



# The Elizabethan

**ON THE AFTERNOON OF FRIDAY APRIL 28 THE WHOLE  
SCHOOL FLEW THE BRITISH AIRWAYS LONDON EYE.  
PHOTOGRAPH: JIMMY KIM**

# The Elizabethan 719

<b>Editorial</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Common Room</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Features</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>Societies</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>Competition Quiz</b>	<b>29</b>
<b>Creative Writing</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>Drama</b>	<b>35</b>
<b>Music</b>	<b>40</b>
<b>Expeditions</b>	<b>46</b>
<b>Travel</b>	<b>50</b>
<b>Home</b>	<b>55</b>
<b>Crossword</b>	<b>57</b>
<b>Station</b>	<b>58</b>

<b>Editor</b>	<b>David Hargreaves</b>
<b>Designed and Typeset</b>	<b>Robert Wilne</b>

<b>Assistant Editors</b>	<b>Jonathan Randall</b>
	<b>George Hull</b>
	<b>Ed Corn</b>
	<b>Nick Elstob</b>
	<b>Jonathan Millet</b>
	<b>Ed Reilly</b>

<b>Assistant Typesetters</b>	<b>Emad Mostaque</b>
	<b>Hang-Jin Chang</b>
	<b>Mark Jolly</b>

<b>Proofreaders</b>	<b>Gill Hardman</b>
	<b>Damian Riddle</b>

<b>Photography</b>	<b>Sufi Sadigh</b>
	<b>Fatima Dhalla</b>
	<b>Doug Shaw</b>
	<b>Jimmy Kim</b>
	<b>Jonathan Katz</b>
	<b>Paul Kreitman</b>
	<b>Emad Mostaque</b>
	<b>Lizzy Bossom</b>

# EDITORIAL

Take a warm summer's day - especially if it's a Saturday, and school is just over - and let us contemplate Yard. A couple of hundred pupils, a third of them plugged into their mobiles, are milling around. Girls throw their arms round each other and hug. Boys look blokeish and strut round in trainers with undone shirts. Clearly, there are plans. Within an hour it's usually deserted except for a few miscreants in SAP.

It looks fun out there. Some staff and parents, looking at this backdrop of youthful effervescence, ruefully compare the wild fun the young clearly have planned for the weekend with the more sedentary pleasures in store for them. Half of them seem to fly to St Kitts for a Bank Holiday, and wear an offensively perfect sun tan. It's all very embittering. I was part of a school skiing party to Vermont this Easter. On our one free afternoon in Vermont this Easter, everyone (all male trip, I might add) chose to go shopping - walking in and out of cruddy shops during two hours of teeming rain in order to pick up Gap, Armani, Timberlands, Ray-Bans, Calvin Klein. Then they all met up in the bus taking us back to the resort, unpacked their purchases and showed them off to each other. It was like a catwalk, without the tantrums.

It's fun, this sort of parody - but in the end, a parody is all that it is. The poseurs in Yard are, or certainly affect convincingly, to be young, carefree - above all contemporary. That must be a terrific sensation. But it's not everyone - not even most people - who can share in it unselfconsciously even among our cosseted clientele. There are plenty of boys and girls who never, or hardly ever go to a club for the very good reason that they don't want to, and would prefer to take a weekend expeditioning, or read a really good book, or (not all the time, I beg) slob out and watch TV. They usually strut their thing a little more discreetly in Yard, but they are at least as important in understanding the essence of what this school tries to be.

One of the most pernicious myths is that the best fun is had by those with a keenest eye for the contemporary - that the coolest clubs play the coolest music and are filled out by the coolest people. All that kind of arrant, self-serving tosh. I think there is real pride to be drawn in Westminster's reputation as a tolerant home for quirky pupils (and teachers). The Elizabethan, in its attempt to give a flavour of the school, tries to offer some insights into not just its opportunities and attainments, but its temper. I am proud of the fact that the Model United Nations commanded a rather larger audience than the Old Westminster vs Common Room football match.

The cult of the individual sits oddly alongside the relentless media and marketing onslaught defining every ingredient of lifestyle. After the intense pressures to achieve social conformity of the immediate post-war era, here is another tyranny. I wonder, today, whether our pupils have an easier time being themselves.

In the end teenagers, being teenagers, won't be told. Those robust, sceptical traits which so often characterise our pupils may lead them into a range of tricky and unsatisfactory situations, but also lead them out again. I sometimes see in the dog-tired eyes of a pupil someone who has just completed an intensive round of partying, the

weary relief that a rite of passage has been completed, and that that needn't be done again in a hurry. There is an uncomfortable subtext to these years which can involve spending portions of time hanging out with people who bore you, and on pastimes you know are futile.

I'm not being lofty, having spent many of those years in a Walter Mittyish grand tour of different identities myself - the worst was going to a rock concert, a deafening and incomprehensible nightmare, right at the height of my enthusiasm for The Mikado. I can't say I found the youth icons of my day very reassuring. They were usually being arrested for rioting outside the American Embassy or up on a drugs rap, for one thing, and - shades of my tough boarding school - it was liberty I was after, not further incarceration.

In the end, it is the quirkiness of this school - our untidy, querulous, stropic, but endlessly engaging generations of boys and girls - that makes it fun to chronicle. Their powers of affectation are prodigious, but in the end they are invariably undermined by their own ruthless intelligence and the democratic wisdom of their peers who value most kinds of brilliance. That great poseurs' promenade we call Yard is filled with people who, by fits and starts, reject any house style and are just truly themselves.



Old Westminsterers are a curious species. I've always known that. At University, those that I knew were less stuffy than Etonians (less tweedy too) but just as cliquey. These were heady days of union power and dire warnings from the IMF: with their donkey jackets, their long and greasy hair, they looked as if somebody had plucked them from the picket line outside the Grunwick plant.

It was an illusion, however, and one quickly shattered the moment they opened their mouths: relentlessly articulate and opinionated, even when their ideas were backed up by precisely nothing, hopelessly devoid of intensity, oozing their own version of street cred. Bond Street cred.

Other public school alumni at my rather stuffy college wore Old Boy ties, rowed, went to watch the Varsity game at Twickenham, joined the Air Cadets - that sort of thing. Between them and the OWW, there wasn't often a meeting of minds.

When, some years later, I joined the Staff, Old Westminsterers came to mean something different. I identified them initially as the septegenarian and octogenerian old gentlemen in black tie who turned up to Elizabethan Club garden parties. In common with all their genre at public schools the length and breadth of the nation, they were amiable, deaf, and healthily uninterested in talking to anyone other than their contemporaries. Chatting to them was like meeting a distant member of the family at a Christmas party - there was seldom any great pleasure to be drawn from the encounter, but we all knew the rules by which this was to be played.

A new teacher has no obvious point of contact with a recent OW, to whom any unknown member of the Common Room has the status of an imposter. Going to a Gaudy before you have clocked up five years (at least) in the job is a dead loss. OWW look at you rudely, and then check they still have their wallets. Your longer-serving colleagues have no intention of easing your pathetic, solitary condition. Quite the reverse, they are all deep in conversation with their old pupils, reliving the glory days, loving the attention. It occurs to you at this



point that the wine on offer is poison, and you retire, with colleagues of your own vintage, to the pub. Westminster, you all agree, isn't half what it's cracked up to be.

Well, that was then, and this is now. After fourteen years here, I've accumulated a lot of ex-pupils, the great majority of whom have known me as someone who was in situ even when they arrived. It doesn't make them necessarily like me or respect me any better, but it does lend a certain gravitas.

Though Common Room, characteristically, tends to play it down, we look forward to those occasions at school when our old pupils show up. They are generally delighted to see each other again, and - overwhelmingly - pleased too to see their old teachers. It is the people, the place, and the memories which bring them back - the profile of the school as 'the institution' remains extraordinarily low. Westminsterers are loyal and affectionate, but I don't think many of them dream at night about sending their sons and daughters here. If they do, it will be with the same cool pragmatism that propels so many of them to success in many walks of life.

Not merely because they don't often cut me dead, these days I really do know how much I like the huge majority of the Old Westminsterers. They are ideal people to meet in large social gatherings, not least because the

house style isn't one of long, meaningful silences. Everybody talks very loudly and fast - they are even more articulate when they're older. They attitudinise, if anything, even more freely than they did at eighteen. Many are highly successful, and seem to make rather a lot of money, but they tend not to be too intense about their work. Rather as when they were children at this school, there is something about overt competition which they tend to find distasteful - I've never known how much of that is down to fastidious good manners, affluent homes, or cheerful indolence.

Just as when they were in the Upper Shell, the professed value system of some of them is shameful. But most are more ruminative and less egotistical, as befits the passage of time. Though it's a very worldly constituency in which most live, few are judged on the basis of their personal lifestyles, or on traditional criteria of status and wealth. What matters to Westminsterers at 15, or 18, or 30, is that they sense that you are the person you seem to be. If there is doubt on that, they can be alarmingly dismissive - formal good manners are not a large part of the repertoire. That said, they are the most generous, responsive and consistently entertaining people I've ever known. To those of us who have stuck around a long time, that means a great deal, not just in terms of fun, but reassurance.

# COMMON ROOM

**T**he sight of several tons of liquid concrete being poured into the foundations of 17 Dean's Yard last summer gave cruel tongues an easy opportunity. Had we been built on shifting sands for the past three centuries? This reassuring strengthening of the foundations has not yet been accompanied by the kind of interior transformation likely to grace the front covers of House and Garden. But there are serious plans afoot to do a Tate Modern on our own scruffy enclave.

In Play term we welcomed Dr Kevin Walsh as the new Head of Physics, Tom Kennedy (Maths), Lisa Newton (Economics) and Jane Richardson (English). Jo Ahier, on maternity leave with baby son Lysander, has been replaced temporarily in Geography by Ross Hunter. After three years distinguished service as President of Common Room, Rod Beavon has handed on the seals of office to Richard Pyatt. Grant's will have a new housmaster in Autumn in Gavin Griffiths, and Geran Jones will replace him in Ashburnham.



On Friday April 28 the entire school ambled (like a very dislocated crocodile) across Westminster Bridge to the Millennium Wheel (sorry, the British Airways London Eye), to ride it en masse. Impeccably masterminded by Eddie Smith, the smoothness of the operation was only exceeded by the enjoyment - and heartfelt gratitude - of the school community. The weather was not ideal, but that did not diminish the impact of the photographs taken.

## Jonathan White

**J**onny White came to Westminster from The King's School, Canterbury on the retirement of Valerie St. Johnston in 1996. In a very short time it was clear to his colleagues that here was a man of real stature and individuality. Jonny is an immensely gifted and dedicated teacher, a 'natural' in the sense that his personality is injected into, and animates, his teaching. Nobody prepares harder for his classes, but in the last resort it is inspiration and charisma that carries him (and his audiences) along. With the gift of the spirit he can make all things new, fresh and vital.

Underpinning all this is a genuine and instinctive humaneness and generosity of soul. He cares deeply about his pupils' progress and welfare, and they in turn appreciate a relationship of mutual respect in which they can engage on equal terms. He has the gift of making History interesting and fun whilst brandishing an uncompromising academic rigor. His carefully drawn and intricately coloured board maps are memorable in their own right.

At Westminster he has managed artfully to maintain his independence whilst at the same time throwing himself whole-heartedly into a bewildering variety of different activities and interests, from Squash to Sailing and Hockey, from Debating (where the high standards set by his illustrious predecessor have been carefully safeguarded and maintained) to St. Botolph's. For one who leads life to the full, it is remarkable how unfailingly generous he is with his time and effort in attending to a multitude of individual needs and collective causes. As a colleague and friend he is loyal and supportive, patient and forbearing, inspiring and eager, tirelessly bubbling over with ideas and initiatives, sound in judgment and clear-sighted in his objectives, reliably good-humored and genuinely funny. It is a very sad loss for us, but an exciting challenge for him, that he leaves to take over as Head of History at Elliott School, a comprehensive in south-west London, and we wish him every success and good wish in this opportunity. Chocks away, Biggles! We've profited enormously from having you here, Jonny, and the School will be a poorer, duller place for your departure!

**GILES BROWN**



## Damian Riddle

**I**t seems barely credible that Damian has been at Westminster for seven years - barely credible because his energetic enthusiasm for all aspects of School life is as fresh as it was when he first arrived. The list of his accomplishments and pursuits is as long as the list of his personal qualities.

As a teacher of Chemistry he has excelled; slightly self-deprecating in manner, always ready to appreciate the humour of things, he has carried his pupils along with him through his sheer exuberance and interest. One of Damian's many virtues is his adaptability, his constant readiness to enter into the spirit of things and to oblige, and this is as evident in the classroom as elsewhere; it is no surprise to find him turning recently to the teaching of Biology, nor to find him offering General Options ranging from Experimental Psychology to a course on How To Be Cultured. Outside the classroom he has been equally energetic and diverse. For many years he took fencing lessons alongside the boys and girls until he decided to learn the skill of competitive punting - a Station he now runs with a devoted pupil following. LSAs have been equally varied - from Diplomacy to croquet via chemistry projects and shooting - and he has supported the expeditions programme with great loyalty, indeed running the Expeditions Society for a number of years. He is a skilful bridge player and has helped to manage the School team, and above all, perhaps, is a most accomplished bass, participating in the School Choir and the Henry VIIth Singers, as well as widely in choirs around London. All this activity has not gone unnoticed by the pupils; they appreciate very deeply Damian's preparedness to engage both with them and in the whole life of the School, an approach to teaching which is symbolized by the constantly open door to his flat. It should be added that despite the intrinsic stresses of the job, and despite the fact that Damian has added to this job so considerably, I have not once seen him even irritated, let alone angry.

As colleague and friend he has been exceptional - supportive and amusing, unfailingly modest but with a wealth of recondite interests. His three years as Common Room Secretary were characterised both by the understatement of his manner and by the effectiveness of his administration; a huge number of activities were organised with unflappable efficiency, but living next to him in Busby's I was one of the few people to appreciate the amount of time he spent on this, a devotion to duty which went largely unnoticed and unsung. Nor could one have wished for a more successful House Tutor; he is flexible, accommodating and wholly reliable, and his approach so light but firm that one can confidently leave the House in his care, in the knowledge that it will be both happy and safe.

His years at Westminster have seen Damian turn into a very fine schoolmaster. He is wide-ranging, he is dependable, he is enthusiastic and he is civilised. The pupils have been fortunate to be under his care, and we have been fortunate to enjoy his professionalism and his company. To whom can we now turn with our questions about heraldry?

**CHARLES LOW**



## Anne Carman

Anne Carman retired in April 2000 after thirteen years at the hub of Westminster's life. The Head Master's Secretary has to assume a multitude of roles, which involve not just the capacity to handle huge quantities of paper or deal patiently with all those who tramp up and down the staircase of 17, Dean's Yard. Anne, rightly, interpreted her position as going far beyond the merely secretarial. She had a particular gift for detecting those who were truly troubled, both adult and adolescent in and beyond the School's community, and she devoted immense care to their help either on the telephone or seated across the desk in her office. The trouble which she took at those critical moments when exam results came through in the summer will linger in the memory of generations of Westminsters. There was indeed a soft heart beneath what may have seemed to some a formidable exterior. She cared passionately about the School and for its reputation and well-being. She was fiercely loyal and not in the least afraid to take up the cudgels if she felt that either School or Head Master might be under attack; in fact, she was a tremendous fender-off of the uncomfortable telephone call (certainly this Head Master took cover shamelessly under her protection!) and never shirked the often challenging responsibilities which came her way. She loved so much that the School could offer, not least in terms of drama and music, and she was a shrewd and perceptive critic in artistic affairs, just as the thrill of Westminster's successes at Henley or the enjoyment of sharing in the study trip to Greece meant so much to her. Like so many of us, she felt strongly the unique atmosphere of a School with the Abbey as its Chapel and set in such astonishing surroundings. For my family and myself she became much more than Secretary: cheerfully tolerant of the invasion of small feet, solver of problems both mathematical and emotional, wisest of counsellors, most devoted of friends. Westminster has been tremendously fortunate in so many who have served the School down the years; Anne Carman deserves a place of high honour amongst their number.

**DAVID SUMMERSCALE**

**common room**

## Robert Wilne

Most Old Westminsterers do well at University and then relatively easily find congenial and lucrative employment. For a few sad figures, however, who do not possess the sunny disposition necessary to be accepted as traffic wardens, or whose lack of Maths O-level stops them getting a responsible position behind a supermarket checkout, we operate a charitable scheme whereby they can return to the School as teachers for a few years before being returned to the community (though in some cases the doctors have decided that this will never be safe). Of course, many of them have to be given senior positions to keep them out of the classroom, but on the whole the good done by this scheme for those it benefits outweighs the disadvantage to the school. Amongst OW teachers, however, Robert is different. Oh yes.



He first came here as a Sixth Form entrant (with two Maths A-levels already to his credit) and studied Physics with Sharon Newman and History under Valerie St Johnston: it is on these figures, from the days when Heads of History were Heads of History and Physics teachers were real men, that he has modelled his teaching style, or at least his dress sense.

When he was interviewed it became apparent that he had illegible handwriting and spoke too fast to be understood by a normal human: it was on this slim evidence that David Summerscale decided that he would make an excellent teacher. In fact this has proved to be the case and in the three years he has been here his vigorous style has persuaded many reluctant pupils to work harder at Mathematics and his own evident pleasure in mathematical ideas has encouraged many of them to enjoy it too.

Robert has always been of a somewhat theatrical disposition, advertised by his habitually lurid ankle- and neck-wear but resulting in an acclaimed production of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, an unforgettable two-hander (which unfortunately I have forgotten) and *Rigaud's House Centenary* play (which is best forgotten). He has also been the impresario of the Film Club which he founded, offering large screen showings of his favourite movies (so a lot of aliens) to an appreciative audience of boarders, and a web site providing what could be described as brief, pithy reviews of future showings written in plain English, except that that would be a lie.

Robert has run the school's Community Service programme on station afternoons, building up links with local Primary Schools. These he has further developed by running lunchtime board games clubs for them with Upper Shell boys as helpers. It is remarkable that he has managed to find, let alone tap, a thin vein of altruism in this year and many suitable volunteers have been found. Enthusiasm is the only prerequisite, but they do have to know what to do if their opponent bursts into tears if you do not let

them win (answer: don't play Mr Wilne next week). Another of his innovations was the introduction of Junior John Locke lectures, at which Adam and Joe seemed to enjoy themselves almost as much as their audience, though Arabella Weir's bra jokes bypassed most of the Lower Shell.

Robert has been attached to Rigaud's as resident Tutor, and self-proclaimed heir-apparent should John Arthur suddenly pass away in mysterious circumstances (to be arranged). It is his work in the House, to which he has given a tremendous amount of time, where, perhaps, he has had the most uniquely beneficial effect on individual pupils and for which he will be most affectionately remembered.

Robert's most impressive characteristic is the extraordinary energy and enthusiasm with which he has approached everything he has done in his relatively short time here, and the Common Room, and indeed the whole school, will be a quieter, but a less interesting and less cheerful place when he goes. He is leaving to become, at an almost embarrassingly early stage in his career, Head of Mathematics at Highgate School and we wish him all the luck he will need there.

**MICHAEL DAVIES**



# FEATURES

## Interview with a Head Master

**M**r Jones-Parry is surprisingly eloquent. He spoke quickly, confidently, about anything we cared to ask - within, of course, our own discretion - with an unhesitating fluency that might almost have sounded rehearsed if it hadn't been so directly pertinent to the questions we fired.

I'd hate to think our questions were so unimaginative that he could have predicted all of them in advance. So I have to readjust my previous opinion of him as being unfair - I suddenly realised when we began the interview that until now the only occasions on which I had ever heard him speak at any length were in Abbey. There, the endless, booming acoustics mean that sermons have to be delivered grindingly slowly, or they'll be drowned out in their own echo.

TJP in person is different: not, in fact, the Dickensian stereotype Head Master, raining down hellfire prophecies from the pulpit on the dangers of cyberspace, although his speeches to the school have been known to contain subtle apocalyptic overtones. It was something different to hear him speak at leisure, in the spacious office he occupies above Common Room, decorated in an imposing regency style with thematic Westminster Pink.

Although it was impossible for Charlie or I to detect whether he had any actual enthusiasm for the times we have to move with, he was certainly making preparations for them. He was keen to plug the new IT facilities that have sprouted all over the school in the past year: the sparkling, well-heated IT room; the computers now found throughout all the Houses, linked by extensive networking cable; the fully modernised library now offering video tapes, CDs and DVDs. An expression of gratitude was given to Messrs Dudley-Smith, Hindley and Stevenson for

their infectious enthusiasm for new gadgets, which has diverted substantial school funds into new technology. He admitted though that the trial programme of giving fifth-formers personal laptops would not be continued next year. It had been an interesting experiment, but next year the laptops would be used instead by teachers as a spare bank of machines, should they be required for lessons.

There has been some tightening of loopholes since TJP's arrival, or at least the reintroduction of old rules that had been allowed to lapse. Perhaps our iciest moment in a pleasant interview came when we asked about the banning of lessons outside in Little Dean's Yard during good weather. Our query was batted back (with a hint of fierceness, I thought) with the comment that the new rule was in fact an old one, enforced in order to keep down the babble of noise that tended to disrupt other lessons. Outdoor lessons, he reminded me, were perfectly acceptable (and commonplace) in Ashburnham Garden and on Green.

*It was the first time I had ever heard a member of the teaching profession mount an argument against exams.*

There's certainly something distinctly old-school and disciplinarian about TJP's conduct - in his appearance, his mannerisms, his use of language, that vaguely intimidating height, even his track record. The fact that this is his third incarnation at Westminster (pupil, master, Head Master) had made me for one assume he was a somewhat conservative, traditional figure. If it ain't broke, one shouldn't fix it. Certainly there's something of that approach that applies particularly well to Westminster (aren't we the best, and the best-qualified, at complacency?).

But his actual agenda is quite at odds with his public image - as is his message. There was something weirdly

fascinating about his dissertation at Commemoration in October: there's a juxtaposition of contrasting style and substance in him that can sometimes bewilder. In fact, TJP is something of a liberal reformist, or at least possessed of a keenly modern sense of social welfare within schools. Since his arrival two years ago the School Council has been set up, a student body which meets to discuss new ideas with the staff on a regular basis. Whether this Council has the power to do anything except make suggestions is a moot point, but at least it's a step forward in terms of pupil feedback.

The other key reforms TJP was keen to promote were the anti-bullying schemes. The newly revamped peer supporter scheme is a year old now, and has apparently been a great success. The discretion of the scheme is such that, even were it to have bombed completely, most students would have heard little unless they had actively participated in it. Certainly help for the troubled pupil is now freely accessible; House notice boards are crammed with flyers and information posters offering sessions with the School Counsellor. On the matter of actually dealing with the bullies, the Head Master explained that the policy was one of playing it by ear. Sometimes, he said, the problem could be dealt with and smoothed over, but that occasionally tougher measures had to be taken.

He revealed a surprising pragmatic realism when touching on the sensitive matter of drugs when he admitted that it was impossible for the staff to ever actually gauge the extent of Westminster's drug problem. "You know better than I," he said, looking straight at us, "how widespread drug usage is in the school." And of course, he was right.

But neither drug abuse nor bullying has ever been a chronic problem at Westminster; as such they didn't occupy a large proportion of the interview. A greater concern as to the future of the school lies with the academic syllabus itself, and it was while

talking about the new A-Levels that TJP became really vocal. It has become something of a personal crusade for him; last year *The Times* published a spirited correspondence between him and the High Mistress of St. Paul's Girls School in which he fiercely took issue with many of the claims made for the changes. His objections, he explained to us, lay not in the broadening of the number of subjects studied but in the lack of depth that the new courses contained - some of them, particularly the languages, are more akin to GCSEs than the current A-Levels. Given the fact that most Westminster students study for four or five A-Levels anyway, breadth is not a problem for them anyway.

