This type of petty policing duty undermines the position of a monitor within the school. It should be felt that the monitorial were as much representatives of the school as of the Head Master. These two functions should not be incompatible, and if they are there is something seriously wrong with the whole system.

This could be achieved by allowing the school and the Common Room to nominate monitors for selection by the Head Master—a system that works well in some other schools. Alternatively nominations could be made from above and the school could vote. The school would be forced to accept some of the responsibility for the monitors it is supposed to obey. This would help to remove the widely held belief, right or wrong, that only 'safe' people are chosen

to be monitors. Those who will fit in, not ask too many awkward questions and know when to say 'yes'.

A positive effort should be made to include a representative from different groups within the school. People who are involved with drama or rowing or art or football for example. In this way the monitorial would be made up of a group of people who came across different members of the school from all age and house groups. There is no virtue at all in having a monitorial composed of one another's best friends. Furthermore the majority of new monitors should be made at the beginning of each Play Term. It is obviously necessary to have the Captain of the School, together with two or three others, staying on to introduce the new intake to the ins and outs of the position, but it is unrealistic and unfair to ask Oxbridge candidates to form the monitorial as well as taking serious examinations.

The Head Master has said that he is running a school, not a democracy. What has he against the democratic principle of representation? We could, of course, have two groups; a group chosen by the Head Master to enforce and to justify the rules and a second group chosen by the school to represent them. But would this be at all healthy? Is it not time to do something to restore a bit of faith in the monitorial system before it becomes completely ineffective?

Gideon Todes



# Co-Education at Westminster?

by Penny Gibbs

No one could deny that sexist opinions are prevalent at Westminster. The public school ethos that girls are a race apart is bred before the girls arrive, bred at an age when impressions are deeply imprinted; no amount of female honesty or polemic can erase that impression. In the Sixth boys consciously change their image, start wearing 'trendy' clothes, speaking with an accent somewhere between Cockney and north London, smoking and openly expressing clichéd anti-establishment views. This ridiculous metamorphosis is the result of ignorance. From the age of eight, and sometimes younger, to sixteen boys associate only with their own sex. Even in co-educational schools there is a clear social division between boys and girls of eight to twelve. The former despise the latter for their distaste of aggressive pursuits, the latter scorn the former for indulging in pointless, boring activities; always war, trains and aeroplanes. There are many exceptions to this social division; I can already hear indignant squeals from girls who adored climbing trees and boys to whom soldiers were a passing fancy. Nevertheless, the sudden contrast in attitude towards the other sex at about thirteen highlights the extent of the mutual scorn beforehand.

In a single sex environment the onset of puberty is, and must be, a much more bewildering experience. In co-educational schools, such as Bryanston, sex never

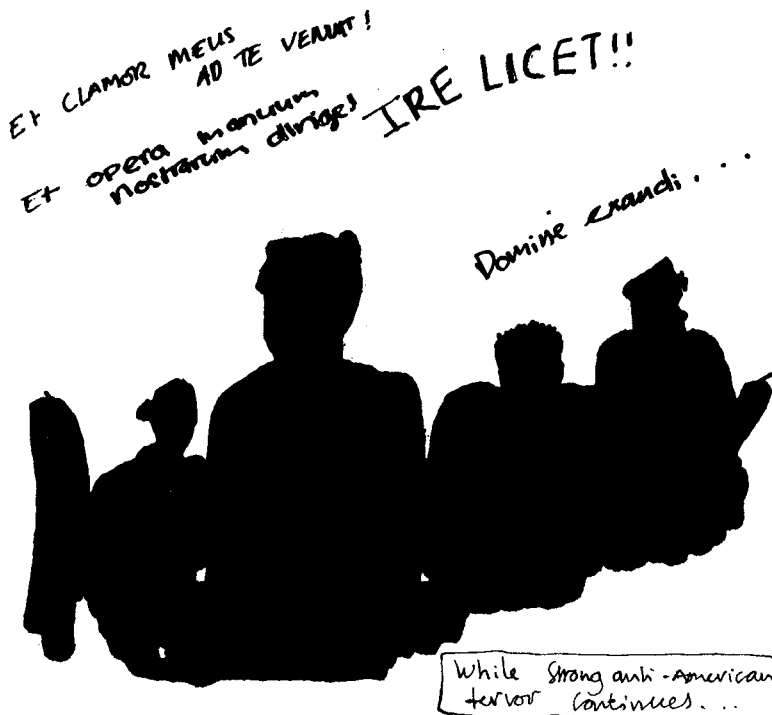
becomes the 'hole in the corner' affair of celibate establishments. One cannot refute that it is a fascinating topic to all young teenagers, but how much less fascinating and guilt-inducing when girls are daily companions, both in lessons and out of them. Boys during puberty at Westminster have little contact with those who dominate their waking dreams. All see girls about the school but their presence serves only to create idols of them. A recent ex-Westminster told me of a conversation with some boys in a dormitory in the lower school. Each one had picked a girl whom he thought the prettiest in the school, worshipped from afar, and defended tooth and nail. Why should these boys live in fantasy land? Some would say that their fantasies are harmless but fantasy leads so easily to disillusion and the destruction of former ideals of affection and love. Some privileged boys in the lower school do actually come face to face with girls of their own age. But the experience is artificial and fragmentary. At parties they 'get off with' girls whom they have never met before and later boast of their conquests. Their experience of girls is purely physical and this only serves to corroborate their image of girls as physical objects. They take the behaviour of girls met at parties to be normal, or rather ordinary. Thus a number of Sixth form boys try to conform to these girls' artificial images of boys. Both desperately try to please the other sex. Many girls turn to flirting as a constant mode of behaviour since the boys recognise and respond to it favourably. Other girls remain bewildered as to how to act; whether to follow the course of the girls who seem most

popular or to retain their former true image. The boys find it difficult to respond to girls who do not want or have not learnt how to flirt and loathe the idea of getting off with the nearest boy at the next party. These girls do not conform to the image boys have formed of a typical girl. Surprised and disturbed, the boys whose impressions are most shallowly imprinted slowly adjust their image, slowly learn to behave in the company of girls in a similar manner, though it can never be the same, to that in the company of boys. But the image is seldom adjusted to fit fully the real image of girls and many leave Westminster with few close female friends, still believing in artificial ideals of girlhood, still hoping to meet their adolescent idols. Few boys will openly admit chauvinist feelings but the resentment caused by the destruction of their adolescent ideals and of their exclusively male friendships does inevitably produce them. The arrival of girls breaks down these close friendships since some boys change their social image in order to attract the females, while others remain shyly behind, jealous of their old friends' new confidence, which is, ironically, all too often superficial. If Westminster were fully co-educational these feelings of jealousy, resentment, bewilderment and insecurity would not have to be aroused by the girls who unconsciously, unwittingly and unwillingly inflict suffering. Little wonder that many outsiders, and Westminsters themselves, regard the school as a place of arrogance and pretentiousness. These qualities, though only showing one aspect of the effect of mixing a small number of girls with boys in the Sixth form, are the most easily recognisable. Most people within the school would strenuously deny these accusations but every image, however artificial, has a true facet.

I am not trying to say that Westminster would be a better school, containing happier people, if it did not have a mixed Sixth form. The effects of co-education on boys and girls, even after only two years, are good ones. After a long period of self-orientation most do form friendships with members of the opposite sex, or at least learn to live in their constant company and talk to them without blushing. Having experienced single sex education, and learning of it at sixth form level from friends, I am convinced that nothing could prepare you less well for making stable, close relationships, both sexual and platonic, with the opposite sex.

Many girls reach university having hardly seen a boy in their lives, let alone exchanged words with him. Even at university these girls often fail to learn how to react to male attention; they 'fall in love' with boys who pay them courtly, gallant, but artificial homage and leap enthusiastically into early marriage.

Westminster does prepare many for adult society but the painful process of learning to mix in the Sixth form year and the attempts at image-making that it produces could be alleviated by complete co-education. The theoretical arguments against it are feeble. Some say that schools are artificial societies



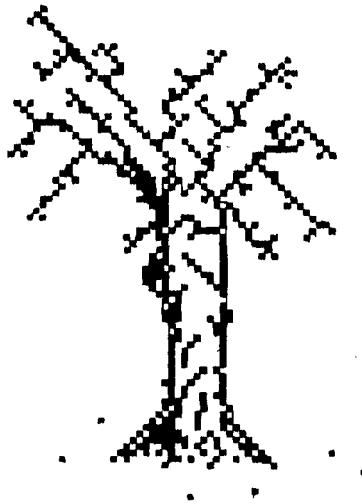
anyway so that separating boys from girls does not matter. But the existence of a real, but distasteful quality—artificiality—in an establishment is no excuse for increasing it. Of course educational establishments are artificial but their aim is to prepare one for adult life and their only chance is to make themselves as similar to adult society as possible. Vociferous girls' school headmistresses assure future parents that girls achieve higher academic standards without the distraction of male company. In co-educational schools, apparently, girls are positively dissuaded from doing serious work and especially from doing the sciences. From my own experience of two schools, both producing high academic results, the presence or absence of boys makes no difference to standards. Rather, those in the single sex establishment lost interest in work because boys formed such a mysterious fascination. Girls would talk for hours about the sex they never saw, while other, more knowledgeable companions went out night after night, having been starved of male company during the day. Neither activity improved their academic work. In co-educational environments boys are not unusual phenomena and thus most girls are quite glad to get home and once there do the work set as willingly as girls in single sex schools. It has been statistically proven that more boys than girls do scientific subjects at Sixth form level and above; psychologists still have not disproved evidence that the male mind is more suited to technical thinking. Besides, women are conditioned from birth not to consider engineering, for instance, as an ordinary occupation. No school, be it single sex or co-educational, can erase this deep social conditioning. Indeed many women science teachers encourage girls to follow other fields simply because so many women scientists teach rather than practise, thus innoculating pupils with a purely academic, rather than practical, view of scientific studies.

The weakest argument against co-education is that it encourages promiscuity among the young and innocent. It destroys the moral code so carefully dictated and surreptitiously broken by their parents. Anyone who is, or can re-enact the experience of being, a thirteen-year-old boy or girl will perhaps sense the absurdity of the suggestion. The boys are, for the most part, small, unkempt and timid. The girls have freckles, pigtails and piercing voices. Nothing could be less conducive to young romance or more conducive to the prevention of idealistic image-making. Social equality from the ages of thirteen to sixteen creates normal sexual relations in adult life. Naturally teenagers do go out with each other and even indulge in more wicked activities at this early age. But these attract attention because they form a minority. The majority reach later adolescence having learnt to live with the other sex but no more. At mixed schools in France and America promiscuity is no more rampant than here in outdated England.

The aim of education should be to prepare students for adult society. Relations with the opposite sex must comprise the most important part of social education. The

single sex, frustrating environment of the Lower school encourages boys to drink and smoke, unable to reach those whom they dream about on normal terms.

I am aware of the enormous practical problems of introducing co-education at Westminster but the results of the change would undoubtedly benefit the school more than it would cause disturbance. The traditional public school ethos might be destroyed but surely social education is more important?



J. W. Hollis

## No Future!

by Lyndsay Griffiths

On one occasion Up School last term a reference to CND was greeted by a chorus of laughter by the school. Does this *begin* to be an appropriate reaction? Does the school really think that it is improper to feel deeply about the crucial issues of war and peace, and ultimately life and death? Have any of the gigglers read the B.B.C. 2 lecture by Dr. Nicholas Humphrey (Old Westminster), in which he posed the question: 'Why do we behave like lemmings? Why do we let it happen? In the words of Lord Mountbatten—"How can we stand by and do nothing to prevent the destruction of our world?"' The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament works for world-wide peace, involving British nuclear disarmament as the first vital step. I believe the CND's aims are right for reasons of morality, economics and sheer survival.

Nuclear weapons are immoral, as men have the power to wipe out humanity. This includes Westminster. They are inevitably working towards mass murder. Contrary to popular belief at school, nuclear weapons are useless and cannot defend us. At Hiroshima and Nagasaki over 200,000 people were killed by two 'small' nuclear

bombs. Nuclear weapons make Britain a top target and if the arms race continues it will lead to another war—but a war with a difference—the war to end all wars.

With almost three million unemployed we are spending £12 billion a year on armaments which are not intended for usage. This arms expenditure costs the average family of four £16 per week in various taxes. This valuable money would be better spent on housing, health, education and social services instead of guaranteeing us a quick route to suicide.

The multiplication of nuclear weapons increases the danger of one being launched by accident. This could have fatal results. In 1980 alone there were three *reported* cases of faults in computers that control the launch of NATO weapons and the American military command has *admitted* to 27 serious accidents involving nuclear weapons in the last few years. Mankind has fortunately escaped so far, yet this danger is very real. In 'Race to the Finish' by Dervla Murphy there is an alarmingly long list of miscalculations, mishaps, callous profiteering and a covering-up of information by the nuclear industry throughout Europe and America.

If Britain gave up nuclear weapons there would be great chances of stopping the race in the rest of the world. There is the same revulsion against war and nuclear weapons in many other countries too, and Britain, although geographically small and, at the moment economically weak, still has a moral influence in the world.

Arms reduction will inevitably take place in stages, and since nuclear weapons are the most terrible, it is obvious that they should be the first to be ended. Nuclear explosions are of an unbearable nature and scale: they risk not only the lives of millions, they threaten the total annihilation of mankind.

So when you say that the ordinary person can do nothing about it and that CND is useless, think again. There is one force that any government listens to: the force of public opinion. There is a pressing need for insistence. Victor Hugo once wrote: 'Nothing can defeat an idea whose time has come', and now is the time to end this terrifying arms race. The autumn march from the Embankment to Hyde Park had massive support and with the increasingly mounted interest in CND, the government will eventually be forced to take notice. But it is up to *you* to think and act now before it is too late and the first button is pressed.

In a recent John Locke meeting we heard of the logic of deterrence—a game between East and West, but a dangerous game which could end our future by killing off the entire human race. It seems unfortunate that the powers-that-be at Westminster can arrange speakers who are in favour of nuclear weapons but have not yet raised one to give us the alternative viewpoint. Why not?

\* \* \*

## Return to the old world: An American's first impressions of Westminster

by Gordon R. Robison

This is a thankless task. As I sit here in my study looking out onto Little Dean's Yard it occurs to me that no matter what I write I'm quite likely to get somebody mad at me. I have come to Westminster mainly for its geographical location, and to a lesser extent its reputation. My goal is to get to know England better by living here for a year. Sounds pretty insipid? I must admit that to a certain extent I agree with you.

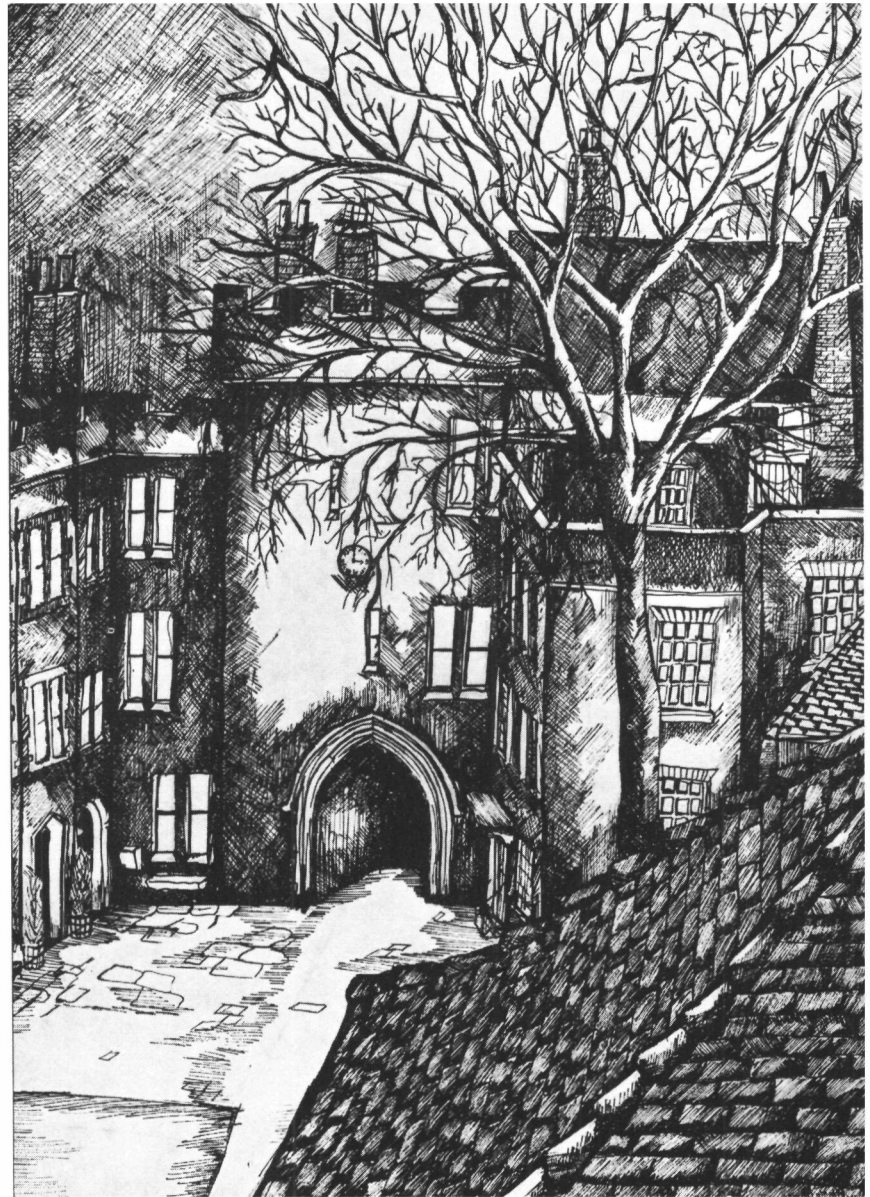
The precise reasons for coming to England would fill a page or two and probably bore the hell out of you. It would be safe to condense it to saying that it always seemed like a good idea. I have not been at all disappointed with Westminster. Rather, I have been surprised.

My surprise stems not from culture shock but from the lack of it. Most Westminsters would be surprised, I think, at the American attitude towards British Public schools. Eton is the only one with which any majority of the population is familiar (if, indeed, they are familiar with any of them at all) as anything more than a name.

British public schools have a reputation for being snobbish, sadistic, monied and moribund by tradition. In certain ways and to varying extents the complaints are justified.

Snobbish is a difficult word to define. Americans frequently call their private (or 'Prep'—short for 'College Preparatory') schools snobbish places. An important distinction to draw would be that most American schools like Westminster would not have ties to universities of the nature that Westminster maintains. Of course, many Americans think of the British as an overcultured, morbidly class-conscious and generally self-righteous people. Conversely the British appear to regard us Americans as silly, loud and hypocritical. I shall do nothing to dispel either stereotype. When one considers the close economic, social and political ties between the two nations, their people's regard for each other suddenly begins to seem rather strange.

The American public is renowned for its short memory. This summer the Brixton riots received quite a bit of air time on the American evening newscasts. But in the shadow of the Royal Wedding all the strife seemed to be forgotten. In retrospect I'm not sure which was worse publicity for great Britain. The riots, of course, created the impression that London was tearing itself apart. The Royal Wedding, however, might well have been worse. True, it brought hordes of tourists here; but viewed on television (at 5 in the morning) from 3500 miles away only one thing came over really clearly: the image of British aristocracy. What that does is indirectly perpetuate the image of Westminster, Eton, Winchester et al. (and most Americans see no particular distinction between the schools) as exclusive retreats where people who have money to



Elizabeth Corcoran

burn send their children so as to prevent their associating with 'the common herd'.

When it comes to tradition one must first concede that this is hardly *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. At times it can look like it though. Personally, uniforms were the thing I wondered most about before coming here. The concept simply does not exist in American schools. From the visiting American's point of view tradition, in general, seems like a rather good thing. It makes the school seem more like a British Public School is 'supposed' to seem.

Has Westminster, then, lived up to its reputation? Decidedly not. If, however, I were a master here I would feel rather relieved at that statement. I speak, obviously, in a social as opposed to an academic sense.

What most people seem to lose sight of when discussing the academic differences between British and American schools is the fact that they are working towards entirely different goals. The American university entrance system differs drastically from its British counterpart. A student finishing High school in the U.S.A. is working towards his school's final exams as well as

the S.A.T. and A.C.H. entrance exams. S.A.T.s and Achievement tests should not, however, be confused with A-levels. They are basically glorified aptitude tests. Oddly enough no good American college will ever admit that the tests are a major factor in their admissions decision. They all, however, require the tests for entrance. Neither system (British or American) is ideal. The important thing is that they both seem to work within the context from which they evolved.

With Cruise, Pershing II's, Reagan, Haig, perceived American support for the I.R.A. etc., etc., it is hardly surprising that one should encounter some sort of Anti-Americanism. It runs the gamut from overt to carefully concealed and can be found in the Common Room as well as among the students. Generally, however, I was surprised to find that it was confined mostly to the lower school and consisted primarily of attempts to bait me. It is, in short, neither as widespread nor as hostile as I had feared. That, in the end, may be the most telling aspect of Westminster School. It seems to summarize quite a bit.

# An Interview with Norman Parkinson

by Paul Berman

*Norman Parkinson, who was at Westminster in the 1920's is probably the world's most sought-after fashion photographer. He now lives in Tobago, but 'The Elizabethan' finally caught up with him when he came to England to organise the highly successful retrospective exhibition of his work, held at the National Portrait Gallery during the autumn.*

*When I arrived at Norman Parkinson's suite at the Park Lane Hotel, there were signs of the expensive, cosmopolitan fashion-world everywhere. The main room was strewn with models from Italian Vogue, and the conversations alternated between Italian and English. Food, sleep, diet and appearance were*

*inevitably the main topics discussed. Gerard's had supplied the jewellery for the photography session—complete with a guard. 'Chuck', Parkinson's assistant from New York was busy trying to organise the day's work while beauticians and hairdressers came and went. 'Parks', as they called him, had gone to the bank. I sat down next to a table of brightly sequined artificial fruit (another prop) and waited. Plain Westminster grey suits can be very incongruous.*

*Norman Parkinson is very tall and very extroverted. 'You've never met me before?', he asked one new assistant. 'Don't worry, you're going to like me'. His dress—white shoes, red*

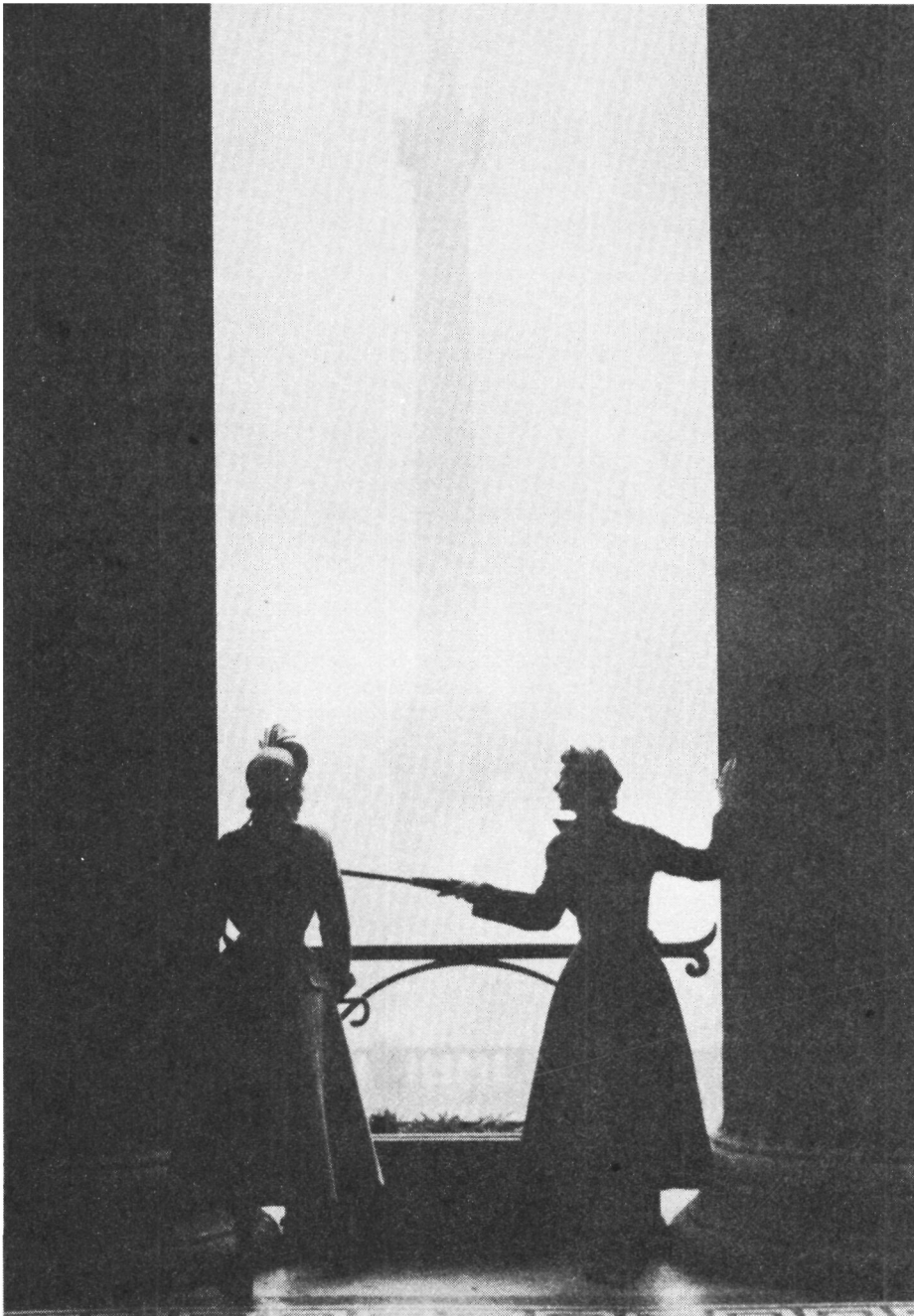
*socks, white trousers, white Russian shirt with a belt made of large brass rings, cravat, and a squat, cylindrical, Moorish cap—was exotic, to say the least.*

*'Ah!, so they've left you among the birds, have they?' he cried when he saw me, and then, telling everyone that it was 'nostalgia time', he took me downstairs to a quiet corner of the lobby. As quiet as it could get in the photographer's world: soon they started setting up equipment for the photography session behind us, and agents and assistants were all greeted with a boisterous 'Hullo there!' from Mr. Parkinson. This was Norman Parkinson: very expansive, very busy and very friendly.*

\* \* \*

*The New Look 1949: Amies and Molyneux coats*

*Norman Parkinson*



*P.B.: Did you enjoy your time at Westminster?*

*N.P.: Yes, I did. I loved it. I don't know why. My brother, who was much brighter than I was, didn't seem to like it at all, but I enjoyed it very much. I suppose that I'm more inclined to enjoy the school's history and traditions. I rather liked wearing all that top-hat gear.*

*We were living at that time in a semi-detached house in Putney, so that I had to walk all the way from the hinterland of Lower Richmond Road, over Putney Bridge. One used to be pelted with odd bits by the 'less privileged' who couldn't understand why we dressed like that. There were cries of 'Where did you get that hat . . .' and so on. But I still had a great time.*

*I had a good friend called Ivan Ivanovitch who I think was Up Home Boarders and is now the ambassador to London for Monaco. We were both about the same size and, even in those days, we were inclined to revolutionise the tail-coat look. I remember in those days we had tail-coat pants which were only very slightly grey. But we managed to get hold of some fabric which was very grey with heavy stripes. We also made a bit of the material into Oxford bags which made a travesty of the whole gear.*

*So even in those days you were interested in fashion?*

*Yes, even in those days—both male and female.*

*Did Westminster influence your choice of career at all? I'm thinking of the Art master, Mr. Williamson.*

*M. S. Williamson. Yes, I have quoted him quite a bit in my life. He was, I remember, a very quiet, tall, gaunt man. He was very sweet, very bright. He designed a lot of the Underground posters at one time. In my form there were 14 or 15 boys of which he had determined only 3 or 4 were worth taking in Art at all. One had two or three Art periods a week, so one stormed up to the top of Ashburnham. Is there such an Art Room up there, with large murals on the wall?*

*Yes. It's still in use, but there are no murals left.*



Oh, well, under the cream paint on the walls of the Art Room Mr. Williamson had a whole set of murals done. They've probably never been seen if they've been painted over. There were one or two very good artists. I did a bit, but I'm not an artist—he made me do the Wren churches which are still under there somewhere. And there was a contemporary of mine, Edward Epstein, who later went to America. He became a very brilliant and sought-after artist in America under the name Melcarth. He has a big panel up there—a sort of jazz scene: he was very into jazz and New Orleans style.