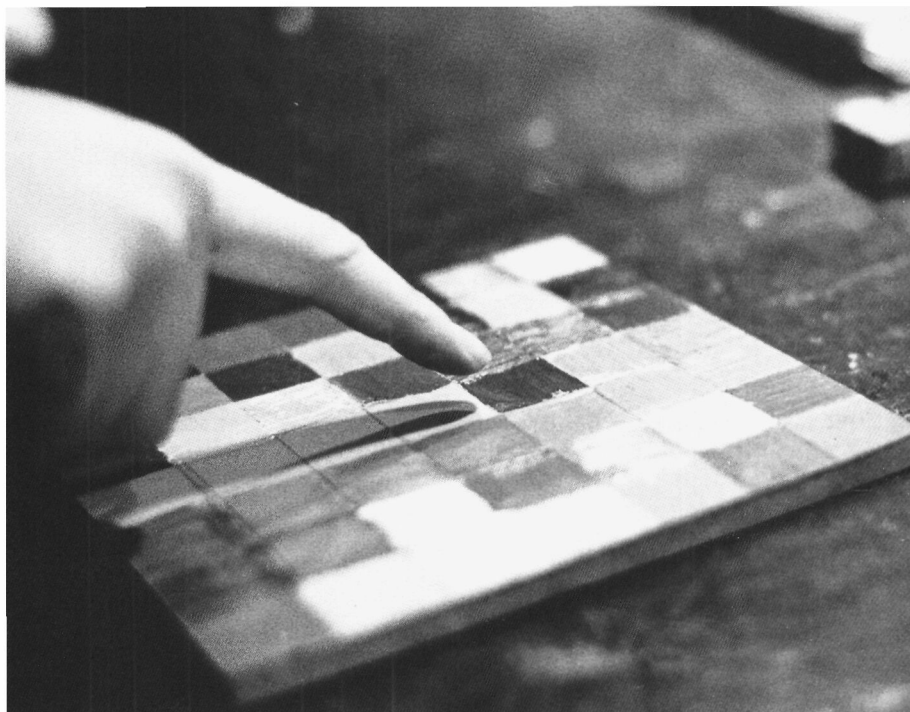
TJP's other objection was the system of modular courses, whereby AS-Levels are taken at the end of the Sixth Form to determine University offers. He argued that to place exams of such significance at the end of the first year would destroy the Sixth Form's character. It would become yet another year of swotting and cramming for exams, and the pressure placed on students would displace the extra-curricular activities that, he said, were so much a part of Westminster's atmosphere. Plays, music recitals, opera; he expressed his particular enthusiasm for the welcoming, creative feel of the art department. It was the first time I had ever heard a member of the teaching profession mount an argument against exams. And although there was the underwritten assumption (in this defence of the old-fashioned, non-modular A-Level) that his argument could only ever apply to the high-flying public schools, it still rang true. As a general tenet, education should be less about exams, more about learning, and more about activities outside the classroom.

Whether that will, in fact, be the shape of the future remains unclear. The Head Master would not say whether Westminster was to hold out indefinitely against the new system; he admitted that beyond the next two or three years it would be impossible to say what would happen. We await with angst whether TJP will continue his stand.

**PAUL KREITMAN (BB)**

**features**

**10**



## Amazingly difficult

**A**s sociable humans in a dense urban environment, we cannot avoid frequent ethical dilemmas. We meet tens of people everyday, and these meetings rarely pass without our making an ethical decision of some kind - one where we are aware of the relative goodness or rightness of the courses of action open to us: whether to deceive someone, for instance, or whether to hurt someone. To have genuine moral problems, we are absolutely not required to inhabit a dusty oak-panelled study in Oxford, or to frequent dim Parisian cafés with beret-clad friends.

And appearances would suggest that we are particularly good at making these moral decisions, because we manage to make so many of them, at such short notice, everyday. It is definitely the exception to ponder through sleepless nights over a tricky ethical dilemma. From this, we must conclude that we have (or at least think we have) clear notions of what is right, and what is wrong, because it is judgements as to what is right and what is wrong that are required where moral decisions are concerned, and we certainly do not make these decisions randomly.

If we examine our own minds, or question other people, we tend to find that this clear idea of right and wrong comes in the form of rules, or imperatives. One must never kill might be one, or, One should never wilfully deceive. Naturally, we do not choose such rules arbitrarily, and feel that we can justify them - to ourselves and to others. However, we find that different people rely on different means for justifying their moralities.

The first such means, and certainly the most direct, is to see our moral imperatives as the be-all-and-end-all of ethics. Perhaps they have been divinely revealed to us, through a prophet - Moses, Jesus or Mohammed, for instance - or a religious text. Perhaps they are discernible through the contemplation of the natural world, as William Wordsworth suggested when he wrote,

A motion and a spirit . . . impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all  
thought  
And rolls thro' all things.

Perhaps they are innate to the minds of humans, so that, in fact, we are born with a fully developed conception of good and bad. There are problems with all these views of morality, however.

A morality invoking the divine origin of its imperatives assumes the existence of a deity, something by no means obvious, and notoriously difficult to prove. But even if it were obvious, or easily proven, there would still be great disagreement over the character of this deity (or deities), and so over the moral laws that he (she, or they) would have laid down. Religions like Christianity, Judaism and Islam are mutually exclusive, in that they contradict one another, and cannot all be true. Christ cannot both have been and not have been the son of God, for instance. Most relevantly here, they contradict one another over the moral laws laid down by the deity, indirectly or not.

A system of morality based on the contemplation of nature is no less problematic, because it is difficult to see how we could perceive moral laws in nature. Our senses generally give us plain, descriptive facts about the way things are - that the sun is in the sky, that someone is talking to us, for example, whereas moral laws invariably describe the way things should be: One should never kill. But even if this problem - the impossibility of working out what ought to be from what is, which was pointed out by David Hume in the 18th Century - did not exist, difficulties would still remain. If a faultless morality can be obtained by observing nature, people ought all to have the same morality, because it is the same nature that they have all been observing. But, in fact, there is essentially no universal agreement on ethical laws throughout humanity, either over history in one place, or over the world at one point in history.

This is true even with what might be thought the most basic moral imperatives: that one should not murder, for instance. Although pretty well every culture throughout the world

now disapproves of murder, in the past, duelling to the death has been thought quite acceptable in many European countries, and such customs as human sacrifice and the exposure of new-born babies have been common throughout the world. Perhaps we in the West are not quite so civilised as we might like to think, because many Western countries still permit murder, when it takes the form of punishment, and this worst of crimes is universally allowed in wartime. This all strongly suggests that humanity does not share any common morality, and so that there is certainly not any faultless morality to be had by the observation of nature. This argument also refutes the theory of an innate human morality, because this also would require uniform morality throughout the world and throughout history, if we



assume we all share the same uniform morality - a tautology.

But even if there were universal consent to a moral law, it is not clear that this would make it definitely true. All 10th Century Europeans believed that the world was flat and that Earth was at the centre of the Universe. They were all wrong on both counts. There is nothing to prevent such universal illusion occurring with morality also, which suggests that we need to look somewhere other than with common opinion, if we want to find firm ethical laws.

Instead of asserting the transcendent truth of our various moral laws, we

might try logically to justify our ethical system. Thus, when explaining why one should never kill, or why one should never steal, instead of appealing to the authority of the rule's origin, as we have tried to do above, we might try logically to justify our imperative, perhaps by citing a general principle, of which this law is merely a consequence. For example, we might hold that one should never kill, because this would reduce the total amount of happiness in the world: it would certainly distress one's victim, and would also cause some unhappiness for the victim's friends and family, we might imagine.

This kind of justification is based on the principle that, when faced with a moral dilemma, we should choose the course of action which will maximise the amount of pleasure, and

minimise the amount of pain in the world. This system of ethics - called "utilitarianism" - was proposed by Jeremy Bentham in the 19th Century, who suggested that we should make our ethical decisions by means of a felicific calculus. When we have to make a moral choice, he said, we ought to weigh up the intensity and

duration of pleasure created by each course of action open to us, subtracting from that the intensity and duration of pain created, and to choose the course which yields the most net pleasure.

Despite the attractive neatness of this system, there are a number of awkward problems with it, especially when we are considering very long-term consequences. For instance, consider this situation: a doctor weighing 100kg and two unemployed people weighing 70kg apiece are stranded on a raft in the open sea, a raft which is about to sink, unless 100kg of weight are removed from it immediately. Using Bentham's feli-

cific calculus, we might decide that saving the one doctor will in fact create more happiness than saving the two unemployed people, because his work will cure people, bringing happiness to them and their friends and relations. But could we really bring ourselves to do this - to sacrifice two people when one would have served? Then, consider another scenario: a thief steals someone's house, money and possessions, but hooks his victim up to a virtual reality machine, which simulates a life much more pleasurable than the rest of real life would have been. By the felicific calculus, the thief has done positive good here, but is this how we would really feel towards him?

Instead of the utilitarian pleasure principle, we might invoke different general principles to guide our moral decision-making. For instance, if we are uncomfortable with sacrificing the two unemployed people instead of the one doctor, we might argue that our ethical decisions should be guided by a respect for the sanctity of human life - by the principle that human life is the most precious thing in the world, and so should be guarded at all costs. This principle would tell us to sacrifice the doctor instead of the two unemployed people, because this would involve less loss of human life than vice versa. Similarly, if we are reluctant to view the thief we have considered as a generous person, we might assert the general principle that truth and genuineness in all our action is of the paramount importance, so that deceiving someone, albeit for the sake of his increased happiness, is absolutely out of order. We might imagine other general principles: that one should make ethical decisions with the utmost respect for human autonomy, for instance. This might be used when justifying voluntary euthanasia, despite the concept going against our principle of the sanctity of human life, because, we might argue, the individual's free choice is here more important than any respect we may have for the sanctity of life.

But here we encounter a problem very much like that which we found when investigating the use of divine revelation to justify our ethics. All the

general principles that we have looked at seem equally convincing and respectable, especially when dressed up in slightly impenetrable vocabulary, but many of them contradict one another - are mutually exclusive. We cannot value both the sanctity of human life and a respect for human autonomy highest: we cannot both prevent a friend from taking his life, because we know that we have a duty to preserve human life at all costs, and allow him to, because we know that we must always respect the opinion of a sane human being. The problem is that we don't appear to have any means for deciding between all these equally convincing general principles. There is no obvious reason why the sanctity of life should be more important than human autonomy, or vice versa, but decide between them we must.

*Logical justifications of ethics are not the reason for our moral decisions, but rather the excuse for it.*

This conclusion - that there really is no means of deciding between general principles - strongly recommends a liberal outlook. There is no reason why the general principles governing our actions are in any way superior to different ones governing other people's, and so we should tolerate these different principles absolutely. But liberalism is of no help in forming one's own morality, or when taking one's own decisions, unless it leads to renouncing decision-making altogether, and staying in bed all one's life. We are still stuck for a sure way of making our moral decisions rightly.

Perhaps we get a clue to the answer here from the way that we rejected pure utilitarianism earlier. We rejected it because, when we looked at it in practice - at examples of utilitarian decision-making - we found that some of its consequences were not to our liking. We felt that it was wrong for the doctor to be saved at the expense of the unemployed people, and that it was incorrect to see the thief as a good man, despite our felicific calculus assuring us that these

were the right views. That we are able to make judgements like that suggests that we already have the apparatus for deciding what is right and what wrong, because that is what we have done in both of these instances. But if we do have this apparatus, it would appear that it is not a logical mechanism, because we have rejected all the logical ways of determining our ethics as unreliable.

David Hume suggested that, as we have concluded, we do not make ethical decisions logically. Instead, he said, our moralities are determined by our emotions, our sentiments - the irrational side of our minds. "Reason," he said, "is the slave of the passions." Perhaps our morality - the way we make moral decisions - is not so much the result of logical deliberation as of whim, emotion or passion. If we accept this conclusion, then we may conclude further that logical justifications of ethics are not, as we at first thought, the reason for our moral decisions, but rather the excuse for it. We take decisions according to our feelings, and justify them with logic.

This conclusion, if correct, is not in the least bit comforting. Throughout history, humans have flattered themselves that they are rational animals - that they are all the animal mish-mash of instincts and urges, except with reason ruling over them, imposing an order and efficiency which no animal lacking reason could attain. Plato decided in his Republic that the just man was the man whose reason ruled supreme in his mind. When we talk about a good person - one who acts rightly, we tend to mean someone who overrides their whims, emotions and passions with a sense of duty - an ethical reason. Perhaps, though, that ethical reason is just as empty and impotent in the good person as in the bad. This is a problem which needs to be faced, perhaps a more pertinent problem in this age which tends to lack the comforting (but not for that reason necessarily untrue) dogma of religion. It is a problem which eludes solution, so long as we cannot truly justify our ethics with logic.

**GEORGE HULL (AH)**

# Mourning glory

Public opinions and views are largely formed, swayed and cemented by the media. Today we are bombarded at all times by the voice of the media in one or more of its many guises and as the media influences us all in so many ways the need for it to inform the public as reliably as is possible has never been greater. However in 1997, the year that Diana died, the media failed utterly in its duties to inform the public.

When Diana died the situation in newsrooms was fluid. Although the facts first needed to be relayed to the public, due to the time at which the accident occurred, they only emerged slowly. Reports were patchy, lacking in depth and thought. The death of the Princess was repeated like a mantra over the hysteria that was ignited and fed by this mode of reporting; hasty conclusions were made and the real issues were forgotten. The true story of Diana was hidden behind the fantastical myth that journalists fed the public; a beautiful woman, yet deeply compassionate, who had married a prince in a fairy tale wedding, who had recently

found true love with Dodi Fayed after a traumatic divorce and suffered a dramatic and tragic death, robbing the world of one its brightest stars. The truth about this would be saint was neglected by the media.

Princess Diana lived a highly stylised lifestyle that was curtailed by a very impressionistic death. While alive, she maintained several admirable qualities, which were mainly focused on charity work. Diana was, unlike most members of her family, able to communicate and gain the trust and admiration of those she spoke to, many of whom had been through or were about to go through some of the most frightening and scarring phases in their lives due to disease.

However, Diana was not able to live her life as would befit someone possessing her abilities and goodwill, her life was undignified and often extremely selfish. Diana had a vast number of lovers, was fully aware of how to use the media to her best advantage and did so, and did not give her children all the care, love and attention that they deserved. Then she died in a needless accident.

Traditional journalistic scepticism had disappeared. Several more specific factors about the crash, especially the car and its passengers were

ignored, while on the other hand, the victimisation of, and the eulogies towards Diana had started. As this state continued, inevitable hostility grew towards the media, who were immediately assigned the blame by themselves, who in turn increasingly perpetuated these feelings with total blanket coverage, causing the suppression or oversight of any remaining details, such as seatbelts and drink.

For the record, the Mercedes was travelling at 196 kph in a 50 kph zone, in a tunnel where lighting was not at its best; the driver was on Tiapride, Prozac; his blood alcohol content was 1.73g per litre, which was over three times the legal limit, while three of the four people in the car did not have the presence of mind to wear their seatbelts. Sites on the Internet use this as an example for road safety awareness.

Lucid, unfettered, independent objective reporting vanished, making this country fundamentally different. C.P.Scott, a former editor of The Guardian, once said "Comment is free, but facts are sacred", and some take this to mean comment must follow logically from fact, in that order. In totalitarian states, this order is reversed, suppressing free will, and any truthful or incisive judgement, so that ends justify means, or justification precedes opinion. Opposing views had to be kept silent, regardless of their worth, truth, or fact. Unceasing coverage brought similar suppression of ideas, that might have tarnished her myth and given a more realistic feeling at her funeral. Most worrying was that the suppression of free thought had not been brought around by any military oppression. In September 1997, the press neglected its core purpose, instead choosing to give the public precisely what they wanted, no matter how fickle or uninformed that could be. An apparent search for something more meaningful in life brought people to something that was in the end rather hollow.

**DEBASHISH BISWAS (AH)**  
**PAOLA SMITH (DD)**



# Linguae defendae

It seems that Classics has outstayed its welcome in the house of Great British Tradition. Every year the maths and sciences departments of this world look on complacently as the scrabbling multitudes flock to their doors, while a dilapidated Classics department (assuming there actually is a Classics Department) cowers in under-funded quarters and resigns itself to yet another year of sub-elementary one-to-one tuition, teaching from idiotically annotated books describing the staggeringly boring life and times of Marcus and Hesiod, the undynamic duo from Formiae. (Rumour has it the 2000 edition incorporates a new character - a dog called Gavius. Hold tight, my friends!)

As some may remember, there was a happy time when children of six composed elegiac couplets for sheer sport, and you could refer to the lesser geographical works of Strabo in everyday conversation without being subsequently and eternally classed as a social outcast. The popularity of Latin and Greek has declined then since, and with its popularity so too have class numbers dwindled. Today, the only people you are likely to find studying them are, if not Satanists, inadequate would-be lawyers hoping to secure a place at Oxford without the inconvenience of having to work. This decline is a result of there being very little to say in defence of the subject.

"So, why exactly should I study a dead language?" the modern student demands, sceptically surveying the prospects of a Classical education, and discerning the alleged strongholds of poetic genius, Horace and Catullus - one a mentally-unhinged lethargist who transcribed inebriated hallucinations for a living, the other a self-proclaimed paedophilic bisexual head-case. The GCSE set-texts have little more to offer than the Letters of

Pliny, a self-obsessed, self-deluded creep, with the depth and perception of a spade, who wormed his way into the history books by writing letters to himself about fictitious events fabricated to that end, and Homer, who didn't even exist.

That, for our potential student of the Classics, coupled with painful memories of a copiously blue-pencilled school production of some sick, sick play by Aristophanes, and the none-too-subtle comment his father made last night about medicine being 'a damn good profession', results in 15 million out of 15 million cases in the firm resolution that Classics is a subject that other people do.



Yet the fact remains that there are still people who apparently wish to dedicate time and effort to the aforementioned pursuit, archaic and pointless though it may be. Why? For would-be lawyers hoping to secure a place in Oxford, et al., the answer is simple; howbeit, there is clearly some fantastic enticement between the dust-covered covers of disused Loeb's and North & Hillards.

Not that anyone would want to refer to any such works. Even Marcus and Hesiod outclass the likes of Strabo in terms of expression and variation, as anyone (living) who has read more than a page will tell you between

gasps. It is generally seen as one of the many forms of mental martial arts: there are few good Classicists who do not attain proficient levels of comprehension and verbal dexterity, as naturally proceeds from an in-depth study of the language from which English fundamentally arose. Nevertheless, these benefits could as simply be obtained from separate studies in maths and English, and to a greater practical use, so this is probably not why keen Classicists are keen.

The world of Latin and Greek is a veritable wonderland for the intellectually repressed, for the reason that the merits of any literary endeavour are miraculously enhanced in the process of translation. Sometimes translation is not even necessary, for these merits to be gleaned. One might imagine, during a contemplative interim in a discussion in the halls of academia, a Latin student observing, 'aenum tres latronem loquebatur dies' ('the cauldron negotiated with the highwayman for three days'), and all the mathematicians and scientists being seen to nod gravely.

The pretentious Classicist will derive innumerable joys from the epic style of much Greek literature. Homeric prose, in particular, is but a prolific assembly of earnest altercations and sincere entreaties, strewn lavishly with the curious attributes and random deaths of irrelevant cavalrymen. Regard the effect of Homericising a relatively straightforward piece of text.

Before:

Simon: Malteser?  
Dimitri: No thanks.

After:

Whereupon whirling-eyed Simonides of the many wiles did make his way along the shore of the unresting, unharvested, wine-dark sea to the high-walled abode of crooked-counselling Dimitrinastos, sprung from dread-hearted Spinthominas. And,

even as the cruel torrents of Poseidon do bestorm many a stalwart vessel on its journey homeward, or the merciless thunderbolt of Zeus who has his bronze-floored home on high Olympus does severely beat down upon those that do him dishonour through some cunning beguilement, or the spiteful darts of Apollo, that smiteth afar, do rain down upon them who his wrath have incurred by means of shameful exploits in the fashion of deadly hails of fiery missiles as the Euphorbian heroes, it is said, were accustomed to brave in days of old, in such a self-same manner did Simonides mightily strike upon the doorway of crooked-counselling Dimitrinastos, sprung from dreadhearted Spinthominas, aye! terribly did he smite the post with that wherewith he doth readily grip his bronze-studded sword, bestowed upon him by Aphrodite of the flashing eyes and comely neck for his great deeds in the realms of Pythagora. And, verily, yea! indeed and forsooth, stern was the injunction laid upon the name of his foe, crooked-counselling Dimitrinastos, sprung from dreadhearted Spinthominas, as whirling-eyed Simonides of the many wiles did address Dimitrinastos with winged words, saying unto him, "Thou deemest that thine enemy shall of present be removed from thy doorway, thou dog, having abandoned the cause wherefore he did come to thy gates at the first. Clearly thou knowest not at all to look at once before and after, seeing that my endurance wouldst suffer ever to achieve its goal, for I am far mightier than thou."

That the Iliad is 24 books long comes as no surprise. He hasn't even brought out the Maltesers yet . . .

But, to get back to the point, although having ascertained some reasons (that is to say, with various reasons having been ascertained) for the study of Latin and Greek, I do admit that none of the above makes any real point. This is partly due to my anxiety to avoid standard 'Latin isn't a dead language' clichés propagated by the renegade low-budget classics-revival press of Britain, that persists vainly in



releasing scant and infrequent leaflets and circulars you are likely to find on the floor near the school noticeboard, which, if not yet trodden into illegibility, will proffer delights such as Latin Radio Frequency Charts and Roman cookery sections (who cares about Roman cookery?).

In the absence of any actual argument in favour of Classics, therefore, I can only maintain that the subject is still studied (in spite of everything), and this, at least, attests to the fact that it is attractive in some obscure sense; for whatever reason - dementia, intellectual aspiration and outright pretence all included - Catullus and Strabo seem to me to outstrip every other branch of excellence simply by being Catullus and Strabo.

And if keeping friends with them happens to get me into Oxford without the hassle of having to do work, then that's good too.

**MATTHEW JACKSON (AH)**

## Towards a new musical culture

The rate of development of art music in the 20th century has been unparalleled in all history, and has resulted in a bewildering proliferation of different styles and movements. Modernism and its avant-garde movements reached the goal of the Romantic ideal of artistic autonomy earlier this century when tonality blew itself apart, and the common practice period that grew with it, ever since the late Renaissance, ended. Henceforth, the modernist composer had a special role to work in conscious defiance of the culture industry, working to reverse the confiscation of art by the dominant bourgeois culture, which was seen as inhibiting genuine musical thought. By escaping all vernacular tradition in the name of individualism and originality, each work must

be understood as a new genre in itself and so is likely to be very challenging for audiences and players alike. Enthusiasts for contemporary music enjoy the extraordinary depth and variety of music written in the 20th century, and, for them, its perceived or actual complexity and inaccessibility cannot detract from the fact that much of it is probably the most interesting music ever written. However, serious music is only appreciated by a limited few, of whom even fewer are really aware of contemporary music. With concert audiences getting older and no less wary of contemporary works, a significant future audience for new music is becoming an even less likely prospect.

The most obvious and most frequently suggested solution to this problem is New Labour's touchstone: education. Nevertheless, we must be well aware of the flaws in the musical culture that we are supposedly educating people to become part of. The unhealthy divide between classical and popular music has never been wider, and the blame for this must lie largely with the classical music industry and its associated media, obsessed with the categorisation and dumbing down of musical appreciation. The performance of much classical music can be typified by a museum culture, ossified by scholarship, and an obsession with performing works from the distant past, complete with what the composer Christopher Fox calls "the theatrical baggage of 19th century music-making".

A musical tradition centred on the composer must encourage the performance and reception of new music, and only a few dynamic fig-

ures have succeeded in doing this. Part of the problem is the institutionalisation and inflexibility of the commissioners of new works - principally orchestras and opera companies. These organisations will always commission works for a full-sized 19th century orchestra or a full-length opera, which obviously limits the creative scope of a truly forward-looking composer. These organisations also depend on ticket-sales for their income, and are thus unlikely to commission a work that really challenges their audiences expectations of what they should be hearing on a traditional concert platform.



However, there are those who work against this cultural rigidity, such as Sir Simon Rattle, Oliver Knussen, Pierre Boulez, and, of course the BBC, which continues to live up to the dictum of its first Director-General, John Reith - "Give the people something better than they think they want".

Composers must also ask questions, and seek answers to the problem of declining audiences for new music. But that is always assuming that audiences matter at all to a modernist composer, writing music, as Schoenberg's pupil Hans Eisler put it, for the bottom drawer, for posterity and certainly not the present. Denying any role that the audience may have in the creation of music, Schoenberg wrote in 1946, "Those who compose because they want to please others, and have audiences in mind, are not real artists". Pierre

Boulez echoed this sentiment when he wrote, "If you are really creative ... I don't think you can have an audience in mind". However, rejecting the audience outright does not solve the problem for the modernist composer. Appealing to existing audiences is no solution either: it is true that the genuine artist can no longer provide the banal and sentimental gestures that such audiences expect. Ultimately, composers must work to create the modernist audience; and to get to the crux of our cultural problems, we must ask whether, in our present conditions, this is possible.

In the past it was the piano, one might argue, that unified all musical culture. In the 19th century, nearly all works were conceived and could be played on the piano. People would play both serious and popular music on the piano, and there were literally hun-

dreds of thousands of people who could play it to a high standard. The piano gave a level playing-field to both popular and serious music, and so there was a healthy dialogue between them. Thankfully, in the 20th century we have managed to escape the rather two-dimensional scope of the piano, but as a result, music conceived away from that medium has been harder for people to assimilate, since they cannot take it home and play it for themselves. It is certainly not desirable that music should be limited by the means of amateurs, but, on the other hand, living composers ought to make a sizeable contribution to amateur music-making, not only for the benefit of society, but also so that people will become familiar with contemporary styles and techniques. This is indeed what happened in the 1920s, and many com-

posers, for example Hindemith, Kurt Weill and many others, wrote music that was intended to be useful music or *Gebrauchsmusik*, partly to break down the barriers between popular and serious music. However, their motives were often seen to be political, with the music intended for Fascist or Communist groups. After the Second World War, composers back-lashed against applied music, seeing just where it could go, for example with Carl Orff's neo-Germanic popularist style, and thus the composers of the post-war Darmstadt school retreated even further into social and aesthetic autonomy.

If this autonomy is what the post-war avant-garde wanted, then they certainly succeeded. Their exploration of the phenomenon of pure sound itself, through *musique concrète*, electronic music, total serialism, where every element of the music is mathematically controlled, aleatory or chance music, and improvisatory techniques, lacked all associations that music acquired through the centuries and thus was incapable of communication with the lay listener. This music reached a level of such complexity and esotericism, that its development has really hit a dead-end. Furthermore, with the institutionalisation of the avant-garde resulting in its occupying a central role in the Establishment, it can no longer define itself against bourgeois culture, and so since it has nothing left to challenge, its revolutionary zeal is lost.

However, there are composers who, particularly in the last quarter of the 20th Century, have attempted to put their music into historical perspective by trying to revive the creative use of tonality, and have tried to reach wider audiences by borrowing styles from pop music and world music, producing a so-called neo-tonal style. Many of these composers have had similar problems to Stravinsky in his neo-classical phase of the 1920s and 1930s, in that their thin-sounding music has often seemed to come across in inverted commas, rarely with any meaningful organic musical argument or form.

The situation that I have briefly outlined might suggest that the future for the Western art music tradition is very bleak indeed. On a positive note, the writer and critic Stephen Johnson compares our present artistic turmoil to the Renaissance, when, with the rediscovery of the Ancient Greeks, artists had to redefine themselves completely. Reminded of how opera grew out of the apparently odd beliefs of the Florentine Camerata, he has faith that equally strange ideas born from our ferment will give birth to a strong new tradition. However, one may disagree and argue that, albeit hopefully with a more dynamic musical culture to support them, the exciting multiplicity of musical practices, traditions and styles that we have today is undoubtedly preferable to a dogmatic and undynamic culture that only experiences change or growth once or twice a century, such as that we have had in the past.

What I envisage is a situation where the traditional concert hall and opera house still hold the stabilising force in the musical culture. However, the cultural dogmatism associated with these two institutions must be ended. Orchestras should not be allowed to stagnate on a pure diet of 19th Century symphonic works, and their players should be encouraged to work creatively in small ensembles and with composers. Similarly, the programming of concerts must move away from the uninspiring overture-concerto-interval-symphony pattern, with a wider range of genres and styles mixed into each concert. The apparent sanctity of the concert hall must also be questioned, so that not only should a wider range of music be brought into a more creatively managed concert hall, but music should also be brought out of the concert hall into the wider public. The approach that we have today to the application of visual art should be extended to the realm of music. Just as items of contemporary art are placed in public spaces for people to see, why not specifically commission art music that is appropriate for public spaces, or for example, have a group of percussionists playing music by Steve Reich in a park band-stand? Similarly, just as if I were to visit an

exhibition of Rembrandts, I might be greeted by a sample of work by contemporary artists, why should the audience at a concert of Beethoven symphonies not be welcomed by an experimental ensemble playing on the same platform as the orchestra?

Developments such as these would help bring about the culture change that education - the most vital ingredient of a musical culture - urgently needs in order to be most valuable and effectual. Less cultural rigidity would enable arts organisations, the press, the Arts Council and the record industry to brave it out against the easy categorisation and stereotyping of much music, and nurture the public to venture into the sound world of new music.

Finally, the musical establishment must not fall into the trap of castigating all popular music, as that would imply the same lack of judgement that afflicts much of popular culture. Thus the most creative and individual elements of popular music must be equally well nurtured as contemporary art music. Without the lowering of any standards, and with both these forms of music promoted together, the vision of creating a modernist audience for the 21st Century can truly be achieved.

**BERNARD FREUDENTHAL (HH)**



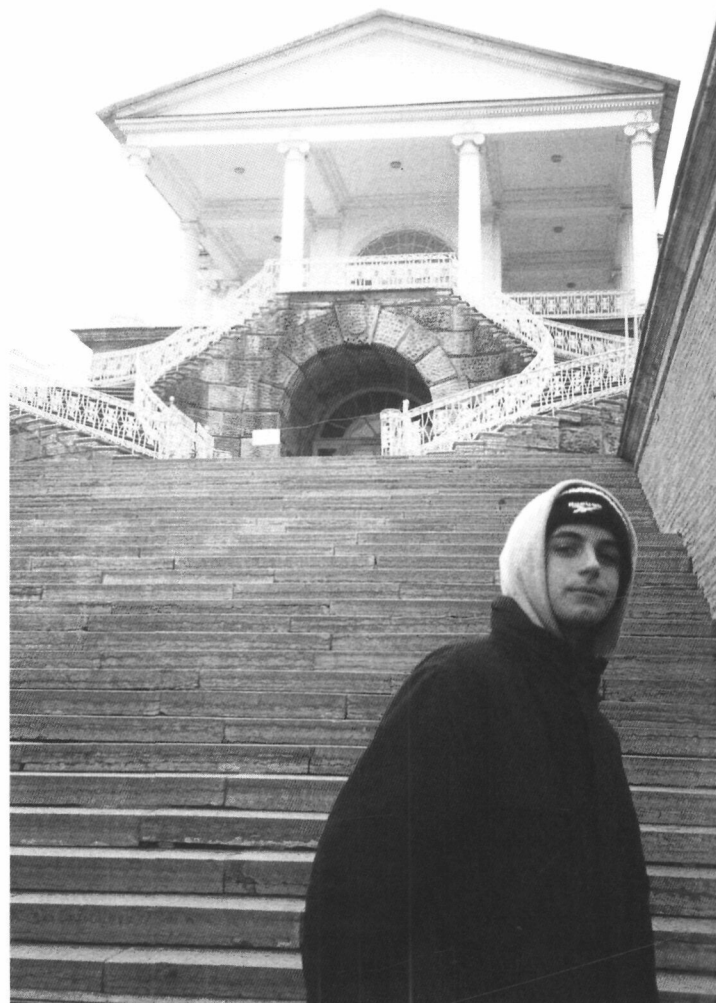
# Scream!

**N**ever before in the history of music has the term 'music industry' ever been more appropriate. Popular music, or more simply pop, is now less about making statements - as in the 1950s with rock 'n roll, and in the '70s with the protests against Vietnam - and more about pulling together a group of people who will appeal more than for their aesthetic than their musical talent. Today, it would be correct to call the music business an assembly-line production, with auditions for bands advertised in newspapers, the final cut made, contracts signed and recordings begun. And just as a car without an engine is nothing, so a boy band would be nothing without a brilliant marketing team. It doesn't take a scientist to figure out the formula for success - a group of four or five young men between sixteen and twenty six, with little singing talent (and gorgeous bodies), a group of dedicated song writers who can write annoying but catchy pop songs that appeal to girls aged between five and thirteen, and, lastly, an excellent marketing team.

The blame for this phenomenon, if it has to be placed on anyone, lies with The Beatles. This is not because they were manufactured by some suits from a record company, because they were not. It is not even because singing talent within the group was minimal, because it wasn't. It was simply because the effect it had on the young girls of the world was massive. No one near civilisation could have escaped Beatlemania - it was everywhere. And this may have got the record companies thinking, If the Beatles could do it, why not someone else? There were others, the Osmonds for example, and no one could claim that their target audience was anything but the little teenage girls, derisively classified as teenyboppers. Then in the 1990s, the world saw what was probably the first in a long line of boy bands that still plague us today - New Kids On The Block.

NKOTB, as they were fondly known, were the epitome of the boy band.

Made up of five gorgeous boys, it had enough flavour to appeal to girls of many different tastes. There was the sporty one, the youngest, baby-faced one, the oldest and most sensible one - the mentor, the wild rebellious bad boy and the quiet Mr. Nice Guy. All teenage girls, introvert or extrovert, were accounted for. Interestingly, if this rule were applied to almost any other boy band, it would prove to be true. Together with some catchy pop songs, heart wrenching ballads and the kind of hype not possible without the aforementioned brilliant marketing team, they stormed the world and reached the revered no.1 position in the charts.



This was only stage one in the life cycle of the boy band, not only NKOTB, but any boy band. Take That, for example, the band that appeared out of the death of their predecessors New Kids, enjoyed stage two of the boy band, just like most boy bands do. Stage two is the success, and the hard partying that

comes with it. Sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, cliché as it is, holds true with the boy band, and with it comes the tabloid coverage. Every night, a member of the band could be seen with a different celebrity of the opposite sex, and the next morning, it made the front page of The Sun and other such papers. The papers weren't only interested in the girls: trashed hotel rooms made popular reading too. Then in a press release, or an interview, the boy band would blame the media - the very instrument of its fame - for ruining their lives and invading their privacy. There is nothing that could justify this intrusion, but a pattern was

forming. People with wild habits found themselves in the paper, as opposed to the quiet ones. But then where would the boy band be without all the adverse publicity? Nowhere.

The Backstreet Boys can most aptly demonstrate the third stage in the life cycle of a boy band. It can, at its kindest, be referred to as growing up. They grow up and realise that they are missing out. Unlike 'real' artists, they don't write their own music, produce their own songs or have any control over the music videos. In

fact they have been so caught up in their fame that they may not even realise that their management is scamming them out of their hard-earned money. The five young lads that make up this Orlando band are a good example of this; they had to change management because of it. It is a true and little known fact that

most artists don't ever make any money on their first album. When they start out, the record company lends them money, which they pay back out of the revenue from the first album. So they have to keep up the appearance of the rich and stylish celebrity, with actually very little money to perpetuate it. Unfortunately, a lot of the members of these boy bands, along with the general public, are oblivious to this when they first sign on. Contract reading is not high on their list of priorities - a minor step on the road to fame, fortune and female fans.

We should now go back to Take That, who so accurately show what being in a boy band can do. First there is the infighting that keeps coming to the fore in interviews, and that has to be more and more craftily covered up by the public relations team. Their job is getting harder, too, as the boys realise that they are human beings and not just puppets on strings. The cleverer boy bands realise this in four or five years; it could take up to a decade for others. The first step in their slow painful death occurs when one of the band members packs up and leaves, like Robbie Williams did. There are claims that the boys will pull through and go on, that the member who left will be 'sorely missed' or less tactfully that they 'never needed him anyway', but invariably this never works. And soon, the band crumbles into five individuals who decide to go solo,

and who still haven't realised that without each other, they are nothing. And then they disappear off the face of the Earth forevermore. Forgotten but not forgiven for their awful contribution to the music business. Some break ups, as in the case of Take That, may lead to attempted suicides, but for anyone to do this over a boy band, they must be deranged anyway. So we can conclude that these boy bands do some good after all. Some bands, like Boyzone, break up amicably, but they are the exception to the rule.

So, that is the life of a boy band. And, like a phoenix from the ashes, from the death of one band another is born. Out of Boyzone came Westlife and other bands like Five. Aren't we thankful? Having said that, from an economic point of view, the boy band is the way to go. If I were head of a record company, I would certainly form one: the money is incentive enough. There are enough people around who want to make good music, so who cares if some music is unbearably bad? As long as the cash keeps rolling in, there will be time for integrity later. People can keep complaining about boy bands, but if they had the opportunity to exploit this market, they would too. They would be mad not to. In the words of Abba, there is only one thing that matters today:

'Money, money, money...  
In a rich man's world'.

**DEEKSHA GAUR (PP)**

## Feminists can wear lipstick

As we enter the 21st Century, many have suggested that feminism is no longer necessary or even has gone too far. Yet we live in a world where women are still paid less than men, where the top positions in the legal, medical, literary professions, and even the top schools are all male dominated. Misogyny is permeated into our culture: Ali G asks if women should be allowed to sit on the jury "when they have the painters in," thousands of women consider the scatty, ignorant (someone who thinks Rimbaud was played by Sylvester Stallone), calorie-counting Bridget Jones their ideal role model. There is no doubt that there is a need for the feminist movement - feminism is necessary, it is just no longer fashionable.

21st Century women and men are recoiling from the feminist movement. Feminism, no longer a new concept, has become outdated and unfashionable. Worse, it is now associated with our parents' generation of the 1960s and 1970s. Generation X has given into the adolescent instinct to rebel against its parents - what better way to shock or annoy our parents than by rejecting the rights they fought for? The trend for rejecting feminism is also a result of the concept of the New Lad. The New Lad replaced the New Man (a sensitive, caring, essentially feminine creation of the 1970s) early in the 1990s as the male role model. The New Lad was born out of the growing popularity of football, *Men Behaving Badly* and *F.H.M.* magazine, and is not sensitive, but sexist. The instant success of Nick Hornby's *Fever Pitch* and *High Fidelity* encouraged men not to recognise their faults, but to revel in them. Women, also, were becoming sick of the New Man, whom they began to consider far too sensitive and weedy: Anna in the hugely popular television series, *This Life*, criticised Egg for being too much of a SNAG (Sensitive, New Age Guy). Women welcomed the stronger, less sensitive New Lad, but in doing so also welcomed misogyny, conse-



quently rejecting the concepts of equal pay and equal rights. A third way in feminism is needed, a third way not associated with our parents or Germaine Greer, if only to make feminism trendy again, and regain the lost support of the masses.

The third way in feminism is a 21st Century feminism - a "Fluffy Feminism". This aims to overthrow certain ideals voiced by the radical feminists of the 60s and 70s. These feminists - women like Germaine Greer, Kate Millet and Eva Figes - put forward such controversial theories as "Feminism is the theory, lesbianism is the practice" (Ti-Grace Atkinson), "All sex is rape" (Andrea Dworkin) and the frightening future envisaged by Shulamith Firestone, where reproduction is solely carried out in laboratories. The most popular radical feminist manifesto was Germaine Greer's best-selling *The Female Eunuch*, published in 1970, containing material fundamentally opposed to 21st Century feminism. The sections most Fluffy Feminists would take issue with are those concerning female appearance, with its implied dress code for feminist women. Greer tells us that hair-removal is symptomatic of "women's distaste for their own bodies", that women should refuse "to wear undergarments which perpetrate the fanta-

*Feminism is no longer about hairy legs, lesbianism and test-tube babies*

sy of pneumatic boobs" and free themselves from "the domination of foam and wire". She spends a chapter denouncing "the female stereotype": "The stereotype is . . . supplied with cosmetics, underwear, foundation, garments, stockings, . . . hairdressing, . . . jewels and fur." Then, "I'm sick of being a transvestite," and "I'm sick of weighting my hair with a dead mane." She bemoans "feminine women who submit to sex without desire".

What is fundamentally wrong with the arguments of radical feminists is that they expect women to suppress

natural desires. Ti-Grace Atkinson, Andrea Dworkin and Shulamith Firestone expected a feminist to give up all sexual relationships with men - to have sex with women and reproduce by test-tube. This is obviously ridiculous: lesbianism and test-tube babies are perfectly acceptable - for those who choose them, but the idea of forcing them on all women is ludicrous and immoral. Women are sexual beings, and most of them have a natural desire to have sex with men. To say that "All sex is rape" implies that women derive no enjoyment from sex with a man - simply untrue. Greer does not tell women to give up relationships with men, but does expect them to make themselves less attractive to men, by not shaving their legs or wearing bras. As women naturally want sexual relationships with men, Greer's supposed freeing of women from "the domination of foam and wire" is forcing them to go against their natural instincts.

There is a natural desire, in some women, to dress up, wear make-up and jewellery, and have long hair - to conform to the feminine stereotype. Many women - though by no means all - do harbour a desire to have long hair, and adorn themselves with jewellery. This desire is not wrong, nor is it exclusively female: Eddie Izzard and Ru Paul have not yet been berated for conforming to misogynist stereotypes of beauty. Greer moans that she is "sick of being a transvestite . . . sick of weighting my hair with a dead mane." Greer may be sick of it, but that does not mean all women are. 21st Century feminists would agree that "the feminine stereotype" should not be "the definition of the female sex", as Germaine Greer points out in *The Female Eunuch*. The third way in feminism does not encourage women to conform to "the feminine stereotype", it simply acknowledges that some women (and, indeed, some men) want to, and by trying to stop them we are restricting their freedom. Feminism should have no dress code. As sexual beings, women naturally want to be attractive to men - in the same way as men want to be attractive to women. There is nothing inherently wrong with this, unless you subscribe to Atkinson's view that "lesbianism is

the practice." By imposing this code on women, telling them what they are and are not allowed to wear, who they can and can't sleep with, radical feminists are suppressing natural instincts in women. It is no wonder they reject feminism altogether.

21st century feminism celebrates the differences between men and women, where radical feminism denies them. It undermines the feminist cause to pretend these differences do not exist, when they so obviously do: men have larger muscles and larger brains; women tend to be more emotional and more creative,

*Women should refuse "to wear undergarments which perpetrate the fantasy of pneumatic boobs" and free themselves from "the domination of foam and wire"*

men more aggressive and more competitive; the desire to wear jewellery and make-up and have long hair is, while unisex, more prevalent in women than in men. What Fluffy Feminism argues is that while these differences certainly exist, they are, nevertheless, no excuse for the discrimination that occurs because of them: larger muscles are not in any way an advantage in most of the careers that women are still discriminated against in, and, anyway, women have larger brains in comparison to their bodies. The differences in attitude are generalisations: it would be as inaccurate to call every woman emotional as it would be to call every man aggressive. The problem with radical feminism was that it tried to make women become men - become masculine in their appearance (with short hair, no bras, etc.), even have sexual relationships with women. They have a point: in order to get the equal treatment that we deserve, it might be easier for us to lengthen our skirts, take off our make-up, jewellery and high heels and turn ourselves into men. By doing so we would probably seem less threatening to the opposite sex: Jill Barad, a lone woman in the

essentially male world of executives, very perceptively said, "I think it can be a tough thing for a man to lose to a woman." The more masculine we appear, the less intimidating to men we are, and the easier it would be for us to dominate a man's world. But conforming to how men want us to be, rather than how we want to be, is inherently against any branch of the feminist movement. We have enough men. We don't need cheap imitations, we need women with qualities that are essentially female (for example, high achieving - girls still gain better GCSE and A Level results than boys, and creativity). Women are not incapable of doing the same jobs as men: smaller muscles, long hair and creativity will not hinder us in law or medical practices, where women are still discriminated against. But women are not men, nor would they want to be.

The best and most inspiring example of a Fluffy Feminist is Jill Barad, the former chief executive of Mattel. She took on the company as it was facing bankruptcy in 1983, and five years later its shares quadrupled in value. Now, three Barbies are sold every second, ninety-nine percent of American girls own at least one Barbie doll (the average girl owns eight), and Mrs Barad is one of the most powerful women in America. Mrs Barad is inspirational not just because of her success, but also because of her accompanying philosophy: "We never gave up on our femininity. We didn't become "little men". I don't care to be on an equal footing with men." She epitomised the feminine stereotype, said to be synonymous with Barbie. She is famed for her beauty queen hair styles, pink flannel suits, and stiletto heels for dancing during financial presentations. She arrives at Mattel wearing a purple miniskirt and cowboy boots, and has a collection of 52 Barbies.

During her reign as one of the most powerful women in America, she advanced the cause of feminism by changing the image of the once misogynist Barbie, inventing Doctor Barbie, Dentist Barbie and - of course - Executive Barbie. She is the perfect role-model for Fluffy Feminists - a woman taking on a male dominated



world and succeeding. She proves to radical feminists that it is possible to be successful and, at the same time, conform to female stereotypes, and have relationships with men. The words of wisdom that she relates when lecturing audiences of school-girls are a lesson to us all. Showing them her mother's bumble bee pin she says. "She told me, 'Aerodynamically, bees shouldn't be able to fly,' but they do. And I can say that for you girls anything is possible."

The Third Way in feminism is then a sort of Fluffy Feminism - a feminist movement where women have the freedom to dress like Barbie if they want, remove what body hair they wish, grow their hair, and wear bras and short skirts. Fluffy Feminism reinstates the feminine stereotype; it does not force women to conform to this stereotype, but does not berate women who wish to. 21st Century feminism recognises differences between the sexes, but still acknowledges that women are of equal worth and deserve equal treatment with men. Feminism is not outdated: the minor details surrounding the radical feminists' arguments may be, but the belief that women and men are of equal worth should never go out of fashion, it is about the belief that women deserve the same opportunities and the same rights as men. It is the slogan for the new Barbie advertising campaign that best sums up how Fluffy Feminism views women's position in society: "Be anything."

**KATE MURRAY-BROWNE (AH)**

## Only connect

We live in a world where connectivity is the expectation. Almost everyone has a telephone in their home, and many carry mobiles. The advent of the Internet has created a global data network. Text-based communication via email is the norm for many businesses. There is a huge interest in dot-com online services such as Amazon, EasyJet and lastminute. For Westminster as a school, the online society raises many exciting challenges. How can the Internet, a new and vast information resource, be used effectively to enhance learning? How too can we use new technologies to improve communication both internally and with our extended family of Old Westminsters and parents?

Four years ago, we became one of the first schools to set up an Internet site. Initially, most of its content was static, changing perhaps once a month. The site was aimed mostly at those outside the School such as prospective parents. As the site evolved, there was an important shift in focus. We have developed an Internet presence which is targeted at the school community of pupils, teachers, parents and Old Westminsters. It is a single point of reference for checking email, the Almanack, dates of terms, exam timetables (and exam results!), the library catalogue and departmental teaching resources, from any-

where in the world. All teachers and pupils are issued with an individual password which allows them access to personalised information, whatever their physical location. Other resources, such as The Elizabethan, are freely available to anyone who wishes to look. Our site also contains links to useful educational Internet resources.