*Did the art of the time—the photography and cinema of the 1930's—interest you?*

I was never interested in photography at all. But Williamson used to say 'You, you and you, Smith . . .' In those days, of course, my name was Smith. It still is, but I never thought anybody with a name like Ronald Smith could be a successful photographer so I tried to devise a name which was a bit more memorable. My father's name was Parkinson-Smith, and I had a partner when I first started my career whose name was Norman Kibbelline, so the Norman got onto the Parkinson.

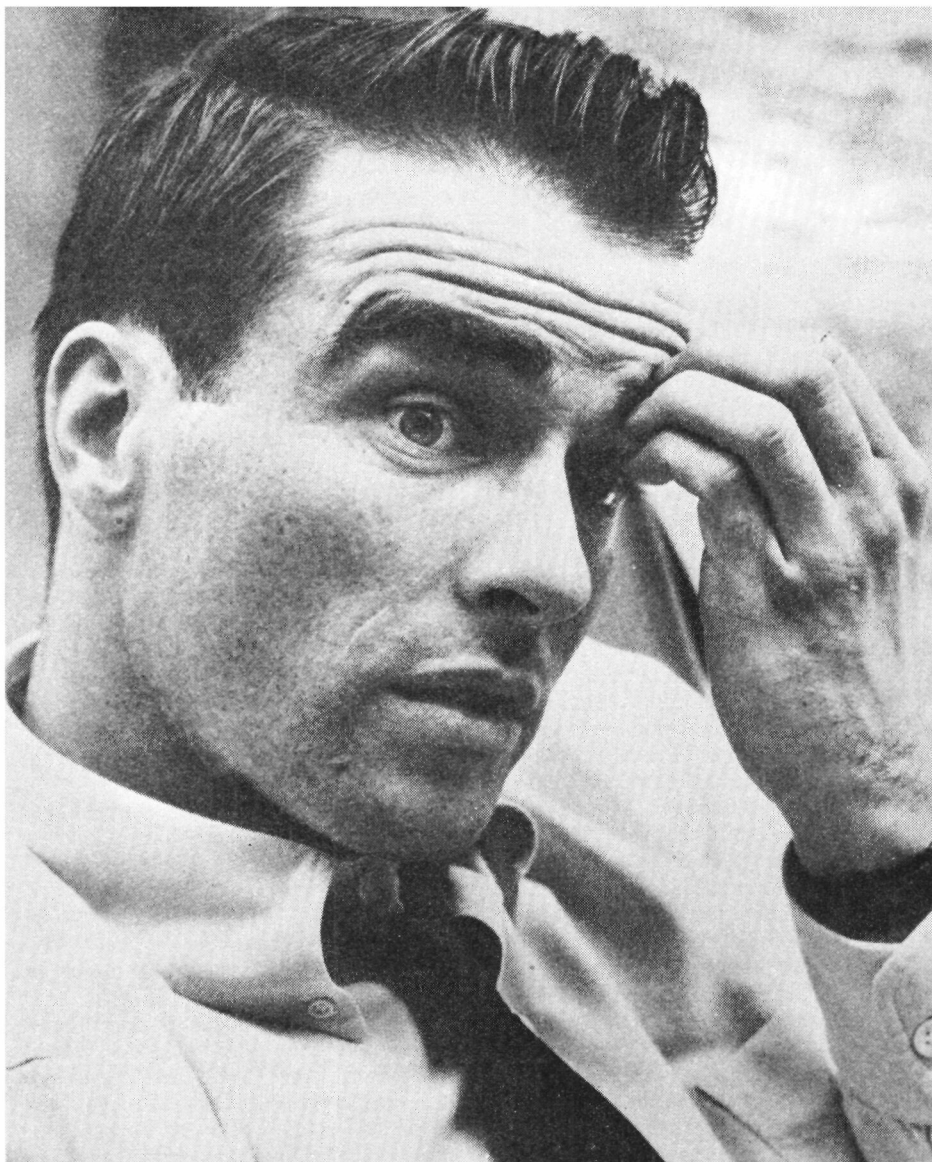
Anyhow, when we got up to the Art classes and were picked out, Williamson used to say: 'Come over here, I'm going to give you some tuition—the rest of you boys, you sit over there and do your prep or something, you're no use to me.' He didn't say it quite like that but he implied that they were dross as far as art went. I used to go back after school, sometimes, and work with Williamson. I can't remember anything he ever said or ever taught me. I think he brought something out—he taught me how to see and see very quickly. This is all that photography's about—seeing something quickly, and standing by that decision and getting a camera to record it.

*So when did you decide to choose photography as your career?*

Well it so happened that I had three or four friends: there was J. C. Cherry (who rowed seven in my crew), there was a boy called Rea, I think—R-E-A?—altogether about four of us. We were all Up School for prayers. The Head Master in those days was a man called Costley-White—he was a marvellously ponderous man with a gown and mortar-board—was coming up the aisle of School (in those days it was a marvellous building; nowadays it's incomparable with what it was before the Germans fixed it up). As he passed he tapped me on the shoulder. He said 'See me afterwards in my study', and he went on to my other friends and did the same. I thought: 'My God! What has he discovered?'

Immediately after prayers we went to the Head Master's study which was in Liddell's. We all piled in, thinking we were going to be on some terrible case, although we couldn't remember exactly what we'd done.

Costley-White came in and said: 'Have you all decided what you're going to do when you leave next year?' Cherry was going to be an industrial chemist. The other two were going up to University. Because I was so idle and generally untalented—my reports from Westminster were terrible—I wasn't going



Norman Parkinson

Montgomery Clift, New York, 1952

to go to University at all. My mother happened to know somebody in Kodak's, and they thought, maybe, if I matriculated, I would go in to Kodak's. So Costley-White said: 'Look, I've got this letter from a photographer in Bond Street—at this point I began to get relieved as I knew I hadn't done anything. 'The photographer wants to take on a young apprentice to learn the trade.' So I took the letter back to show my parents. My father was always into apprenticeships—he thought whatever you're going to do, you learn how to do it; he was probably, in this respect, a very wise man. My father went to see Spates, this old court photographer in Bond Street (about where 'Air France' is now). Spates wanted a few hundred quid; my father knocked him down a bit. Eight months later I left school and started an apprenticeship at Spates at a quid a week. That's how it all started.

*What else did you do at school? You mentioned that you were in the rowing crew.*

Yes, I got a pink in 1930. I rowed five or three. I left before Henley in 1931. Behind me at two was a fellow called Edwards. He died in the war. J. C. Cherry was killed. Quite a lot of that crew were killed in the

war.

*So you started your career just before the war began.*

I spent two or three years as an apprentice. I'm afraid I got on old Spate's nerves—I was a bit too charismatic. I was young and active and wanted to take crazy photographs. He wanted to take very stuffy photographs. But I did learn my trade. Then I opened my own studio soon after my 21st birthday, at No. 1 Dover Street—opposite the Ritz. So if I was born in 1913, I opened in 1934. I spent about a year—1934, 1935—taking pictures of debs. I had only been trained as a portrait artist.

Then 'Harper's Bazaar' gave me a try—I started to do a bit of fashion. From that moment I never really looked back.

*When did you start working for 'Vogue'?*

I started in about 1945. Just after the war.

*So what did you do in the war?*

Well, mercifully I started to farm. The whole of my father's side were farmers originally—came from Tetbury in Gloucestershire. Round about 1938 I had a cottage and a little farm in the country. I had a short career with the Territorial Army—the artillery. At the outbreak of war

somebody discovered that I knew something about photography. And so instead of joining up with the artillery, they said: 'You carry on doing your farming and there will be certain trips and missions we'll want to send you on with your camera'. That's what I did.

*Can you tell me anything about these trips and missions, or are they still secret?*

One had better not mention them because some might still be secret. It was a very exciting war. It didn't often happen but there was a lot of photographs that had to be taken of places. It meant flying in odd aircraft and that sort of thing. They would then be information for activity which followed.

*Apart from the war years, did your photography stay within the realms of fashion and portraits?*

No, I did quite a lot of military stuff before the war which was published.

*Do you regard photography as an art form?*

No. I'm one of that school which believes it's a craft. I think that there are a lot of American agents who have inflated photography beyond its value. There are certain photographs that I would pay a great deal of money to own and I have paid a lot of money for photographs. I'm a great admirer of Cecil Beaton and once for charity I bought a picture of his for two or three hundred pounds, which I was delighted to do. But Sotheby's subsequently reprinted pictures from the negatives. Therefore, six or eight months later, the Beaton print sold for £38. The moral of the story is that I don't mind paying a great deal of money for a photograph, but please put the negative on the back.

*When you started working for 'Vogue' after the war, did you see your horizons expanding as you took on more important engagements?*

Yes. In 1948 I was very much aware that America—especially New York—was the final altitude for photography. America with all that wonderful light; and California was where all the great photographers were working in the late 40's. I got myself invited over there by American Vogue because I felt you had to be there and prove yourself against the masters. Whether I did prove myself or not I don't know, but I did want to work there. That was when I felt I had broken in; when I got my work used in American Vogue. Then I used to come back here and work for English Vogue, and then go back to America for three or four months each year. That's when I got really excited about photography itself.

*Your assignments covered filmstars and famous personalities—do you have any anecdotes?*

I can't think of any. There was the time I got Elizabeth Taylor to wear a wig which looked like her dog's coat and then photographed them together—rather like twins. That's all I can think of.

*Who have you actually photographed?*

Well, I suppose I've photographed practically everybody. I wish I'd been a little earlier. I would like to have photographed Greta Garbo, for example, but I had to hunt her down in the street. I've photographed the Royal Family on many occasions,

filmstars such as . . . everybody!

*Did you establish a personal rapport with any of your subjects or was it purely business all the time?*

Well, I married a girl who I met with a camera between us. When you're a young photographer you get in, get your photograph and get out. I did a series of people at Universities for British Vogue in the days when British Vogue was still interested in people who are intelligent. I was very humble. I mean if you meet people like David Cecil and Isaiah Berlin you don't know what they're talking about, they're talking so fast. Me being a dunderhead at school, of course, it meant nothing to me at all. No, it's only as time goes on, and I suppose I've got older and acquired a bit more respect in the trade that people are inclined to invite you back to dinner. Then it's a natural progression . . .

*Coming back to the school, you sent your son to Westminster. Did you stay close to Westminster throughout your career, or leave it behind you?*

Westminster lost complete touch with me. Norman Parkinson meant nothing to anybody at Westminster School, because they hadn't really connected this fellow called Ronald William P. Smith, or whatever, with me. It was only after I'd achieved something, that I started to give little donations to funds, attend a few Commems. I was very close when my son, Simon, was there. He also did Water—our family was keen on rowing. In fact, somewhere I even donated some money to sending a crew to Henley.

*How much of your time do you now spend in Britain?*

In Britain, I'm sorry to say, I spend as little time as possible. Because I love England so much, I've found it's become rather grey and unadventurous. I work much more out of America. I now work for a magazine called 'Town and Country' which is, I suppose the last of the posh American magazines. There has been a revival of demand for elegant magazines—especially in America. They wouldn't catch on here, because everyone now seems to a temporary secretary in England. But that doesn't mean I don't love England—it's like the nation's sick and like a prodigal son I love it more.

*Was Britain at the head of the fashion business back in the 30's and 40's when you started?*

No. Britain's never been at the head of the fashion business. Perhaps it was the leader in the field of embroidery, and tweed suits and bespoke tailoring. England used to make some elegant clothes, but never as good as France. Now the fashion scene's moved from France to America—there's a new unfussy fashion in America. Paris is getting a little over-decorated.

*Do you regard yourself as a specialist in fashion or photography?*

I'm a photographer. I don't care whether it's babies or horses or leaves in the park. I just do fashion because there's a quick turnover in fashion and therefore one stays busier by doing it. Very few people want their portraits taken any more.

*Do you ever go out to take people on the streets or to get candid photographs of everyday life?*

No, I don't do that much because that has to be commissioned.

*Finally, looking back over your long career, were there any highlights? Were there any points where you felt that your career was accelerating?*

Yes, when I started to do the Royals, that's when I took a step forward. About thirteen or fourteen years ago.

*Mr. Parkinson, thank you very much.*

*Since Norman Parkinson started his career, photography has played an increasingly important rôle in popular culture. Photographers, however, remain surprisingly obscure—one could perhaps name only five famous photographers on the spur of the moment. As I was leaving the hotel, someone asked:*

*"Who's that man you've just been talking to, at the centre of that crowd?"*

*"That's the photographer, Norman Parkinson".*

*"Oh", he said. "Who's he?"*

*I doubt if Norman Parkinson would have resented this. It is, after all, fame in one's own profession that matters.*



T. Funaki

# Phab

*Physically Handicapped and Able-Bodied residential course*

*Two personal accounts.*

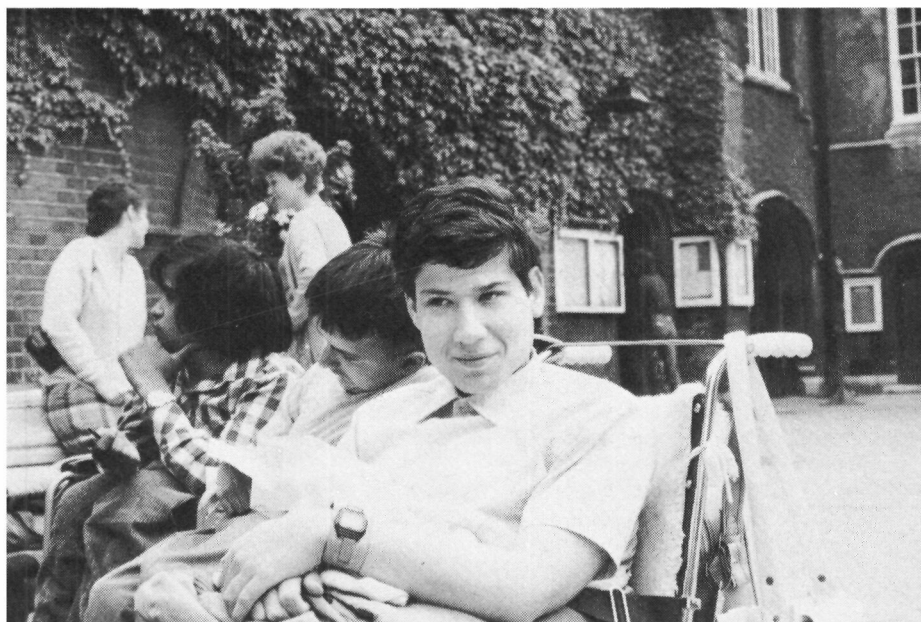
Most of the AB (able-bodied) members on the Phab course would acknowledge that their original motives for taking part were those of social responsibility, and therefore somewhat selfish. What I found at the end of the week, however, was that it had been tremendously good fun. There are, of course, distasteful and even disturbing aspects to the course, but these are immediately overwhelmed by the predominating atmosphere of good humour and enjoyment. The clichés—'breaking down the "them and us" situation', and 'broadening social horizons'—soon, happily became redundant. What was now important was making tea, getting back to lunch on time, and simply talking to people.

However fortuitous the planning, it turned out to be an excellent idea to have the course overlapping the end of term. For our part, it gave us a pleasant sensation of company and opportunities to take part in aspects of school life with our guests—things like 'Romeo & Juliet' and going to Putney. The rest of the school were, equally, given an opportunity to see Phab actually working, rather than hearing about it as, possibly, some sort of ethereal spiritual experience to be suffered for the benefit of mankind. Just as the thought of undressing PH's is far worse than the reality, so members of the school must have found some of their off-putting preconceptions dispelled.

As always, our thanks go to the tireless Willie Booth for providing such a successful and enjoyable course.

Robert Stern

*Ashwath Mehra*



*Ashwath Mehra*

I joined the Phab course in July with very mixed feelings. I had enrolled with the idea that the course was something that I ought to do; not from feelings of philanthropy but from a wish to gain a wider experience. I felt that having done the course it would be something that I would never do again. I was not all enthusiasm on the first day but I was determined to make the most of the week I had with twenty-two girls and twenty-eight boys, able-bodied and handicapped.

The initial meeting was the most awkward part of the course. There was a feeling that one had committed oneself to a whole week of something that one knew absolutely nothing about. To avoid the rising feeling of panic I rushed about, in my best hostess style, distributing cups of tea in all directions. However it soon became obvious that some of the handicapped felt much worse than I did. It took considerable courage for many of them to come on the course, although some were Phab professionals and loved every minute, and some were very withdrawn to begin with.

The first part of the course was the most enjoyable. All the things that I had worried about beforehand, the actual physical looking after that people who are confined to wheelchairs need, did not distress me. However later in the week, as the sheer implications of being handicapped dawned on me, I felt distressed on an emotional level. I had always thought that I was terribly unblinking but the realisation that someone in a wheelchair is exactly the same as any able-bodied person was new to me and was hard to take. It would be so much easier if the handicapped were half-witted as well. Then we could give them toys and sweets and know that they were content. In fact many handicapped people are deeply frustrated and their position is not made any easier by the attitude of the general population, who behave as if anyone in a wheelchair is mentally subnormal and, if they address them at all, do so in a tone of voice usually reserved for dogs and children under five.

These feelings of frustration were apparent on the Phab course. There were, in a few of the handicapped, feelings of resentment and envy of the able-bodied and in some of the able-bodied, feelings of guilt. Both parties did their best to resist these emotions but the tensions were there. However these feelings were acknowledged and, strangely added to the coherence of the course.

The course was very self contained. Every minute of the day was filled from seven in the morning until midnight, and often later, and exhaustion among the able-bodied gave a sense of unreality to the last few days and also created an atmosphere of mutual support and closeness that made one feel that one could go on for ever however tired one felt. There was a certain division between the able-bodied and the handicapped. Nothing can change the fact that someone who has spent all of their life in a wheelchair is slightly different from someone who has not, but the course did create new perceptions among many people, not just the able-bodied.

It is important to realise that Phab is not an opportunity for the able-bodied to work off some of society's guilt and give a few handicapped people a holiday. The idea is for young people, handicapped and non-handicapped, to spend a week together having fun and learning from each other. Often the able-bodied benefit far more from a course than some of the handicapped. It is not an exercise in doing good and should not be entered into under that motive alone.

It is impossible to describe Phab fully. Speaking from my own point of view I learnt a great deal and enjoyed myself very much. It was emotionally and physically tiring, but pleasantly so. Suffice it to say that although I began the course with the intention to do it once only I am now looking forward to a second week on Phab next July.

Isobel Bowler

# Sports Reports

## Cricket

The season started encouragingly for what was an inexperienced Westminster side, containing only three members of the previous season's XI. In the first six matches there were wins over both the Butterflies and Lord & Commons, drawn games with Bradfield and Highgate, as well as defeats at the hands of Merchant Taylor's and an Australian side, St. Peter's College, Adelaide. In all but one of these matches Westminster scored over 170 with half-centuries from Richard Rutnagur, the captain, Alistair Davies, John Warburg and Edward Levy. There was also some good batting from Simon Warshaw, who was only dismissed three times all season, twice run out and once stumped, Dominic Martin and the wicket-keeper Hugh Rosen. However the bowling was at times vulnerable, especially with the absence of Alistair Davies for the first two matches of the season, against Merchant Taylor's and Bradfield. By far the most exciting match of the season was the win over the Butterflies. Westminster scored 175-6 declared and then dismissed the Butterflies for 174 with four wickets falling for four runs in the last eight balls of the game, including two wickets in the last two balls of the final over from Rutnagur.

Unfortunately the rest of the season was relatively disappointing. Two matches were abandoned without a ball being bowled and the matched against Charterhouse was stopped by rain after only one innings. Of the other five matches, two were lost and the other three drawn, thanks to stubborn rear-guard action involving, among others, Richard Rutnagur who scored two more fifties. The two defeats were a limited over match against City of London and an afternoon match against Forest, which were both lost more by poor fielding than inadequate batting or bowling. In fact, the bowling improved as the season went on, with good performances from the two opening bowlers, Davies and Rutnagur, well supported by the reliable Tim Lunn as first-change and the off-spin of Chris Duffell. There were also some useful spells from the medium pace of George Weston, Robert Insall and Dominic Martin and the off-spin of Arif Ali and C. J. Morell, who has another three seasons of 1st XI cricket ahead of him.

All in all, it was not a bad season and next year, with only four players leaving, the team should hopefully be quite successful, although much will depend on how Richard Rutnagur's arm with both bat and ball is affected by the captaincy.

Finally, both Jim Cogan and Ray Gilson deserve thanks for their help and encouragement throughout the season, especially Ray who, as well as preparing all the pitches virtually single-handed, also found time to act as umpire on several occasions.

Edward Levy



Richard Rutnagur

The 1st XI was selected from the following 15 players: A. Davies (Captain), J. Warburg (Vice-captain), R. Rutnagur, E. Levy, C.

Duffell, S. Warshaw, D. Martin, H. Rosen, T. Lunn, G. Weston, A. Ali, R. Insall, C. Morell, A. Frankland, A. Rahimtoola.

Batting	Innings	Not Outs	Runs	H.S.	Ave.
S. D. Warshaw	9	6	183	40	61.00
R. S. Rutnagur	11	2	287	74	31.89
G. A. C. Davies	9	2	200	72	28.57
E. G. Levy	11	1	212	65*	21.20
J. P. Warburg	11	0	230	59	20.91
D. D. W. Martin	8	1	120	31	17.14

Bowling	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Ave.
G. A. C. Davies	118	28	377	19	19.84
R. S. Rutnagur	168.4	38	527	24	21.96
C. J. Duffell	86	16	295	11	26.82
T. E. Lunn	91	11	316	11	28.73

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

## Shooting

This season's shooting has definitely been more successful, in the Civil Service Vickers Bowl, in the individual postal competitions, and in the Open shoots at 'Bulldog Clip Bedford' and the Centre Rifle Club. As we say farewell to the trophy won last year by our four-man National champion team, we welcome with open arms and startled minds some phenomenal shooting from some of this year's sixth form girls.

Jo Whiting, Helen Palmer, Claire Watson and Selina Kearon all show astonishing progress in the short time they have been shooting. So have Chris Sainty and Charles Sewart.

But the old stalwarts of the range still shoot away quite happily, come rain or shine or dud bullets, all of us under the expert coaching of our beloved Mick Russell, without whose devotion and support none of this would have been successful.

M. Sullivan

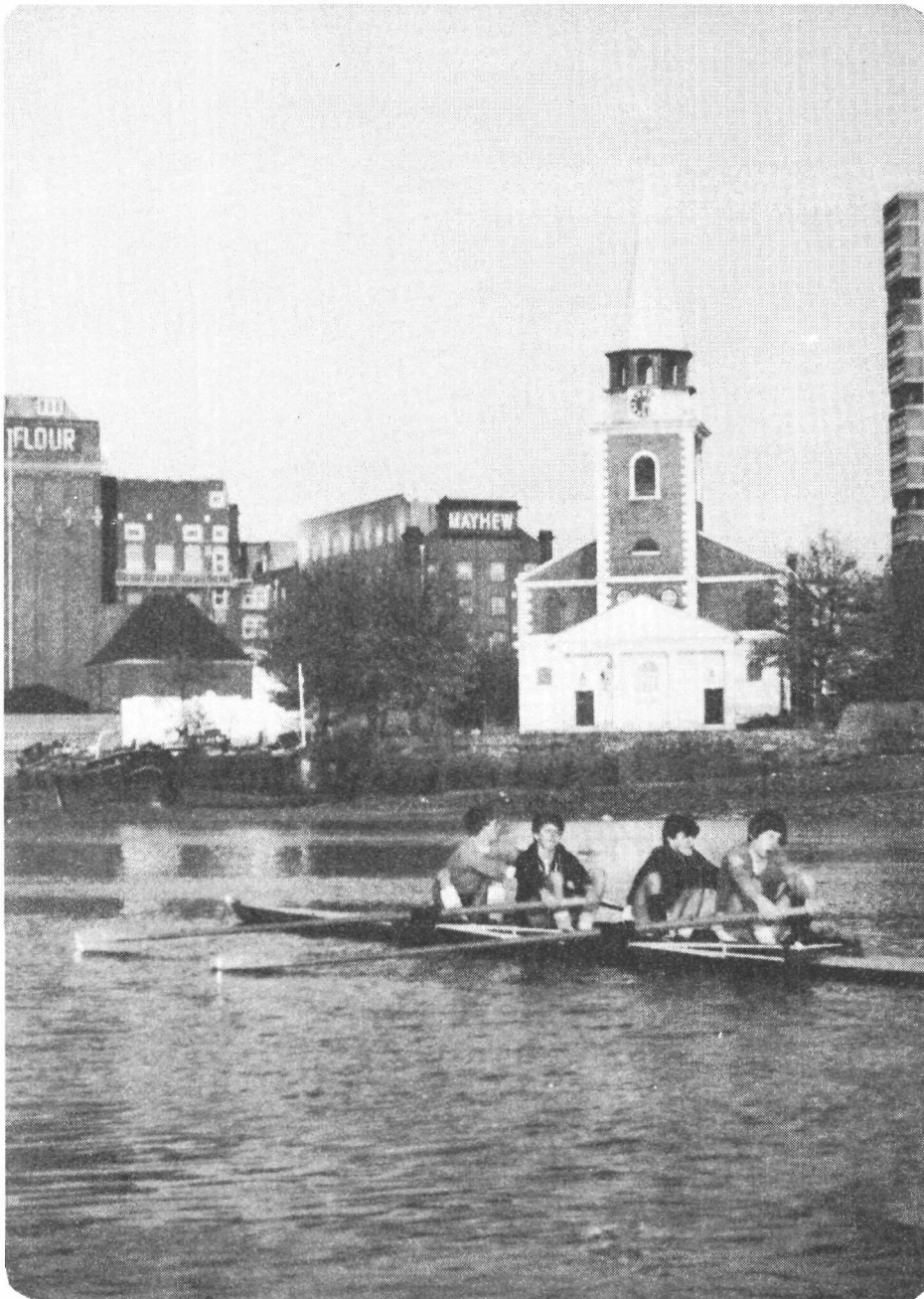
## Fives

Westminster Fives is always notable for its vigorous and enthusiastic style—accompanied this term by two broken noses (mine and Edward Levy's) and torn ligaments (Arif Ali), but resulting in some splendid matches. Eton, Harrow, Lancing and Charterhouse will all be remembered.

Among the inevitable changes that this time of year brings are the imminent departures of Ed Levy and James Love, who will be carrying that same Westminster style to their respective universities.

Looking ahead, there are some very promising players who should all develop strongly. The essential element of coaching continuity provided by the unflagging attention of Messrs Stuart and Jones-Parry is happily unabated.

Chris Cooper



The coxless four which raced in the Fours Head in November during training

M. I. Williams

## Water

With only eleven regatta wins, 1981 must rank as a poor year when measured against the success of 1979 and 1980, when we recorded more wins than any other school. Nevertheless the success of the J16 squad and J14 squad augurs well for the near future.

The plan for the senior squad was that Aeron-Thomas (Sen.A) would enter Novice sculls up and down the Thames, whilst the rest of the squad would work their way up from Sen.C through Sen.B to Sen.A in fours and eights.

The most promising four was the Terry, Richards, Pigott, Peckham crew, which had had such success last season. They performed well in regattas, until the finals, where the pressure proved too great, leading to loss of control. Their stations immediately afterwards were usually the

best, when everyone was aggressive but relaxed.

The 1st VIII rowed together for the first time at Marlow, where we had a beautiful row, with a controlled but powerful rating. Radley were in front from the start, however, going on to beat Princetown in a spectacular sen.A final.

A welcome break in the Henley training was the annual row down to Black Rod steps from Putney and the cream tea on the House of Lords Terrace. On the Tuesday before Henley our No.7, Edwin Richards, went down with a temperature of 102°F, whilst the crew was still doing 'A' and 'S' levels. After a fitness trial on Friday, Edwin managed to regain his place, to the disappointment of Joe King, who had been rowing during the week. Our first race was against Cheltenham and this turned out to be a confidence booster with a substantial victory. The second round against Pangbourne (one of the

four seeded crews) was unhappy; the work went in but we had lost our confidence and duly lost the race to this powerful crew.

The J16's, coached by Cedric Harben in his final coaching term, flourished, travelling the country for regatta success. It was they who won all the school trophies during the term.

The J14's, coached by Mr. Hepburne-Scott and Bruno Rost, continued their admirable performance, building on the standard that had earned them 2nd place in the School's Head.

The school regatta saw the introduction of girls' rowing in pairs and fours. (A light-hearted account from the girls' point of view appears elsewhere.) Wren's produced some promising crews and this has led to the introduction of a girls' Water station.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank, on behalf of the Boathouse, Mike Williams for his first year as Master i.c. Water. Under his direction the academic reputation of the boatclub has been restored, helped by 18 grade A's out of 27 'A' levels taken by members of this year's 1st VIII.

### Regatta Wins:

Putney Town	J16 coxed fours
Putney Amateur	J16 coxed fours
Reading	J16 coxed fours
Monmouth	Sen C coxed fours
	Sen coxed pairs
Worcester	Sen C coxed fours
	J16 coxed fours
Hereford	J16 coxed fours
Huntingdon	Junior B coxed fours
Richmond	J16 coxed fours
Vesta Winter	Senior C eights
	David Aeron-Thomas

\* \* \*

## Fencing

Fencing in the Election Term was limited by O and A levels, which involved about half the station and prevented the rest from using the gym. We did, however, have two matches. Firstly we beat Winchester very convincingly, 39-6. Then a much more fiercely contested match against Hailebury was only decided in the second to last fight, finishing 23-22 to Westminster. On the basis of these, and many previous victories, Mark Atkins and David Salisbury-Jones were awarded their pinks, as well as a number of other colours.

In the Play Term Philip Reid was appointed vice-captain, and Charlotte Harland secretary. The first fixture was the U16 international at Portslade, in which Philip Reid came 8th—a very good result—and Chris Dangerfield and Ken Adams reached the third round. We beat Eton 27-17, with some intelligent, and occasionally highly tactical fencing, especially in the 1st teams. More girls fenced regularly this term than at any previous time, and there was a primarily girls' match against City of London School for Girls; the U16 and girls' teams winning by 15 points to 3. We also won our last match of the term against King's College School, Wimbledon, 28-8.

David Salisbury-Jones

## Tennis

There are few things more satisfying than a good season and for the tennis team this season was exceptional. Our play was not only characterised by skilful, consistent and aggressive tennis but also by the sportsmanship and devotion of the team.

We started the term well, beating the American School 9-0. The winning streak continued as Lancing, Mill Hill, the House of Commons and other talented opponents fell to the rackets of the Westminster 1st VI. In fact our winning streak did not end until the last couple of matches, when we were slowed down by Sevenoaks. Nonetheless a fine year, enjoyed by everybody.

The end of the season, however, saw the loss of four valuable members: Andrew Torchia, Oliver Bowes-Smith, Robert Lomnitz and Steve Cotton, all of whom have made great contributions to past teams. But we look forward to another successful season in 1982 with the remainder of the 1st VI, Scott Donohue, Chris Torchia and Gavin Rossdale, together with a strong contingent of players who did not have the opportunity, last year, of 'tasting the sweet wine of victory'.

Our thanks go to Mr. Stokes, who supported and advised the team, and to the regular supporters who drifted over from the cricket games to watch some very good tennis indeed.

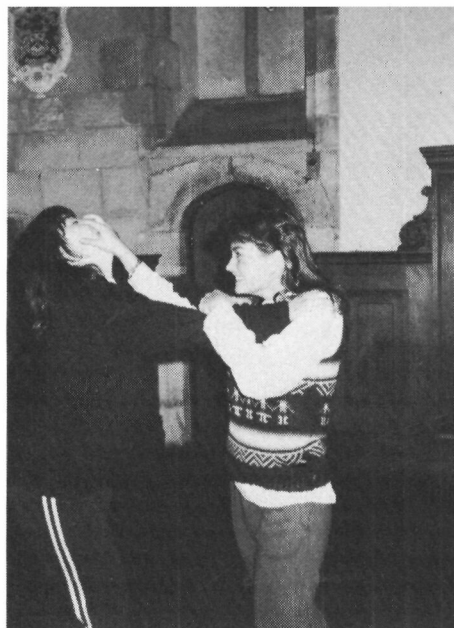
Scott Donohue

## Judo

The summer term left us minus one captain, one blue belt and one white belt, who had all turned to cricket for the season. Perhaps for this reason we had no house nor school matches, a sad practice if, effectively, it turns judo into a seasonal sport, which it is not.

This term, however, Westminster not only got its matches but met its match. Having won 18 consecutive competitions, some even since Mark Oakley's generation left school, the odds were certainly in our

Fiona McKenzie



favour when we faced Aldenham away. The opposition was strong though: result, a victory by a small margin for Aldenham. Their judo was as firm and fluent as ours, and in some cases fast enough to gain the advantage. Unfortunately Phiroze Noshier was unable to fight, having sprained an ankle in training. There was, on the other hand, a well-gained victory for Andreas Gledhill.

Against Eton at home we had more success, defeating them 6 fights to 3. Eton played too defensively for the senior part of the team to press home the lead they had gained. They were all rather cautious in their attacks, and on the ground defended resolutely. Their seniors suffered most, since we could apply strangleholds more easily on defensive players.

New last term to judo were Tom Cornish, Alex Dale, Paul Cohen, Tanya King and Martin Greenlaw. Of these, all are novices save Martin Greenlaw, a senior orange belt. I only hope they stay long enough with it to benefit: of those new to judo last year, only three have persevered. Two are yellow belts, and all are in the school team. I also hope that the arrival of Tanya King means that from now on more girls will take an interest in a sport wrongly regarded as too tough for them.

Todd Hamilton

## Girls Fight Back

Be it by word of mouth or personal experience, the boys appear to have come to the conclusion that it is not such a good idea to challenge those girls who do self defence. Scornful at first of this new Tuesday 'station' a few bruised legs and watering eyes have changed their attitude. The girls have now discovered a choice of forty readily available natural body weapons and that the male has thirty-five vulnerable areas in addition to the most obvious! Eyes can be poked out, ribs bruised (or even broken), necks dislocated, ear drums shattered, excruciating pain can be created in more than one place such as on the foot, shin bone and of course the groin. The girls have

learnt how to use head, arms, fists, fingers, finger nails, punches, 'spear thrusts', knife hands and even the foot is a complicated weapon using the ball, instep, outside edge and heel as necessary.

The course is based on an adapted form of karate and has a lethal potential—it is for this reason that the methods we learn are not to be used except in 'defence of life and limb'. Naturally many of the actions are only deterrents and are designed merely to create the means of escape. We are not taught to 'stand and fight it out'. The emphasis is on self defence and self preservation. All the girls who have taken part have gained enormously in self confidence and feel much more capable of looking after themselves.

Fiona McKenzie

## Girls' Water

EEURRGG . . . EUGH . . . EEU . . . We water nymphs take our training very seriously. Girls' water was pioneered at the beginning of the Play Term and already our grunting is up to competition standards. We all go down to Putney twice a week where a combination of tanking, rowing and encouragement ('You've all seen a miner at a coal face, haven't you?') has done wonders for our technique. We have attempted to bring a touch of colour and excitement to the river and have introduced syncopated rowing and carol singing in return for valuable tips on style. ('Pretend you're the little man on 'Camberwick Green' who turns the handle.')

We have thoroughly enjoyed ourselves to the intense annoyance of all serious watermen (The First Eight). Finally we would like to thank Mr. Williams, the barmaid at The Duke of York for her generous discounts, Mike Thorn for fixing our running repairs, Tom our coach and all our beautiful coxes, particularly Michael as well as Justin, Chris, Conrad, Daniel and Anthony.

Suzy, Sue and Polly

# Sequence

## Poetry and prose

Phiroze Noshier

*And on the first day  
God created Adam  
Adam stuffed himself  
With rotting apples  
And after squatting  
Sat down and invented  
The megaton.*

*A child whose bright eyes  
Glittered with the red and black  
Went back upstairs  
Smiling.*

*And god saw that it was good.*

Julian Mann

*I cannot regret  
The park  
Which sulks  
In the darkness  
Where we would grope  
And I do now  
For the truth.*

*I walk by the bench  
By the lake  
The lamp tactless  
Reveals another couple  
Wary as we were  
Of the stares of others.*

*I stand on the bridge  
And stare at the lake-bed  
Now drained of its water.  
I did not know  
It was so shallow.  
Tears of regret  
Could easily fill it  
If I could make them flow.*

Alex Palffy : The Exam

*I entered the room where exams take place:  
An air of tension as though on a tightrope.  
Others at their desks wait for history  
As this shall be in future times.*

*I study the geography of my ravaged desk:  
An uninhabited waste.  
Ruts and hills stand out in colours:  
Blue, red, green.*

*I think of bombs  
That would crush landscapes such as this:  
Sandpaper, burning countries  
With grains of sand as small as pinpoints.*

Julian Lock : Ohne Titel

It stood on a grimy pedestal, spattered with dust, soot and irate drivers' curses, positioned as it was in the middle of the street. What it was doing there no one had ever been able to discover—it was out of place among the bleak factories, chimneys spewing out a dark haze into the sky, blank faceless windows staring out into the street. Not that it was a thing of beauty—a spherical head, of unblemished whitish concrete, towered on a thick neck above the trunk, from which arms, absurdly small beside the rest of its body, protruded and ended in stumps. Victim of some Arab punishment, it may have had legs, but probably did not. It was not beautiful, but anything which hinted at decorativeness was out of place in this street—even the statue, as bare as the factories themselves, with a plaque on the pedestal, facing the growling cars who would have to go round it: 'Figure, by Grigor Przbenodjenskilokowski'.

Every morning and evening, a group of people would gather round it. They were mostly children of about ten or ancient—the young and middle-aged had too much to do to stand and contemplate a statue. They speculated as to the identity of the enigmatic Grigor Przbenodjenskilokowski, as to the nature of the agency which had—nobody knew how many months ago—placed it there overnight, as to the reason for positioning it in the street rather than on the large concrete desert of the pavement, its expanse limited only by the walls, while the ill-tempered cars pursued their detour around it, spitting and roaring—but most of all as to what the statue was intended to represent. 'Watching Martian', 'Study of a Matchstick', 'Unfinished Elephant', 'Industrial Accident'—all these seemed to epitomize some facet of its strange character, yet not to describe the whole.

This doubt as to the purpose of his masterpiece would have proved annoying to the sculptor, had he been there—and, in fact, it seemed scarcely less so to the creation itself. For, one day, when the early morning crowd gathered about the shrine, the statue was not on its pedestal, which stood, its upper surface, hidden for many weeks from the light beneath the figure's ample torso, basking in the unexpected sun. It stood, half a dozen paces away, at the junction with a lane, one arm raised in an imperious gesture. On its back, some twilight hand had scrawled in charcoal: 'Figure of a Traffic Policeman'.



A. C. King

It didn't really matter why it was there, or who had put it there, the problem was how to remove it. Of course, it did provide certain problems, such as blocking the main road going through the town, but it had to be removed before the people began to question.

Few people walked the streets then, thankfully perhaps because it meant that little was asked about it; but to those who realised its effect the anxiety was increasing. They realised that on touching it all interest in it was lost. Those still unaffected were helpless and they realised that the thing would soon become an accepted part of life. They had to stop it.

It stood, as it had done, armless, faceless, as life revolved about it. Certainly life carried on as it was. The ordinary people walked with their heads down anyway, only the ones who had realised cared. Realised the effect such a monstrosity could have if it was accepted into everyday life.

Perhaps their fears were exaggerated, certainly the thing never moved, either it, the torso, nor its two pallid bases, as dead as the buildings. Most probably their fears had been brought out of helplessness. They could not raise anything against it and although they knew it was not visibly moving, they were sure it was dangerous.

Life, as it was called, still went on.

At night you couldn't be sure it was there at all, its presence flickered so irregularly; but at all times it was there. It was always there.

Some of the people who had realised began after a while to think less and less of it. It could almost have been a statue, but it gave no evidence of being. It just existed.

Later, perhaps years, perhaps days, it was forgotten; those who had once realised became bored of its threatening impotentiality. And then it too ceased to exist.

And life carried on.



D. C. Jeffreys

James Kitcatt : The Road Ahead

*One road to cross: one birth, one death.  
One fast car coming, one new idea,  
No car coming, clear all the way.  
The journey begins, the ceaseless breath.*

*A shred of paper crosses my path;  
It flies, it stumbles, it scrapes, it may  
In fact just wither away.  
It twitches, it scuttles, is trapped again.*

*A dying flutter depicts its vain  
Efforts.*

James Handel

*'He always rows his boat around our sea,  
Fouling crystal waters where we stay,  
Repulsing and annoying you and me,  
Oh how I wish that he'd just go away.'  
I listen as I row across the mire,  
Assisted only by a single oar,  
And when I visit islands people fire  
Their arrows, or at best they just ignore.  
And can I really blame them anyway?  
It's true I'm not myself an island, so  
I can't provide a place for them to play;  
No—all I do is wander to and fro.  
But sometimes I can find a place to rest,  
To be then, of an isle, the awkward guest.*

Robert Stern

A queen and a king were travelling through the green countryside in the royal carriage. The queen was young and beautiful, the king old and worn. They sat in their magnificent royal robes, one opposite the other, their knees almost touching. The queen was talking in her pretty, tinkling voice, the king was silent. She wasn't talking, simply using empty words in her pretty voice to make the world happy. She chattered on, and her exquisite smile occasionally graced her sensuous painted mouth. The king's face was grim, now and then twisted by some pang which lurched from his heart. He sat watching and listening to his wife, and he grew old. The world tightened up and closed in, and his face was marked with deeper furrows of care and grief. The carriage speeded faster and faster towards infinity, flashes of scarlet and life streaking past. The queen continued chatting, and her words fell like snowflakes on to hell. Without pausing in her speech, she took off her beautiful face and began to admire it on her lap, stroking and caressing it. The king froze, his sight failing, her face was blurred and dim, but still he stared. Still the carriage sped on, outspeeding comets and bolts of blinding lightning. The queen put on her face without pausing, still the pretty sparkling words tripped from her crimson lips and the king was not blind. He grasped the tiny, delicate crystals before they melted and disappeared for ever, blood draining from his sweating face. The road was now no more and the carriage was hurtling down an iridescent helix. The queen grew more beautiful and her words more dazzling. With a shudder of sublime horror the king felt a heavy blanket close about him, and wrap itself round and round his head. Her words faded and disappeared into a ball of burning blackness, and the king was no more. Scimitars of ice smote his stony remains as he was swallowed up.



Paul Hollingworth : The On-looker

*I come and go,  
As I please,  
As the tide.*

*I come today,  
As confetti,  
As the bride.*

*I missed my lover,  
With another,  
And I sighed.*

*I go today,  
With the wash,  
As the tide.*

Paul Hollingworth : Jock's Mum and Dad

*Discarded pots of paint  
Set the scene. Here is where  
Jock's Mum and Dad dwell  
Among half-painted walls.  
I saw*

*Soiled sheets smother  
Unused G-plan settees,  
Old back editions of  
Tribune crease the  
Floor.*

*So undecided on what to  
Use. 'What finish shall we  
Use?' She cackles and he  
Changes. 'Now block off  
The pantry door.'*

*Then there is Old Jock's basket  
In the corner—the same stained  
Tartan blanket. 'It suits Jock',  
Beneath the crow coloured paper  
Caw. Caw.*

*Jock approaches the spotted glass.  
The nurses in white come today  
To take his Mum and Dad away.  
No more 'sit boy'. No more 'clever boy'.  
Poor Jock. Paw. Paw.*

David Chinn : Why?

*We are but poor Jews,  
Do we deserve this strife?  
They take our clothes, even shoes.  
One day, please,  
Will some kind person  
Say kaddish, please,  
For my soul in Israel? A reason?  
Only that you remember  
What they did to me,  
That morning in November.  
Do you understand? Can you see?  
A reason why they pushed and shoved,  
And stripped and beat?  
Why the showers hissed,  
Not water, but the ultimate  
Cleanser of mankind?  
They stripped us of that rind  
Of earthly skin,  
And sent us off to cleanse our sin  
For death and heaven above.  
Yet, all along, high above,  
There flew, one, white, dove.*

Julian Mann

There is a tramp called Wally. He's my friend and he lives in St. James' Park. Wally doesn't have a mummy and he thinks his daddy was Winston Churchill.

'Winston Churchill was a great man,' said Wally as we sat on Wally's bench at night in St. James' watching the light from the lamps shudder on the lake. Not quite the place for a tramp, you might think, more the place for a secretary and her dirty old boss on a Sunday afternoon.

Wally's bench is very dirty. So is Wally. He sleeps all year round on his bench except for the occasional night spent in the Police Station when he is arrested by his arch-enemy, Captain Red-beard, the chief of the Park Police. Wally thinks captain Red-beard looks like a pirate.

'Are you happy, Wally?' I asked.

'Shut up,' said Wally.

You mustn't look down on Wally because he has his dignity.

Wally has a plastic bag which he stuffs with leaves to keep his cherry-pies and buns from being squashed. His friends, Winnet the bottom-scratcher and Smeg the nose-picker, have plastic bags too. Wally meets his friends outside Greasy-Joe's where he buys them cherry-pies and buns.

'I was arrested by Red-beard the other night,' said Wally.

'I was arrested for praying by the daffodils,' said Winnet.

'I was arrested for picking one,' said Smeg.

They all had grievances of one kind or another against Red-beard. Wally who is cleverer and more imaginative than the other two had a plan.

That night, when all that could be heard was an occasional snort from Smeg, the noise of Captain Red-beard's engines announced that he was doing his rounds. Wally, Winnet and Smeg were lurking behind a tree. Smeg quickly pulled up his flies. He wasn't expecting Red-beard to come just at that moment.

They jumped out from behind the tree and set-upon Red-beard. They gagged him with Wally's old socks and ripped off his uniform. They dumped him starkers into a fountain in Trafalgar Square.

Captain Red-beard spent that night in the Police Station. He had been arrested for streaking.



Mattias ffytche

*She lay alone and still, her clotted hair  
floating gently on the prismatic scum  
and her white face gazed up with a pale stare  
and no one heard her silent screams.*

Charlie Clayton : God Plays at Sunset

Once, in a land far away, a little boy ran along a clifftop, and in his hand was a thin white string which tethered a yellow paper kite to its maker. The boy ran, his hair straggling out behind him as he leapt and bounded on the green turf.