This past year has seen some exciting developments. In a world which is now very connected, one important step was to ensure school-wide data cabling infrastructure. This is complete. We were able to lay our own fibre-optic cabling between Dean's Yard and the Hooke Centre, linking up with Purcell's and Sutcliff's on the way. This required special permission from Black Rod due to our unusual proximity to Parliament. Cables across the roof of Church House also link Milne's and Ashburnham to 17 Dean's Yard. Every room in the School is now connected (well almost!), including all the private boarding rooms.

Increasing numbers of day and boarding pupils are connecting up their own devices to our network. Last September, we began an exciting pilot project in which one complete Fifth Form class were provided with laptops. It was envisaged that these might be used for organising written assignments. There was also potential for their use in ordinary classrooms as an alternative to visiting a computer suite. One practical difficulty was in getting large numbers of laptop users onto the network quickly and easily in a classroom situation. Twenty network cables quickly became very tangled! However, the project took a leap forward at Easter when new high-speed wireless technologies became available, allowing rapid connection to the network without the need for cables. This enabled our laptop pupils to connect to the Internet and print work to networked printers with ease.

Our experience is that at least some of our pupils do indeed find laptops a very useful means of organising their work. Greatest utilisation is currently at Sixth Form level. With

the vast range of hardware currently available on the market, there are compatibility issues, and parents understandably want advice on what to purchase. We have therefore partnered with a laptop company to provide a choice of all-in packages which we believe offer good value for money and for which the School can readily offer technical support. As a result of our experiences with 5J, we also hope to purchase departmental sets of laptops with wireless networking which can be used flexibly within ordinary classrooms as an alternative to visiting a computer suite.

The majority of our pupils (and some of the staff!) own mobile 'phones. In late April, we became the first school in the world to offer a mobile 'phone Internet WAP Service. This currently allows pupils and staff to check What's for lunch? as well as What's on Today?. Potentially we could offer a broad range of information services using this medium which might be useful to parents and OWW. WAP (Wireless Application Protocol) is designed to deliver text-based information across low-speed connections such as mobile 'phone networks. (This is distinct from the high-speed local wireless networking we are using to connect up laptops for which we need to provide our own access points.)

Wireless in its various forms clearly has a big future. The UK Government recently raised in excess of £20 billion in the auction of 3G licences. The new wave of 3G mobile 'phone net-

works will offer data rates of up to 2Mbps, one hundred times faster than current WAP technology, bringing the potential for mobile phone video conferencing, as well as other content-rich services. This data rate, however, is still somewhat short of the 11Mbps local wireless networking which we are currently adopting on campus to connect up laptops. High-speed wireless wide-area networks are many

years down the line. In the meantime, there is a push to install high-speed local access points in public areas in universities and even in airports to allow access for laptop and palmtop users - Singapore, the US, and Hong Kong are taking the lead.

Devices too are continuing to converge in terms of their functionality. Mobile 'phones are becoming Internet-enabled with email, calendar

and word processing facilities already available on the latest models. Pocket-size computers with built-in modems might soon offer video-conferencing. The vision of a pupil or teacher able to access school information, personal documents and email held securely on our servers from absolutely any type of device, anywhere in the world, is rapidly becoming reality.

**RICHARD HINDLEY**  
**IT SERVICES MANAGER**

*Westminster School's Website was the runner-up in this year's Becta/Guardian Schools Website Competition. This was a remarkable achievement, with 645 entries from schools and colleges around the UK.*



# The Library

The decision to install a security system in the library necessitated a change of entrance, which in turn created the need to open up an old doorway so that it, and the room to which it was attached, became the entrance. The result is a redesigned area with new issue desk, display space and the bringing together of scattered printed reference sources into one sequence. Two large stacks from this room were temporarily removed to the Brock Library, some older and inflexible shelves were discarded and the area was repainted. Although there is still quite a bit to do in the new entrance room, we are at least able to see the future.

During the year we have painted the Brock Library, begun work on what was the old office in order to change it into a room for fiction, introduced a range of periodicals into the room next to the Carleton Gallery, moved all the newly reclassified and catalogued art books to the Gallery, intro-

duced new computers to the Milne room and instituted displays for both new items to the library and for the promotion of older material. Videos of motion pictures, plays and operas and cassettes and compact discs of novels, poetry and other spoken word are new to the library and we are gradually increasing the range of music cds. To list all the material changes serves little purpose, but the broad sweep of what has happened and is happening is outlined above.

Of equal importance to matters material are the less tangible changes - the on-going complete overhaul of the stock, the introduction of a new catalogue with hyperlinks to selected internet sites and the beginning of the process of thinking through the philosophy behind what might be seen as the library's on-going role in the school. The latter requires a degree of prescience in its formulation, and participation from students and staff in discussing the issues around an eventual written policy will be essential if we are to be successful in what we hope to achieve.

Although change is with us, we have not lost sight of what makes Westminster's library particularly special. No one today would ever design a library with the existing layout of rooms, nor would they fill some of the rooms with antique furniture, works of art and seventeenth and eighteenth-century books. We shall retain the feel of these rooms and blend them into the new idea of a library. Some of you may worry that books will diminish in importance. In some subjects this is already the case, (in reference works of subjects particularly), but we are an historic school with a large corpus of older printed material and the library does not intend to go the way of the new technology entirely. We still purchase hundreds of books and we purchase them with the expectation of use. There is no danger of the decline of the book's importance in the training and development of the mind and we shall give as much encouragement as possible to ensure the survival of reading for pleasure and for using printed sources as easily as electronic ones.

**HUGH EVELEIGH**



# SOCIETIES

## John Locke

*No man's knowledge  
can go beyond his  
experience.*

Notwithstanding John Locke's statement, the wealth of experience presented by this year's speakers must surely have also advanced the knowledge of the members of the society which bears his name. From the world of entertainment, speakers ranged from Rory Bremner to Sir Peter Hall. From government, they ranged from the Chairman of the Inland Revenue to the Chairman of Lambeth Council. Here follows a brief summary of the year's events.

The Play Term began with the comedian John O'Farrell. Perhaps best known for his work on Spitting Image and Radio 4, we were also to hear of his life as a failed Labour politician and stories of speech-writing for well-known Cabinet members. A question we have often pondered was raised at the start of a talk given by our next speaker, James Palumbo, entrepreneur and founder of the Ministry of Sound, who asked us, "Why would anyone want to come and address the Sixth Form of Westminster School?" He said that advertising and recruitment were his reasons and clearly he is an unashamed pragmatist. His business advice is that no venture should receive support unless there is some profit motive, describing trains as "smelly, dirty things which Richard Branson is welcome to." Mr. Palumbo's question did not deter Health Minister, Tessa Jowell. She had been delayed by an NHS executives' meeting, arriving too late to give her talk but still in time for the lunch provided by College Hall afterwards. Following a heated discussion over lunch on the difficulties of caring for an ageing population, of banning tobacco advertising (her ministerial brief) and of introducing breakfast clubs in schools, she was heard to comment, "You bunch of cynics!"

A highlight of the year must surely have been Rory Bremner, political satirist and impersonator, whose repertoire often made it difficult to believe that there was just one person addressing us. During questions, he revealed some of the plans for his then unreleased series Bremner, Bird and Fortune - and even succumbed to an impersonation of Mr Hargreaves. Joy Hooper, historian of Thomas Cook, was perhaps less well-known but her charm and enthusiasm made for a fascinating account of the first travel agency, founded in 1864. It began from humble origins, offering inexpensive weekends to Blackpool for a temperance movement, soon progressing to Nile cruises and then much more. The speaker had herself worked at the firm's West End headquarters where she had once even arranged for the education of Mussolini's grandson in England. The historical theme was continued by John Keegan, author of a history of warfare, who, having said that specialisation impedes variety, addressed the topic of the changing face of Europe. After Exeat, Martin Woolacott, Foreign Affairs editor of The Guardian, discussed the slow way in which Britain reacts to international crises, citing in particular the recent atrocities in former Yugoslavia. Journalism, but of a completely different kind, was also the profession of the next week's speaker, Adam Mars-Jones (OW). His talk entitled The Birds and the Bees was a summary of recent and reputedly reliable research into same-sex relationships in the animal world. What was dismissed as moral confusion in butterflies in 1980 is, according to the speaker, commonplace in giraffes, penguins and emus! On a much more serious note, Dr Colin Brewer, Chairman of the Association for Voluntary Euthanasia, addressed the medical and emotional dimensions of euthanasia, which must be one of the most controversial ethical dilemmas of our time. Francis Wheen, advertised as Britain's angriest columnist and Deputy Editor of Private Eye, had recently

published a biography of Karl Marx. Hoping that the twenty-first century will see a revival of interest in Marxist philosophy, his book intends to portray the political theorist as a human being, as someone who really had not intended the ultimate consequences of his writings. The fall of Communism is a particular interest of Timothy Garton-Ash who had just finished writing his History of the Present (which spans the 1990s) when he came to address the Society. His talk attempted to justify the compilation of histories in the form of contemporary chronicles. This is an art which dates back to the work of Thucydides, but is becoming increasingly relevant today. He commented that we now have hour-by-hour television news footage for every day of the last decade and that a comparison of world maps of 1989 and 1999 reveals just how much there is to record. Jonny Allison (OW), the last speaker of the year, provided a return to reality and a welcome break amidst all the excitement at the time surrounding the new millennium. A former Head of School, he had been knocked down by a car whilst an undergraduate in Oxford, a tragic accident which did not stop him from becoming a successful racing tipster and banker in later life. The account of his remarkable resilience and determination ended the term on an optimistic note.

*"Why would anyone  
want to come and  
address the Sixth Form  
of Westminster School?"*

Through no fault of his own - simply by virtue of his appointment - the first speaker of the Lent Term cannot court popularity. The Chairman of the Inland Revenue, Nick Montagu, manages the £185 billion which his department collects annually. He talked of the history of taxation and how it has been used through the ages to control people's behaviour. From taxes on powder for wigs, through taxes on windows and a top rate of 125% in the 19th century, the Inland Revenue now

has to deal with Self Assessment and the modernisation of the Civil Service. At lunch afterwards, he was heard to remark that even he had paid a workman in cash, expecting VAT to be discounted from the price. David Brindle, Social Affairs editor of The Guardian, addressed two themes - the decline in popularity of newspapers, as the Internet takes its hold, and the ever increasing poverty gap. It is a sobering thought that, according to one indicator, 14.5 million people in Britain are classified as below the poverty line. The day's news gave our next speaker, Nick Stewart, former Chairman of the Bar Council's Human Rights Committee, a vast range of topics to address. His especial interest is international law and his assessment of the

I n t e r n a t i o n a l Criminal Court, the E u r o p e a n Convention on Human Rights (due shortly to be incorporated into our law) and attitudes on smacking provided material for interesting and topical discussion. Entirely different in tone was the talk given by Alex Fynn, football pundit and journalist. Like taxation, newspapers and social affairs, football has also changed. From times of glory in the 1960s, it became a money-dominated

game in the 1990s. Players' salaries are increasing by 50% per annum but clubs' incomes by only 25%, so someone has to foot the bill; Sky Television has only a limited budget and hopefully fans will not become the victims of greed. Bess Walder, who featured in the television series *Finest Hour*, told the horrific story of her evacuation to Canada in 1940. Her ship, *The City of Benares*, was torpedoed in the middle of the North Atlantic and she and her brother were among only a handful who survived. Heather Rabbats, Chief Executive of the once-failing Lambeth Council, exuded enthusiasm and determination. She was due

to leave her job two days after she spoke to us for an equally demanding one in the world of e-commerce. The story of how she transformed a council, which, when she arrived, had a Legal Director who was not legally qualified and warehouses where the police had found Semtex, was nevertheless fascinating. Another incredible life-story was that of Michael Cashman, MEP. Born in the East End of London, he was destined to work as a docker, before being noticed by a talent-spotter at a school play and becoming the child star of the musical *Oliver*. His acting career continued in *Eastenders*. Having been a founder member of Stonewall, he now represents the West Midlands in the European Parliament with a

women, by women and about women. Her contention that feminist literature is still very much alive received both criticism from some and applause from others in the audience. The term's meetings concluded with an informative study of the conflict in Chechnya by Jean Seaton, Reader in Communications at the University of Westminster. Her recent visit to Russia had given her an invaluable insight into a war which receives inadequate coverage in our media, whilst in Russia it is the victim of State-censored television.

The theme of the Election Term's talks seemed to be society's changing attitudes. Tim Gardam (OW), Director of Programming at Channel



brief to tackle discrimination. On the same day, Sir Peter Hall spoke of the *Roar of the Greasepaint*. Hailed as the greatest post-War theatre producer, his talk was an optimistic study of society's changing attitudes to the Arts and the deterioration of the appreciation of language. In his view, this is the result of journalism and the increased availability of cheaper, more accessible forms of entertainment. He felt that theatre will see a revival, and can never be replaced by cinema. The written word is also the enthusiasm of Nicola Beaumann, founder of Persephone Books, a publishing house which advertises its stock as books for

4, considered the way in which these have affected the television industry. Eighteen years after its creation, Channel 4 has only 10% of the market share. Like any other business, it must find its own niche in the market-place, selecting programmes which satisfy both the target audience and the all-important advertiser. John Ilman, The Guardian's Health Editor, candidly told us about his own experiences of impotence, a taboo subject even now, but one which a mere decade ago would have been unthinkable as a topic for discussion with a Sixth Form audience. The speaker commented on the connotations of powerlessness we associ-

ate with the word impotence and the resulting embarrassment of those who suffer from the medical condition. Our attitudes have changed with the rise of political correctness and the development of Viagra, now the most sought-after drug in American history. Prue Leith, OBE, restaurateur and cookery writer, commented that we all need food, but the variety on offer in supermarkets today has recently raised interest in her profession. She believes that children should be encouraged to get closer to food and rather controversially agreed with one of the members of the audience that the abolition of cutlery would help her achieve this goal! Since her most vivid memories of childhood food concerned the consistency of the liver she was served at school, we were left pondering what she might have thought of the lunch provided by College Hall afterwards. Simon Jenkins, former editor of *The Times* and the *Evening Standard*, used a study of Ken Livingstone's successful mayoral campaign and our current fascination with technology as the starting point for a consideration of whether society itself has changed. In the early 1960s, his father decided to show him aspects of London which he believed would have disappeared by the time his grandchildren had been born - the trolley-bus, the public lecture and performances of Shakespeare. Time revealed the trolley-bus to be the only victim. Mr Jenkins' conclusion was that society has not seen the fundamental upheaval which the media wish to portray. So, all of the term's speakers provided food for thought but, as to whether society has changed, we were left wondering which of the speakers to believe.

Few schools can claim to have hosted such a variety of well-known and informative speakers in a mere thirty weeks of term-time. We are grateful to this year's chair, Rachel Oakeshott, for hosting each event. But our especial gratitude must go to Mr David Hargreaves for his amazing skill in finding the speakers and in persuading them that it is worthwhile addressing the Sixth Form of Westminster School. Such powers of coercion are indeed rare!

**GERARD ROTHSCILD (LL)**

## Model United Nations

**W**estminster held two Model United Nations this year, in October and March, organised by Tom Barnet-Lamb and Frederick van der Wyck respectively, under the guidance of Dr. Kalivas. In the MUN, pupils from a variety of schools, including some from Westminster, team-up to form delegations of five or six people, to represent different states in a simulated United Nations. After some lobbying when people arrive, Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning are spent in committees, meetings on specific topic areas attended by one delegate from each country. On Sunday afternoon, the resolutions passed during the committee stage are discussed in the General Assembly, where everybody is present. There is always something of a danger that things will get out of hand when everybody gathers Up School but with the exception of a particularly cocky individual who decided that he would use the microphone to show off his singing, all went well during the second MUN.

This was a relief after the excitement of the first, when it was necessary to remove forcibly one of the North Korean delegates who seemed to be taking his country's attitude to international politics to heart too much.

Of all the Westminster events involved in organising the event, arguably the best job went to those who got to pass notes between the delegates. While running around with scraps of paper as part of the 'Secretariat' facility might seem less than enjoyable, the content of the notes usually contributed to some general amusement! The notes were also keenly intercepted by the press who, particularly in the second of the two MUNs, were extremely active, doing their best to find embarrassing photos to insert between their snide comments.

Most of the delegates showed an interest in the political issues around which the occasion was nominally centred, as well as in the gossip being circulated by the press, and many expressed an interest in returning for future MUNs, which we hope will build on this year's successes.

**FREDERICK VAN DER WYCK (DD)**



## Debating

The Debating Society has scaled new heights this year: A semi-final place in the Oxford Union Society debate, a top ten finish in the equivalent Cambridge Union Society competition and the healthiest inter-House competition to date.

Debating societies notoriously survive on the back of one or two keen and committed individuals, and Westminster is graced with some outstanding talents. Frederick van der Wyck had a superb run of form in the Oxford finals, and is adding strong general knowledge to his formidable logic and natural eloquence. He was one of the best opposition speakers on the national circuit this year. He has been deservedly invited to trial for England in November. James David made a very promising debut in the Cambridge Union Society competition, with very little experience of the format of that tournament. Tom Barnet-Lamb is wonderfully well informed, and despite his fine debating skills, was unfortunate to miss out on a place in the Cambridge final. The backbone of the team was Gerard Rothschild, who developed into a fine speaker this season. His inimitable magisterial style commanded instant respect in his audience, and even that natural courtesy became steeled in combat; he could be lawyerly without being boring. In listening to him, one often wondered if the topics were really so complicated after all.

Outside national competition a number of other maverick public speaking talents have begun to shine. Arash Taheri, Kate Murray-Browne and Julian Elliott have done very well this year, and there is a cohort of very promising Fifth formers (under the tutelage of Rupert Paines as far as I can judge) who will make fine competitors.

The inter-House debating finalists considered the motions This House would repeal Section 28 and This House laments Tony Blair's control-freakery. The winners (Gerard Rothschild and Daniel Franklin LL) convinced the judge (me) that Blair's



aspirations to control the shenanigans of the Labour parties of Wales, Scotland, and a certain Brent MP, fell well short of the accepted notion of a successful authoritarian. Rigaud's, Wren's and Dryden's all put in strong challenges which contributed to a thoroughly well contested and even entertaining final.

The debating campaign was rounded off by an invitation from the English Speaking Union to Gerard and Frederick to speak in a school's debating day in the Locarno Suite of the Foreign Office. Their very strong speeches in opposition to the motion This House believed that Pinochet got off too lightly were broadcast live over the Internet. This was a fitting climax to an outstanding season by both of them. Whilst the Scots ruled the roost in the national competitions, only Newstead Wood School for Girls really matched us in London this year.

Last of all, my full thanks go to Gerard Rothschild in his role as President of the Debating Society, at which he excelled. He has encouraged many people to speak who might not otherwise have done so, organised all the publicity, and made sure that I turned up at the right time, said the right things, wore the right tie. If he felt like working with me must have been a bit like working as one of Ronald Reagan's aides in the later years, he never showed it. Well done.

**JONATHAN WHITE**

## History of Art

Last year in the History of Art Society lectures there was variety, enthusiasm and outstanding expertise from all of the speakers, and this year it can be safely said that we had all of this and more. The kick-off speaker Peter Naham, famous for his evaluations on the Antiques Road Show and as an art dealer, was gripping in his explanations of the wheeling and dealing which goes on in the purchasing and selling of works of art. The lecture was added to by the fact that he brought along with him paintings by the likes of Rossetti, Holman Hunt and Gainsborough, the transportation of which was exceptionally nerve-racking as we rushed the masterpieces across Yard in conditions not unlike those of a monsoon.

Next up was Nicholas Ross, the writer of many books on Renaissance Masters who also runs Art History Abroad, which many Westminsters have been on in the past. The lecture was on 'Love and the Renaissance' in which he talked us through some fascinating interpretations of love by Renaissance artists. One lecture on the Renaissance was however not enough and Andrew Graham-Dixon, star of the BBC's Renaissance series, came to talk on vandalism in the Renaissance, from patrons through to artists, resulting in the transformation in the status of the artist from craftsman to genius. But the highlight of the lecture would have to have been his anecdote about how he managed single-handedly to demolish a bishop's bathroom.

The History of Art Society joined forces with the Ben Jonson Literary Society in the 'Romanticism' lecture by Professor Vaughan - a lecture which incorporated Friedrich, Delacroix, and the architecture of Barry, Pugin and Walpole - which was rather a lot more useful for Art Historians, but clearly showed those who do English what they were missing.

The final lecture of the year was left to Jennifer Stern, who talked us through the history of 'The Tate Modern: The Gallery for the

**societies**

Twentieth-first Century', or rather 'The Cathedral of Cool', in a lecture which could not have had more enthusiasm packed into it if she had tried. By the end of the lecture there was nobody in the room who was not dying to go and see what she had been raving on about.

History of Art at Westminster is thriving as can be seen from the growing number of people attending these lectures, and if this year is anything to go by I would say that next year's Society will be even better and should not be missed by anyone!

**WILL MATTHEW (LL)**

## Robert Hooke Scientific Society

**T**he society played host to several speakers throughout the year who between them demonstrated the remarkable

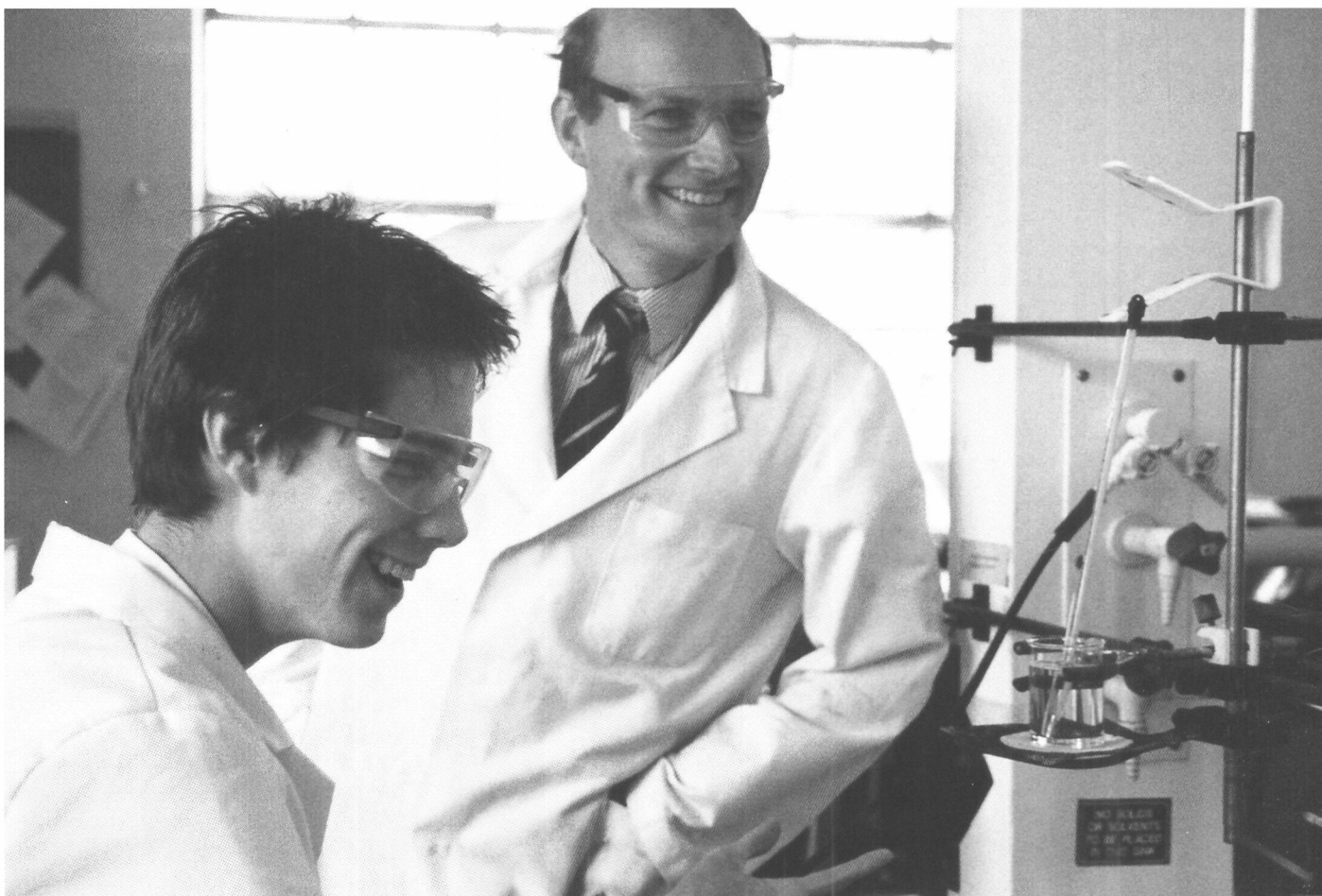
breadth of topics which science embraces. In January, Dr Ian Crawford from UCL spoke with infectious enthusiasm about the (successful) search for planets around other star systems and the possibilities of humans ever reaching them. Furthermore, when only slightly pressed, he mentioned some of the main ideas regarding other life forms in such places. Although this was apparently not his main area of research, it seemed that he wouldn't object if it was!

In March there were two speakers. Dr Liz Moore, from the National Hospital for Neurosurgery, Queen's Square, presented a talk entitled 'Alice through the Looking Prism', in which she surveyed the ways in which electromagnetic waves are used in medical imaging. As a Principal Physicist specialising in Nuclear Magnetic Resonance, it was no surprise that she spent some time speaking about the latest, fascinating developments in this field and her audience was left in no doubt about the vital contributions science makes to diagnostic medi-

cine today. The following week, Dr Peter Vakusic, from Exeter University, also spoke about how the sciences of biology and physics overlap in the field of colour, looking particularly at the iridescence of butterfly wings. His talk was peppered with beautiful slides and specimens of gloriously-coloured examples from tropical parts of the world and once again the audience was swept along in the waves of enthusiasm of the speaker, who, in spite of working full-time on his subject, came across as a fresh, mustard-keen student of this remarkable topic.

Westminster is a fortunate and privileged establishment which, because of its location and reputation is able to attract readily experts from all fields of research. It has been good to see our students attending the lectures this year and there is no doubt that those who were able to attend came away enriched and enlightened. I hope more are able to take advantage of this next year.

**KEVIN WALSH**



# THE PRIZE QUIZ

Answers to be sent to *The Editor, The Elizabethan, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1P 3PB*. Prizes awarded to the first and second correct answers received after August 15th 2000.

First prize: £25

Second Prize: £10

## SPORT

1. What are the names of the four tennis majors?
2. Which famous cricketer failed to turn up to receive his MBE/OBE?
3. Who won the inaugural football World Cup?
4. What are the only two Olympic disciplines in which one reaches the finishing line backwards?
5. What are the four major golf tournaments?
6. Who were the only two Britons to win gold medals at the 1996 Olympics?

## MUSIC

1. Who was the fifth Beatle?
2. Name two operas from Wagner's 'Ring Cycle'?
3. Who wrote Beethoven's Tenth Symphony?
4. Which famous conductor was the son of a drug baron?
5. Who won last year's Mercury Music Prize?
6. Who wrote Purcell's Trumpet Voluntary?
7. Which composer kept an unusually large number of identical umbrellas in his cupboard?

## LITERATURE

1. Who met the Houyhnhnms?
2. Whose was the face that launched a thousand ships?
3. Who wrote (a) the book (b) the poem 'Ulysses'?
4. Which book features a desert island, lost choirboys and a pig's head on a stake?
5. By what name was the poet George Gordon better known?

6. Which book begins: "When he was nearly thirteen, my brother Jem broke his arm"?
7. Which poet was sent down from Oxford for atheism?

## HISTORY

1. Who or what was 'Little boy'?
2. Who circumnavigated the globe in the Golden Hind?
3. What was Morton's Fork?
4. Which was the 'year of three kings' in Britain?
5. Name and give the location of four/five of the Wonders of the Ancient World?
6. Whom did Gavrilo Princip assassinate?
7. Who sailed in (a) the Mayflower (b) the Santa Maria?

## SCIENCE

1. Which scientist was born in the year of Michaelangelo's death and died in the year of Newton's birth?
2. Which muscle in the body is attached only at one end?
3. Who is the only person to have won two Nobel prizes?
4. The information for which book was gathered during voyages on the 'Beagle'?
5. Who currently holds the chair at Cambridge University once held by Newton?
6. What is guanine?

## ART

1. The notoriety of which exponent of American Pop art stems predominantly from Campbell's soup tins and Brillo soap-pad boxes?
2. Which famous artist painted 'Guernica'?
3. Who sculpted 'the Slaves'?
4. Which major impressionist painter had a son who became a prominent Hollywood film director?
5. Which artist lived at Giverny?

## GEOGRAPHY

1. What is the longest river in Ireland?
2. What are the three highest mountains in the world?
3. Which US state has the longest coastline?
4. What is the capital of Tanzania?
5. 'Vinson Massif' is the highest point in which continent?
6. Which Scandinavian country is known to its inhabitants as 'Suomi'?

## POT LUCK

1. What is the only place in England where the monarch is not allowed to go?
2. What does the inscription "d. g. reg. f. d." on British Coinage mean in English?
3. What is the original meaning of the word 'kamikaze'?
4. What was Pierre de Fermat's principal profession?
5. What is the next in the series: Vauxhall, Lambeth, Westminster, Waterloo, Blackfriars ?

## FILM AND TELEVISION

1. Name the only three films to have won all the top five Oscars (best actor, best actress, best film, best director, best (adapted) screen play).
2. What was the first cartoon featuring Mickey Mouse, and who did his voice?
3. What classic 1925 Russian silent film featured the naval mutiny at Odessa in 1905?
4. Whose catchphrase was "the word on the street...."?
5. To whom and by whom was the same question asked 19 times on 'Newsnight'?

**IMRAN COOMARASWAMY (QS)**

**ALEX MACKENZIE (QS)**

# CREATIVE WRITING

## Dead Man Sleeping

Hollow zoo man  
Mocked by his photos  
His photos and family  
Crowd round that bed  
Not his but his deathbed  
Beeping  
He hears them  
Condone their condoling  
In the drive-in  
Grief room  
Next door

As sacred as the new-born  
The dying is held  
As they waste and yellow  
They stink wretched death  
Already rotting flesh  
The man I loved  
Is crying  
For losing his words

Each breath a sigh  
In dreamless sleep  
Oblivion  
To oblivion?

With ev'ry bony finger limp  
His loving cynics  
Pat their backs  
But his wife  
Is holding his hand

**STATTEN ROEG (LL)**

## Mosquito

Unnerving sound  
Of swift syringe  
Her vampire feast to start  
You respire  
You exhale  
A wispy map to heart  
A gentle hand  
Of weightless spot  
Her insect hunger strained  
So clear green now  
But red she changes  
Faintly pierce skin's grain  
She eats  
She drinks  
Of you  
Unnoticed  
Draining lifeblood fast  
In bloated excess  
All for brood  
She cannot flee her path  
Reckless creature  
Perfect pleasure  
I see you cannot tell  
Pink skin heaven  
Blood paled pink  
For you it will be hell  
As pure abandon  
Bursts unwanted  
Sucking feeding in  
I have control  
Of petty planning  
Venom humour wins  
I obese  
The glutton mother  
Lines and blood did end  
When stinging  
Over flowing  
Shattered  
So many lives to send

**STATTEN ROEG (LL)**

## Neon Sakura

In a basement half a mile underground, streamers are hung from the ceiling. Crates of Asahi beer are stacked in a corner, and a crackly radio plays 24-hour news reports. The air, stale and stuffy, hangs with what Gustav (the lanky Dutch self-styled café intellectual) refers to [half] knowingly as a frisson. The trendy ex-pat community is gathering for a party to welcome in the end of the world, while above ground Tokyo levels itself.

The levelling hasn't begun yet, of course, and CNN is giving it another four hours before the first of the big tremors hits. So the long-haired bohemians are in no hurry as they swagger up and down the interminable flights of stone steps, lugging condensed milk, tinned foods, cans of kerosene. A miniature generator has been manoeuvred into a side room, and a paraffin-stove sits in its box, ready for emergencies. The hi-fi system takes pride of place, next to the 10-inch TV showing muted eye-in-the-sky footage of downtown Tokyo. Sumiko and me spent the last few hours walking around the city, arm in arm, she with an air of peaceful melancholy and me with a Leica slung round my neck. We snapped the Imperial Palace and the shoppers in Ginza district, and sat discreetly on park benches among the springtime cherry blossoms [sakura, they're called, for those in the know] while I immortalised the last hours of passers-by with a long-range lens. I hoped to sell the pictures to a newspaper in London afterwards - it was to be my budding photographer's big break. Maybe even an exhibition: 'Last Days in Tokyo City'. But the plan, I admitted, all hinged on 'Tokyo City' crashing to the ground; the place had to be destroyed completely or my idea wouldn't work.

So I squeezed Sumiko's arm as the shutter clicked - "With any luck this will all be rubble in a few hours." The Kan'eiji Temple was still mistily visible in the distance through the smog haze, and Sumiko, who had been a Tokyoite all her life, gave me an odd look. The streets were crowded on the last day, as if people had final things they wanted to accomplish before it all ended. At two o'clock Sumiko left me

on my wandering, to visit her mother (before the old woman fled to the countryside, braving the clogged freeways along with thousands of other motorists). She disappeared into the ground like Eurydice [Apologies, but my classically trained mind couldn't help but analogise] and I felt a palpable sense of anxiety. Off down empty, sparkling escalators into the bowels of the earth. The metro had been abandoned by almost all, deemed too risky by the commuters even though the earthquake was still another nine hours off. Eleven pm was the appointed time, but even in the early afternoon the tube lay eerily empty and straps, unburdened from hordes of clutching arms, swung freely from the roofs of cylindrical sardine cans. And without the packed masses, the rustling newspapers and garish Manga comics, the coughs and murmured conversations, the earth had seemed to press more closely around us.

But Sumiko, having escaped from an empty Hades once, disappeared back down into the maw (one journey had been enough for me), and I was left alone in the bustling metropolis. One thing we Japan veterans can tell you, one experience we all have in common from our days of Oriental sophistication, is that you - us, the gaijin - never quite belong. Because after your first three weeks, first month, you start to notice the glances, the swift averted gaze of the commuters in the streets. Almost unnoticeable in its way, but it's there. And the wry smiles of amusement that your business partners might wear between themselves because they think you, the insensitive foreigner, can't read their expressions. The giggles of the groups of schoolgirls at your oversized frame, your blond hair, your blue eyes or your hairy arms. The clumsiness of your bows and the thousands of rules of etiquette that you'll inevitably breach in the course of even the simplest conversation, because the rules are so complex and labyrinthine that you can never learn them all, no matter how hard you try. And it all serves to remind you how inescapably alien you are, how unfitting, in this land of theirs. No wonder the ex-pat community is so tightly knitted.

Fragments of conversation, inside the bunker, waiting. The usual subjects are covered as is common by the young, who have not yet tired of throwing themselves against the big questions and coming away without answers.

"So Gustav, what exactly are you?"

"I think, you know, I'm a Nihilist."

"So you believe in nothing at all?"

"No; on the contrary. I believe in Nihilism. It's so cool! No expectations; so no disappointments. It's the ultimate form of optimism."

The questioner is Bradley, an English teacher from LA who works at the same Tokyo high school as me. Gustav is fielding his interrogation with nonchalant ease, although we can all see how hugely he is enjoying himself, revelling in his perversity like a happy philosophical pig in mud. "The question, Bradley", he says slowly, "is what do you believe in?"

Bradley smiles, almost as if he's been waiting to be asked. "I don't know yet. I'm an agnostic. But I can't really buy any of the major religions, you know? They've all done too much bad shit, like the Crusades and the Inquisition and stuff. And they all demand that you pray hard, to them only, and if you pray the wrong way, you go to hell - I just think if God had meant for us to bow down to Him all the time, He'd have made it a bit less confusing as to actually work out which way we should bow down. And if He'd meant for us to believe in Him so...so concretely, yeah, wouldn't He have provided a bit more evidence of His own existence? "You mean aside from the earth and the sea and the stars and the universe," says Sumiko dryly.

"Brad," I interrupt, getting drawn in. "Doesn't that kind of eliminate the whole concept of faith, though? The central tenet on which both Christianity and Islam are based? You're basically criticising God for having poor customer service."

"Well, He does have poor customer service. And what's so great about faith? Especially faith in a God who probably doesn't exist. What about all those working-class English peasants your ancestors oppressed who

worked themselves to death in your stinking factories thinking they'd go to heaven for it? 'Opium of the masses', that was it. And those Japanese hara-kiri fighter pilots, who'd kamikaze for their Emperor. Where'd it get them? A religion without faith makes good sense; it's the only way to make sure no one gets screwed over. You and me do fine without faith every day, don't we?"

Forty storeys up - considerably closer to a God who probably didn't exist - a faint wraith of a samurai crouched enmeshed in the bulbous frame of a portly Japanese businessman, amongst the blood vessels and cell walls and arterial tissue. Hiro Okada (of Mitsubishi Corporation) gazed out over the city in the fading light. As the sun waned, he watched the vista reduce itself to nothing more than a firmament of lights, with great billboards of neon floating impossibly, immovably, in the darkness. The neon, Tokyo neon - Sanyo, Sony, Yamaha, McDonalds - anchoring the city in space and time. Otherwise it might be... Edo. The old Tokyo, before the gaijin came.

The thing was, Hiro Okada had always secretly known himself to have samurai blood. Admittedly his research into his lineage had not proved fruitful, and Hiro was unable to trace his family back past the 1880s, but he felt inside that he had an unbreakable link with a noble and glorious past. Once upon a time, in the feudal era, Tokyo had been a small fishing village by the sea. Wooden houses with rice paper walls. Dirt tracks and paddy fields. The bushido code.

Hiro Okada, mid-fifties, retiring, softly spoken, yearned sweetly for a way of living that he knew had long since disappeared, disappeared beneath sparkling-clean pavements, tarmac, and monoliths of chrome and steel. In just such a monolith (while a train ticket lay in his jacket pocket, not to be used), Hiro sat and waited, to purge himself from his sins. A course of action that would seem inexplicable to his three children, even perhaps to his wife, and the rest of this modern Japan that had no time for the old because it impinged on the hours of

liturgy for the new. But Hiro, mouth softly set in a mask of polite determination, knew what he was doing.

The Café Venezia is located inside a Shinjuku shopping mall, on the ground floor next to the northeast exit; a trendy, o-so-modern joint that's popular with European and Japanese youth alike. The café shares little with its namesake - no Italian food is served there apart from chewy, microwaved pizzas and cappuccino from a machine. The sole concession to the ambience of the Jewel of the Adriatic seems to be a fish tank in one corner, immersed in which lies a plastic replica of the Campanile, home to a few gloomily lurking tropical fish. It may be a morbid prediction on the part of the café's proprietor - but probably not. Above the entrance the words Café Venezia are spelled out in pink neon. So you have a mental picture of the place: Formica tables, punctiliously clean lino flooring and a pop radio station playing in the background. The café is the geographical focal point of our particular group of friends. Our circle, if you will. At Venezia we discussed our plans for The End Of The World; they were talking about it on the radio at the time. D-Day minus 32 hrs: "Well, what are we going to do?" A head is banged against the table in exasperation. "I don't know. My family are spending the weekend in Nagano. My mother's driving the car out tomorrow afternoon with my sisters, and my father's taking the train in the evening, after work. I think I'll join them." "Will it be safe here? How dangerous can it be, after all?" "In Kobe last time, half the people stayed and the other half left for the country. But it turned out to be worse than people expected, so I don't know. People might be more cautious this time."

We sipped our beers [Asahi] morosely around the table - I found I was excited, not afraid; fleeing to the countryside seemed wrong. An earthquake was an experience to cherish, not to shy away from. "Are you afraid, Sumiko?" She threw a glance to Tetsuo, the only other Japanese present. He set his jaw. "I am not afraid," he pronounced thoughtfully, slowly,

defiantly. "Well then," proclaimed Gustav, "that's settled. We stay."

Did you know the Japanese have always feared the ocean? They've never been a seagoing nation; I suppose it's partly why the first Portuguese sailors with their big ships so impressed them. Well, would have, if they hadn't crawled on to the shores of Honshu spluttering for breath, half-drowned, with their fine conquistador's galleon wrecked on a reef behind them....

[Phone transcript 19:54 hrs 06/04/1999]

- Moshi-moshi?

- Moshi-moshi.

[From here on translated into English for the benefit of gaijin readers]

- Hiro where are you? I was at the station to meet you but you were not on the train! What happened to you? I was worried that the earthquake had started early...but the TV said nothing had happened yet.

- I'm so sorry; I missed the train. I've work I have to do here.

- In Tokyo? But it's not safe!

- [A pause] I'm so sorry. But I have work to do.

- Hiro, you're not serious! Sumiko's already got me worried - she's said she's staying with some friends underground of all things and she won't listen to me and now you're staying too! I was hoping that she would see sense when you talked to her... But now you're not talking sense either!

- I'm so sorry Noriko-chan. I'll come to Nagano [pause] I'll come tomorrow. [Speaker hangs up]

- [Long pause, faint sound of breathing. Other speaker hangs up too]

No, unlike us, the seafaring nations, the Japanese have always had a healthy respect for the deep grey sea; it's something I've always empathised with. Not many Japanese surfers. I was on Bondai Beach once - ninety-three, I think it was - and I remember watching those bronzed Australian beach-dudes floating in the murky water alongside their moulded fibreglass shards, laughing and joshing and bragging as they waited for the next big wave to break.

I remember thinking something. No respect, no comprehension of the awesome power of that sea, of the terrible dangers that lurked in the waves they waited so gaily for. Not just the sharks and things (big sharks, great whites twenty-foot-long) but also the sheer energy that surged and eddied in the waters, in undersea currents and towering tidal waves and bitter, lashing gales: tempests and storms and infernos - the power of nature. Didn't they understand as they swapped aerobicic boasts that the essence of what they floated in was enough to.... That a single contemptuous curl of one of those waves could snap their fibre-glass shards and their brittle match-stick bones like....

I shuddered at the time because no cliché did the thought justice. But then I was young and couldn't surf to save my innocent gap-year life, as I sat, beach-bound, in the shade of a wilted palm tree. More than a pinch of envy for the laughing surf-dudes was mixed into my musings.

The idea for the party was Marie's (a lively Kiwi from Christchurch, studying Japanese at Tokyo University); the nuclear fallout shelter was supplied by Tetsuo. It would be a small gathering, just the six of us - but more than enough alcohol. It would have been improper to greet the end of civilisation in an unsuitable state of sobriety. How did Tetsuo get the bunker? Best not to ask; well if you must know his dad lent it to him for the night - he owned the entire tower block. But Tetsuo was trying to forget his father's astounding wealth, I think, and I sympathised with him; weren't we all trying to forget our comfortable trust fund bank accounts? (Even when they were the same trust funds that kept us fed when we just couldn't quite get by on our meagre teachers' salaries.) The safety-net, as my father once thoughtfully phrased it. Of course, when we were trying to live our lives to the fullest, a safety net was exactly what we didn't want. It made life less real. So to make up for it, I guess, we held parties under earthquake zones. Streamers were hung, crates of Asahi were stacked, tinned food was logged down stone

steps just in case. A 10-inch TV showed muted eye-in-the-sky footage of downtown Tokyo, the pictures strangely serene as they were TV-remote silenced. Sumiko visited her mother, and I wandered the streets taking in the doomed city. Historical record tells us that earthquakes have long been a part of Japanese life - in fact geological research suggests that the Japanese islands themselves were formed by volcanic activity, thrown up several million years ago by the shivery contortions of the Pacific seabed. So, even as Honshu hurtled its way towards the surface and daylight gasping for air, the earthquake was a part of it. Japanese architecture was always built to be light and insubstantial - balsa wood timbers and rice paper walls - so that when they were dashed to the ground, as they inevitably would be, they wouldn't hurt people so much, and could be rebuilt with ease. So the death count from earthquakes has remained in the thousands, as opposed to the millions. And who can say, maybe there has been a therapeutic effect on the Japanese nation over the centuries from such abuse by the Earth: maybe being hurled on to your knees periodically by Mother Nature, powerless to resist but to howl and gibber with fear as the landscape shifts and eddies and toys with your life - maybe that teaches you humility, over the ages?

Seismologists have calculated that major earthquakes in the Kanto region (the area directly around Tokyo) occur roughly every seventy years. The last Tokyo Earthquake occurred in 1923, and claimed 142,000 lives, virtually razing the city to the ground. 63% of the city was destroyed both by the quake itself and by the fires that raged for three days afterwards. But 1923 was a mere 7.9 on the Richter scale; at the miserable tail end of the century, this imminent disturbance on our hectic little lives is reckoned (by those reputable boffins at the Mt. Fuji Institute) to be at least 8.6. And compared to the squat four-stories dwellings of the old Tokyo, this new city of techno-Babylon stands a hundred times taller and a thousand times prouder.

"What're you doing afterwards?"

"After what?"

"After this."

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do; I'm going to get up - a little shakily I hope by this point - and saunter up those long steps again, and open the door into the sunlight and the fresh air, and take a stroll amongst the devastation and ruins of that beautiful city above us. And maybe I'll help some of the people dying and in pain underneath the rubble, just to feel extra-good about myself."

"Very funny. I meant after that. In life."

"I'm going to have a good time, of course. What else is there? Why?"

"I was thinking - of why I came to Japan. And I guess it was all sorts of reasons, the usual stuff: travel, see the world, learn something useful (another language), have good experiences. But now I realise that a lot of it... a lot of it was just postponing the big decisions, the ones after university. You know what I mean?"

"What decisions?" [Although we all know what you're talking about, pal] Drawing in of breath.

"I don't know what I'll do when my year in Tokyo is up. And that could be fairly soon, considering that Tokyo might not even exist tomorrow morning. You see my quandary? Do I just go responsible, forget the bohemian act, don a suit and hunt for a job? I don't want that; it sounds dull and - in the end - just not rewarding enough. Do I bum around some more on my parents' generous handouts? I don't think they'd take that and, anyway, I don't want a life like that either. Do you? Playing around in the shadow of your parents' wealth? Do I try and make it big as an artist, and go for the whole deal: money, success, fame and an interesting life? That won't work. Hasn't so far, and we've all been trying for it on the side, haven't we? With poetry, music, the epic novel, the photography. And I can't help but feel that as long as I have that, that emptiness inside, then nothing is going to happen to me. Nothing big, nothing meaningful, nothing significant. It's a nagging feeling that sits at the back of me, so unobtrusively that I only ever notice it now and then. A fleeting glimpse of something that's hollow and shouldn't be there but is, or should be there but isn't."