Far from there too sat a man, gazing uneasily at the world: the brown books upon the shelf, the wooden globe in the white niche, and occasionally he set down some words on to a piece of paper.

Further too from here lay a voice: a glittering voice that spoke golden words which caught you like the wind, and carried you like a cloud into the sky.

The voice was the wind, and the little boy ran on and on, disappearing over the horizon, laughing and shouting and leaping while the kite darted backwards and forwards beneath the endless sky.

A little time passed, perhaps a year, more even, when two fishermen came across some torn and ragged cloth, floating in the sea off Donegal. At home, the mother learned to weep by the fire, while her sons continued to travel far and wide across the countryside.

Then, one morning, another little boy was standing over the water. His arms hung at his sides, the wind blew cold around his ears, his hair was matted and salty, his cheeks drawn and white in the cold grey light of the dawn. He was crying, and his tears were falling into the sea.

Elizabeth Corcoran : Third Day

The most prominent feature of the face is the eyes, dark, melancholy and somehow unreal. The face is surrounded by carefully placed hair and the whole takes on an uncanny symmetry, as if a mirror held down the centre would reveal the same image.

Those eyes, bleary and distant, dark and deep, are looking at you or beyond. The lids are heavy with troubles. They show pain and at the same time pity and sorrow; they are surrounded by dark circles, emphasizing the bright whites and nocturnal pupils. They show understanding, as if he knew all your problems.

The mouth is in disturbing contrast. There seems to be anger, frustration—and yet it looks as if he will not say anything. The two features conflict dramatically. The raised lip gives a feeling of confidence while the intensity of the eyes shows anxiety.

The face takes on a triumphant air, head raised high and confident on a strong neck. Is he laughing at us? On first sight he is. Are we supposed to look with pity, ashamedly? The painter provokes those feelings in us, but, just when they arise, the face he has created reassures us, convinces us that there is nothing to be ashamed about.

We look and ask what could have happened to a man with such a face, every feature conflicting, and what could have happened in the painter's mind to create, on such a canvas, such a man.

Ian Bostridge : Paradise Lost

*You have destroyed with your  
Move over  
And your  
Closer  
And your  
Let me.*

*Never such lust.*

*And that word lingers evermore  
With self disgust and suffering—  
Life but never death.  
The ever lonely breath  
Breathes upon the spirit  
And is gone  
Never to return  
Except in dreams of passion.*

Matthew Sullivan

*Each night I've stood here asking  
If she will stay, or if she will leave,  
And that simple essence in goodbye  
Becomes so empty and aching.*

*And she lies there, head turned,  
In her tiny barred bed  
That could never hold her back  
If she were once to fall.*

*And when I look at her I see those vacant eyes  
That speak more than her lips could ever smile,*

*And when her eyes become silent,  
A screaming thought that she might slip away,  
Unstoppably,  
And not I nor anyone could catch her.*

Nick Williams

*The figure speaks  
The shape is fixed  
Three edges bind it now  
To protect it from all selfishness.*

*Even steady slow it moves  
From plane to plane  
And back again  
While time drifts on by.*

*Life is always turning  
The mind is left to see  
How a life is ruined  
By a thoughtless move.*

*Within the given space  
People come and go.  
Friction burning, Hell is found.  
Heaven never helped me.*

\* \* \*

## 'Love Until It Hurts', by Daphne Rae (Hodder and Stoughton)

Reviewed by Isobel Bowler

Mrs. Rae has spent several months working in India with Mother Teresa and her Missionaries of Charity over the past two years. This book is an account of her experiences on her visits.

For all the stories that have appeared in the West about Mother Teresa's missionary and caring work for the utterly neglected in India it is not easy to feel the impact of the degradation that Mother Teresa seeks to palliate so lovingly. If, then, as the author admits, her book is a personal and highly subjective account it is valuable just *because* it is so personal, and it is everywhere clear that her involvement in the social and religious life of the Community (which cannot be separated) was total.

Photographs, some taken by the author, vividly reinforce the word-picture and together they remind us of work done by Mother Teresa and her missionaries not only in India, but also in many other parts of the world, including London and Liverpool. The reminder is a timely one.

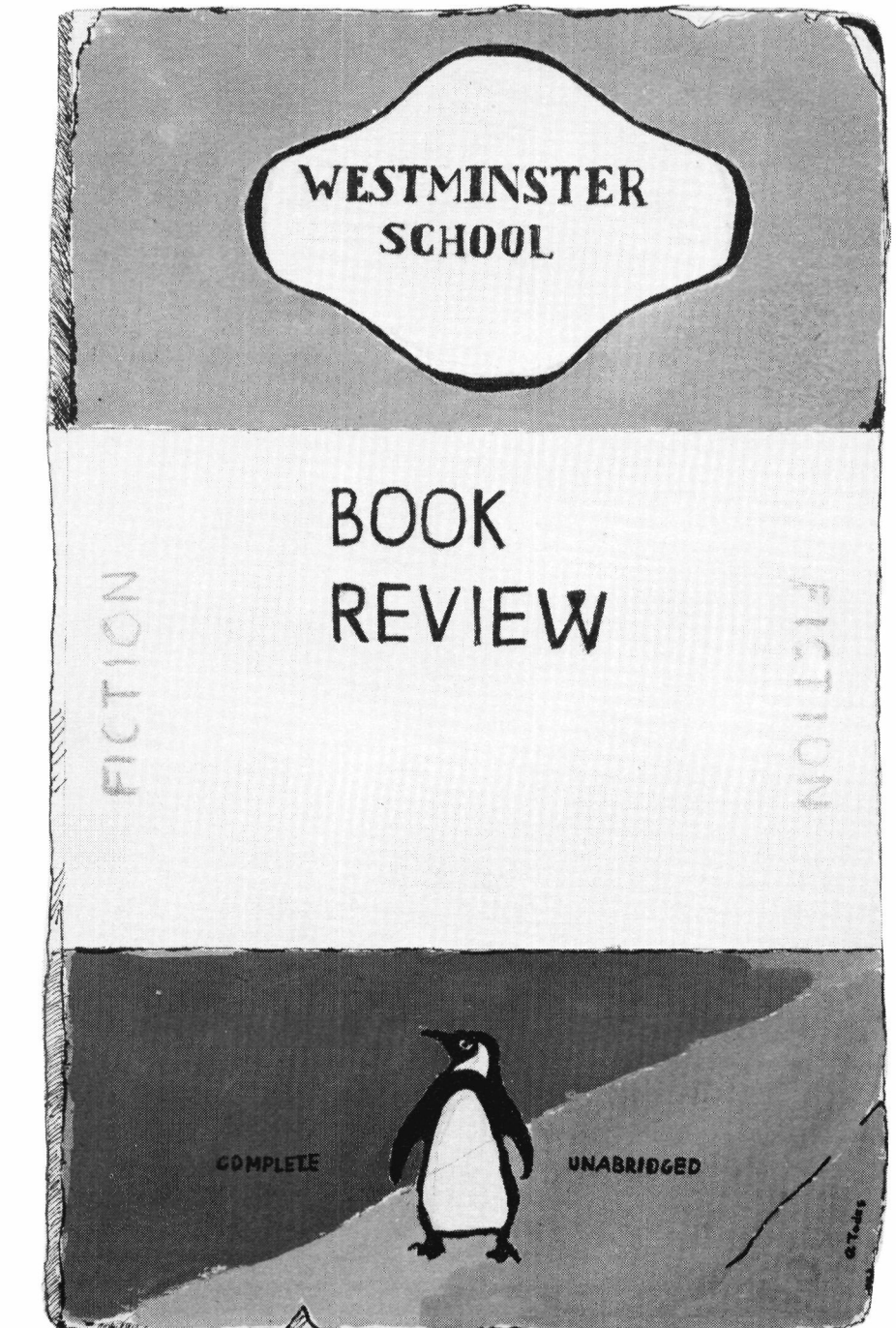
## 'The Public School Revolution':

### Britain's Independent Schools 1964-1979, by John Rae (Faber and Faber)

Reviewed by Justin Albert

Dr. Rae has set himself the seemingly impossible task of writing a personally detached history of the public schools (or, as we must now call them, Independent Schools) and therefore this book primarily shows the views of an uncommitted historian and not those of our fluent Head Master. Due to this adopted attitude, the book tends to fall into the category of impersonal recollection that left me with feelings of unfulfilment and dissatisfaction. Yet, by using this style, Dr. Rae succeeds in the most important aspect of any such analytical project, that of unbiased commentary of the facts. It is a shame that the historical side of the book could not have been nurtured into life with more personal descriptions of events. This restraint pervades the book and is as annoying as reading a book by Wellington on the Chartist movement would be if he failed to expand on his own participation.

However, once this essay is treated as a piece of valuable historical evidence in its own right, it takes on a much deserved importance and demands a new angle of observation. Through the eyes of a public school headmaster, we see two of England's most difficult and controversial decades. I do not agree with the author's assessment of



Gideon Todes

the 'enemy' (or should I say social undesirables) in the public schools, yet the worries and fears of both teachers and parents are admirably reflected. But as a student myself, I am as much open to bias as Dr. Rae.

As a portrayal of history and of lessons learned, this book is unlike any other I have read. It is carefully and stylishly written to the point of urbanity, yet at the same time, gives the air of someone who personally is in command of his subject and is able to stand back and analyse it with the calculating reason of a major in medieval history at Oxford. A great deal of thought and time has gone into making this book both interesting and historically accurate.

Dr. Rae's conclusion (entitled 'After the Revolution') is by far the best and most heartfelt chapter of the book, for into it the reader is for the first (and regrettably the only) time shown the author's own views

and feelings on his subject. In it he compares (amongst other things) the British Labour Party to the Afrikaaner National Government and prophetically he predicts the 'emergence of a new centre party'.

Above all this book is to me an insight into the man who 'controls' and dictates my own academic life. I approached the book with scepticism but I was soon carried along by its flowing details of fact and insight into the historical perspective of the public school. I can only hope that Westminster is itself flowing as smoothly and confidently as this book. If the challenge of Dr. Rae's dedication of the book—'To the boys and girls of Westminster School'—is accepted by his students, we will all have an opportunity to see behind the double doors of 17 Deans Yard and assess for ourselves to what extent Westminster has really changed with the times and our Head Master has influenced the Public School Revolution in Britain.

# Expeditions

## Eighty-One North

by John Heseltine

After ten hours' hard climbing I was tiring and had to force my feet to move forward. At each step there was a crisp crunch as my crampons bit into hard ice, echoing Roger's footfalls ahead and counter-pointed by Paul's behind me.

The three of us had set off from Base Camp by the Jaegervatnet—'Hunter's Lake'—to climb the Jaegervasstind. This sixteen-hour day involved first a long approach over scree and moraine, followed by a steady ascent with crampons and ice-axes over two glaciers, and finally a rock climb to the summit. Because of the Midnight Sun we were able to walk long hours into the 'night'. Arriving on the summit at 5 p.m. we were able to linger and wonder at the view.

Stepping out of the shadow caused by a large rock shoulder we were dazzled by the sun. It hovered, a deep red orb, low over the sea to the North. All around us we could see peaks of the Lyngen Alps, their snow patches pink against the still rock; to the West beyond other islands and glaciers extended the sea; to the South were glacial lakes, almost transparent with tumbling streams leading to the homesteads and farms on the shores of the Lyngen Fjord; while at our feet the glacier dissolved into a thousand pinpoints of light: diamonds of the instant, the ice crystals reflected the Midnight Sun.

For the third year in succession a party from Westminster went climbing in Norway in the summer holiday. The expedition was organised by Cedric Harben in conjunction with Clifton and Harrow. The five Westminsters—David Aeron-Thomas, Charles Barclay, John Heseltine, Alastair Jakeman and Giles Richards—all experienced walkers and climbers—enjoyed varied and interesting snow, rock and ice



*The summit of one of the Lyngen Alps*

mountaineering high above the Arctic Circle.

Leaving London on July 20th we were able to climb for three weeks on the Lyngen Peninsula in the aptly-named Lyngen Alps. Standing on a 6000 foot summit, some were reminded of the Alps, although here the rocks were uniformly of granite similar to the gabbro of the Cuillin Hills of Skye. The crazy ridges and pinnacles still being eroded by many glaciers certainly created Alpine profiles. These mountains often required intermediate camps to be set up, or long approach marches, and they were technically and physically challenging.

We then stayed and climbed for a week in the Lofoten Islands. Here we were reminded of the Cuillins again. The

mountains rose steeply from the sea, forming interlinking ridges with spectacular pinnacles. The summits here called for tricky and exciting rock work. We often returned with cut and reddened hands from the sharp rock.

Many people helped us with our plans for this expedition in all sorts of ways, from gifts of money to their support at our fund-raising fete in May. To them go all our thanks for contributing to such an enjoyable and exciting and successful venture. Arriving back in London on September 1st, I was left with many happy memories of sights, smells and sounds of a wonderful country which I will always connect immediately with Norway.

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### *Lower School Expedition: Boardsailing in Poole Harbour*



*M. I. Williams*

# Indian Mosaic

*At Easter last year, a party of eighteen, led by Ronald French and with the kind co-operation of Ashwath Mehra's family, visited India. The following account tries to blend a number of different impressions. The narrative is by Ashwath Mehra and Sebastian Peattie, interspersed with (in italics) the reactions at various stages of Jane Wilson, Philip Reid and Simon Winder.*

## To Delhi

Nine and a half hours after leaving Heathrow we landed at Palam, emerging from the plane exhausted and scruffy and overwhelmed by the heat and dust that confronted us. Marching briskly through immigration and customs we were met by the first of Ashwath's cousins, Mr. Anand Singh Bawa, driven to the International Youth Centre, where we collapsed. It was four in the morning.

For the next two and a half days we toured Delhi, in a minibus driven by Sardar Mukhtiar Singh, known familiarly as Abdul.

## Delhi (Jane Wilson)

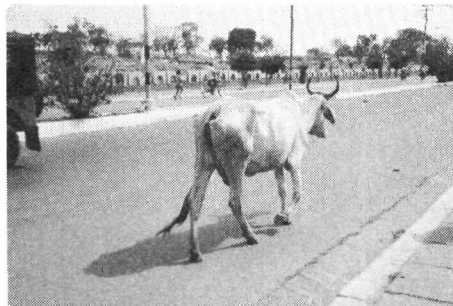
*The first really striking impressions were those of any distanced tourist: historical monuments, forts, tombs, temples. Cocooned in our bus we visited the onion-domed tomb of the first Mogul emperor, and a white Sikh temple incongruously situated amongst railway sidings and pylons. A Hindu temple was hung everywhere with flowers, each corner containing a replica of one of the many Hindu gods. Marble floors were lethally slippery, due to frequent sweeping and prohibition of shoes. Walls were marble-inlaid with flower patterns, hallmark of Mogul architecture. On the outskirts of the city a Hindu temple had met a sorrier end. Moslems had demolished it, using its stones to build their own mosque. Cloisters surrounded an iron pillar which had not rusted since its origins in the second century A.D. A close look at this pillar was impossible as it was aswarm with Indians putting their arms round it in accordance with the legend that this brings fame and good fortune. Nearby was a stone tower about twice as high as the pagoda at Kew. A sprawling 14th-century fort, large enough to accommodate the whole of Delhi in times of siege, had been deserted after seven years. It stretched for miles, finally being enclosed by seventy-foot walls. Across the road was its builder's tomb, together with a small tomb for his dog. Everywhere reverence for death and the gods was immediately evident, but this was not at the expense of the practical.*

## Iron pillar

Paul Berman



*The cow, sacred to the Hindu, may be given precedence over the busiest traffic if it wished to cross the road to nibble some fruit from a stall, yet no-one is averse to hitching cows to lawnmowers to save labouring unnecessarily on a hot day. And this was to good effect—the beauty and greenness of formal gardens continually impressed us.*



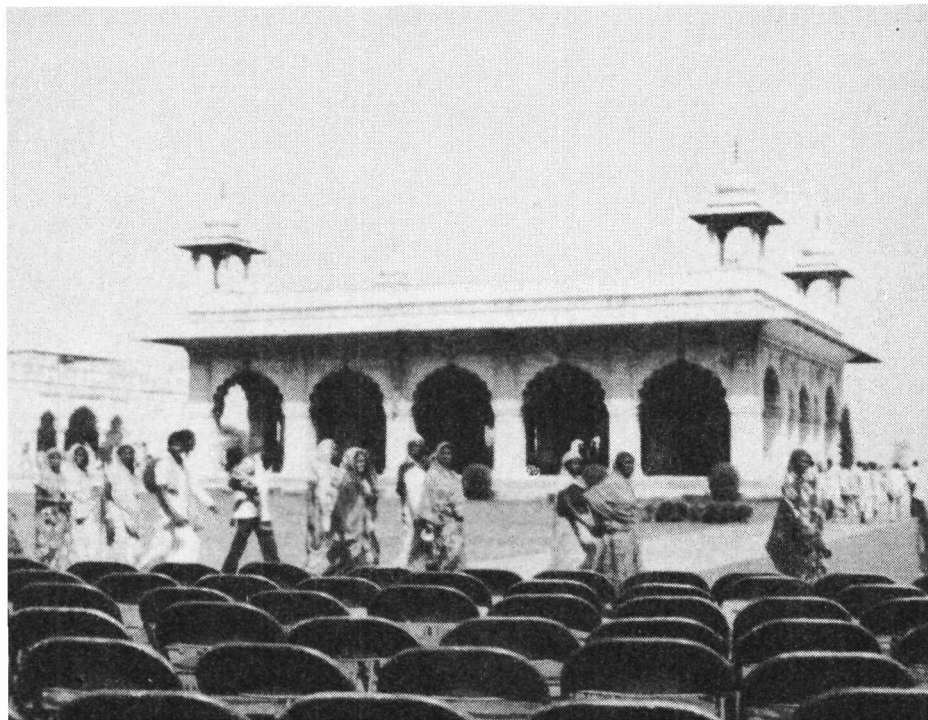
Paul Berman

## Delhi evenings

Our first two evenings were spent with Ashwath's relations at his uncle's house in Aurangzeb Lane. This residence had the air of a western hotel; the guard at the front gate escorted us down the drive to the lobby, where our host welcomed us and led us into the sanctity of a hyper-ventilated drawing-room. We had just sat down, when the first wave of beers hit us, in tall frosty glasses, ice-cold. As introductions took place, Martin Lupton, who wishes to remain anonymous, made for Ashwath's aunt, saying: 'I hear you've got a beautiful daughter!' . . . The cuisine was as close to English as the Indian cooks could manage and was well appreciated by us, hungry as we were. When we had to leave our host

## Red Fort

Philip Reid



presented us with useful gifts, a pen and a wallet each.

## At the cinema (Jane Wilson)

*The Indian film industry is second only to America's. We went to see the latest box-office hit 'Kranti'. Our situation was highly ironical as the film is about the 19th century struggles for independence and depicts the British as cruel, swashbuckling buffoons. There was much blood and gore, highly symbolic love-scenes (anything remotely physical offends) and a great deal of noise. Having cheered at the demise of a garrison of British soldiers, the crowd were highly amused to see us leaving the cinema with them.*

## Bazaars and Beggars (Philip Reid)

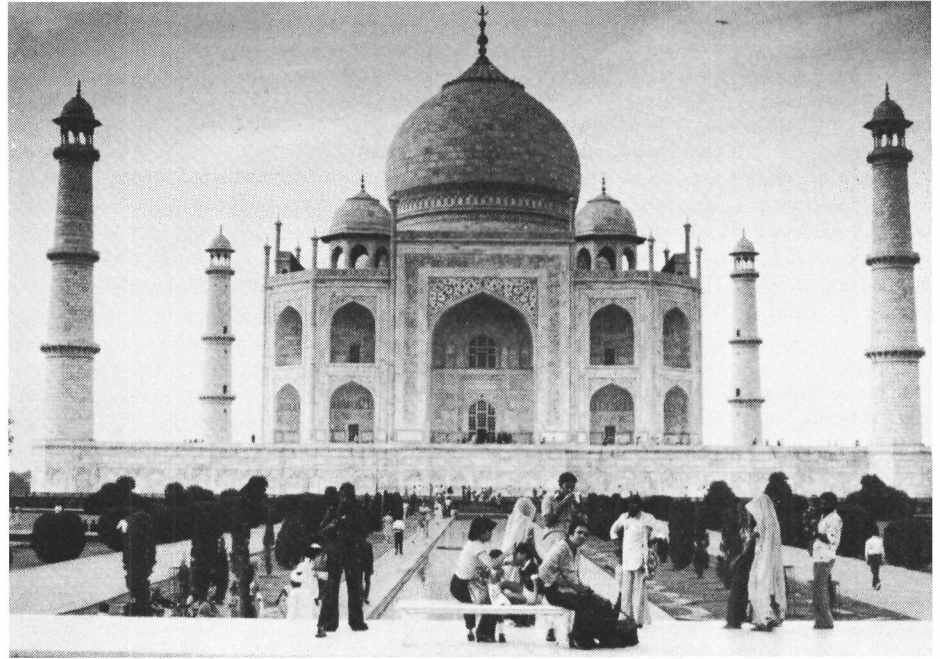
*The bazaars, so much a feature of the East, fulfilled all expectations and more. Narrow streets, overcast by shabby buildings, were thronged with serious, hardworking people, bullock carts, cycle rickshaws and the omnipresent beggar. Beggars are part of the social structure and few attempts are made to take them off the street. They have a part to play in the religion of the country also. In accepting money from people they improve the donor's 'kharma' so that when the person is reborn he will find himself in a higher social position.*

*If begging can be considered as a job, there seemed to be full employment, but often the jobs were menial, badly-paid and even dangerous. One job, mostly done by women, involves rebuilding roads after the monsoons. Stones have to be smashed and splinters could easily blind these workers. The tourist business provides employment for builders, hotel staff and many an unscrupulous trader. There is much to be done in the fields, where there is little mechanisation and no money for it. The army is, of course, a major employer.*

## Agra and the Taj Mahal

By now well acclimatised we left Delhi for Agra, stopping halfway at Dulanti for breakfast. Agra, a dusty city with its cycle-rickshaws and plush hotels was a disappointment, but the first sight of the Taj Mahal was astounding. Jane Wilson's account follows:

*Its smallness surprised us all, but it is the white simplicity and perfection of its proportions that really impress. Every tomb and monument we had seen had been unfavourably compared to the Taj and I had begun to doubt whether it could fulfil its reputation. It did this easily. One experienced an optical illusion if, standing at the gate with the now cliché view of the Taj face on, one stepped ten or so paces backwards. The building seemed to move towards one and to hover in the air. This, and the poignancy of its history, added to the general effect. Everyone knows that Shah Jehan built it for his wife Mumtaz Mahal, but it is less well known that he had wanted to build a black marble Taj for himself, on the opposite river bank. Before he could do this, his son banished him to Agra fort where he spent the rest of his life, looking across the river at the monument to his love.*



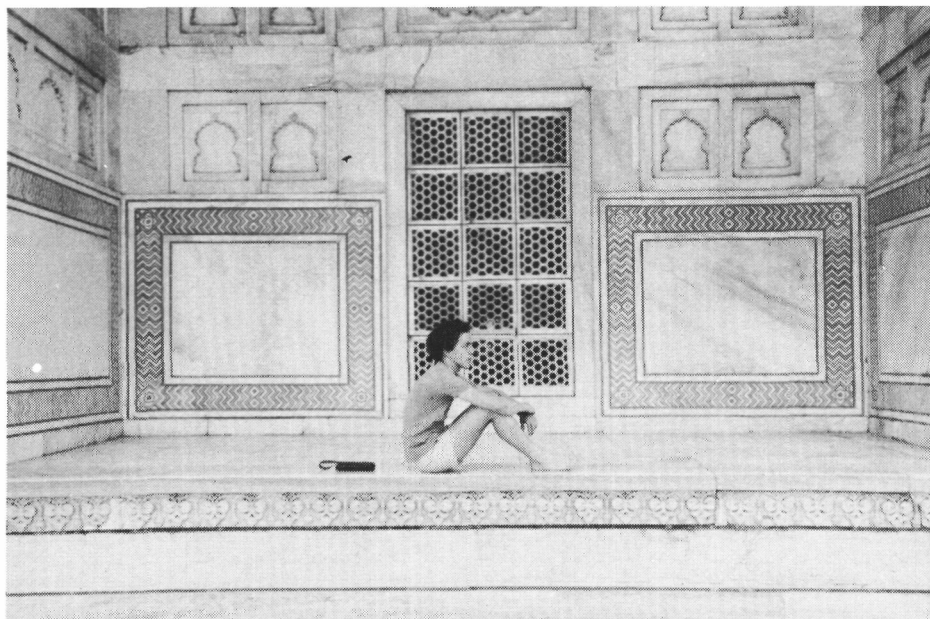
The Taj Mahal

Ashwath Mehra

## Jaipur

After two days we moved to the 'Pink City', Jaipur. Jaipur is constructed almost totally out of pink marble and seemed to us to be a much pleasanter city than Agra. The people were friendlier, the atmosphere was healthier and it seemed to be more prosperous. There are four palaces there, two of which contain delightful museums. Another is the residence of the Maharani of Jaipur and contains a polo stadium. The last is a de-luxe hotel which several of us visited whenever possible. Nearby is Junter Munter, one of the earliest observatories in the world. Before leaving Jaipur we visited a carpet factory, where, as Tony Joyce pensively remarked, the richness of the carpets is pointedly contrasted with the poverty of the young workers.