Do you know what most young people do if they're wealthy, bored and reasonably intelligent? They go in search of experiences. It's a complicated, slightly obscure quest - much less straightforward than a crusade for the Holy Grail or some such thing - because these young, bored, reasonably intelligent people don't exactly know what it is they're looking for. Experience: an abstract concept, a buzzword for the nineties, used too often and defined too little. Where is one to be found, and what does it signify when they do uncover it? They don't realise as such that an experience is there to be had every time you step outside your front door or change the TV channel or bend down to tie up your shoelaces; well they do, but they discount that kind of experience out of hand - they are in search of valid experiences, the worthwhile, the character-building. "I smoked hash with a Sufi on the steps of the Varanasi Ghats." "I worked for three years as a deep-sea fisherman off the coast of Norway." But experience is random, yes, almost by definition, and these young, bored, intelligent people normally have very precise ideas about what sort of character they want to build for themselves. A few years later (not quite so young, not quite so bored, maybe a little bit more intelligent) they realise that the character they've ended up building is not quite the one they had anticipated. The big Three-O is heading toward them fast, the first of the decade-whammies, and the experiences they have collected are - like them - discrete, fragmented, isolated.

It was seven o'clock by the time I had finished walking, and the sun was setting. Spent rolls of film rattled in the bottom of my camera-bag. The streets were, if anything, even more crowded now: the throngs alive with a kind of frantic, kinetic energy. The roads were gridlocked with honking cars, some of the drivers visibly panicking at their wheels. All of Tokyo resembled a (slightly subdued) Godzilla film. In fact, there was something thrillingly reminiscent of a lot of movies in the atmosphere. A nefarious-looking tout was hawking tickets for the last train out of town, a late night shinkansen bound for Kyoto.

Forget Godzilla, it was like the scene in Casablanca where everyone is rushing to leave Paris before the German army arrives! Delighted, I stopped for a picture of the tout; the lemony glow of the sinking sun threw deep shadows on his face. Picture perfect. I hugged myself inwardly and took a few more shots. Then I huddled in the doorway of Tetsuo's father's building, and emptied my last roll of film onto the swarming masses as they streamed past. When the last exposure was spent I fumbled for my key and withdrew from the lemon sunlight for the last time, to descend into the darkness and the earth.

Querulous Californian drawl: "Is this place even going to be safe?"

Lilting Dutch syllables: "What could possibly go wrong, man? This place was built to take an atom bomb. An atom bomb. This is just going to be the earth shaking around a bit."

"But, was it designed for earthquakes?" I ask.

"I'm sure it was; these Japs think of everything, don't they? Look, worst that can happen to us is the entrance gets blocked up from above. So we spend a few days down here eating baked beans until the rescue workers clear an exit. It'll be fun, like after a real bomb, yes? Haven't you seen those movies?"

"But still...Do we even have tin opener?"

"Ah, shut up, man, and have another beer. You're down here now. It's too late for second thoughts."

Gustav rolls another bottle of Asahi along the concrete floor towards me. A pause. Marie speaks this time.

"Do you think it's dark yet?"

"Of course it is, it's 10 o'clock now."

"And the sun was setting as I came down here."

"All that neon. Tokyo neon. How much d'you think will still be left afterwards?"

"Come on, guys. Drink up. We don't have much time. Drink like there's no tomorrow."

Silence now. It's half past ten, and the streets have been deserted; wherever the swarming masses are now, it's not here. The Tokyo neon still levitates majestically in the sky, and the buzz of the CNN helicopter can be

heard in the distance, reporting faithfully on nothing happening. From up a stone stairwell comes the distant sound of drunken laughter, and the bass-beat of dance music. In the Mitsubishi building, a nostalgic Japanese suicide is hoping vainly that a glimpse of the old will be revealed by the collapse of the new, as if Edo is waiting, buried, under Tokyo. In Nagano, a hundred miles away, a mother and wife of thirty years is fretting for her errant family. The Café Venezia is closed, and the tropical fish are asleep amongst their plastic renaissance architecture. Underground, the youth of today are partying away their millennial angst, wallowing hedonistically in their insecurities and dilemmas, anticipating all too soon the end.

Gustav rolls another Asahi along the floor to me. It stops mid-way and, for a moment - as the ground starts to shiver - looks as if it's going to change direction.

**PAUL KREITMAN (BB)**



# DRAMA

## Sweeney Todd Up School September

It would be fair to say that most people were expecting Sweeney Todd to be a rather different opera from those that we have seen at Westminster in recent years.

The atmosphere that the opera created was always supposed to be unsettling; the writer of the music and lyrics - Stephen Sondheim - said that himself, adding that 'The whole point of the thing is that it's a background score for a horror film.' Unsettling, it was.

Having been treated to operas that were either light and entertaining, or in the more traditional format that emotionally involves you in a problem situation that is eventually resolved, I was not quite ready for this very different style of production. There was a constant feeling of tension underlying the whole opera. Much praise must go to Mr Hopkins' musical direction, and to the orchestra for communicating this so effectively in the music.

Those who did not stay for the second half were the real losers of the evening, for the latter section was exceptionally strong. I had wondered at the interval whether the script gave the cast sufficient opportunity to show off their musical talent, and the strong voices that they possessed. However the second half banished any lingering doubts. One particularly memorable scene was when Charles Ogilvie (in the title role - as Sweeney Todd) being on the upper level (in his barber shop) was singing a duet with Roderick McKinley (in his role as the sailor, Anthony) who was on the lower level, walking through the streets of London. They were singing about Joanna - with whom Anthony had fallen in love, and who was the daughter of Todd - and how they were both separated from her by her guardian, Judge Turpin.

Olivia Tebbutt (as Joanna), and Daphne Harvey (as Mrs Lovett) gave

accomplished performances. The role of Mrs Lovett is a highly demanding one, of real significance to the opera. She is the companion and soul-mate of Todd almost throughout, and to pull this off requires real stage presence. Physically, Mrs Lovett needs to provide the energy and vivacity, to balance the torpor of Todd (which is due to his state of emotional and mental turmoil - but more of that later). Daphne's performance was truly admirable. Olivia really did do justice to her character, giving a confident and assured performance. She communicated the character in such a way that one could really understand and empathise with the character, and feel the emotions with her.

Jonathan Sells (as Judge Turpin) gave a thoroughly convincing performance, which gave us insight into the emotional dilemma of a character that would be all too easy to portray as the bad guy. That the Judge was a ruthless and unpleasant character is beyond doubt, but Jonathan nuanced the role with compassion, showing that the character's mental disposition was much more complex than banal evil.

Before the events of the play began, Sweeney Todd was in prison, for multiple murders. Thus the main character is sickeningly evil. Sondheim's well-publicised exhortation on the matter is: 'The hardest thing of all was how to take two really disgusting people and write them in such a way that the audience can rather love them.' Charles Ogilvie succeeded in precisely this. He communicated clearly a certain melancholy outlook; and he brought out a decided edge to the character, an insane and evil streak. The occasions when Todd did kill in the opera were partly portrayed as symptoms of his mental instability, brought about as he is far removed from those he loves (his wife and daughter), and he certainly won the audience's sympathy because of that. But nevertheless, the fact that he commits murder is what communicates to the audience this evil streak. One other thing that expressed the degree of mental instability in the character was the relationship Todd had with his razors, calling them 'my friends', saying when they

were given back to him that 'My right arm is now complete.' The way that these scenes in particular were sung brought a chill down one's spine. Charles deserves much praise for a performance that was compassionate and convincing, and which was clearly very emotionally draining.

As Anthony, the sailor friend of Todd, who brings him home to London, and who then falls in love with Todd's daughter, Joanna, Roderick McKinley gave a strong performance, and showed us all just how good his voice can be. There were moments when his voice filled the hall, and all in all, he was a revelation.

Also impressive was Ferdinand Koenig, whose performance was as colourful and extravagant as his costume, bringing a certain brightness to the first half. He played the Italian hairdresser who became Todd's rival (Signor Pirelli), showing an unusual ability to sing and perform convincingly in both an Italian and later in an Irish accent.

Emily Edmonstone's role as the Beggar Woman proved to be very important. She performed effectively, with her character's bleak theme song conveying a strong sense of sadness and of desperation.

Other very capable performances came from Alexander Millar, David Brescia, and Christian Malagon. There is much promise for the future of Westminster opera. A lively and talented chorus backed all these players with great aplomb.

Sweeney Todd, although a very different kind of opera, was a considerable success. The fact that the School is able to put on such a strong production, at the same time as having such a rich tradition of more conventional operas, reflects very well on the versatility of our Music and Drama departments. Much praise and congratulations must go to the cast, to the orchestra, and especially to Dr Needham and Mr Hopkins.

**ARASH TAHERI (GG)**

## Cyrano de Begerac Up School November

Robert Wilne exploited the paradigmatic nature of Rostand's classic in his conception of the play, embedding it with haunting symbolism and setting it in 1914. Against the subdued lighting (carefully organised by John Larkey) and amid Lucy Scott's muted green army uniforms, the contrast of the actors' opalescent eyes was particularly striking. Arranging the audience in a semi-circle around the stage contributed to the feeling that the actors couldn't escape as the play gathered intensity and moved inexorably towards its tragic climax. Being so close to the actors we could tangibly appreciate the difficult emotions they were conveying.

In the play, Cyrano is a soldier with a huge nose and an impressive command of language. He is in love with Roxanne, but she sees him only as a friend and is infatuated with a handsome but inarticulate soldier called Christian. Christian secretly engages

Cyrano to write love poetry to Roxanne, which fuels her love. He dies in battle, Roxanne discovers that Cyrano wrote the letters and recognises that she is really in love with him, but he is destined for the same fate as Christian.

Sam Hastings was mesmeric as Cyrano. He generated a crackling energy and intensity on stage and he drew in the audience. His deep understanding of the character of Cyrano and his conviction and clarity, as well as his versatility of voice and action, were superb.

Frances Emerson, Anna-Claire Feld and Amelia Bercusson handled their parts with a wry assurance that amusingly undermined the anti-feminist tone of the play. Frances played the difficult role of Roxanne - a woman of little substance and character - with sensitivity. Cosmo Scurr and Benjie Guy were convincing and sincere as Le Bret and Christian de Neuville.

Pace and vitality were sustained by the characters' usually adept delivery of the iambic pentameters of Burgess's translation; just a few lines were not quite discernible. The sequence of

scenes was varied: a fervid swordfight early on, intimate and painfully funny exchanges between Cyrano, Christian and Roxanne; the comic scene where Cyrano bribes the duenna with cream cakes to leave him alone with Roxanne; a haunting scene where the soldiers silently distributed poppies around the stage, both an act of remembrance and an echo of their blood so pointlessly spilt.

In a production which emphasised the noble, selfless nature of true love and the futility of war, there was still scope for lighter moments: truisms such as 'Women like a man in uniform' and the cynicism and mordant wit with which Jon Sells and Matthew McFadden played their officer parts. Ferdinand Koenig (as Montferry) once again exercised his ability to make an audience laugh.

This was a challenging play, which Rigaud's performed with sensitivity: a thought-provoking and entertaining evening.

**RACHEL OAKESHOTT (WW)**



## Lettice and Lovage Up School March

This critically acclaimed success first saw the light of day in 1987 with a run in the West End. Here a fresh and newly directed production by Dr Needham and Mr Rees brought Shaffer's unique sense of comedy to amuse us once more.

At its heart a 'two hander' it explores the relationship between the eccentric spinster Miss Lettice Douffett (Anna Feld) and another spinster Miss Charlotte Schoen (Amelia Bercusson). Lettice Douffett, a tour guide at the aptly named Fustian House is discovered by Charlotte Schoen to be elaborating, indeed lying, in her attempt to make the rather ordinary history of the house more enthralling and exciting than it actually is. As head of the personnel of the company which employs Lettice Douffett, Miss Schoen feels she has no alternative but to terminate Miss Douffett's job.

Shaffer's plays often focus on relationships between people of seemingly opposite natures with some shared bond, and so it is here. A penitential visit by Charlotte to the aggrieved Lettice leads to the two women becoming friends. The friendship is cemented by a cup of Lovage. Following the accidental wounding of Miss Schoen with an axe - seemingly after trying to recreate scenes from 'Famous Executions' in Lettice's flat - the two quarrel only to realise that if the embarrassing incident becomes generally known, it could ruin both their lives. They reunite and set up their own company, this time giving guided tours of the ugliest buildings in London.

Anna Feld as Lettice and Amelia Bercusson as Charlotte were totally believable as the two spinsters. Both demanding roles, they revealed the differences in character, yet the underlying similarities which attracted them to each other. Anna Feld played Miss Douffett with all the vivacious, thespian charm of someone who embroiders the truth and Amelia Bercusson played Miss Schoen with all the self-assured confidence of a powerful, important

woman. Arash Taheri was a most convincing solicitor, undoubtedly destined to embrace the law in real life. Ferdinand Koenig was the kind of surly man whose comments would not be welcomed on any guided tour.

Particularly impressive was the interaction of the main players. Sharp direction maintained the tension of the group but brought out the individual characters in a rounded and expressive way. Praise must also go to the tour group - it is not easy to look the part of a totally interested tourist although Westminster pupils get to see more tourists at first hand than most. A very enjoyable evening.

### LUCETTA JOHNSON (RR)



There were moments of vivid blocking, as with Mrs Ogmore-Pritchard and her two husbands downstage, direct to the audience but the gaggle of women round the pump stage left, Captain Cat and the Willy-Nilly's' up stage were unfortunately rather obscured and loss of visual contact with the focus of action resulted. It is not easy to get around this problem in the Drama Studio and it was clear that the intention was to avoid too much distracting movement. Ms Smart's decision to allow the narrators to read from the script was acceptable but a neater script would have drawn less attention to this device. Perhaps a little more on-stage presence of the narrators would have helped unify the disparate sections of the play.

Two outstanding performances were from Oliver Lyttleton and Ben Irving. Oliver's wistful Polly, yearning for her lost love, came across beautifully in both dialogue and song. Ben Irving, as Captain Cat, convinced us of his blindness through a wide-eyed lack of focus and eye contact and movements hampered by blindness and a stick. His delivery was both intelligent and thoughtful. Finally recognition should be given to Charles Corn who both composed and played music that effectively evoked the haunting memory of Milk Wood.

The Lower School play has become a fixed feature of the theatre programme at Westminster, giving the younger boys an outlet for their thespian tendencies. This was a production that lived up to the demands and expectations and provided an enjoyable evenings entertainment.

PHILIP NEEDHAM

## Under Milk Wood Drama Studio May

Turning a radio play into a stage play is not an easy task, particularly with Dylan Thomas's Under Milk Wood, with its 46 roles and many fleeting appearances. Fiona Smart avoided the feeling of a series of jack-in-the-box appearances through effective cuts, re-location of the lines and the use of off-stage voices to evocatively recreate Llareggub.

## King Oedipus Camden Room March

At its best, a performance of a Greek tragedy is, for me, one that brings the relationship between ancient and modern civilization into sharp relief, harnessing the passage of two thousand years into an emphatic expression of 'eternal present'. Such a performance is absorbing, affecting, and frankly, exhausting. Under the talented



direction of Ned Harrison and Jonathan Katz, the college production of King Oedipus contained these qualities, providing a thrilling evening.

Familiar as the plot may be, the conviction and confidence of the whole cast created a palpable suspense whilst the various delusions were first cherished and subsequently destroyed, as the horrible truths emerged. The intensity of this brief play was skilfully accentuated by the choice of venue - the Camden Room - together with the haunting quality of the music, performed off-stage. The jarring chords of Ed Corn's score complemented the growing desolation of Oedipus' mind.

Highly effective was the chorus - led authoritatively by David Reicher - scattered amongst the audience. Clearly, this created the sense that the anxieties of the citizens were ours too, as was their lamentation at Oedipus' inevitable downfall. Each member of the cast delivered the verse with great sensitivity and force.

Particular mention must be made of Alexander Nurnberg's portrayal of Oedipus. Ably supported by Francesca Bury as a thoroughly convincing Jocasta, he played his prodigious part with great passion, registering confidence, bewilderment and despair with

equal conviction.

Their decision to produce Sophocles' work as a Junior House play was as ambitious as it was inspired. Many thanks to College for a remarkable evening.

**KEITH TOMPKINS**

## **The Fear of Heaven Lecture Room January**

John Mortimer's muse has always provoked conflicting responses. He displays a tautness of prose, a sense of the cadence of language, and demonstrates a clever recognition of the foibles and ironies of the human condition; but also, his characters' intellectual allusions - however parodied - are too constant to be unforced or incidental.

The Fear of Heaven is a clever treatment of a simple idea. Lewis Luby, scholar and critic of Lord Byron, wakes up from an accident sustained at a consular party, staring at a painted fresco of heaven. In his mind, he has died and gone to heaven, a gloomy prospect for an intolerant atheist. In

the next bed lies Tommy Fletcher, emigre wide-boy, tax dodger and, it soon emerges, sexual free traveller. Luby's veneration of the Byronic ideal turns out, in conversation with Fletcher, to be in stark contrast to his depressed monogamy. Fletcher claims not to know Lord Byron except as the name of a motel outside Nottingham. But his fastidiousness falls away when he reveals that he patronised it in order to consummate an incestuous relationship with his sister.

This was a clever and engaging production, a wry reflection of the emotional wasteland of the onlooker. The momentum of the play rests almost entirely on the assurance and interplay of the two main characters. Francis Murphy as Luby cleverly exploited the ambiguities of character. He was bombastic in his intellectualism, but gloriously ridiculous as he self-piteously lamented his wasted years of sensual aridity. Fabian Joseph as Fletcher equally gave the part a hint of real depth. He exuded spontaneity, the unselfconscious close-mindedness of a London taxi-driver. And he could surprise: I felt there was a wonderful unexpectedness in his reaction, as he squared up to death: all that excess, all that living: there was no room for regret, or any lingering emotion. He was tired.

Katie Low, Eleanor Pinfield and Alex Rubner all had essentially cameo roles, which they brought off in judicious and entertaining style. Rick Reilly was an engaging tour guide, a bit like Michael Caine in *Alfie*; Nick Elstob rolled his r's con brio, and was a nice Italian doctor.

I like *House* plays as a genre, and enjoyed this one a lot. There was a hairy moment when we had an action replay of the better part of a whole page of script, but the nerves of the cast held. Keith Tompkins exploited the potential of cast and play with restraint and intelligence, and the audience left entertained, impressed - and, who knows, provoked into just a little serious thought. Good for Mortimer, and good for Wren's.

**DAVID HARGREAVES**

## After Magritte Drama Festival December

This refreshing display of ability was from previously unfamiliar faces on the Westminster stage, under the guiding hand of first-time director David Sawbridge. Harris and Thelma, who have been to an exhibition of Magritte, are visited by Inspector Foot, who accuses them of grand theft, questioning them throughout most of the play, in a manner that Jonathan Randall made impressively pointed and repetitively aggressive. Douglas Renwick's portrayal of Harris was relaxed and open, and the role seemed to come naturally to him, while Natalia Shoutova contrasted this with an appropriately staccato, sharp delivery, that effectively demonstrated the origins of Harris's long-suffering demeanour. The comical melodrama of the performance shone through most effectively early on in the play, with the amusing ridiculous reactions of the characters to the incessant gaze of George Hull as a policeman working for Foot.

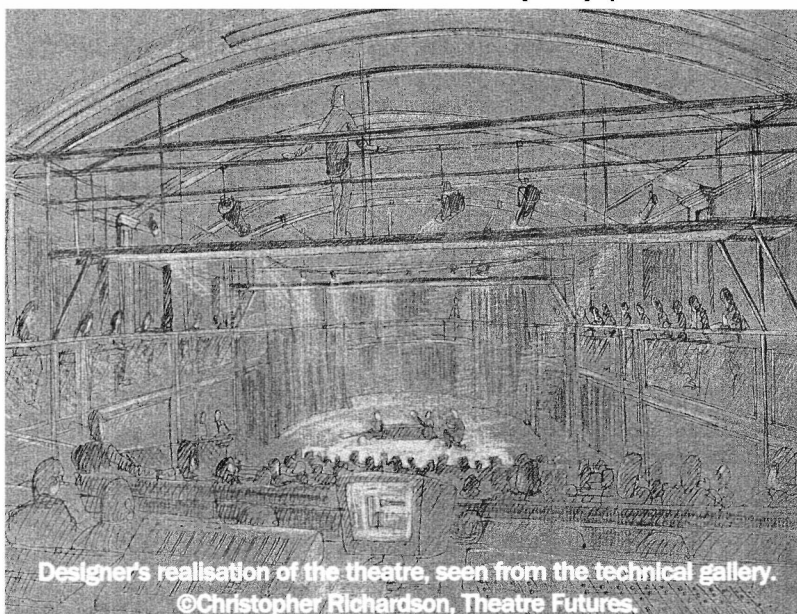
**NICK ELSTOB (WW)**

## A Lie of the Mind Drama Festival December

Sam Shephard 'A Lie Of The Mind' (the first Act) was well executed by Nick Elstob (Jake) and Fabian Joseph (Frankie), directed by the former. The play started with Jake speaking to Frankie on the 'phone in a shocked manner; we soon find out this is because he killed his girlfriend Lorraine. The motive behind the murder is slightly unclear, but it seems that he suspected her of being unfaithful. The audience becomes aware that Jake is an unsettled character, which was well portrayed by Nick. When Frankie, who is a relaxed character effectively portrayed by Fabian, provokes Jake, the latter turns on his friend and shoots him while he is asleep. His last words, which were blocked in the performance by the gunshot, were "I only do it to ones I love." - a phrase used at the beginning by Jake after he had killed Lorraine.

The play had the usual features of a film - violence, swearing, guns and the American accents, but without the special effects. The Drama Festival certainly needed a play such as this performed by an accomplished duo. Nick's production was also well constructed portraying a living room with adjoining kitchen. Nick's charismatic, callous Jake and Fabian's laid back, sensible Frankie were both worthy of praise.

**JONATHAN RANDALL (GG)**



Designer's realisation of the theatre, seen from the technical gallery.  
©Christopher Richardson, Theatre Futures.

## The new theatre

The purchase of Millicent Fawcett Hall has been completed, and Westminster City Council has passed our planning application for the conversion of the building. We can now look forward to the time when we have a dedicated theatre.

This is the School's largest new building project since the Robert Hooke Science School. So what do we end up with? A truly exciting, versatile performance space consisting of an open plan theatre, seating 150, with a gallery on three sides that can be used for audience, performance or musicians. All seating will be tiered, each row on its own level and will be movable to enable the theatre to be used for end-on performance, traverse and in-the-round. The stage will contain a stage-trap, for moving of set and use in performance. The theatre will be equipped with up-to-date lighting, sound and projection facilities. We will have foyer facilities, far more spacious and attractive than we are used to, a space with an outdoor feel to it, glassing over a York flagged lightwell that includes the original portico entrance to the hall, sadly obscured by the surrounding new development. There will be green rooms with showers for performers and a further teaching/rehearsal room, which will relieve pressure and the constant hunt for rehearsal space. The interior will use sensitive house-lighting and colour, not the usual black of a theatre, to enhance the building and draw discrete attention to the architectural features of the structure.

The school will gain possession of the building, as an empty shell in August and will require some nine to ten months to complete the modification, internal building and fitting out. Equipment will then be commissioned and we can expect to open the theatre in September 2001 with our traditional 'opera slot' at the end of the month.

**PHILIP NEEDHAM**

# MUSIC

## Sweeney Todd Up School September

Stephen Sondheim has enjoyed a unique position in post-war musical culture, and so is often hard to categorise. He is undoubtedly one of the most original artists that Broadway has yet produced, famous both as a lyricist and a composer. Indeed, the marriage between dialogue and music, especially in his more recent works, has reached a level of sophistication rarely associated with the world of commercial theatre. This is less surprising if you put him beside his predecessors, such as George Gershwin, Aaron Copland and Leonard Bernstein - none of whom fitted comfortably into the pop or classical categories, which I believe are more European in origin and application.

The Broadway tradition has been expanded by Sondheim's diverse influences including Viennese operetta, Brecht/Weill, English pantomime and music hall (especially in *Sweeney Todd*), and even contemporary minimalism. Despite all this diversity, there is a basic and easily recognisable Sondheim style, of course incomplete without his witty lyrics. The rhythmic regularity and tonal clarity of American popular and show music have been expanded by a static and somewhat ambiguous or floating tonality influenced by the stylistic eclecticism of the composers above. Melodies and structure are built out of cellular patterns of repetition and build, in common with Philip Glass and Steve Reich for example, and it is probably out of this association that Sondheim's work is often accused of being heartless and not tuneful. However, Sondheim makes no mistake in his personal aims and vision, and despite his artistic treatment of popular forms, his music is certainly neither opera in disguise, nor avant-garde, experimental theatre.

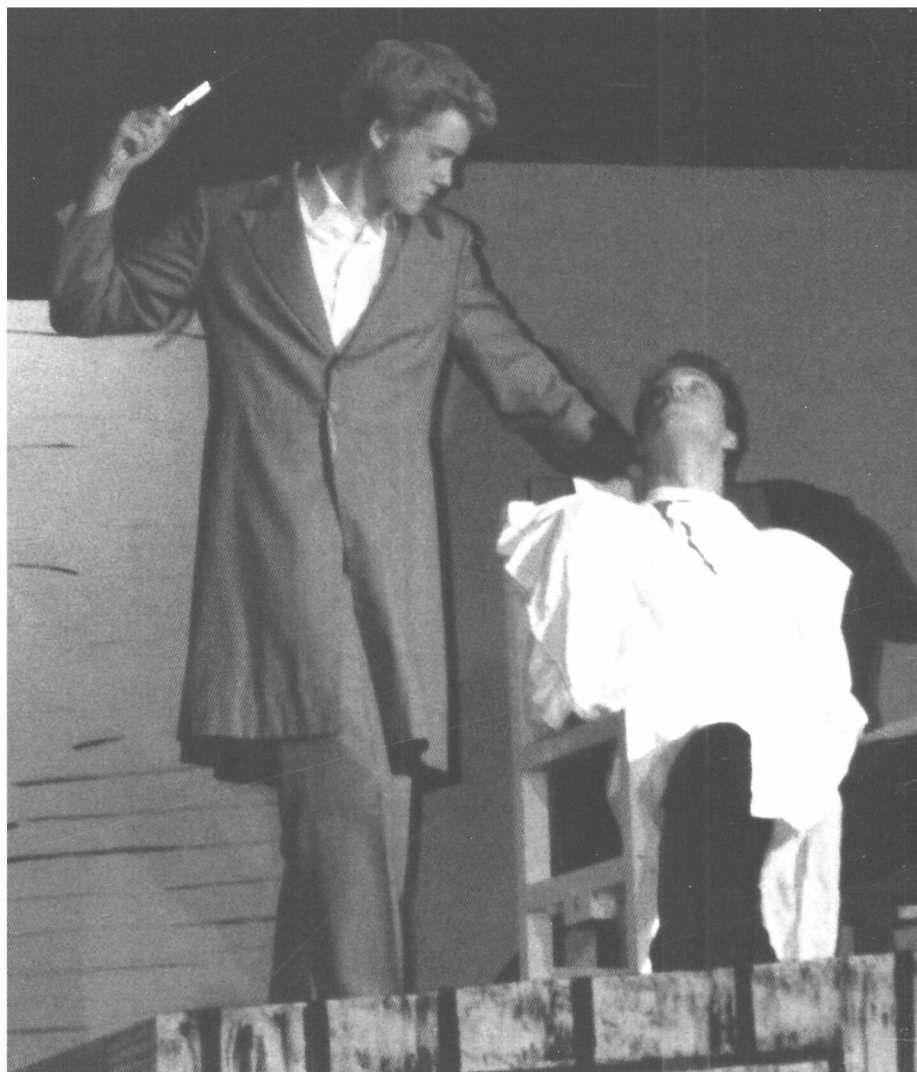
*Sweeney Todd* (premiered in 1979) was a daring subject for Sondheim. In London in 1973, he saw the playwright

Christopher Bond's version of the story of the mass-murderer who was unjustly imprisoned and returns to wreak vengeance on his enemies, which first appeared in Victorian penny dreadfuls in 1830s, and Sondheim decided to adapt it in the manner of a traditional ballad opera. Though it does have set numbers, it is virtually composed with music accompanying most of the action. The crucial part of the plot comes when Todd turns from being a private murderer to a public or serial murder when his attempt to slit the Judge's throat is thwarted and he goes on a murderous rampage in the song *Epiphany*. In what must be one of the most chilling moments in modern theatre, the audience is suddenly revealed the demonic and psychopathic underside of Todd's character.

Sondheim subtitled his score 'A Musical Thriller' and made use of the

plainchant of *Dies Irae* in several of the numbers. The score was also in homage to the music of Bernard Herrmann who wrote music for the Hitchcock films including *Psycho*, and the creation of suspense through musical underscoring is indebted to Herrmann. Where the music particularly influences the mood is in the disturbing and shocking finale. While the corpses pile up on the stage, we hear snippets of music from earlier on hurtling back at the audience in a truly apocalyptic ending. By this means, Sondheim demonstrates the way his demon barber has irrevocably damaged and destroyed lives by connecting the characters as they are now to how they were before. Appropriately, the musical finishes as it started with the *Dies Irae* - inspired Ballad of *Sweeney Todd*.

**BERNARD FREUDENTHAL (HH)**



## Concerto Concert Up School May

This year's Concerto Concert featured no fewer than eleven Remove soloists, presenting a dazzling, if mostly Romantic, range of works, from lesser known composers such as Chaminade to the oft-played, even (to some ears) hackneyed Rachmaninov and Mendelssohn.

Yuli Takatsuki's performance of the first movement of the well-known Grieg Piano Concerto, with Kenneth McAllister conducting the school orchestra in the work again, began the concert. Her spontaneous style and flair in the more irregular rhythms, created a sparkling pace. Perhaps the orchestra, set at one end of School behind the piano with its raised lid, was a little distant at times, although this was no barrier to a brass section which clearly relished every moment that it played.

The Adagio Sostenuto of Rachmaninov's Second Piano Concerto that followed was an unashamedly warm evocation of Romantic Russia from Michael Gooding who captured also a pensive quality in his measured introductory section. The strings sensitively supported his interpretation, right through to the impassioned climax which led the piece to a triumphant close.

Cecile Chaminade's Concertino for Flute and Orchestra was given a seamlessly virtuoso performance by Frances Gardiner, with the clear technique and textures of Dr Savaskan reminding one perhaps of his hero, Boulez. Charles Howard's performance of the Allegro Moderato of Nino Rota (1968) was a textbook performance of a nerveless performer, fully exploiting the potential of the piece, and soberly accompanied by the orchestra.

The Andante Semplice of Finzi's Eclogue for Piano and Strings proved a lush evocation of pastoral landscapes, with Catherine Robinson attaining a truly dream-

like quality in her playing. The Allegro of Mozart's famous Clarinet Concerto concluded the first half of the programme, enjoying not just surprisingly nimble string playing but an excellent soloist in Barnaby Taylor, who caught the mood perfectly.

More Mozart followed after the interval with two movements from Exultate, Jubilate, sung superbly by Amy Russell, before Emilie Speaight performed the first movement, Allegro Molto Appassionato, of Mendelssohn's E minor Violin Concerto. The orchestra responded well to Guy Hopkins' direction, but Emilie was undoubtedly the star, rising with a confident sense of direction and amazing virtuosity to the breathtakingly exposed heights of the cadenza.

Jack McGee's performance of The Serious Doll from Elgar's Nursery Suite demonstrated excellent solo playing and clever intonation, much enjoyed by the audience even though some might argue this is not Elgar at his best. The dramatic opening of Il lacerato spirito from Verdi's Simon Boccanegra similarly commanded the audience's attention: Jonathan Sells' comfortable grasp of the music and the contribution of the choir at the doors of School made up for any lack of acting or drama.

The concert was concluded by five pieces from J.Françaix's L'Horloge de Flore, with Ed Stevens proving a strong soloist under the conductorship of Kenneth McAllister, and some spectacular string playing from the orchestra's leader. While the concert provided a good opportunity to air some less well-known eccentricities as well as old favourites, it also gave ample proof of the level of talent in these departing soloists, and the quality in depth of the orchestra. As one member of Common Room commented on leaving - "in fifteen years, I can never recall such quality, such intelligence - nor such a sense of fun!"

**WILLIAM ROBERTSON (LL)**

## House Singing Up School October

My inaugural experience of House Singing can only be described as a sheer delight, for many reasons, which I will go into later. All Houses compete by entering a song, sung (or otherwise) by the whole (or most of) the House to win the annual House Singing cup! All houses, bar one, entered, but only one came away with the cup.

A teacher of mine was asked whether he was going to cheer on the House in which he was a tutor or not. His response was, 'I'm going for the pure musical quality of it. Nothing else.' Clearly this was to be his first experience of the event. Some entries, more musical than others, tended to be in the top three of the judges' choices. For example, the Time Warp, Happy Days and Baby, One More Time were chosen over the likes of If You're Gettin' Down and My Name Is...

One of the best factors of the event, was the light heartedness of it, though probably most Houses put a lot of work into their numbers. This allowed people to have a great amount of fun while performing, which enhanced the songs a great deal. It was not the type of event for me to launch criticism of any sort against, because the event was just really good fun. It summoned to mind a cult rock festival!

It is not so hard for me not to be biased, because the overall quality of the songs by Rigaud's (Time Warp with drag and all), Busby's (Jammin', delivered in true Marley style) and Grant's (Happy Days) and the attitude and delivery of songs by Purcell's (Baby, One More Time) and Liddell's (If You're Gettin' Down) made the competition tough, and the evening more enjoyable.

The winner, after one and a half hour's competition, was decided to be Grant's with Happy Days. A reprise of the triumphant song followed and all Houses went away determined to win the cup next year...

**JONATHAN RICHARDS (GG)**

## Cabaret et Chansons Up School November

French radio announcers tend to be sniffy about English singers tackling French song; clearly they have not heard Penny MacKay. It is not just the purity of the French sound that is so satisfying but her ability to characterize her voice to suit the moods of the extensive range of song in her programme - an ability matched throughout by Malcolm Martineau's piano-playing, for French sound is as elusive on the keyboard as anywhere.

The mood was set by Satie: playful, but charged with the sensual naughtiness of the (eighteen-) nineties. Miss MacKay's silvery tone for the hypnotic melody in *Je te veux* was ravishing. The Scotto set was a revelation, especially the very naughty *Le Trompette en bois*. Here, Miss MacKay's characterization ranged from the wooden soldier and the luckless doll to the narrator addressing the belle dame in the audience who is not laughing. In *J'ai deux amours*, Malcolm Martineau added a fine voice to his beautifully realized rhythms as he joined in the duet.

Next came three songs by Nino and Rosenthal which portrayed a schoolgirl frustrated by sums, a dog, and a saucy English mouse who meets her Waterloo for her chauvinistic choice of cheese, and a song in similar unaccustomed vein by Poulenc, all drawing on a fund of comic expressiveness from both performers.

The mood then changed for two songs by Charles Trenet, the great purveyor of that peculiarly French brand of nostalgia tinged with sadness typified by *Douce France*, and beautifully recreated here with loving attention to French tone and cadence.

The second half continued the darkening atmosphere with two songs of lost love by Kosma and Trenet and then two songs of the sea by Trenet and Poulenc. The line here was melodic in contrast to the narrated songs of the first half and again Penny MacKay made the change persuasively. Milhaud came next, with *La Java de la*

femme showing her ageing throughout the bitter story of the woman robbed by death of all her menfolk. Kurt Weill's *Youkali*, the futile search for *le pays de nos désirs*, provided the final part of the transition to the 'heart burst smilingly' world of Piaf.

At the end of the recital, Miss MacKay's voice took advantage of encroaching huskiness for the tribute to Edith Piaf. If her obviously sunny personality didn't quite recreate the underlying despair of the Piaf ambiance except in the final '*Arrêtez*



*la musique*' of *L'Accordéoniste*, her '*Milord*' was seductively sung and as always her musical empathy for the rhythms and sounds of French was superbly communicated.

We know these songs so well sung by Piaf herself (indeed, apart from Jane Lapotaire on stage years ago, I have never heard Piaf sung by anybody else, certainly not an operatically trained singer whose voice obviously lacks Piaf's distinctive hard edge) that it is hard to adjust to another interpretation. What this group brought home to me as sung by Miss MacKay was the quality of the music written for Piaf by Emer and her other main collaborators

and the quintessential Frenchness of the demi-monde described in the songs. In what other cultures are the emotions of '*la fille de joie*' explored so feelingly?

The characteristics of that culture were vividly recreated for us all evening by Penny MacKay and Malcolm Martineau; the lack of understanding that produced the wooden, mispronounced performances berated by the radio announcers belong to another era. What we heard was beautifully realized, unfailingly musical and culturally full of insight. A rare joy.

JOHN ARTHUR

## The Jazz Concert Up School March

If you have read the liner-notes on the classic jazz album, '*Kind of Blue*', Bill Evans, the pianist in the Miles Davis sextet writes about the intriguing concept of jazz improvisation. His analogy was the traditional Japanese visual art, where one must paint with a brush and black ink on a thin, delicate parchment in one continuous stroke. This kind of spontaneity is what allows jazz musicians to take a composition apart and use the remaining space to add greater depth and spirit. The more inspired you are with ideas, the more natural and uninterrupted the sound will be.

This jazz concert, in my opinion, brought more musical insight into the world of jazz improvisation than most previous concerts. From the Fifth-form to the Remove, from piano solos to the big band, there was clear individuality within every performance. J5, the junior jazz band, kicked off the concert in an exciting, dynamic fashion. A heavily swung '*Jive at Five*' by one of the jazz giants, Count Basie, sounded smooth showing the ultimate potential of the Fifth-form jazz musicians. The Herbie Hancock original, *Cantaloupe Island* was played with remarkable force, digging into the inner grooves of the composition.

Ben Williamson, a young jazz pianist of exceptional talent, played the solo ballad, *Les Feuilles Mortes*, and showed a delicate balance between adding his immediate ideas and keeping the elements from the original composition prominent throughout the piece.

Jonathan Stern's original *Blackcurrant Sundae* consisted of a confidently placed succession of chords supported by an imaginative drummer (Ben Hartman), and a rhythmic melody played by Tom Wroe (alto sax).

Tom Nishiwaki contributed with *All Blues* and *Chameleon*, the latter being a quintet performance. *All Blues* was one of the classic tunes in the jazz history, and the tune is characterised by the 6/8 time signature. The piece merely consists of a repeated three-note chord progression, in a 12-bar blues form. Many say that *All Blues* will only sound good played by a sextet or a quintet, but he took up the challenge of playing the full frequency range on the piano. *Chameleon* was one of the most admired tunes in the latter half of the twentieth century. Recorded first in 1972, Herbie Hancock not only made himself a household name with this piece, but he had influenced musicians of many different genres. Instead of playing the tune in the full funk style, a tonal balance closer to jazz was used. Again, this tune consists of just one repeated bass-line and one key signature, but as Hancock himself commented in an interview, it is what one does to the basic elements that affects the overall sound.

Roderick McKinley who is now the senior jazz pianist of the school, thrilled the audience with a striking trio version of *Moanin* (the tune that brought Art Blakey's *Jazz Messengers* great acclaim). Every aspect of this performance was tight and well controlled. Roderick McKinley showed how technically gifted he was with on-the-spot improvisation, and his integration with the rhythm section was first-rate. Alex Moylan and Ed Stevens (bass and drums respectively) had very attentive ears, always calibrating the sound to each other's playing. The most impressive part was how effortlessly the trio switched from jazz time to a latin beat and back.

*Evening Standard* directed by Christian Vaughan had a fresh and somewhat different atmosphere, probably due to the contrasts of playing-styles in the band. The solos played by the different horns and rhythm section gave a fascinating spectrum of ideas.

Finally, the Big Band brought the concert to an articulate close with four jazz standards, one of them being a subtle vocal performance (with Rod Mamudi). As with all big bands, the sound was full-boned and captivated the audience's ears. It seemed as if the tunes were carrying the instruments along a railway, with the propulsive drumming of Ed Stevens and the combination of the horns.

This concert portrayed a fantastic level of individuality, synergy and creativity. Each musician has shown a potential that reaches sky high. With the aid of Mr. Ken McAllister, jazz is certainly a great asset to our music department.

**TOM NISHIWAKI (BB)**

## Contemporary Music Concert Up School January

The School's annual Contemporary Music Concert took place Up School in January, and presented an exciting range of compositions from the last century; orchestral and chamber, home grown and well known. The first performance of Emily Edmondstone's *Woodwind Quintet* introduced proceedings, and, with its accomplished and colourful mosaic of fragmentary motifs and rhythms, this work proved a fitting and enjoyable opening to the concert, though suffering a slightly incongruous ending.

The Henry VII Singers followed, eschewing their usual period pitch practice, performing Tavener's *The Lamb* and Messaien's *O Sacrum Convivium*. The choir coped excellently with the difficult chromatic shifts and discords in both works, and was clearly well practised by Gilly French, whose tempi proved judicious and effective. Amy Russell brought the Messaien to a

soaring and powerful conclusion with her soprano solo, marred only by some slightly out-of-kilter basses beneath.

The highlight of the evening for many was the next performance, a selection of Ligeti bagatelles for wind quintet. The virtuoso ensemble performed with great enthusiasm and energy; Anthony Cardona played the piccolo line with considerable panache and daring, while Ed Stevens proved particularly eloquent in the oboe dirge that starts the *Rubato Lamentoso* movement.

However OW Justin Connolly's *Waka* seemed disappointingly static in comparison. Though based on brief Japanese poems the work proved overlengthy and lacking in direction, suffering from a vocal line that was rather too liberated from its accompaniment. Nonetheless the composer's ear for interesting harmonies was clear, as was the influence of Schoenberg's vocal works, particularly *Erwartung*. Accompanist Nicolas Hodges, well known as a champion of modern piano writing both as a soloist and accompanist, displayed a formidable palette of colours, while mezzo soprano Sue Anderson seemed never taxed.

The second half of the programme consisted of orchestral works, including three by current Remove music students. Barnaby Taylor walked on rather nonchalantly to conduct his *Perfect Age* for Chamber Orchestra and showed considerable skill with the baton in this demanding and mercurial work. Apart from the extremely accomplished and interestingly idiosyncratic orchestration, the writing for solo trombone, compellingly played by Charles Howard, deserves a mention.

Catherine Robinson's *Study for Orchestra*, like her *Overture for Orchestra* last year, also made excellent use of Westminster's orchestral forces, with telling effects such as tremolando strings and bass drum adding to an enormous feeling of rhythmic drive. Dr Savaskan conducted, as usual, with great precision and clarity.

The last of the home grown compositions was Jonathan Sells' *For Orchestra*. The orchestra responded well to the composer's modest gestures as conductor, and Jonathan,

despite rather clichéd use of the tam-tam, used the orchestra to considerable dramatic effect, although the work relied rather too much on rudimentary sequences and arpeggiated accompaniment.

In the penultimate work, Ravel's *Ma Mere l'Oye* suite, Guy Hopkins took the audience on a nostalgic trip into the Romantic legacy, extracting a blend of sensitivity and lushness from the orchestra and fully justifying the rather torturous rehearsal earlier that evening. In the final piece of the suite, *Le jardin féérique*, Emilie Speaight, truly in Lark Ascending mode, soared to the mysterious conclusion.

She then returned as leader and soloist in the final work, Walton's *Spitfire Prelude and Fugue*, dating from 1942 and now seeming a touch bombastic. However Dr. Savaskan, conducting, brought new vigour and energy to the storming heights of the fugue, which proved a fittingly exciting conclusion to the concert, reflecting both his considerable hard work and enthusiasm and that of all those who played.

**WILLIAM ROBERTSON (LL)**

## Opera Scenes Up School March

The evening began with Act 3 of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*, directed by Guy Hopkins and Tracy Morris. This was an ambitious choice, and posed many difficulties for the singers and for the director. It was also an ambitious choice given the nature of the music. There are long recitative sections, which became quite methodical and the audience did become a bit restless. The rather static staging did not help this aspect of the music, and I think that a little more movement

might have kept the attention of the audience. One of the purposes of this annual event, I believe, is to act as an introduction to the world of opera for students, and I think this performance may well just have reinforced some old stereotypes with its seriousness and emphasis on the music. Having said that, there was some excellent singing by Jack McGee as



*Orfeo*, and particularly by Emilie Speaight as *Euridice*, who seemed to be involved in trying to communicate the music to the audience.

From this rather lacklustre start we moved to the opening of *Die Zauberflöte* by Mozart. I had wondered beforehand how the difficulties presented by the need for a monster would be overcome in a production such as this, but the idea was conveyed well by having four boys who encircled and attacked Roderick McKinley's *Tamino*. What most impressed me in this scene was the way all the cast members seemed to be immediately so at home in a performance setting. The movement and acting was excellent, further enhancing the communication, without impeding the singing. Ferdinand Koenig in particular really got into the part of the bird catcher *Papageno*, and gave us a rousing, convincing and most of all, supremely confident per-

formance. *Tamino* was excellent, tackling a very tricky part, although I did feel that a little more restraint and subtlety would help the interpretation, particularly in the *Bildnis* aria, which I felt at times was a bit aggressive and forceful. Lucetta Johnson also put in an excellent performance singing the fiendishly difficult role of *Queen of the Night*, and, despite the challenges of the music, she remained able to communicate and interact with the audience, while sounding well in control.

We then moved on to the finale from Act 2 of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* by Rossini. Whereas the Mozart had presented us with a variety of wonderful individual performances, the Rossini really was a triumph for chorus singing and teamwork. This performance conquered all the difficulties of the intonation and balance, and the ensemble singing was at times stunning. Only occasionally did one voice stray, or come through the texture too forcefully, and even then the result was not unpleasant. On an individual note, Amy Russell was excel-

lent, as always, singing the role of *Rosina*. She made the technical difficulties of the part seem trivial and this supreme control over the music allowed her to concentrate on the dramatic nature of the performance.

This was an excellent evening, and one that I hope gave a good impression of opera as a dramatic form to those in the audience. I do think this is a fantastic event and I hope in future that it could be expanded, perhaps to contain some more modern repertoire, although the lack of an orchestra may mean that this is impossible. I also believe it is excellent that the operas are left in their original languages, and I found that the command of the text was most impressive, particularly during the sometimes quite extended passages of speech in the Mozart. Congratulations to all involved and I look forward to next year.

## Piano Recital Up School November

The concert was kicked off in style with a stunning rendition of Scarlatti's Sonata in B Minor, from Tim Woodward. His display of uncompromising technique and feeling definitely put the audience in the right frame of mind for the brilliant spectacle of piano playing that was to follow.

In the next performance, the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata in F major, Catherine Robinson's musicality was never in doubt. However, the occasion seemed to bring nerves to the surface, and these magnified a few technical problems. Having said this, Catherine captured the mood and style that Beethoven had obviously intended to create with the work. Phin Chooi stepped up next, and impressed the audience with his rendition of

Haydn's Moderato in C sharp minor, although again nerves seemed to tell. However, his use of dynamic contrast impressed a great deal.

After three pieces in the classical style, Bernard Freudenthal changed the mood with Debussy's General Lavine - Eccentrique. Obviously enough, the contemporary sound of the music was a welcome change, and the pianist displayed the different techniques needed in order to play such music brilliantly. Following this, David Powell made up for his late arrival with a lovely performance of Beethoven's Sonata in F major.

Michael Gooding, after an elaborate and perhaps excessive warm up, dazzled us with a characterful and emotional performance of Rachmaninov's Prelude in G Minor. His expressive use of the harmonies was the most impressive aspect of the playing, as it showed that he had studied the work in depth. Yuli Takatsuki followed as the

program worked towards an exciting climax, playing Brahms' Rhapsody in F sharp Minor. Her sensitive performance captured the romantic style of Brahms, and was one of the highlights of the afternoon.