## Sebastian Peattie in the Taj Mahal



Ashwath Mehra

## Architecture, flora and fauna (Simon Winder)

*Quite a large percentage of our time was spent in looking at the architecture of Delhi, Jaipur and Agra. The oddest thing about it is that there are hardly any figure decorations at all; except for the occasional bird, almost all the ornament is a simple mixture of geometric shapes which tend to be a little monotonous at times. All the domes look rather the same after a while too and in some cases the large bees' nests tend to make visiting perilous (the Lodi tombs at Delhi even had a little notice suggesting that the visitor might keep his distance as they were in imminent danger of collapse). One of the several exceptions to this is of course the Taj Mahal which is quite simply one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. The colour, scale and symmetry are all exactly right and it is a great tragedy that in a few years time the dome will discolour and eventually cave in through air pollution. The best of the Indian*

*palaces was undoubtedly at Amer outside Jaipur where there is one little windowless room lined with tiny glass reflectors perfectly positioned so that a small torch or candle would create a studded wash of reflected light. Outside Delhi there were two monuments that impressed by their sheer size. The victory tower at Qutb is a huge column of red stone with several storeys to it. The view from the top would be spectacular but the government has closed all but the first floor because of the number of suicides. The other great building was the ruined city fort of Tughlakabad; a huge expanse of crumbled red stone with only the enormous outer towers left standing. Whereas many of the native buildings left me rather cold some of the best buildings in Delhi are those designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens; a brilliant mixture of Whitehall and Ancient Greek done in local stone that would look out of place had not Lutyens designed the city of New Delhi around them. The wonderfully organised and open city is only slightly marred by the nasty and silly designs of some of the embassies that litter the area with bizarre one-off experiments usually fortunately hidden behind trees.*

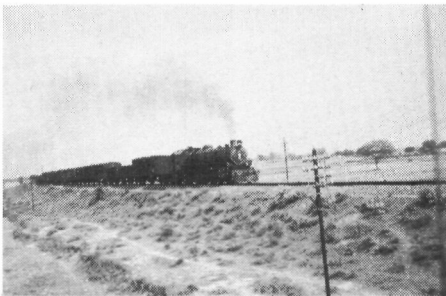
*The flora and fauna are some of the most interesting aspects of India. In the Lodi Gardens there is an extraordinary variety of birds thriving in the ruins of the tombs. Everything from parrots to sparrows are to be found in the towns while there is relatively little elsewhere. Some of the most common inhabitants of the towns are the hawks and kites that thrive on all the refuse. On one occasion a hawk swept down and lifted Jonno Goldman's sandwich from his hands. The Indian equivalent of the squirrel is the chipmunk which is rife in all the towns. One group claimed to have seen a krait snake in the Himalayas but no one else did, nor did we see any scorpions. Happily we had to make do with the snake-charmers who became rather two a penny after a while (the cobras looked more stupefied than deadly), as did the jiggling monkeys and the hoardes of dancing black bears which lined the route to Jaipur led on chains by small boys.*

## By train from Delhi to the Himalayas

Even at 00.30 a.m., Delhi railway station is swarming with people and mosquitoes. There is no room to move and when the train arrives the mad rush for seats is terrifying. In order to identify with the common man we were travelling second class and long before the end of journey realised it was a horrible mistake. There were no beds and we had to make do with wooden benches, using our rucksacks as pillows. Fourteen hours later we arrived at Dehra Dun, where our contact treated us to a sumptuous breakfast. The girls' experience on the train had been different.

### Girls on the train (Jane Wilson)

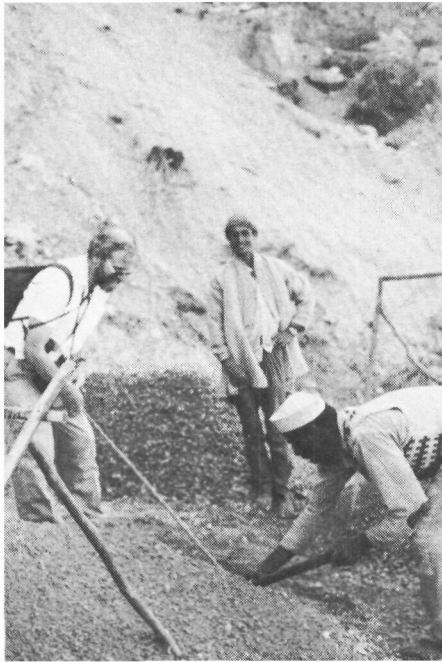
The station was awash in confusion, excitement and comical near-panic. As the extremely long train pulled in without slackening speed, Indians literally dived head-first through windows to be sure of a bench to sit on. The maximum possible fuss was made over our tickets and reservations. India's railway may be the most substantial of British legacies, yet at this moment I had never felt more immersed in India. Perhaps it was because we were, for once, ignored. As we were the only two girls in the group, we were sent to a women's couchette, which was very enclosed and claustrophobic. A girl of our age stared hostilely at us, chewing and spitting and picking her nose all the while. At each station the tea-sellers wandered up and down the platform passing steaming beakers through the slatted shutters. Their cries of 'Tchei, tchei!' frightened the child in the bunk below. She began to sob, clutching at her mother's sari. The chappals (or sandals) we had bought in Delhi had been soaked in petrol by the shopkeeper—presumably to make them supple. By now they were very pungent, and in this small space that was a matter of great regret.



Paul Berman

We awoke a couple of hours away from Dehra Dun in drizzle and coolness. A bald-tyred bus took us 30 km up the mountainside to Mussoorie, where we were welcomed by a thunder storm. The lightning made the river Dun visible far away below, gunmetal-grey. In the evening we heard the bugles of the Gurkha regiments stationed down in Dehradun, evoking nostalgia in Major French.

**Mussoorie and the Himalayan foothills**  
Mussoorie must be one of the most beautiful places in the Himalayas and in our eight days we explored it thoroughly. Our first glimpse of Himalayan majesty was on our trek to Kempty Falls. In Jane Wilson's words:



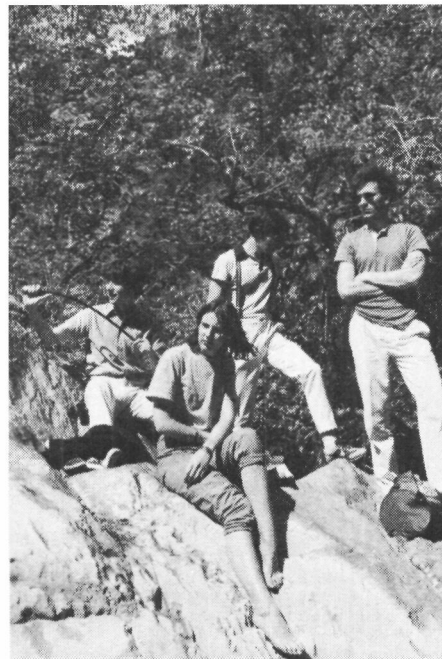
On the way to Mussoorie Ashwath Mehra

During our walk, scrambling downhill for a couple of hours, we were appropriated by two Tibetan children who led us along every short cut there was. We had a glimpse of a snow peak, so far off that at first we thought it was a cloud. It was a strange sensation to know that behind it lay more mountain peaks, Everest and China. We passed an Englishwoman who had obviously 'stayed on' since the Raj. She asked us about the Royal engagement news of which had eventually filtered through to her. The villagers were very benevolent and friendly—many of them were Tibetan refugees.

On a day's descent to Dehra Dun we visited a leper colony. Although we expected horrendous sights, these were, in fact, lepers who had been cured but rejected by their villages, where the cure was distrusted. Modern

Kempty Falls

Ashwath Mehra



medicine has not yet triumphed over entrenched superstition. There were no terrible deformities—nothing approaching, for example, a man in Jaipur without any arms or legs and not much face, wrapped in a cloth and strapped to a small cart. These could spin and weave. On a whitewashed wall was a telephone, beside which was scrawled Oxfam's address in Oxford.

From here we drove to the River Ganges. Although we were 2000 feet up it was extremely hot, indicating what we might find when we returned to the plains. After crossing a swaying bridge to see a Hindu temple on the other side, we watched bathers, who may or may not have been engrossed in some religious ritual. Cremation and dumping of bodies take place further downstream at Benares. A boatman was persuaded to take us back over, but he attempted the crossing at a bend so that we found ourselves landing on the side we had started from. The boatman was totally unperturbed by this.

### Country (Simon Winder)

The countryside was stunning. The view from the top of Sikundar Devi in the foothills was a great experience. Rajasthan, too, was remarkable. We would drive for hours with scorched red desert around us and then suddenly an enormous slice of rock would rear up out of the sand, completely solitary. On one side of the road there would be a group of nomadic herdsmen with their hopeless little herds of goat and sheep, or there would be a scatter of huts with the obligatory unsavoury snack stall and a performing animal of some kind.

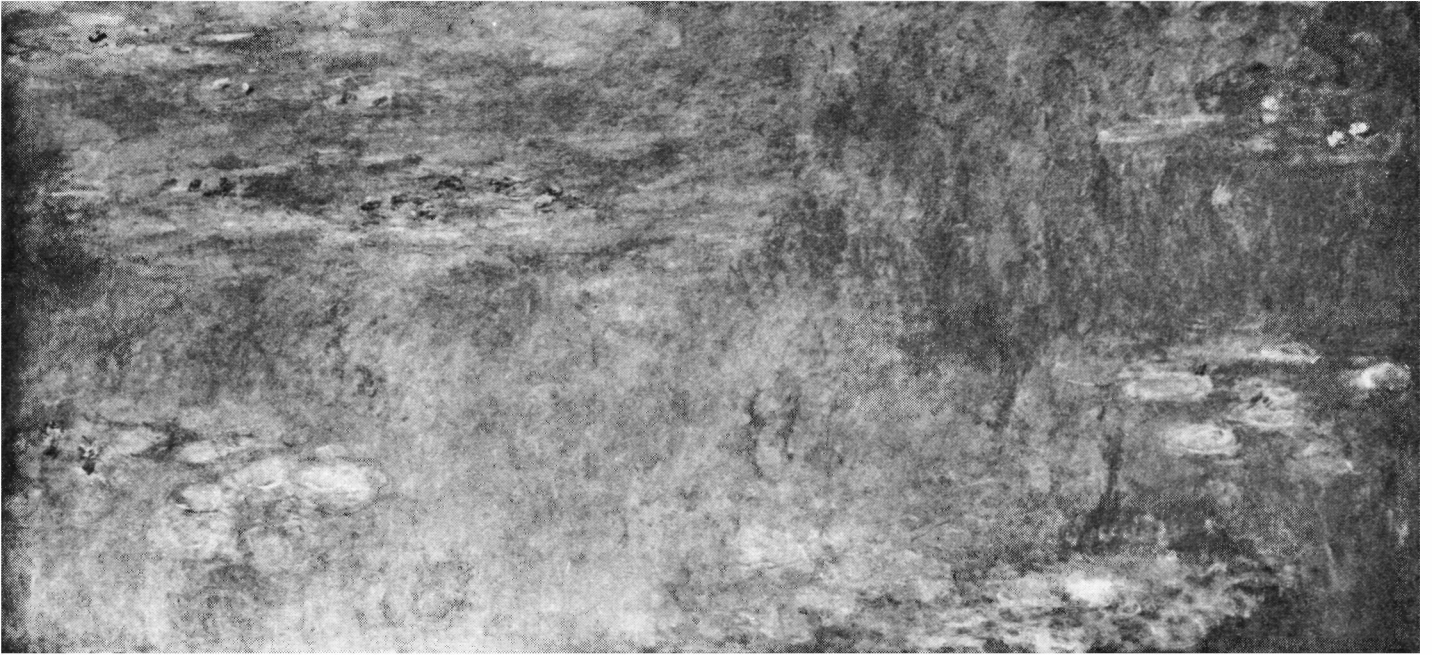
### Back to Delhi

Next morning the party divided, four leaving for Delhi, the rest of us moving deeper and higher into the mountains. We had an arduous journey by bus up to Dhanolti, eventually arriving at the tiny village where we made our way to the government rest-house—aptly termed the eye-sore of the Himalayas. For some members of the party this expedition was the high spot of the trip. After tea on the verandah, we explored the neighbourhood and then turned in early so as to be fresh for next morning's ascent of a nearby mountain, with the object of catching the first rays of light on the summit of Everest. Tony Joyce was the first to reach the top, followed lamely by the rest. The view of the snow-capped Himalayas was beautiful and we felt that Dhanolti must be one of the most unspoilt places on earth. It was hard to leave.

And so we went back to Mussoorie, to catch an uncomfortable coach to Delhi, where the party was re-united.

We had been in good hands throughout the trip, owing a special debt of thanks to our contacts, particularly Mr. B. D. Kapur and Mr. Anand Singh Bawa. India had bombarded our every sense, olfactory, visual and auditory, with confusing images. It was an experience we would recommend to everyone.

\* \* \*



National Gallery

## The Arts

## 'Water Lilies' by Claude Monet

*In our series on London paintings Mattias flytche writes about Monet's painting in the National Gallery.*

Unlike his other pictures in the National Gallery, Monet's *'Water Lilies'* dominates the room which has been specially designed to accommodate it. The painting is on a very large scale—about two metres high and more than twice as long—and the viewer stands on a raised balcony in order to see it at eye-level. This type of presentation is quite appropriate as the picture ought not to be confronted as an attempt at realist representation, but as a vista of colour. Certainly the subject of water lilies on the surface of a pond is well chosen by an artist who wishes to concentrate on recording tones of colour and light. Monet has not needed to bother about composition and line, he has just painted the flat plane of the water's surface with its mixture of images and reflections, giving a sense of a rich carpet of ever-changing tones.

Sticking closely to a palette of blue, yellow, red, orange, mauve and green (the primary colours with their complementaries), Monet has achieved a fantastic atmosphere of light and colour, full of movement with areas of great intensity surrounded by areas of diffusion. 'The colours are fluid with marvellous nuances, ephemeral as a dream', wrote Maurice Guillemot about some of Monet's earlier *'Water Lilies'*. On a closer inspection one finds that the paint has been applied very sketchily. The water lilies are just slashes of yellowy-green paint superimposed on the general undercoat of mauve and outlined in dark blue; the flowers are just dabs of thick red or pink. The remaining areas of water are made up of long wavy brushstrokes of colour which direct

the eye around the painting. The overall effect is a 'web' of colour, making a very rough surface of paint. As in all his other pictures, Monet has simply tried to capture a certain atmosphere of colour and light; yet somehow the idea behind the painting has changed radically. One of the important rules of impressionism was that the picture should be painted in the open air in order to record natural tones instead of the artificial effects produced in a studio. Monet had a studio specially built to paint this last series of *Water Lilies*.

Monet settled in Giverny in 1883 and stayed there until his death in 1926, apart from the various trips he made. He came to know the scenery around his estate very intimately and studied it in every season and under every weather condition. He would paint a series of pictures of the same scene on the same day, starting a new canvas whenever the light changed. 'I have painted the Seine all my life, at all hours of the day and in every season . . . I have never been bored with it.' In this way he would paint scenes which were familiar to him with a heightened sense of colour and light, representing an atmosphere by placing a greater emphasis on tonal harmony. He was interested in the colour of shadows, in the way colours react on each other, in the variation of a colour when it is reflected, and would try to capture all these effects while a certain atmospheric condition prevailed. Often he would enter into fits of depression when a landscape changed—perhaps because of a first frost. 'He never retouches anything in his studio', affirmed one critic.

In 1893 he bought a patch of land at the bottom of his property with the intention of digging a pool which could be fed by the river. Here he created his water lily pond. It did not immediately become a favourite

subject—as Monet said, 'it always takes a while to get to know a new subject'—but in 1900 he exhibited his first set of pictures which were mainly of the 'Japanese footbridge'. The exhibition was a great success, its only fault being that Monet had not varied his point of view much. After an extension of the pond in 1901, he made a fresh start on the *Water Lilies*, concentrating more on the water's surface than on any of the surrounding scenery. These studies certainly seem to have set the theme for his late *Water Lilies*. As one critic remarked: 'Here, more than ever before, painting approaches music and poetry. There is in these paintings an inner beauty, refined and pervasive, the beauty of a play and of a concert, a beauty that is both plastic and ideal.'

Around 1911, Monet began to fear he was going blind. A specialist discovered a cataract and Monet was given treatment in order to retard its growth. By Spring, 1916, he had begun work on his last set of *Water Lily* pictures, the *'Décorations'*. These are all large murals like the painting in the National Gallery, and were painted in Monet's third studio, which had been built especially for the purpose. He worked from studies, as he had done with his pictures of Rouen Cathedral or London, and in 1921 a group of the canvasses was accepted by the State. By 1923 his sight had become much worse and he underwent two operations. For some time his sight was distorted due to an over-reaction to colours, like blue, which had for a long time been excluded from his vision. Then, in 1925, his sight improved tremendously.

Kandinsky, looking at one of Monet's pictures in an exhibition, and not at first realising what was the subject, perceived that the power of the image lay in its



expressive and evocative properties and not in its qualities of representation. The late 'Water Lilies' in the National Gallery demonstrates clearly the link between impressionism and twentieth century abstraction. Monet had taken the step from trying to recreate a scene accurately in terms of colour and light to using various tones to create an atmosphere. This is why the late 'Water Lilies' were painted as large scale decorations. Monet is no longer painting the

pool at the bottom of his garden: the sky and surrounding trees and bushes have disappeared and it is impossible to relate the reflections in the water to any outside scenery. Instead he is using the harmony and contrast of tones to evoke a certain mood. The landscape itself has ceased to be important, except as a source of inspiration; the artists in only interested now in colour as a means of suggesting atmosphere. This attention to colour rather than form is

probably connected with Monet's encroaching blindness, but whatever the cause, the effect proved revolutionary.

Monet, who had been one of the founder members of the impressionist group with his famous 'Impression of a sunrise at Le Havre', was also one of the artists to push this ideal into new directions. It is in his art that we see, perhaps better than in the work of any other artist, the bridge between nineteenth century and twentieth century painting.

Mattias fytche

## The English Baroque—the Arts in England 1675-1725

During the week June 2nd to 5th, a Baroque week was held at the School. Four of the items are reviewed below. The week also included 'Gloves for Mr. Busby' an anthology of Westminster Life (1660-1730) prepared and produced by John Field, Purcell's String Fantasias performed delightfully on Ashburnham staircase, a concert of music for voice and guitar, and, most memorably, Purcell's Funeral Music for Queen Mary in Westminster Abbey. In addition there was an exhibition of the work of English Baroque architects (Wren, Hawksmoor and Archer) in the Carleton Gallery, which included some interesting original drawings made by Wren for 'modernising' the Abbey.

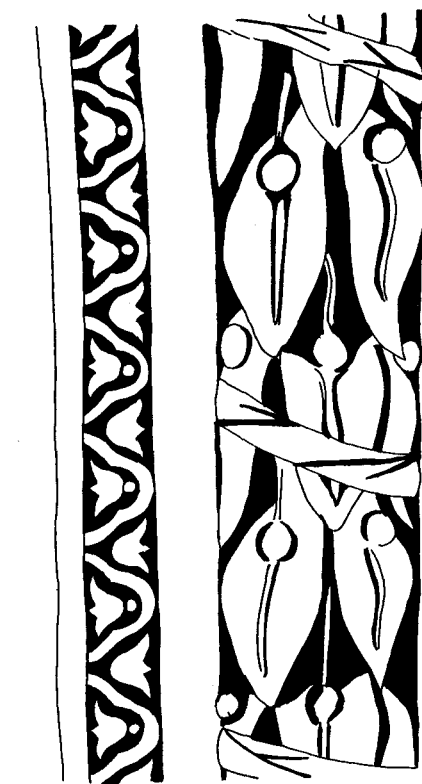
### 'Lost Gardens'

Reviewed by Robert Hannigan

The importance of the Baroque week was not merely that it drew attention to a particularly prosperous period in the history of the School and the Arts in England, but that it provided an excuse and a theme within which events such as 'Gloves for Mr. Busby', the chamber concert 'Begin the Song' and 'Lost Gardens' could occur. It is probably inevitable that such an incentive will always be needed, but there could hardly be a more suitable and imposing, yet sufficiently informal setting for a small concert or poetry recital than Ashburnham Drawing Room and Staircase. It was particularly appropriate for this recital of poetry from the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, which was organised and directed by Messrs Jacobs and Griffiths, with Michelle Doughty, Sabine Durrant, Penelope Gibbs and Robert Stern reading the prose and verse extracts.

The evening began with the closing lines of 'Paradise Lost' and was based on the feeling of a constant and unsuccessful search for the 'Lost Gardens' that seems almost to summarise the poetry of this period. The selection included Marvell, Pope, Defoe, Evelyn and Swift (the last of whom, as we had heard earlier in the week, was far from impressed by his visit to Westminster, and thoroughly bored by the Election Dinner.)

'Lost Gardens' was successful not only because the extracts were carefully chosen



Polly Stebbens

and balanced but because the organisers managed to achieve a structure to hold this wide range of prose and verse together.

### 'Begin the Song'

Reviewed by Ralph Wedgwood

'Begin the Song', a concert consisting of vocal music by Purcell and instrumental music by his contemporaries, was given in Ashburnham Drawing Room, and it was set off perfectly by the architecture, which is of the same period. We sat facing the Carleton Gallery, and when the doors were opened beyond we saw a string quartet and a harpsichord just as if we were suddenly intruding onto a private chamber concert of a seventeenth century nobleman. But this

was no light entertaining background music. It was the overture to Blow's 'Begin the Song', played by Charles Sewart, Oliver Rivers, Isabel Nyman and Miles King with assurance and skill, though perhaps a little pedestrian in interpretation.

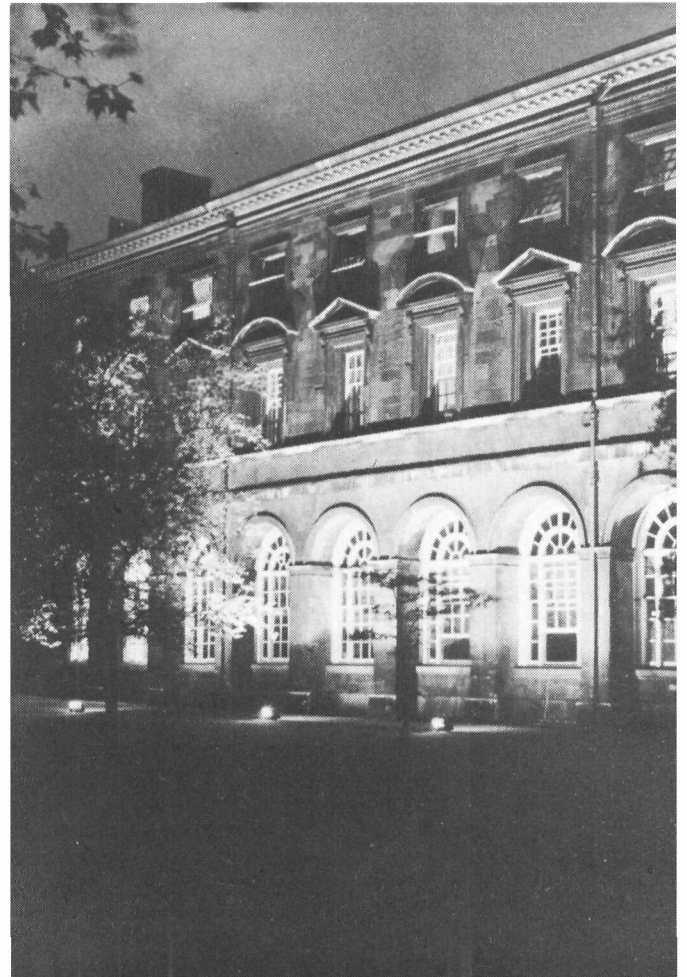
This could not be said of any of the singers. Lucy Baxandall had a cold so that her pure treble tone was not at its best, but in spite of this she gave a nice performance of 'Fairest Isle' from 'King Arthur'. Omar Qattan sang 'Man is for the woman made', 'Take not a woman's anger ill' and 'Love quickly is pall'd' with great wit and insight in his use of words and phrasing: his inflexion and intonation on the syllable '-ade' in the first song was one outstanding example. Ian Bostridge probably had the least vocal material of the three and, though he could have sung with more tonal variety if he had wished, he conveyed a moving and beautifully phrased sense of pathos in 'I attempt from love's sickness'.

William Babel's Flute Sonata followed, played by Aurea Carpenter, who, in spite of slightly unsteady tone in the Air, and some lack of assurance in the last two movements, gave a thoroughly enjoyable performance of this piece.

Nicola Hirsch, taking over at short notice in 'How pleasant is the flowery plain', played with great skill, as did her fellow-flautist Christopher Sainty. Ian Bostridge sounded a little mannered in this, but both he and Lucy Baxandall sang very well. Then came 'I spy Celia'—delightfully funny—sung with real elan by Ian and Omar, and Peter Muir's fine playing of six harpsichord pieces from 'A choice collection of Ayres (1700)'.

The two catches, 'I gave her cakes' and 'Who comes there?' were given a wonderful performance by Mr. Brett, Mr. Woolford and Mr. Kennedy. I very much doubt whether anyone in the audience was able to listen to these straightfaced. Mr. Brett's rustic and cockney accents, in particular, were treasurable.

The concert was admirably rounded off by a lively performance by the instrumental group of Purcell's Trio Sonata in F minor of 1683. Both this and his vocal music heard earlier made it abundantly clear how far above his contemporaries Purcell stood.



Fiona McKenzie

## Baroque Country Houses—a lecture by Mrs. A. W. Livingstone-Smith

*Reviewed by Michael Hugill*

A good lecture on the visual arts is one which leaves the audience feeling that they have really learned something new about *seeing*. By this test Mrs. Livingstone-Smith was totally successful. To know how to 'read' a baroque façade, to understand what the architect of Chatsworth, say, was trying to achieve in terms of recession and movement, is not difficult, but most of us need guidance. Mrs. Livingstone-Smith is a superlative guide.

In retrospect it is difficult to believe that she covered so much ground in about fifty minutes without any sense of haste. As a necessary preliminary we were led, by carefully selected examples, through the continental Baroque experience, from Bernini's Rome to developments in France and the Netherlands, and finally to the special form taken by Baroque architecture in England. And here we moved from Hampton Court to Chatsworth to Castle Howard to Blenheim to Uppark, on each of which there was a steady flow of authoritative and perceptive comment—but never too much. And it was not only the buildings that came under review. Furnishings and paintings were accounted for by their social and political context. The

presence of ceiling and wall paintings by important Italian artists like Verrio, nowhere near as grandiose as their continental counterparts—and not much to our contemporary taste—was made to seem natural for the time.

It is sometimes said that schools are at fault in neglecting to teach pupils how to *look*. The truth is that it is perhaps too difficult a task except for the exceptional teacher. Mrs. Livingstone-Smith is clearly one of those exceptions. This was a masterly lecture by any standard.

## Choral and Orchestral Concert

*Reviewed by Philip Reid*

The final item of the 'Baroque Week' was a well-attended and highly enjoyable concert Up School. The music played and sung by the school's first orchestra and Abbey choir included pieces composed by two former organists of the Abbey—Henry Purcell (1659-95) and John Blow (1649-1708).

Purcell was perhaps England's greatest composer, similar in many ways to Mozart. Both died at thirty-six after short but brilliant careers, in which they produced some of the most varied and inspired music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Come, Ye Sons of Art', Purcell's Ode for the birthday of Queen Mary, 1694, provided a jubilant beginning to the concert, with Charles Brett both conducting and, for the first time at a major concert here, singing.

The duet for two counter-tenors, 'Sound the trumpet', a marvellously exhilarating piece—was particularly splendid, and Evelyn Tubb and Timothy Woolford brought their ever-welcome expertise to the soprano and bass solos.

John Blow taught Purcell and, on realising the younger man's genius, resigned his post as organist of Westminster Abbey in his favour. He took up the post again when Purcell died. Blow composed several excellent works, including 'Ode on the death of Mr. Henry Purcell', which, with soloists Charles Brett and Ashley Stafford (counter-tenors), Leonard Woods (cello), Martin Ball (harpsichord), Christopher Sainty and Nicola Hirsch (flutes), concluded the first half in fine style.

During the interval Ashburnham House, the gate and Burlington's College Dormitory were floodlit and provided an aptly theatrical and poetical background for a leisurely stroll from Little Dean's Yard to College Garden. To walk and talk in the Garden after listening to such glorious music was a rare and peaceful experience indeed.

The final work was Handel's 'Water Music', with soloists Charles Sewart and Andrew Patten (violins) and Bruno Prior (oboe). After this performance one could well understand the contemporary comment that, after the first, water-borne, performance in 1717, George I 'liked it so well that he caused it to be plaid over three times.' It made a fine ending to a memorable evening.

# The Late Beethoven String Quartets

by Peter Muir

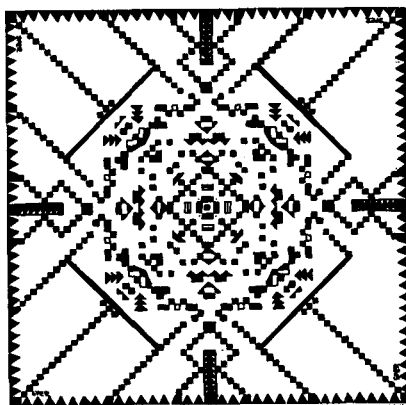
There has always been a body of opinion which claims that the late string quartets of Beethoven are the most obscure works of his output. This is probably true. The belief that they cannot therefore be appreciated by the average music-lover is, however, a fallacy, and a sad one at that, for these quartets (op. 127, 130, 131, 132, 133 and 135) contain some of his greatest and most revealing music.

Yet it is not difficult to see why this legend has arisen. The quartets certainly are difficult to listen to, though this is no fault of Beethoven's. It is, if anything, the laziness of the listener who in these days of commercialised music—the only quality of a vast proportion of which is that it is easy to listen to—is accustomed to being spoon-fed by a money-making nanny. This article will attempt to dispossess the reader of his natural lethargy, and try to guide him towards an appreciation of these masterpieces. It is designed for the music enthusiast who has been deterred from late Beethoven string quartets because he finds them too 'cerebral.'

The reasons for this reluctance are twofold: firstly they are *late* Beethoven, secondly they are string quartets. The first point is the easier to deal with. Music historians, like any other historians, love to draw neat dividing-lines over the continuous line of historical events, just as much as they love to over-generalise. Such divisions in music—labels such as *romantic*, *classical* (in the narrower sense), *impressionistic*—are often very misleading, although they are by no means useless when regarded as vague pointers to historical trends. With Beethoven's creative life, this desire to compartmentalise often becomes tantamount to obsession: *early*, *middle* and *late* Beethoven are sometimes referred to as though they were three different composers. Yet the sequence of development is consistent, and any labelling is at best artificial and frequently very clumsy. 'Late' Beethoven is seen as the inevitable product of a deaf composer, trying to depict a certain 'other-worldliness', a cosmos as free from mental conflict as his was of sound, as remote from Earth as it is from its audience. There is something in this, of course. It is not, however, consistently true. Listen, for example, to the fifth movement of the quartet op. 131 in C sharp minor. Nothing could be more witty and down-to-earth—even naive—as this. Even so there is a trait of all the late quartets—indeed nearly all the late works—that of breadth of design. The music travels at its own pace, undisturbed by the bustle of the external world. This accounts for the faintly ethereal quality which permeates the last works, and also explains why they have an aura of inaccessibility floating over them. This desire for expansiveness took on a much more tangible form: op. 131 has seven movements, while the original finale of op. 130—the 'Grosse Fuge' or 'Great Fuge', op. 133—lasts twenty minutes. Great demands are therefore placed on both

audience and performer, for the concentration of the two cannot be sustained indefinitely.

String quartets are traditionally the most intimate musical medium. They lack the appeal of enormous symphonic forces, while so few instruments means that the composer must handle the musical material with great economy and skill. The instrumentation—two violins, viola and 'cello—possesses a great potential to blend far more easily than any other chamber ensemble (for example piano trio—piano, violin and cello). Purity of sound implies purity of thought: the composer's innermost moods may be poured into the string quartet as one pours milk from jug to glass. This personalised, highly introverted form of expression often distances the listener. So it is that the string quartet is by its nature so 'difficult'.



A. A. Saer

People are often blinded by this inaccessibility, and while they probably treat them with great reverence, believe the late Beethoven quartets are too arcane for the likes of them. This was certainly the predominant view of contemporaries who regarded the quartets, along with much late Beethoven, with bafflement, even though, as Charles Rosen points out, he was seen as the greatest living composer.

Such an attitude is infectious. Philip Radcliffe, in his excellent book on the Beethoven String Quartets, describes the third movement of the op. 132 quartet as 'the strangest piece of music Beethoven ever wrote'. While possibly true, this comment is misleading, for it is as though the object under scrutiny is a fossilized relic in a museum, rather than a living organism. It seems to ignore the fact that the movement is a masterpiece of expression.

It would not help much, or for that matter mean much, to describe this movement as 'typical' of the late Beethoven quartets. It does, however, exhibit most clearly some of the least accessible features of Beethoven's style. The movement is in double variation form—not as complicated as it sounds,

merely A-B-A<sup>1</sup>-B<sup>1</sup>-A<sup>2</sup> (i.e. A<sup>1</sup> is a varied form of A). A, in its initial statement is a chorale, block-like passage consisting of five very long, enormously spacious phrases. This quality immediately tends to repel the listener, for it is always easier to listen to fast music than to slow, just as it is easier to watch comedy rather than tragedy, or colour television rather than black-and-white. That, however, is beside the point. If you obtain a recording from your library, or even buy one—it will probably cost about as much as a round of drinks—do not listen to it while peeling the potatoes, or doing your prep. This music will not allow itself to be thus abused. Sit in an armchair and concentrate on the sounds issuing from your loudspeakers. Close your eyes, if that helps. Listen to each of the long quiet chords. Now, at the end of this section, watch out for the magical change to the new section (B). We are taken from this almost static other-world and placed firmly on earth, the wiser and stronger for our experience (Neue Kraft Fühlend, 'feeling new strength', writes Beethoven at the top of this passage). This contrast is, in my opinion, one of the great moments of all music. Listen to the whole of this movement. The A<sup>1</sup> section which comes next contains more movement than A, but the feeling of profound meditation remains undisturbed. B<sup>1</sup> is initially simpler than its progenitor, but as it progresses it becomes increasingly complex. This only serves to heighten the effect of A<sup>2</sup>. Here syncopated phrases hover mysteriously over each instrument in turn, while phrases of the chorale melody of A are taken up, with the first violin eventually becoming dominant. A climax of overwhelming intensity occurs. The movement ends, still poised in unmoved reflection on the Olympian heights.

Op. 132, of which the above is the third movement, is on balance probably the best late quartet to start with. It is not as long as some of the others (op. 130 and 131), yet it contains some of Beethoven's greatest music. The first movement is one of restless energy, contrasted with a melody of extreme lyricism. The scherzo-like movement which follows it is much less dynamic or ferocious and more spacious than other examples of this genre by Beethoven ('scherzo' is Italian for joke). This, too, has a lyrical streak running through it. Now follows the movement discussed in detail above. A brief 'march' leads into an exciting, agitated passage. The first violin declaims in dramatic style to a background of awesomely trembling strings. And so to the finale which is a marvellous climax to the whole work.

A criticism which is easy to level against this music is that much of its is 'effect'. To explain: one could create an impression of 'other-worldliness' by playing almost any sequence of slow, sustained, quiet, consonant chords on a string quartet. This problem plagues all music. For example, Shostakovich noticed that slow loud strings alone in an orchestra produced an effect of

great emotional intensity. He employs the device again and again (for instance the slow movement of the fifth symphony). Too often, however, the mask disguises uninspired material. While the elements which constitute any work of genius can be analysed in terms of musical theory and mathematics, the verdict on the quality of a piece of music must ultimately be subjective. A more direct comparison can be made with Beethoven and Bruckner. Eric Blom writes (about the slow movement of Beethoven's immense 'Hammerklavier'

piano sonata): 'a composer who can keep a slow movement going for twenty minutes or more performs so rare a feat as to be worth attention for the mere attempt, and those who consider, not without justice, that Bruckner's music meanders and progresses clumsily had better bear in mind that much the same has been said of Beethoven's, though in that case without any justice whatsoever.' Our scepticism is easily aroused in cases where Beethoven's concepts are so vast that it becomes almost impossible to sense the overall unity. The only effective

solution is to listen to the piece over and over, if possible with a score.

There is a moral to be gained from all this, which applies not only to Beethoven but to all art: do not be afraid to approach a work which appears 'obscure'. This is particularly true of modern art. The difficulty here, however, is that it is so hard to distinguish between good and bad, just as it is in when learning any new language. With the late Beethoven quartets it is difficult. They are all good.

## Community Service

Working at Westminster Hospital under the Volunteer Help Organizer is one of the most diverse forms of Community Service it is possible to do while at Westminster. The Volunteer Help Organizer, Sue to one and all, asks you what you can do, what you would like to do and then tries to find work for you in the hospital. I work mainly on my own because I prefer to do so, and my Community Service is completely apart from the school and dependent solely on the hospital.

The first time I did a variety of things. I took an old man home after a stay in hospital and did some vital shopping for him. Sometimes I visited patients who were lonely and without regular visitors. I also helped to reorganize the Nurses' Library, did some typing for Sue and sorted out backdated prescriptions for the appliances

department.

For the next two terms I worked with the Medical Social Worker at The Gordon, a small section of Westminster Hospital in Vincent Square. There I would regularly visit a patient who had been in hospital for a long time and who was becoming institutionalised. Any person who is confined to a hospital ward for an indefinite length of time, for instance after an amputation, is in danger of becoming hospitalised. They lose the will to get up, get dressed and get back to normal society. It is all too much effort and so long as they are in hospital no one makes any demands upon them. The Social Worker tries to find outside stimuli for these patients.

This sort of visiting is quite difficult to begin with but I found that I soon built up a

relationship with the patient and I think that I probably got more out of my weekly visits than any of the people whom I visited. Once I went to see a lady who had been transferred to St. Mary Abbots—a geriatric hospital—and who had written to say how unhappy she was there. I found the visit very depressing. The oppressive atmosphere of a geriatric ward is impossible to describe. Visiting that lady was the only time in the past year that I have felt that what I was doing was futile.

This year I am helping the over-worked receptionist at the ante-natal clinic in Marsham Street. It is exhausting but also different and fun. I am enjoying myself but I have been put off hospital sisters and pregnancy for life.

Isobel Bowler

Sarah Briscoe



# Miscellany

Thanks to Mr. Werner Erhard of the Est organisation the boys and girls of Westminster (at least those who were at John Locke to hear him speak) are now able to true themselves up to where they are at. And, moreover, when they have gotten to where they are going to (wherever that might be) they will be able to tell where it is that they have been coming from . . . .

\* \* \*

Why is it there have been no female speakers at John Locke all term? To be more precise, why is it there have been no female speakers at John Locke all year? The Dalai Lama, Bill Sirs, Rowan Atkinson, Jeremy Irons and Enoch Powell, yes. But women? No. Why not Germaine Greer, Pamela Stephenson, or Shirley Williams for a start? Why have I not been confronted, in Wednesday 4, by some female journalist, artist or stockbroker (at a girls' school female stockbrokers are treated as cult figures . . .) an actress or a politician? Is it that the Head Master feels that College Hall lunch is unfit for Famous Female scrutiny (most of the men were at public school themselves and are therefore Immune). Is it that the Captain of the School is afraid of women over twenty-five? Have all the Famous Females declined, to a woman, to enter a predominantly male environment? Or has it never occurred to the predominant males to ask one?

I.B.

\* \* \*

## Barton Street Belles

'Westminster life is a perpetual ritual' (to quote a 'Wet')—and one, we feel, that cannot be fully appreciated until you are a boarder. Life begins for us at 7.30 a.m. when we receive a gentle awakening from Matron, or 'Matie' as she's more commonly known in 4, Barton Street. Full of enthusiasm for the new day we leap out of bed, bounce out of Barton Street and breeze into College Hall, only to be met by Miss Roberts' welcoming smile and a couple of cold, greasy fried eggs. The day continues from then on for us as it does for most Westminster pupils, apart from the Tuesday struggle with the sheets—when we remake our beds. You



may wonder what we do between four and six—well keep wondering. Just to enlighten you a little: we've come across choir, shooting, play rehearsals, lectures and there's always a prep to be done for tomorrow—but the most important of all is the 'Cafe Society'. Supper is a combination of socialising, greasy chips and fighting over toast fags. We manage to slip in some work between seven and nine, when we are 'confined to quarters', and between nine and ten we generally meet over coffee and boast about the day's 'conquests'!

At the beginning of term the only rule laid down about the girls' house was that no boys could enter the 'inner sanctuary' of Barton Street, the penalty being expulsion. One reason offered to the girls for this controversial clause in the rule book was that the Barton Street style of life is so luxurious that once seen there would be a mass rebellion in school. Do we really have a soft life? Well, we must admit that the majority of us have single studies, some of which are equipped with the most vital of all feminine necessities—a large mirror and sink. Unfortunately for us, life in Barton Street will not be like this forever. With the influx of new girls next year, rooms will be doubled and the queue for the bathroom twice as long. But at the moment we are fully enjoying the benefits of select company and a doting 'Matie'. We don't mean to make you jealous, merely to paint an almost

true picture.

Sometimes we feel a little cut off, since, out of the 506 male members of the school, 505 are not allowed into 'Number 4'. Who is the lucky one, we say to ourselves? . . . Does he have connections . . . from the inside? . . . Maybe it helps to be Head Boy . . . !?

Above all we feel Barton Street has overcome all obstacles in its path—a mighty achievement for seven girl boarders among 249 of their male contemporaries. We're sure you can't think of many reasons why it shouldn't continue in the future.

Sophie Chalk, Carole Jory, Charlotte Bogard

Lyndsay Griffiths



# The Elizabethan Club

Changes of address should be sent to The Secretary, Westminster School Society, 5a Dean's Yard, London, S.W.1.

## Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at the School on Wednesday December 9th 1981, with the President, Dr. David Carey, in the chair.

The President opened the meeting by referring to the deaths during the past year of four Vice-Presidents of the Club—Sir Henry Chisholm, Sir Anthony Grover, Col. Stuart Horner and Lord Rea—all of whom would be remembered with gratitude and affection. The meeting then stood for a few moments in silence as a mark of respect.

The General Committee's Report and the Accounts for the year ended December 31st 1980 were then formally approved.

Dr. Gerald Ellison was elected President of the Club in succession to Dr. Carey, who retired at the end of his three year term of office. The meeting expressed gratitude to Dr. Carey for his contribution to the Club as President, and welcomed Dr. Ellison, who retired recently as Bishop of London, 'with acclamation'.

The following were elected  
Vice-Presidents:

Judge Michael Argyle, Q.C.

Mr. D. F. Cunliffe

Sir Peter G. Masefield

Sir Paul Wright

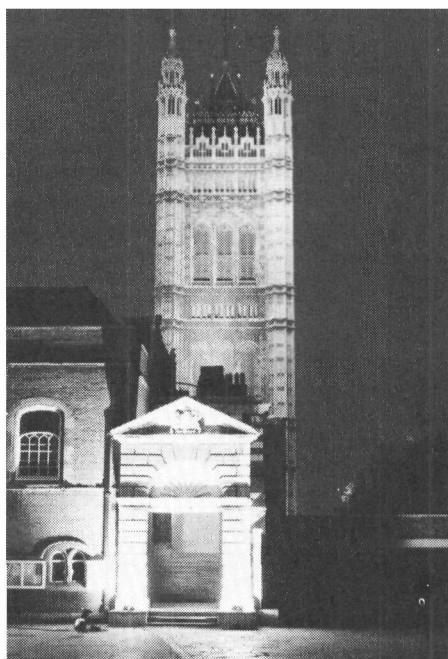
Mr. Michael Tenison was re-elected Chairman, and Mr. Michael Baughan and Mr. Christopher Cheadle were re-elected Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively. Mr. Jeremy Broadhurst was elected to succeed Mr. David Roy who retired after six years as Sports Secretary. The meeting expressed gratitude to all the officers of the Club for their services.

Miss Amanda Gould, Miss Sara Foster and Mr. David Roy were elected new members of the General Committee. Mr. C. M. O'Brien was also re-elected to the General Committee for a further year to fill the vacancy left by the resignation during the year of Mr. Philip Duncan.

Mr. B. G. Berkinshaw-Smith was unanimously re-elected as the Hon. Auditor, and the President expressed the Club's thanks to him for his services.

C. J. Cheadle  
Hon. Secretary

\* \* \*



Fiona McKenzie

## The Elizabethan Club

*President:* The Lord Bishop Dr. Gerald Ellison

*Vice-Presidents:*

Sir Adrian Boulton

Dr. D. M. M. Carey

Lord Carr of Hadley

His Honour Judge Michael Argyle, Q.C.

Mr. D. F. Cunliffe

Sir Peter G. Masefield

Sir Paul Wright

*Chairman:* Mr. V. T. M. R. Tenison

*Hon. Treasurer:* Mr. M. C. Baughan

*Hon. Secretary:* Mr. C. J. Cheadle

*Hon. Sports Secretary:* Mr. C. J. Broadhurst

*General Committee:*

Mr. C. M. O'Brien

Mr. J. S. Baxter

Miss T. Beaconsfield

Mr. F. A. G. Rider

Mr. J. L. C. Dribbell

Mr. J. H. D. Carey

Mr. E. N. W. Brown

Mr. J. N. H. Tiratsoo

Mr. A. J. T. Willoughby

Miss A. Gould

Miss C. S. A. Foster

Mr. D. A. Roy

## The Elizabethan Club Dinner 1981

Despite near-Arctic weather conditions there was an excellent turnout for the 1981 Dinner, which was held in College Hall on December 9th. The toast of 'Floreat' was proposed by Dr. Eric Heaton, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, who expressed hopes for the continuation of the close links between Westminster and Christ Church, and of an educational tradition which aimed to encourage excellence in whatever field—or as he expressed it, 'elitism, in the best sense of that word'. In reply the Head Master also took the themes of 'continuity' and 'excellence' and outlined the School's plans for the future, and the progress of the current Appeal.

The Dinner provides an opportunity both for particular generations of OWW to stage a reunion in familiar (some might say too familiar!) and relaxing surroundings, and for different ages of OWW to mingle and perhaps compare notes. It was particularly pleasant on this occasion to find that the guests included both last year's Princesps Oppidanorum and one of the oldest members of the Club, Mr. L. C. Denza (AHH 1906-08).

At the conclusion of the dinner Mr. C. M. O'Brien expressed the Club's thanks and appreciation to the retiring President, Dr. David Carey, for his considerable contribution to the Club's affairs during his term of office.

## Westminster School Appeal

All Old Westminsters should now have received a letter about the Appeal either from the Chairman of the Appeal Committee, the Right Honourable The Lord Carr, or from the Head Master. If you have not received a letter about the Appeal would you be kind enough to contact the Head Master at 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1 and he will see that a letter is sent without delay.

\* \* \*

# Old Westminster Notes

**The Rt. Hon. Nigel Lawson** (1945-50, H) was appointed Secretary of State for Energy in the last Government changes.

**Anthony Howard** (1946-52, B) has been appointed Deputy Editor of *'The Observer'*.

**Dr. Nicholas Humphrey** (1956-60, L) gave the Bronowski Memorial Lecture for 1981 on B.B.C. 2 during October. In 'Four Minutes to Midnight', he asked why we are standing by and doing nothing to prevent the destruction of our world by nuclear weapons.

**T. L. Richardson** (1954-9, QS), who has been a member of the Central Policy Review Staff ('Think Tank') for the last year, has been appointed Head of Chancery, British Embassy, Rome.

**Norman Parkinson** (R. W. P. Smith, 1927-31, A) had a highly successful exhibition, covering his entire career as a photographer, at the National Portrait Gallery during the autumn. An interview with him appears on p.114.

**Dr. John Coleman** (1938-39, A) was one of the missionaries (his wife was another) held hostage in Iran for many months before being released last December as a result of negotiations conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury's representative.

**Adrian Phillips** (1954-58, W) has been appointed director of the Countryside Commission.

**Nigel Hamilton** (1957-62, B) is the winner of this year's Whitbread Award for his biography of Montgomery. A review appears on p.138.

**Martin Duncan** (1961-66, W) presented his own musical version of 'Cinderella' at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith at Christmas, 1980. It was so successful that he was invited back the following Christmas to stage his own version of 'Aladdin'.



Ashwath Mehra

**Adam Mars-Jones** (1967-72, QS) has received considerable critical attention for his book *'Lantern Lecture'*. A review appears on p.138.

**J. A. Marenbon** (1969-72, W) is the author of a new book, *'From the Circle of Alcuin to the School of Auxerre'*, published by the Cambridge University Press.

## University News

The following Old Westminsters are *known* to have been placed in the First Class in summer examinations at Oxford and Cambridge:

### Oxford

Marcus Alexander  
Andrew Clay  
Andrew Graham  
Dixon  
John Hyman  
Robert Maslen  
Marcus Manuel  
Charlotte Moore

Lit. Hum.  
Maths

English  
Philosophy  
English Mods.  
Physics Mods.  
English

### Cambridge

George Benjamin  
Alison Carey  
Jonathan Cullis

Rupert Green  
Edward Harcourt  
Neil Inglis  
Mark Muffett

David Nutting  
Guy Perricone  
Juliet Rix  
Daniel St. Johnston  
Charles Weir  
Antony Williams  
Timothy Winter

Music Pt.II  
Maths Pt.I  
Medical Sciences  
Pt.I.b.  
Economics  
Philosophy Pt.I.a  
Spanish Pt.I  
Maths Pt.III  
distinction  
Maths Pt.I.b.  
Spanish Pt.I  
Natural Sciences Pt.I  
Natural Sciences Pt.I  
Natural Sciences Pt.II  
Oriental Languages  
Pt.I

## Letter

The Editors,  
*The Elizabethan*

Dear Sirs,

I write to correct two errors in the interesting article on pages 98 and 99 of the last issue.

F. M. Radermacher was up HBB not Ashburnham.

I am another of the boys sent by Mr. H. T. S. Storrs to Westminster. Mr. Storrs only took Holy Orders after the War of 1914-18, in about 1920, I should think.

Yours faithfully,  
Iain William Matheson (1920-24, HB)

**J. O. Blaksley** (1934-40, KS) has called our attention to another error in the same article. The year in which Roger Young entered College was mis-printed as 1939. This should have read 1937.

\* \* \*

## Old Westminsters and *'The Elizabethan'*

*The small number of items in 'Old Westminster Notes' prompts the Editors to say that they would be grateful for much more news about Old Westminsters. We would particularly like information about honours, appointments, publications, etc. for the 'Notes' column.*

*In addition we would like to expand the new section, started on p.140, giving news about the general activities of Old Westminsters, including, especially, recent ones. One such has written to say that this would add to the interest of the magazine and we agree. If, also, any Old Westminster at university, or living overseas, say, could write a summary letter giving news from their 'patch', we will gladly publish it.*

*We believe, too, that more articles of reminiscence, like the one appearing on p.139 would be valued by many readers.*

# Book Reviews

MONTY, *The Making of a General 1887-1942*, by Nigel Hamilton (1957-62, B).

Reviewed by John Rae

When Nigel Hamilton was born in February 1944, General Montgomery had just left the 8th Army to take up his command in *Overlord*, the Allied invasion of France. Soldier and future biographer met when Hamilton was a young boy about to enter Westminster; it was the beginning of a close friendship that lasted twenty years until Montgomery's death. As a friend and admirer with unrestricted access to the private papers, Hamilton might have found it difficult to avoid a hymn of praise or a volume of extracts. But his training as a historian and experience as a biographer prevent him. This—the first volume of the work—is a remarkable book. For the first time, the celebrated but controversial figure can be seen in the round; and what an intriguing picture it is.

Montgomery was above all a complete professional. Many of his contemporaries made soldiering their profession but when compared with Montgomery they were more like full-time amateurs. His strength was that he insisted on the thorough training of every unit he commanded. It sounds obvious and unoriginal yet Montgomery was one of the very few senior commanders who planned and executed exhaustive training exercises as a preparation for battle. His zeal and professionalism did not always endear him to his colleagues; while these qualities ensured promotion, for a long time they blocked his chances of high command. Montgomery was an outsider whose only friend in high places was Alan Brooke. But even Brooke could not persuade Churchill to appoint Montgomery as Commander of the 8th Army; it took an airplane accident which killed Churchill's nominee to provide Montgomery with his big chance.

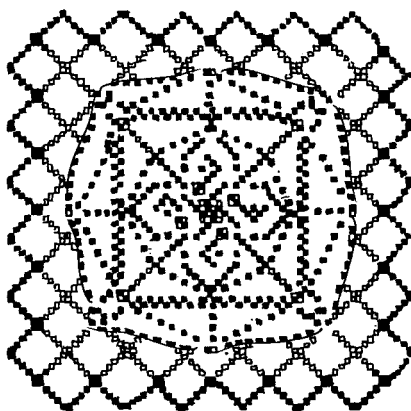
Montgomery's arrival in the desert to take over the 8th Army from Auchinleck is now part of military legend. He made short shrift of those senior officers he regarded as defeatist or incompetent; they were dismissed as 'quite useless', 'a menace' and 'quite unfit for their jobs'. It was no way to make friends but it transformed an army. According to Montgomery, the tired and baffled 8th Army was revitalised, imbued with the offensive spirit and launched into the decisive battle of the war at El Alamein. According to his critics, Montgomery took the credit for the work of his predecessor, Auchinleck, and his superior commander, Alexander.

Hamilton handles this controversy with great skill, thoroughness and objectivity. One is left with the impression that despite Montgomery's habit of exaggerating his own rôle at the expense of his colleagues, his professionalism and style of command were the crucial factors in the defeat of Rommel. Although the Allied forces were superior numerically, victory at El Alamein was by

no means a foregone conclusion: the Germans fought with courage and resilience; Churchill tried to interfere when the battle appeared to reach a stalemate, and some of Montgomery's own tank commanders refused point blank to carry out parts of his battle plan. That a decisive break-through was made has been attributed to various commanders but it was Montgomery's battle and public opinion at home was right to see him as the hero of the hour.

El Alamein was not only a turning point in the war but also in Montgomery's career. Did victory go to his head, exaggerating unattractive aspects of his personality? The second volume of Hamilton's biography will cover the invasion of France and the Battle of Arnhem and promises to be as fascinating as the first, as its brilliant, awkward hero moves onto a larger military stage and has to cope with the distorting pressures of fame.

E. W. Jayaratnam



*Lantern Lecture*, by Adam Mars-Jones, Q. S. (1967-72), Faber and Faber

Reviewed by John Field

An owlish ten-year-old who solemnly announces that the altitude is going to exacerbate his amnesia is likely to make something of his life. Adam Mars-Jones, ex Queen's Scholar, now 27, rangy, crewcutted and mid Atlantic, seems to have done so. A trio of prose works, entitled '*Lantern Lecture*', was published by Faber late in 1981 to enthusiastic reviews. It was '*Hoosh-Mi*', the second of these, that attracted most attention. It is not a common experience to read the behind-the-scenes account of the Queen's death, from rabies caught from a lick from an infected corgi who had been bitten by a stray North American bat in the Balmoral bracken. This exuberant fantasy is aptly titled (*Hoosh-Mi* is a word coined by young Margaret for a mix-up), for Mars-Jones' intentions range from a serious and sympathetic analysis of the plight of the modern monarchy ('a pet herd of sacrificial victims') through an irreverent but endearing popular-journalistic humanising of a monarch whose tummy rumbles for breakfast whenever bagpipes are heard and who coos 'Punchie luvva mumma duzzie?' at her favourite corgi, to dexterous verbal wit which would be conversationally dazzling but is strangely enfeebled in print:

'Balmoral Rearmament'; 'act of dog', or, of the Queen's education 'strong on constitutional history, weak on herb drill'. *Hoosh-Mi* teems with ideas but the bits are more than the whole, for the author's discursive impulses compel the work to have no fixed abode. The bits are, nonetheless, cherishable. How else would we have learned that the house on Corfu in which Philip was born was called 'Mon Repos'?

The other two stories are more satisfying artistically. *Bathpool Park*, tense with the discipline that Mars-Jones knows he needs to impose law upon the anarchic impulses of his imagination and upon a sense of language that is like a box of fireworks with a match tossed into it, takes as its subject the Black Panther, Donald Neilson.

Mars-Jones, with Mailer and Capote as mentors in the genre of 'documentary fiction', begins with 'the trial', the 'public viewing' of prisoner and legal process, and then, as in *Hoosh-Mi*, explores behind the scenes, humanising as he does so, conveying both the sadness of and his fondness for his intractable subjects. *Bathpool Park* has the sustained excitement of a quest, not for the man who is a killer, but for killer, judge, police, victims, who are all men. *Lantern Lecture* has a form to fit its name: a series of carefully selected cameos whose taut symmetries lovingly reveal the amiable dottiness of Philip Yorke, last owner of Erdigg, a ramshackle eighteenth-century mansion in North Wales.

*Lantern Lecture* opens with Philip Yorke's baptism. One by one, six phials containing holy water from the River Jordan are opened, and found to be putrid. After the terrible stench clears, a servant fetches in some water from the lake outside so that the ceremony may be performed. That episode seems to symbolise Adam Mars-Jones's interests and literary skills. He gleefully deflates the shams of ceremonial and public life, where men make asses of themselves, but he has both affection and compassion for the bathos of ordinary humanity, rumbling tummies and all, behind all the nonsense. His experience equips him admirably for such a view of life, after all. He was educated at Westminster and won the Benjamin C. Moomaw Prize for Oratory at the University of Virginia in 1980.

*Let Your Peaceful Heart Speak* by Bill Allchin (1935-39, A), Sarsen Press, Winchester.

Mr. Allchin has devoted his life to medicine, politics and religion, using each of these concerns in the cause of reconciliation between people who stand on opposite sides of the many abysses that divide humanity in this century.

This short book contains, poems, accounts of his own experience as a p.o.w., being made to build bridges for the Japanese, then as a voluntary bridge-builder of another kind after the war. Now a psychotherapist and Quaker, his reflections on his experiences are both vivid and moving.

M. J. H.



*Come When You Can* by Rupert Strong (1925-29, H), Tansey Books, Dublin.

Mr. Strong lives in Dublin where he has worked for many years as a psychoanalyst. He is the author of five books of poems, of which this is the most recent.

It is an impertinence to review poetry which reflects close personal experience. Such is the case with Mr. Strong, whose work is, avowedly, directly personal. All that the reader needs to know is whether the author writes in a manner to which he can respond. Here, as a sample, is a poem called *She, Me and My Aunt*.

*'Pleased to meet you,'  
was all she said.*

*That branded her  
one of the lower orders.*

*We shook hands politely,  
she, me and my aunt.*

*One should merely bow  
in correct society.*

*'How-do-you-do'  
remains unanswered*

*and in no circumstances  
'Very-well-thank-you'.*

*We parted gracefully.  
We were adept at that.*

*'The way they dress nowadays  
You would say they were ladies,'*

*Said my aunt. 'She's probably  
from Tooting or Streatham.'*

*But I went back to the party  
after seeing my aunt to a taxi.*

M.J.H.

## The Uffpuff

*A reminiscence of Westminster in the 1930s by Michael Cherniavsky (1933-38, KS). Mr. Cherniavsky is on the Faculty of Arts at the University of Waterloo, Ontario, Canada.*

'The UFPF stands for Peace, Liberty and a Better Britain.' This slogan will be recognized by many who were at Westminster in 1936, for throughout that year the United Front of Progressive Forces (familiarily the Uffpuff) was a feature of the Westminster scene which forced itself on everyone's attention. The 1930s were a time of exceptional political consciousness among the young everywhere, but as a schoolboy organization the UFPF was, as far as I am aware, *sui generis*; at most British public schools at that time, it simply would not have been allowed. Even at liberal Westminster *The Elizabethan* maintained a discreet silence about its existence and its activities, but they ought not to remain for ever unrecorded. This retrospective report is offered by the former Secretary, who has

been able to check his own recollections against the hard evidence of the minute-book.

The UFPF described itself as 'an attempt to unite all members of the school who hate war and injustice, and are determined to strive for peace'. Members had to express general agreement with an eighteen-point manifesto, which summarized a left-centre programme characteristic of the time: it was the age of Popular Fronts in France and in Spain, and of anti-Fascist rallies in all the democratic countries; a time when for many radicals and 'progressives' there were no enemies on the left, but some very sinister enemies on the right. The manifesto was signed by 92 boys (about a quarter of the school), with self-chosen labels ranging from Progressive Conservative to Communist; our enemies were Fascism and what we called 'reactionary Toryism'. Nine boys formed the Executive Committee, and nine sympathetic masters were described as the Advisory Committee.

The UFPF's activities were various. We distributed a mimeographed weekly news-sheet, *Yours*, which contained political comment and exhortation, besides information about the UFPF's own activities. A library of political pamphlets, obtained from parties and other organizations to the left of the National Government, was available to members. There were discussion meetings, for the revision of the manifesto in the light of the changing political situation and for the planning of tactics; there were addresses by visiting speakers, among them Lord Marley, Sir Walter Layton, Bishop Walter Carey, Canon F. Lewis Donaldson and Miss Dorothy Woodman. Long-term strategy was hammered out at periodical meetings of the Executive Committee, which usually took place at a member's home, where a nourishing tea was provided. But what most lives in the memory is the typical Public Meeting and Demonstration.

Brightly coloured posters make stirring proclamations from the classroom wall: 'Abolish the Family Means Test', 'Fascism means Hunger and War', 'Join the UFPF and Help to Build a Better Britain'. The master's large table serves as a platform; on it sit the chairman (a master) and the speakers (one master and three boys). Harassed but strong-nerved stewards somehow pack in an audience of just under a hundred. Then the piano and the drum strike up, and the United Front Song rolls into Yard and College Garden. The speeches from the platform follow; there is heckling from the opposition, cheers and counter-cheers, several appeals for order from the chair. Yet although the meeting is stormy it remains a meeting, and does not break up or degenerate into a brawl. After the speakers have answered questions, the resolution is put: 'This meeting approves the general policy of the UFPF as expressed in the manifesto, and will press for vigorous, concerted action by all the progressive forces in the country.' It is (let us hope) carried by a large majority. The United Front Song, so effective as a call to action, now serves as a song of victory.

The UFPF was never formally dissolved, but the original enthusiasm could not last and after a year no more meetings were held. Certain latent incompatibilities combined to hasten the disintegration of the movement. There was, in the first place, a gulf between the pacifist minority and those who were prepared to resist Fascism by force; but the manifesto contained an escape clause for pacifists, and this particular difference of opinion did little to mar our harmony. More dangerous was the smouldering mutual suspicion of some of the moderate majority and the few Marxist-inclined militants; before the end of the year there were two or three resignations on the ground that the movement was Communist-dominated. Finally, when the abdication crisis was sprung upon the country in December, *Yours* came out with a vigorously pro-Edward editorial, to which several members took strong exception.

Some of our contemporaries found our almost evangelistic fervour distasteful, not to say ridiculous, and by them the fading-out of the UFPF was unlamented. We tended to be intolerant of opposition and perhaps displayed a touch of self-righteousness, but we believed we were in earnest and, looking back, it can be claimed that we were broadly on the side of the angels. The spirit of the movement can best be recaptured by singing, to the tune of 'God the all-terrible', the two verses of the United Front Song. (The inconsistency of the first and the last sentiments expressed in the second verse did not altogether escape us, but it certainly seems more glaring now than it did then.)

Lift up your voices now, singing for Freedom,

Peace and Fraternity, more for the poor:  
Work for the workless and Justice for all men:

Progress in Unity, No More War.

Lift up your voices now, fighting the Fascists,

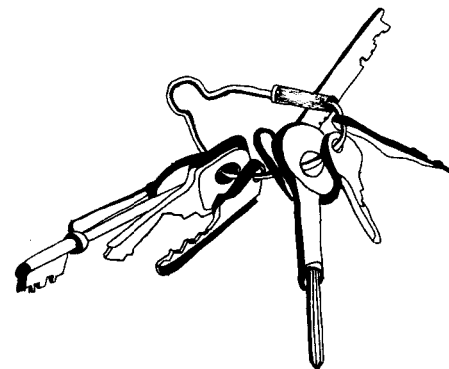
Fighting for Justice and striving for Law:  
Forward, for action to rid us of evils:

Progress in Unity, No More War.

\* \* \*

*(The Editors would welcome further reminiscences by Old Westminsters)*

P. J. P. Richards



# News of Old Westminsters

**Fiona McLaren** (1976-78, D) writes:

*'I wonder whether I could make a suggestion with regard to "The Elizabethan"? It is, of course, always interesting to hear what is happening within Westminster and to read about, and contributions by, current pupils. However, I think it would also be interesting to hear about what has happened to those people who have left (aside from births, deaths, etc.). It seems a pity that the only connection between the school and an Old Westminster is often only an obituary notice.'*

Two items of news of this kind have reached us. More please . . .

**Tony Somervell** (1972-77, B) is in his final year, studying Spanish at Birmingham University. He spent his third year in Buenos Aires, studying at the University there and travelling in N. Argentina, visiting missionaries amongst Indian tribes.

He has applied for a course on teaching English as a foreign language at Manchester and to return to Buenos Aires in 1983. He has taken up shooting again and has been reserve for the University 1st VIII. He also went on an eleven-day tour of Finland with the choir of St. John's, Harborne, and is involved in the editorial and graphics work of a Christian fortnightly publication in the university.

**John Crawshaw** (1963-68, QS) who read classics at New College, Oxford and holds a degree from the Wharton Business School, University of Pennsylvania, has been appointed general manager for marketing tomato products for Heinz U.S.A. division of H. J. Heinz Company, which he joined in 1974.

## Election of Members

The following have been elected to Life Membership under Rule 7(b):

### Ashburnham

**Boreham**, Penelope Lucy, 26 Campden Hill Gate, London W8.

**Bowes-Smith**, Oliver William, 81 Bushey Way, Beckenham, Kent.

**Chapman**, Julia Tina Vance, 34 Ainger Road, London NW3.

**Clarke**, Karen Sandra, 4 Sispara Gardens, London SW18.

**Davies**, Richard Lawrence Glyn, 45 Peckarmans Wood, Sydenham Hill, London SE26.

**De Deney**, Simon Nicholas Christian, 17 Ladbroke Terrace, London W11.

**Decerega**, Ignacio, Almangor Ureta 1209, Depto 201, Santiago, Chile.

**Lytton**, Timothy Daniel, 65 Country Club Drive, Woodbridge, Connecticut 06525, U.S.A.

**Peckham**, Daniel Gavin, 35 Brook Green, London W6.



### Nab Camas

In response to the Westminster School Society's stated intention of selling Nab Camas, the house in Wester Ross left to the Society by Denny Brock, John Field is

trying to form a syndicate to purchase the house and run it, on a time-sharing basis, as a holiday home retaining a connection with Westminster. Anyone interested in knowing more about the syndicate should contact him at the Common Room, 17 Dean's Yard.

**Rosen**, Hugh Desmond, 3 Hampstead Hill Gardens, London NW3.

**Van Der Eb**, Ralph Adrian, 52 Addison Road, London W1.

### Busby's

**Cavaciuti**, Paul John, 46 Bancroft Avenue, London N2.

**Feld**, Robin Littlejohn, 10 Chepstow Villas, London NW11.

**Griffiths**, Martin, The Rectory, St. Julian's Road, Shoscombe Vale, Bath, Avon.

**Handsley**, Bryan John William, 5 Archers Road, Southampton, Hants.

**Hollis**, Adam Meneer, Bailey Hill, Tilehouse Lane, Denham, Bucks.

**Lipton**, Jane Alison, 6 Fynes Street, London SW1.

**Neubert**, Jolyon Nicholas, 12 Greatwood, Chislehurst, Kent.

**Pethers**, Marcus Christian, 24 Rouse Gardens, Dulwich, SE21.

**Rucker**, Jonathan Breece, 59 Cadogan Square, London SW1.

**Scott**, Ivor Douglas Gordon, 66 Beckenham Place Park, Beckenham, Kent.

**Segnit**, Seymour Orpen, The Sun House, Ravenscroft Park, Barnet, Herts.

### College

**Barber**, Sarah Elizabeth, 13 Whittlesey Street, London SE1.

**Crowcroft**, Natasha Sarah, 57 Arlington Road, London NW1.

**King**, Simon Lawson, 7 Allington Road, London NW4.

**Temple-Muir**, Sophia Alexandra, Wickham Place, Wickham Bishops, Essex.

**Tickell**, Oriana Mary, 18 Alma Square, London NW8.

### Dryden's

**Balchin**, Cassandra Marlin, 21 Lancaster Avenue, London SE27.

**Edelshain**, Nigel Richard, 40 Smith Square, London SW1.

**Eliot**, Laura Camilla, 104 Oakleigh Road North, London N20.

**Kooros**, Karim, 108 The Quadrangle Tower, Cambridge Square, London W2.

**Lowenstein**, Paul David, 27 Elsworth Road, London NW3.

**Mackie**, James Russell, 18b Earls Court Square, London SW5.

**De Marigny-Lagesse**, Pierre Arnaud Marc, 15 Queensdale Road, London W11.

**McCrindell**, Andrew Burns, 39 Broadwick Street, London W1.

**McWatters**, Christopher George, 40 Cumberland Terrace, London NW1.

**Rachlin**, Christopher Martin, 16 Marlborough Road, Richmond, Surrey.

**Wrathall**, Claire Segal, 13 Highgate Close, London N6.

### Grant's

**Green**, David Simon, 101 Dovehouse Street, London SW3.

**Lipman**, Marc Caeroos Isaac, 117a Harley Street, London W1.

**Moore**, Jeremy Richard Eisdell, 1 Seaview Terrace, Wellington 5, New Zealand.

**Westaway**, Richard Anthony, 24 Church Rise, London SE23.

**Wrathall**, William John Peter, 13 Highgate Close, London N6.

## Liddell's

**Bradley, James Handley**, 34 Phillimore Gardens, London W8.  
**Coles, Samuel**, 18 Cheyne Row, London SW3.  
**Colman, Andrew Abraham**, 5 Beechworth Close, London NW3.  
**Colton, Stephen Frederick**, 24 Swettenham Road, Singapore 10.  
**Crabtree, Richard James**, 75 Home Park Road, London SW19.  
**Davies, Giles Alistair Cary**, Southmead, Golden Acre, Angmering on Sea, W. Sussex.  
**Dove, Paul Matthew**, 28 Wellington Square, London SW3.  
**Eisen, Timothy George Quentin**, 8 Rosecroft Avenue, London NW3.  
**Frere, Bartle Henry David Hoare**, Netherfield House, Marcham, Abingdon, Oxon.  
**Gifford, Andrew James Morris**, 15 Bourne Avenue, London N14.  
**Goldring, Joanne Ruth**, 88 Berkeley Court, Baker Street, London NW1.  
**Idelson, Nicholas Vladimir**, 56 Scarsdale Villas, Kensington, London W8.  
**Johnson Smith, Thomas Geoffrey**, 12 Pelham Crescent, London SW7.  
**Kelson, Leo Stuart**, 15 York Avenue, New Milton, Hants.  
**Lefever, Nicola Jane**, 1 Malvern Court, Pelham Court, London SW7.  
**Lewis, Christopher James**, 7 Furze Hill, Purley, Surrey.  
**Morfev, Julian Francis**, 10 Chalcot Gardens, London NW3.  
**Rees, Chloe Alice**, Lynch Lodge, Kensworth Lynch, Dunstable, Beds.  
**Whyatt, Adrian Dean**, Wild Boars, Freshfield Crossways, Scaynes Hill, Sussex.  
**Williams, David John**, Willow House, Conduit Head Road, Cambridge.  
**Wolf, Jonathan Justin**, 201 Roehampton Lane, London SW15.

## Rigaud's

**Atkins, Mark Houghton Roger**, 7 Cross Brook Lane, Westport, Connecticut 06880, U.S.A.  
**Beard, Alexander Charles**, 14 Bank Parade, Avenham, Preston, Lancs.  
**Brocklebank-Fowler, Timothy John**, 5a Greycoat Place, London SW1.  
**Brown, Justin Barnaby**, Narrangansett, Lucas Way, Haywards Heath, Sussex.  
**Colcord, Francis Carlton**, 1 More's Garden, 90 Cheyne Walk, London SW3.  
**Dewey, Oliver Maxwell Benbow**, The Manor House, Church Enstone, Oxford.  
**Ellerton, Rosalind Sophie**, 121 Clarendon Drive, London SW15.  
**Frei, Christian**, 8 Conway House, 5/6 Ormonde Gate, London SW3.  
**Graham, Anna**, 1 Garden Court, Temple, London EC4.  
**Jakeman, Alastair David Mackenzie**, Boyce-Drumboe, Woodcote Close, Epsom, Surrey.  
**Lawson, Gavin Casper John**, 41 Village Way, Dulwich Village, London SE21.  
**Lownie, Andrew**, 57 Greenhill Road, Otford, Kent.

**Maddox, Bronwen Maria**, 5 Ponsonby Road, London SW15.  
**Miller, Katie**, 23 Highgate High Street, Highgate, London N6.  
**Newman, Andrew Philip**, 17 Malmaison Way, Park Langley, Beckenham, Kent.  
**Silver, Aviva Suaana**, 13 Parkgate, Blackheath, London SE3.  
**Warburg, John Peter**, 820 Hartford Turnpike, Hamden, Connecticut 06517, U.S.A.  
**Wightwick, Mark Charles**, 49 Wadham Road, Putney, London SW15.  
**Winder, Simon Dominic**, 9 Frant Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.  
**Witter, Simon Dundas**, Geweygasse 1A/3/1, Vienna 1190, Austria.

## Wren's

**Cohen, David Charles Dight**, 39 Avonmore Road, London W14.  
**Crichlow, Lee John Sidney Allin**, 5 Wimpole Street, London W1.  
**Faust, Stephen David**, Flat 5, 20 Belsize Park Gardens, London NW3.  
**Harris, Jennifer Elizabeth**, 30 Little Bornes, Alleyn Park, London SE21.  
**Mann, Caroline Mary**, 122 College Road, London SE19.  
**Mason, Graham John**, 76 The Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.  
**Roth, Stephanie Allegra**, 6172 Rock Ridge South, Oakland, California 94618, U.S.A.  
**Terry, Barnaby Bruce Landen**, St. Germain House, 11 Eliot Place, London SE3.  
**Weldon, Thomas Daryl**, 18 Westbourne Park Road, London W2.  
**Whitehorn, James Barrand**, 29D Sheffield Terrace, London W8.



R. F. K. Harris

## Old Westminster's Lodge No. 2233

The Masonic Lodge was established in 1887 and is the Senior of the 32 Lodges represented on the Public School Lodges' Council. It meets at the School four times a year, dining subsequently in College Hall by kind permission of the Dean.

The Principal Officers for 1981-82 are:  
Worshipful Master: Frank Hooper (1926-31, HB)  
Senior Warden: George Denny (1949-54, R)  
Junior Warden: Hugo Ball (1926-29, HB)  
Treasurer: Michael Tenison (1937-40, G)  
Membership is open to Old Westminsters and Masters of the School. Information can be obtained from the Secretary, Richard Walters, Selwood, Cradle End, Little Hadham, Ware, Herts, SG11 2EN.

## Obituaries

**Bull**—On July 22nd, 1981, Christopher Forman (1921-25, H), aged 74.  
**Cahn**—On September 15th, 1981, Dr. Robert Sidney (1913-18, KS), aged 82.  
**Chisholm**—On July 20th, 1981, Sir Henry, C.B.E. (1914-19, A&KS), aged 80.  
**Dauber**—On April 19th, 1981, John Addison Grant (1914-19, R), aged 80.  
**Forman**—On July 22nd, 1981, Patrick William (1920-22, G), aged 76.  
**Frampton**—On April 29th, 1981, Walter Bennett, O.B.E. (1915-21, G), aged 77.  
**Germany**—On October 15th, 1981, Christopher (1958-63, L), aged 36.  
**Grover**—On September 3rd, 1981, Sir Anthony Charles (1921-24, H), aged 73.  
**Herbert**—On November 20th, 1981, Aubrey (1919-24, A), aged 76.  
**Hunt**—On July 13th, 1981, Alan Garnet (1929-33, G), aged 65.  
**Lloyd**—On October 6th, 1981, Brigadier Thomas Ifan, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. (1916-21, KS), aged 78.  
**Lund**—On April 20th, 1981, Sir Thomas George, C.B.E. (1919-24, A), aged 75.  
**Mottram**—On July 25th, 1981, Geoffrey Lionel (1923-26, H), aged 71.  
**Neat**—On July 4th, 1981, Stanley Chalmers (1920-24, H), aged 74.  
**Norris**—On July 21st, 1981, Forster Jerningham (1927-31, H), aged 67.  
**Pattison**—On June 10th, 1981, John Gillespie (1927-31, H), aged 67.  
**Russell**—On July 29th, 1981, Lawrence Vaughan (1913-17, A), aged 81.  
**Sammell**—On June 5th, 1981, Ralph Frederick (1927-32, H&B), aged 67.  
**Spicer**—On September 8th, 1981, Frederick Patrick (1913-17, R), aged 82.  
**Stanham**—On August 7th, 1981, Alan Francis Gordon (1912-16, H), aged 82.  
**Stanley**—On May 31st, 1981, Sir Robert Christopher Stafford, K.B.E., C.M.G. (1913-17, H), aged 82.  
**Stevens**—On May 10th, 1981, Geoffrey Paul (1916-21, G), aged 78.  
**Sommerville**—On June 22nd, 1981, Dr. Angus Christopher (1914-17, H), aged 80.  
**Tabor**—On June 2nd, 1981, Francis John (1918-24, KS), aged 75.  
**Wagstaff**—On April 14th, 1981, Stanley Leonard (1934-37, R), aged 60.  
**Warburg**—On May 25th, 1981, Fredric John (1912-17, G), aged 82.  
**Yolland**—On April 14th, 1981, Eric Railton (1908-09, G), aged 88.  
**Young**—On June 27th, 1981, Nicholas Gordon (1963-67, L), aged 32.

**Blenkinsop**—On July 19th, 1981, Edward Stanley. An Usher at the School 1926-31.

\* \* \*

## Sir Henry Chisholm

Sir Henry Chisholm, C.B.E., F.C.A., a prominent accountant and industrial consultant, who died on July 20th at the age of 80, was the first chairman of Corby Development Corporation (New Town). He was appointed in 1950 and held the post until 1976.

The eldest son of Hugh Chisholm, he was born on October 17th, 1900, and educated at Westminster, where he was a scholar, and Christ Church, Oxford, of which he was again a scholar.

After qualifying, he was manager of the Paris office of Barton, Mayhew and Company, chartered accountants, from 1927 to 1932, and then joined the firm of financial consultants, Chisholm Hanke and Company as a partner. This was in 1932.

Six years later he left to begin an association with Bowaters; he was the group's overseas mills liaison officer from 1938 to 1944. In 1940 he was made a director of Bowater-Lloyd (Newfoundland) Ltd. During the Second World War he served on departmental committees connected with supply at the Admiralty.

In 1945-46 he was director and financial controller of the Metal Box Company Ltd., and in 1947 he went to A.C. Cossor Ltd., as joint managing director. He remained with that firm until 1960. From 1961 to 1974 he was chairman of Ada (Halifax) Ltd.

Chisholm was a founder member of the British Institute of Management: a member of the Monopolies Commission from 1966 to 1969; and chairman of Witley Council for New Towns Staff from 1961 to 1975. He was a governor of his old school, and from 1947 to 1953 president of the London Flotilla of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. He was made C.B.E. in 1965, and knighted in 1971.

He was three times married.

from *The Times*

*An address given at the Memorial Service for Sir Henry Chisholm, in Westminster Abbey, by Group Captain Gordon Pirie.*

It is very fitting that we should be assembled here in Westminster Abbey to give thanks for the life and work of Sir Henry Chisholm, whose links with Abbey and School featured so prominently in a life of over four score years.

I would not presume to catalogue—as it were—the many achievements of this truly remarkable man: scholar, financier, industrialist, public servant and sailor are but a few of the roles which he filled with distinction. I prefer rather to select those which were particularly dear to his heart and in the case of the last, the role in which I knew him best as a fellow member of the Governing Body of Westminster School.

Scholarships both to Westminster and to Christ Church laid the foundation of his career, and chartered accountancy became his chosen profession, the disciplines of which there was no more skilful exponent. Management of an important accountancy practice in Paris led to financial consultancy in many fields, and it was not long before industry claimed him to advise, to manage,

and to direct. Paper and newsprint, radio and television and electronics are but some of the manufacturing industries to which his incisive mind and management skills were applied.

But Henry was much more than a captain of industry. During the Second World War he served in the Admiralty as a chairman of committees on the organisation of Naval Supply Services—a demanding task on which the very life-line of our country depended.

This, however, was war-time, and it is not in respect of this service that I used the term public servant. This must surely—and can only—belong to his work as the founding Chairman of Corby Development Corporation—an appointment he held for no less than 26 years. The task was daunting, the difficulties legion and many of the obstacles were seemingly insurmountable, but in Henry Corby New Town had a leader, a champion and one who would never accept the easy way out. No high rise tower blocks for his New Town, and how right he has since been proved. Of Henry in Corby New Town it may be truly said: 'Si monumentum requiris, circumspice'.

Happily Henry's contributions in this and other fields were recognised by the award of the C.B.E. in 1965 and of a knighthood in 1971.

It is not surprising that Henry served in the Admiralty during the War, for he was at heart a sailor. Himself a helmsman of no mean prowess, he devoted an enormous amount of energy to the establishment and the enhancement in the yachting world of his beloved 'Sunbeam' class. His Presidency of the London Flotilla of the R.N.V.S.R. and his membership of the Royal Yacht Squadron were natural adjuncts to a life at sea, whenever his multifarious duties gave time for leisure.

Henry Chisholm joined the Governing Body of Westminster School in 1954, having previously served as a co-opted member of the Finance Committee. At that time the problems confronting the School were at their gravest—especially in terms of financial viability. But these in no way deterred Henry—every ounce of his professional skill and ingenuity was applied to the resurgence of his Alma Mater, and when he finally demitted the Chairmanship of the Executive Committee the ship of school was set on a fair and sure course. In the post-war years no single governor has rendered greater or more conspicuous service to the School. He was a joy to work with—always ready to listen to the views of others and invariably sought—and achieved—consensus in the fulfilment of his aims. Although a traditionalist at heart, he was always quick to reconcile past practice with contemporary ideas in independent schools. (Dare I mention the admission of girls as Sixth Form students?) Sadly the last few years saw his physical decline. His mobility was impaired and he suffered a grievous amount of pain. I shall never forget Henry's insistence upon climbing the many stairs in Adrian House, despite considerable pain, as he was determined to see for himself the progress in this major School project.

His spirit was indomitable and his fortitude was an inspiration to all.

Some could perhaps draw the inference that Henry was so imbued with managerial and professional skills that he was not a caring man and one who enjoyed the lighter side of life. No—the exact opposite was the case. He was ready and willing to do his utmost for anyone who asked for his advice and help. He loved his family, his own sons and grandsons and equally his step-children and their children. He loved the parties with them and they adored him. His home and his beautiful garden gave him immense joy and, gregarious by nature, few things gave him greater pleasure than entertaining his friends, all of whom will remember and miss his wisdom and his wit.

Our hearts go out to Margot and to their family in their grief. I hope that these few words of affection and admiration in the presence of so many friends—and in the Abbey whose Foundation he served with such zest and diligence—will give them comfort in the knowledge that their loss is shared by us all.

## Sir Anthony Grover

Sir Anthony Grover, chairman of Lloyd's from 1959 to 1960 and chairman of *Lloyd's Register of Shipping* from 1963, died on September 3rd. He was 73.

The son of F. J. Grover, Tony Grover was educated at Westminster and started his business career as an assistant to a marine underwriter at Lloyd's in 1925. He became an underwriting member of Lloyd's in 1936, and left Lloyd's to join the Coldstream Guards from 1940 to 1945. He served in Italy, reaching the rank of Major, and was mentioned in despatches.

Soon after his return from war service, he became responsible for underwriting a marine account, a position which he held until 1963, during which time he served several terms on the Committee of Lloyd's, culminating in his election as chairman for 1959-60. He also represented Lloyd's on the committee of *Lloyd's Register of Shipping*, and in 1963 when he gave up marine underwriting he was elected chairman of *Lloyd's Register* until his retirement in 1973.

He was a highly successful underwriter, particularly in the immediate post-war period, and a respected chairman of Lloyd's. His term of office at Lloyd's Register was distinguished by the way in which he fostered Lloyd's Register's overseas business, and visited and encouraged overseas staff.

In his spare time golf, at which he excelled, played a large part in his life. He was past captain of Royal St. George's, past president and captain of Lloyd's Golf Club, captain of Woking and a keen 'Senior'.

He was knighted in 1973, and his overseas activities on behalf of Lloyd's Register were recognized by honours from Belgium, Holland and Denmark.

He was married in 1931 to Marjorie Beatrice Davies, and in 1980 to Mrs. Clarisse Loxton-Peacock. He leaves a son and a daughter.

from *The Times*

## Charles Gibbs-Smith

Mr. Charles Gibbs-Smith, the aeronautical historian and Keeper Emeritus of the Victoria and Albert Museum, died on December 3rd, at the age of 72.

Born in Teddington on March 22nd, 1909, of a medical family, Charles Harvard Gibbs-Smith attended Westminster School and then went to the family university, Harvard, where he took an M.A. in 1932. After graduating, he joined the Victoria and Albert Museum as an Assistant Keeper. He was responsible for the photographic collections, and in 1939 arranged the important Photographic Centenary Exhibition.

During the Second World War, he was seconded to the Ministry of Information, becoming Director of the Photographic Division in 1945.

He became an instructor in aircraft recognition in the Royal Observer Corps, and this led to his life-long interest in aviation, and particularly in the history of aviation.

Returning to the Victoria and Albert Museum, he became Keeper of the Department of Public Relations in 1947, arranging exhibitions and writing on a variety of topics from the Bayeux Tapestry to the Great Exhibition of 1851. His work on the Danish Exhibition in 1948 led the Danish Government to appoint him to the Order of the Dannebrog.

As a relaxation, he embarked on his researches in aeronautical history, and wrote a number of books for the Science Museum. He became the recognized authority on the early development of flying in Europe and America, and in 1962 the Royal Aeronautical Society recognized his work with the award of an Honorary Companionship. His staunch championing of the Wright Brothers led to controversy with other writers, but his works set new standards of historical accuracy and insight in a field much cumbered with hearsay and myth.

After retiring from the Victoria and Albert Museum, he cemented his relations with the Science Museum by accepting a Research Fellowship there in 1976. His international reputation then led the Smithsonian Institution to appoint him as the first Lindbergh Professor of Aerospace History at the National Air and Space Museum in Washington in 1978. He returned to the Science Museum after a year in the United States, but sadly his health declined and he never really recovered his vigour.

His enthusiasm was unbounded for any subject which attracted his interest, and he stoutly defended his beliefs in parapsychology, flying saucers and ghosts among more sceptical colleagues. He was always generous in his relationships with all members of the staff of the Museums, and indeed with all his wide range of friends, who will miss him deeply.

from *The Times*



*Lochranza Bay and Mull of Kintyre*

Neil Bennett

## Mark Overstall

Mark Overstall died on April 11th, 1981, in an accident high up in Nepal. After going up to one of the peaks, he was walking back to his party's camp when he slipped on a wet surface and fell down a slight incline to a short but sheer drop. He was buried in the mountains. He was 41.

From being a Queen's Scholar and captain of the school at Westminster, he went up to Oxford with an Exhibition. There he developed the great interest in French literature that was to be an enduring one. From Oxford and a short period as English assistant at Arles he moved into schoolmastering, first at Dover, then at Canford, where he was in charge of Modern Languages, finally at Winchester, where his varied talents found their full expression.

He was much admired at Winchester. As a teacher he was always concerned with high intellectual standards. As a person he was kind, good-humoured and unflinching in his sincere commitment to all aspects of his job. These qualities were placed under severe strain during his first wife's long and terminal illness, but he met the challenge with courage and resilience.

At Winchester he was house tutor and assistant to the head of his department. In both capacities he provided exactly what was needed: a real interest in individuals, happy to go off on some Sunday trip, ready to referee, the producer when plays were to be put on, adviser on time-table problems, a wise adviser on more fundamental problems. He spent a year or two on Community Service, then moved to the C.C.F., attracted particularly by the outdoor work and the hill-walking.

Increasingly, through courses and camps, his taste for high and wild terrain developed. His meticulously planned Easter camps gave him much pleasure and all much hard endeavour: a Lake District camp in 1976, run by him, stays notably in the memories of those who were there. So friends accrued and interests grew for him. It was

characteristic that there were two recent members of his house with him in the Himalayas, where his own brother and his first wife's brother were also of the party which ended so immensely sadly.

At Winchester Mark was much in demand as organiser, a calm and effective secretary of the Common Room, and industrious as a member of subject committees outside the school. Industrious was also the quality of his batting.

Listing these activities starts to make him sound like a gentle work-horse, which is far from the truth. He was a purposeful schoolmaster, ambitious in wanting to experience and savour the various delights and toils of the occupation, and he had a firm personality. His physical energy was complemented by considerable intellectual energy. An achievement over which one hopes he felt some pride was the publication, a year or so ago, of a quite admirable edition of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. It was not a minor production. Typically, he soaked himself in the material until he had more to discard than to retain. It will remain a standard work, and at the time of his death he was co-operating in an Oxford University Press edition of the same novel.

Mark was, above all, a family man. He and his wife and three children were central to his life, and there emanated from him the ability to give a sense of family to the many groups he came to know, such as his sincerity, honesty and responsiveness to others. He was a good man.

from *The Wykehamist*  
(by kind permission)

\* \* \*

*An obituary of Lord Rea will appear in the next issue.*

# Sports Reports

## Cricket

In terms of results the 1981 season proved disappointing for the Old Westminster cricketers as only three of the thirteen completed games were won. This year we were unable to progress beyond the first round of the Cricketer Cup, being defeated by a very strong Oundle Rovers side.

In spite of this lack of success the Cricket Fortnight was most enjoyable for players and spectators alike as there were some exciting finishes and memorable performances. Next year's Captain of School Cricket, Richard Rutnagur, must be singled out for praise as he scored consistently for the Old Westminsters, making his maiden century against Harrow Wanderers. Playing for the School against the Old Boys he also showed his promise as a swing bowler. He took 4-48 as the Old Boys slumped to 70-7 before John Barkhan, with a splendid innings of 72, led the Old Boys to a respectable score of 153 all out.

As a result of the splendid wickets produced by Ray Gilson during the fortnight batting thrived. John Mortimer and Robert Welch made centuries and high scoring games were the rule rather than the exception. In a new fixture against Harrow Wanderers the Old Boys amassed 266 for 4 in just over three hours, thanks to Rutnagur's century and 95 from Ray Gilson. After much excitement Harrow fell 10 short of victory with only three wickets left.

The final match of the season held at Beckenham produced an exciting finish. After losing seven wickets before lunch it was left to Tom Rider to save the Old Boys from collapse. He made 62 and took the total to 212 all out. The Beckenham Wizards always seemed likely to win but as a result of tight bowling and fielding they were bowled out for 206 with just an over to spare.

Two social events during the Fortnight must not be overlooked. The 50th Anniversary of the Cricket Festival was celebrated in style by past and present players after the match against the Marlborough Blues, one of the Old Westminsters' original opponents.

On the evening of the Royal Wedding a buffet and party were held in celebration. It was particularly successful as the Old Westminsters welcomed over 150 members of the Vincent Square Residents Association.

We must take this opportunity of thanking the Head Master for allowing us to use Vincent Square, and Ray Gilson for all his hard work during the season. Our thanks also go to John Ventura who kindly scored for us throughout the season.

Summary of results:

P 15, W 3, D 5, L 5, A 2.

Cricketer Cup—1st Round:

OWW 118/9; Oundle Rovers 122/4. Oundle Rovers won by 6 wickets.

Gaieties 195 v. OWW. Match abandoned.

OWW 153, Barkhan 72; Westminster

School 61/8, Pain 4-25. Match drawn.

OWW 210/6; Lancing Rovers 158/8,

Willoughby 4-64. Match drawn.

Lords and Commons 96, Rutnagur 4-23;

OWW 97/4. OWW won by 6 wickets.

OWW 266/4, Rutnagur 112\*, Gilson 95;

Harrow Wanderers 257/7, Gilson 4-69.

Match drawn.

Incogniti 145/4 v. OWW. Match

abandoned.

Marlborough Blues 216/6; OWW 184,

Hamblen 49. Marlborough Blues won by 32 runs.

Beckenham 221/9, Colville 4-44, Gilson 4-29;

OWW 216, Kirk 50, Surrridge 40.

Beckenham won by 5 runs.

OWW 182, Rutnagur 46; Eton Ramblers

186/8, Colville 4-46. Eton Ramblers won by 2 wickets.

OWW 259/5, Welch 102\*, Broadhurst 45.

Stragglers of Asia 182/9. Match drawn.

OWW 268/3, Mortimer 114\*, Rutnagur 95;

Major McDonnell's XI 244/7. Match drawn. Old Cheltonians 227/8, Welch 4-84; OWW 189, Barkhan 45, Brown 43. Old Cheltonians won by 38 runs.

OWW 211/7, Rider 80\*; Hit or Miss 193, Broadhurst 4-20. OWW won by 18 runs.

OWW 212, Rider 62, Rutnagur 55;

Beckenham Wizards 206. OWW won by 6 runs.

E. N. W. Brown  
*Hon. Sec. O.W.C.C.*

## Old Westminsters' Golfing Society

Once again the programme of events undertaken by the Society were as in 1980, being a mixture of Society meetings, matches with other Old Boy Societies and competitions.

Those who attended the Society meetings at New Zealand and Seaford, had some most enjoyable golf. It is such a pity that we see so few new faces. I am convinced that somewhere there are many golfers who went to Westminster and who would enjoy our meetings.

The results of the five matches played during the year were most encouraging, with victories against Uppingham, Canford, Radley and Repton.

Regrettably, our results in competitions were far less good since we failed to get past the first round in either the Halford Hewitt or Bernard Darwin. Also we failed to qualify for the finals of the Grafton Morrish and the Royal Wimbledon Putting Finals.

Overall, however, 1981 can be considered a successful and enjoyable season.

1982 will I hope, confirm my optimism for the future, and that the Society will receive a new intake of members. With a match against the School arranged for the Lent term, we should see exactly what potential is available. If our performance in competitions is to improve we need that new blood.

B. Peroni  
*Hon. Secretary*

## Old Westminsters Football Club

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Old Westminsters Football Club will be held in John Sargeant Room at the School on Tuesday, May 11th, 1982, at 6.15 p.m.

### AGENDA

1. Chairman.
2. Minutes.
3. Matters Arising.
4. Hon. Secretary's report on Season 1981-82.
5. Hon. Treasurer's report on Season 1981-82.
6. Election of Officers for Season 1982-83.
7. Any other business.

M. J. Samuel  
*Hon. Secretary*

Fiona McKenzie



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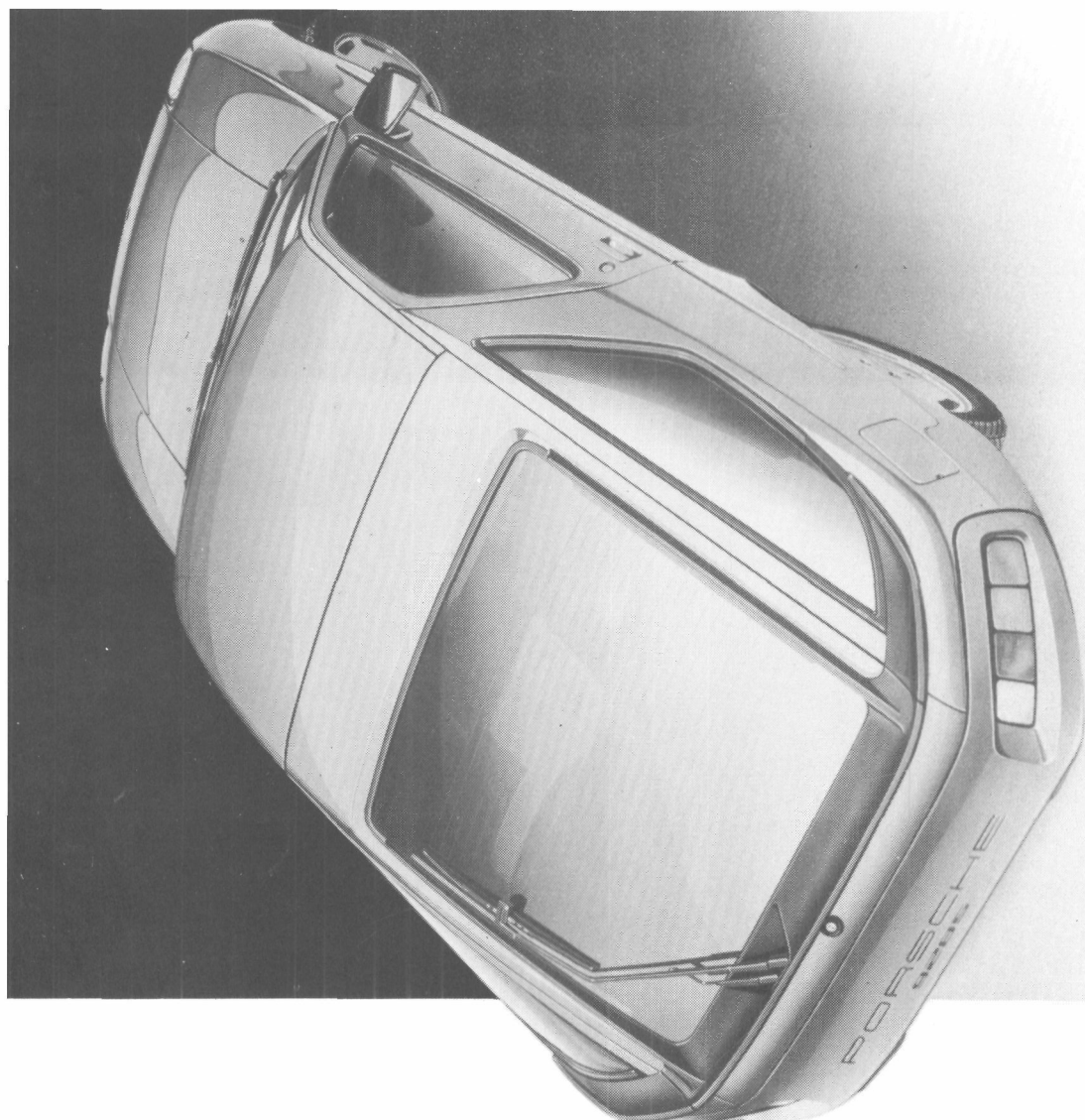
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