Perhaps the best was saved until last as Bartholemew Shaw took to the keyboard and showed us that he meant business from the very first dazzling chords of Rachmaninov's Prelude in C sharp minor. He demonstrated a superb talent that seems to be a very well kept secret.

This concert provided the opportunity for some of the school's hidden gems to gain invaluable concert practice, and gave the audience a picture of what talent lies in Westminster. Hopefully this concert will be a sign of similar things to come in the near future.

**BARNABY TAYLOR (AH)**  
**CHARLIE HOWARD (DD)**



# EXPEDITIONS

## Lyke Wake Walk 1999

**T**he Lyke Wake Walk is possibly one of the strangest events that goes on at Westminster, ranking alongside the Greaze in its level of masochism. A perfect event for rowers, you might say, however it is not just rowers who seek to experience the extreme cold, wet and pain of 20+ hours of non-stop walking across desolate moors. But, like the Greaze, it finds more than enough willing volunteers each year, and is oversubscribed. There is a certain satisfaction in taking part in these strange public school activities, and everyone has their own reasons for taking part, whether because they want to work off those pies that they have been eating too many of, or just to prove to themselves and others that they can survive the distance.

There are always some who don't complete the distance, though this is usually because they injure themselves, or fall ill in some way or other. The survival rate is actually very high, and at least three quarters of the participants walked the whole way. Many of those who were ill early on, showed proper rowing spirit and came back for more, resting for one leg of the journey, then joining their groups again for the last leg or two. There was a very impressive spirit of determination all round, especially among the few who struggled on and completed the Walk despite being in great pain from twisted ankles and such.

We travelled up to Osmotherly, the beginning of the Walk, in minibuses, and arrived there in the early evening after a long journey up the M1. After we had all managed to get our legs working again after being trapped like battery chickens into the extremely hard metal of the minibus, we moved our stuff into the village hall, and since we were in Yorkshire we, of course, had to par-

take of the local delicacy of 'Pie n' chips.' As we had all previously been divided into groups for the Walk, we sat around for a few hours, to allow the minibuses time to reach their allocated checkpoints, at which we would have to sign in. The time was spent preparing ourselves with the appropriate plasters, examining the maps and realising that we had forgotten certain useful items, such as hiking boots and sleeping bags.

But when we were all finally ready, about 10pm, the groups began to set off at intervals of a quarter of an hour, so the group I was with strode off into the night, the second group to set off. The map reading was fairly easy to manage for the first two checkpoints, about half the Walk, as all we had to do was to follow the signs for the Cleveland Way; though we still bumped into one group, going the opposite way to us, about half an hour into the Walk. My legs were beginning to hurt a little by the time we got to the first checkpoint, so it was a relief to sit down for a few minutes and devour our own body-weights in chocolate, then off again into the gloom. This part of the walk was the most beautiful, as we could see the lights of Middlesbrough far off in the distance, the far horizon was lit up with shimmering yellow lights, and the sky reflected the colours back at us, though maybe that was just the Red Bull working. Still following the Cleveland Way, we stopped briefly at the Hasty Bank checkpoint, then set off across the moor itself. Until we left the path our epic trek across the wilderness, miles from civilisation, went well, as we strode along swapping jokes and ghost stories, but this luck with the navigation could never last. Up till now the map reading had been fairly accurate, but at this point it became difficult to tell exactly where we were in the wide expanse of featureless bog. It was important to stick to the path, but unfortunately, in the half-light, we missed the path we were supposed to take and ended up walking several hours out of our way and having

to ask for directions at a farmhouse. It turned out that we were on the wrong side of the valley, so we had to walk up a very steep hillside road to reach the Rosedale Head checkpoint, several hours later. A hot breakfast, or in our case lunch, was served here, cooked in the back of a trailer, then we set off across the moors again. The fact that we were on the second map and over half way through the Walk, gave some people an adrenaline rush, so we decided to run a little. This leg of the Walk was easy going, and before long we arrived at the last checkpoint. Each eating several packets of Mars Bars, we stumbled on towards the finish. By this time, most had very sore feet, and I literally fell asleep on my feet several times. This part of the Walk seemed to drag on and on as we staggered towards the distant radio mast that was the finish. We crossed a large main road, where the cars seemed to speed up as they saw us crossing, then scrambled up a very steep hill and finally reached the radio mast, just after dusk, a few hours inside the deadline. There a minibus was waiting to take us back to the bunkhouse that had been hired in Ravenscar. As soon as we reached the bunkhouse we sat down to a meal of spaghetti, which some people fell asleep into, and eventually collapsed onto the floor in our sleeping bags. It was not until the next day that anyone could really find out how the other groups did as we were all too tired for conversation, though the fatigue made some people say some memorable things (they know who they are).

The Lyke Wake Walk was a remarkable experience, which some people say they are going to do again next year. At the moment, you would have to drag me up there, and I have had an allergic reaction to hiking boots ever since. Still it was something I was glad to have done, once, and there were quite a few fun moments to look back on.

**DAVID SAWBRIDGE (GG)**

# Lake District

Setting off from Dean's Yard on the afternoon of 15th December few of us knew what to expect from the Lakes. One thing was certain, however - the weather forecast: "rain, with occasional outbreaks of (yes, you guessed it) more rain"

The first surprise was the youth hostel - it was actually quite nice and we even discovered a radiator in the girls' room. As everyone was tired after the journey we went to bed early - all the lights were out by 1 am.

The second surprise was the 7 am wake up call - it was not fully light yet! After a quick breakfast we set off for the hills, namely the Scafell Pike (the highest mountain in England). Walking through the deep valleys we gazed at the beautiful scenery, amazed at the varied colour schemes of the hills and attempting to soak in the wonderful atmosphere of the Lakes. Several snowball fights later we were approaching the summit of the Pike. Suddenly the weather conditions deteriorated and we witnessed as the mountain, which just a few seconds earlier formed a dark shadow against the pale sky, disappeared into thin air. A combination of poor visibility, snow, rain and very strong winds forced us to turn back to the hostel.

In the evening our chef de maître (otherwise known as Dr Zetie) and his team of junior cooks prepared a delicious fish pie. The apple strudel, which followed, warmed up even the coldest member of the group. Once again we went to bed early...to the sound of peaceful music.

The next morning we discovered four cups of tea in a washing-up bowl - kindly delivered outside our door by Mr Hooper. During the day we walked along a ridge to the nearby town. The views all around us were breathtaking and the high wind

speed provided a certain thrill factor as we walked inclining 45° into the wind. In the town we did some small shopping - wine gums, postcards and an ice axe (for Charlie).

After dinner, some members of the group set off on an unsuccessful expedition to locate a pub. Naturally the Lakes' weather did not disappoint us - we got completely soaked by horizontal rain. Due to some minimalist packing (or in some cases no packing) the majority of the male half of our group was left with nothing



to wear. This is the point at which unusual methods of packing proved useful - Ferdie's Greek flag was transformed into a magnificent sarong, while the rest put on a splendid boxer shorts' show, not to mention the vast array of shiny leggings... On Saturday, the last day of our trip, we got up really late (around 7:30 am) and after some hearty breakfast we set off to the Standing Rocks (Lakes' equivalent of Stonehenge). While some of the group enjoyed the stunning scenery, the rest of us joined in a game of football (the rocks provided effective goalposts!).

Next we went to one of the many Lakes' country parks, where we followed the course of a waterfall river. In doing so we encountered a number of natural obstacles, which we had to cross, including slippery boulders, dams and finally the river itself. Some people found it boring to walk over a bridge so they suspended themselves from the bridge and swung along hand over hand. Later Hugh decided to swim under the bridge (in December!) and so on...Needless to say most of us got rather wet!

Late that evening we drove into Dean's Yard. All agreed that although we were very tired it was a great trip - fun and at the same time extremely satisfying.

**NATALIA SHOUTOVA (GG)**

## Caving

This year the Caving Expedition led by Mr Hooper and Mr Kennedy took place in the Mendips, in Somerset. We stayed at the MNRC (Mendips Nature Research Centre), a local caving club.

On the first day we explored two dry caves, each taking about two hours. The first one, Goatchurch Cavern, is probably the most popular cave on Mendip, particularly amongst newcomers to caving. Its complex network

of predominantly dry passages offers a number of sporting aspects: tight squeezes (terrifying and not advisable for anyone who thinks they are claustrophobic) and short climbs. From the entrance archway, a large sloping passage descends to stalagmite banks, most of which have been ruined by humans, and a descent to the left - the Giant's Stairs - enters a low tunnel. The highlight of this cave is definitely the Drainpipe, a flat-out crawl to a narrow descending rift which leads to a small, decorated chamber. The name of this part of the cave speaks for itself: hellish tight is



one way of describing it, as we had to adjust our battery packs all the time so as to progress forward. Getting stuck in such a place would be a nightmare, but I didn't think about that at the time. It was a relief to have completed the forty foot tube, but at the end, we realised there was only one way out: the same route. Mr Hooper had been clever in not telling us this before we'd approached the drainpipe - as I think he would have been the only person to go through.

On the second day we visited a wet cave, Swildon's Hole, and we weren't quite prepared for what was to come. The amazing aspect of this cave is that after struggling to get through very small passages, we would end up in an absolutely huge chamber (the size of a large hall). There are two contrasts here: tight passages, and the complete opposite. The length of this cave is 30,000 feet, a lot longer than any other cave we'd been to, and the depth about 180 metres. Jumping over waterfalls (not high ones!) was very exciting, but landing in plunge pools was a bit uncomfortable as the absolutely freezing water disrupted my breathing. I was on the verge of getting hypothermia - which wouldn't have been very good, far away from civilization. This cave was a four hour round trip, and we were

absolutely exhausted by the end of it. We could just about move, considering the fact that our muscles were aching a lot after all that stretching and the flat out crawls.

Overall, I would say this was a fantastic expedition. I would definitely encourage anyone who enjoys exploring and is fascinated by the wonders of the world to go next year. It's also a good chance for geographers who appreciate geology to encounter the hidden treasures of the underworld.

**GEORGE BITAR (GG)**

## Los Picos de Europa

The Picos, as we came to call them, are not the best known of destinations for a camping trip. Instead, it seemed to us, they ranked rather meekly near the bottom of those great European cathedrals of the Sublime. Smaller than most of the peaks in the Alps and Pyrenees, they are to be found on the North coast of Spain at the bottom of the Bay of Biscay. Small enough, on a map at least, to have gone unnoticed until then by me, and, I think, most of those who made up our party. It was, therefore,

with an excited, but rather unknowing mindset towards the experiences to come, that our largely merry band set out from Great College Street for Plymouth and the ferry to Santander. And life, as we found out, has a funny way of giving its greatest joys when one doesn't see them coming and from a direction one wouldn't wholly expect.

The journey was long. It's the overriding memory. Twenty-four hours in a steel tub. A large tub, with a cinema, swimming pool, and the greatest of luxuries...a disco. Anyway we had fun, don't get me wrong, as we chugged into the blue yonder in the blazing sun. We felt as if our expedition had in some way ended as we drove off the boat into an overcast Santander, and yet, in a very corny way, our adventure had only just begun...

I think I had better take the advantage of such a...dramatic...pause to tell you more of the constituents of our group. There were twelve of us who left England. It was, however, almost only ten who returned. Santiago Lago had other places to attend in Spain and so remained to continue in his quest to become entirely European, and Roderick

McKinley, for reasons that probably only he understands did not have the right papers to re-enter England. It was possibly this lack of clarity that was his saviour - the Spanish authorities having got bored trying to comprehend any explanations simply waved him back onto the bus and into the awaiting ferry, forgoing the opportunity to have amongst their citizens a twenty first century Bach.

The other ten members were Mr Tocknell, Mr Hooper, BennAdam - the Siamese-twin climbing experts from Durham University, who, when asked what their most treasured possessions were would most likely answer a petong and their D.U.M.C. tee shirts into which they seemed to be sown - Tom Dawson, Ed Ryland, Statten Roeg, Tom Farthing, Ben Adcock and Michael Walker.

The expedition was to be split into three main parts - first was a four day trek in the Western Massif (shout out to the western massive). Mr. Tocknell arrived at that campsite first after precisely 10,271 steps and checked his pulse: which was slow, then he reminded us how lucky we were to have our 60kg packs to protect our necks from the sun. After Tom, Tom, (Dino?), Santy, Ed and Statten arrived they went for a walk around the camp as became their nightly custom. They arrived back very hungry, but this was OK because Mr. Hooper had invented a new type of salmon mousse for our culinary delight that was made of Smash and unfiletted tinned salmon.

While we were up in the western Massif we climbed a big mountain. Damn switchbacks. They're like roller coaster queues: You look up a mountain and think 'this will take some time' but it takes twice some

time. The Deceit! But we had fun shimmying between our 30ft death drops and having a snowball fight in June.

This was followed by a rest period at a campsite just outside the mountain range in a town called Avin. Here we were taught 'How to have fun at the Beach', but we thought of better ways involving one tape player with extra tinny sound mixed with the son of Daw's collection of Reggae Ragga Ska and Dub tapes. It was the beat of the trip and we all sang along - well, those who knew the words. After a flying breakfast Jean Reno's long lost twin showed us where he thinks Santa's Summer retreat is and serenaded us with his bagpipery over lunch. Certain mem-

The third part of the expedition is the one that really sticks in the memory. It was another four day trek, which would include the scaling of the highest peak in the range, Torre de Cerredo, and for the more eager climbers (BennAdam and a Rugged Tocknell barely recognisable as the mild mannered Mr. seen around the Hooke centre) a chance to climb the huge tower of rock that is El Naranjo. For those who got their highs and Goldeneyes, in other ways, the campsite at the foot of The Orange One provided an incredible and somewhat surreal backdrop as we looked down from a rocky pier stretching out into the sea of cloud below, surrounded by boulders the size of houses. Then we bedded down with our Vangoes on the same



bers had a rather more unexpected and unguided tuition into how to get lost in dark and foreign places and find one's way out, just. Unfortunately I don't think this will be applicable to many parts of our lives in London - although I'm sure those with a penchant for dark, cramped places (like Mr Hooper's 'old friend' with whom he conserved energy by the banks of Lago Enol) found it invaluable. The rest certainly found it to be a source of great mirth, especially those parts with large quantities of very sticky mud, and also a source of wonder - the cavernous halls and glittering stalactites.

outcrop, for a night with the stars. We were woken by loud rustlings and hoof on stone. We rubbed our eyes awake to find the devil's beast (a goat) staring with his square pupils at the five of us helpless caterpillars in our sleeping bags, but we threw rocks at him until he went away.

All that happened after is...we went home.

Goonight Val Doonican.  
Goodnight.

**TOM FARTHING (RR)**  
**STATTEN ROEG (LL)**  
**expeditions**

# TRAVEL

## Brock Lecture

*'George Mallory and the Legends of Everest'*

*By Peter Gillman*

**F**ar away in the distance lies Everest, its summit barely visible above the clouds. It looks on, like an Olympic deity, powerful if not always benevolent, as a young man strips off his clothes of wool and cotton and plunges into the ice-cold stream. More scenes follow as Mallory and the rest of his team set up Base Camp and begin their assault against the Gods.

Stunning photography, both historic and modern, complemented a well-researched talk by Peter Gillman and instilled a feeling of what it must have been like to be there in 1924. Melting snow, struggling upwards against the ice holding a frozen rope, collapsing exhausted into a now primitive looking tent for a few hours of oxygen-starved sleep...

Peter began his specially prepared lecture by outlining the early history of Everest, including the cartographic survey that identified it as the highest mountain in the world. Then came the early attempts themselves in 1922 and 1924. The controversy surrounding George Mallory's death was presented in some detail to a large audience up School. Prep school pupils, Westminster's (current and old), parents, staff and guests found themselves enthralled and intrigued. What did happen? Did Mallory reach the top? We will, of course, never know for certain. But I found it didn't matter. The expedition certainly wasn't futile and I'm sure we were all left somewhat in awe and inspired by what was achieved before tragedy struck.

The Brock Lecture finished with a round up of the most dramatic episodes of the subsequent history of the mountain. Peter finally demonstrated his knowledge, as a world-renowned journalist on Everest by answering, with authority, a wide range of questions.

*Details of this year's Brock Lecture which takes place towards the end of Play Term will appear on the School Website nearer the time. If you are interested in attending and do not receive an invitation please e-mail James Hooper: [hooperj@westminster.org.uk](mailto:hooperj@westminster.org.uk)*

**JAMES HOOPER**

## Russia

**L**ast time I went to Russia I was convinced Russians were genetically incapable of smiling. Frequently jostled on the Metro and scolded by elderly babushkas, I had come to the conclusion that while I loved the history, literature and culture, I was more ambivalent about the people. We were, however, staying in hotels. The only contact we had with real Russians was our rather frightening guides.

This time, having lived in a Russian home for two weeks, I have come to dramatically different conclusions. I

stumbled home after your curfew; the side that offers you precious household icons as a leaving gift and puts you into a moral dilemma as to whether it would be disrespectful to reject them or not (in the end I decided I couldn't accept their gift and, on the pretext that my good, Orthodox family already had enough icons, accepted a cheaper tea cup instead).

On a less emotional and more practical matter, our hosts' warmth also resulted in our Russian improving greatly, to the point that at the end we could all confidently discuss more than just our GCSE oral topics over dinner. As an Orthodox Christian in a deeply religious household, I was also able to relate to my hosts and our little old babushka, who part-time baked cookies at the local church began to feel like more than just a landlady.

On another practical matter our time in Russia also expanded our cultural awareness. A fifth of all our nights in Russia were spent at the theatre or



am now convinced there are two sides to every Russian. The first is the public side; brooding, menacing and unsmiling. Once you are no longer a stranger however, and you have been welcomed into their house, the other side bursts through. This is the side that welcomes you as an old friend even though you are a paying guest; the side that warmly offers you tea and cookies at one in the morning even after you have discourteously

ballet and without exception we all came back with one or usually more pieces of Russian literature.

This is not to say that all our time was given over to intellectual pursuits. Nine teenaged boys can't be expected not to spend a little time indulging in some degree of idiocy (playing on frozen lakes, bouncing balls, snow-ball fights amongst other things). However it's testimony to the enor-

mous attraction of Russian culture that these same boys decided to spend a free Sunday admiring the Hermitage's art collection.

It's also testimony to the good-naturedness of the entire group that we managed to spend two weeks almost continuously together without a major spat. Thanks are also due to Dr Aplin and Mr Jones, whose fits of frustration at our constant inability to be on time still provide great stories for those at home, as well as to the teaching staff at our language school. The trip confirmed many people's desire to do Russian at university; even those people for whom that isn't the case, the trip provided many great experiences. I, for one, have found out that Russians very occasionally smile.

**FERDINAND KOENIG (RR)**

## Moscow and St Petersburg

A visit to an unknown country and a chance to see and explore a culture that we had only ever read about was a wonderful opportunity; the architecture, paintings and sheer diversity of both cities impressed us immensely.

Our tour started in Moscow, and a faint pattering of snow across the city on our arrival gave an added brilliance to the light, and a chill to the air. What struck me most about the city was the sharp contrast between the traditional buildings of the Kremlin and the magnificent churches, with the stark, box-like functionalism of the Communist utilitarian architecture. Within the medieval splendour of Moscow, we saw the Kremlin (citadel), with its soaring towers and more than thirty golden onion-shaped cupolas on the top of the churches; it dominates the city. Inside the fortress walls is the massive Ivan the Great bell tower, and the white wedding-cake-like structure of the Cathedral of the Assumption with its five gold cupolas. The pristine whiteness of the building was intensified by the cool northern light and the low sun glinted off the domes. This building made a great contrast with

the colourful, ridged onion-domes of the exotic St Basil's Cathedral in Red Square. For me, this was one of the most emphatically 'Russian' buildings, but equally Russian was the solid and classically designed mausoleum to Lenin. We saw the waxen body of Lenin within the tomb - it had an odd, almost luminous quality, as if there was light emanating from within the corpse. It made an incongruous statement beside the newly reinstated Christian authority of the churches. These religious buildings appeared to be far more than just museum pieces. They had a palpable sense of place and purpose and were, to a great extent, being used for their original purpose.

The interior of the Cathedral of the Assumption is intensely gilded and painted. It is sumptuously rich in golden decoration, and ones eyes are dazzled by the brightness and the range of colours. The iconostasis, the tall screen in front of the altar, displays the burnished icons. It made me think that the interior of the church, with its vibrancy, reflected the interior life of the believer; it set out to create a heavenly experience. The colouring was a necessary antidote to the intense, cold and lengthy Moscow winters, to the thinness of the air and the coolness of the light. It was only within the building that the full richness of the Russian soul could be found.

The Palace of Congresses, erected in 1961 under Khrushchev, is built in the international modern glass and concrete style. It is immediately to the right of the Trinity Tower, whose medieval red bricks soar above the newer building. Oddly enough, the two buildings did not seem at variance with each other, the tall, upright glass windows of the Palace of Congresses reflecting the vertical lines of the tower.

Our hotel was another depressing example of modern architecture. It is an unattractive square block, devoid of interest; the Rossiya's sole claim to fame is that it is the largest hotel in Europe. However, I was drawn to the sight of the huge high-rise tower blocks, built in the 1930's, which are sharply reminiscent of Gothic cathedrals. The University building is an

example of the sheer size and scale of the structures, its wings and main block rise up for 36 floors, and it is topped by an enormous spire. 20,000 students live in the wings, with shops and facilities in the main block. It is a massive symbol of power.

The range of galleries and breadth of artistic treasures found in Moscow is astounding. Within the centre of the city one travels through history from the medieval Kremlin to the Baroque, Neo-classical, Art Nouveau and heavy Soviet monumental style, but throughout each style, the execution has been made in an intrinsically Russian manner. Although architectural influences have been brought from outside Russia throughout its history, within Moscow the overall feeling is of a people adapting a style to suit their needs and making it inimitably their own; of its being in a place apart from the rest of Europe. St Petersburg, on the other hand, yielded a different impression.

Our journey between the two cities took place by train at night, and we saw little of the countryside. Arriving in St Petersburg, one is immediately aware of the encircling canals and river. It is not difficult to see why people often refer to the city as the Venice of the North.

The visitor is immediately struck by the way in which this city has been planned. There are no obviously modern buildings within the centre, there is unanimity of style and elegance that evokes all that is associated with Versailles or Italian Baroque. The exteriors of several major buildings are ornate in the extreme; Baroque plasterwork hangs in swags across the front of enormous facades, a legion of caryatids support untold tons of marble and stone in frozen immobility. The moulded plasterwork is contrasted with the vivid background painting of the buildings, the glorious yellow of the Admiralty, the azure blue of the Winter Palace (Hermitage) and the Catherine Palace at Tsarskoe Selo.

Inside these enormous buildings stretch vast and ornate rooms, filled with incredibly rich and gilded decoration. Some of the most arresting interiors must be Malachite Hall in the

Winter Palace, also the amazingly plastered White Hall with its marquetry flooring in an enormous range of coloured woods arranged in complex patterns. It seemed as though wherever one looked, the building had been adorned and embellished almost to the extent that the eye became weary of such an excess of pomp and display. The contrast of the Palaces and their contents with the lives led by ordinary people made the October Revolution of 1917 far more understandable.

The incredible range of European Master-paintings and sculptures exhibited throughout the various buildings made me realize how the Russian nobility of the past had been enormously influenced by the work of Europeans. Somehow St Petersburg - for all its grace and beauty and in spite of its own pseudo-Russian Church of the Saviour of the Blood, built in a style reminiscent of St Basil's in Red Square - does not exude the unique Russian quality I felt in Moscow. This great city could have existed in many parts of Europe and, although I appreciated its stateliness and serenity, my mind was captivated by the older, shabbier and architecturally diverse centre of Moscow.

**ANNABEL LEGGE (PP)**

## Paris

There is only one problem about the annual trip to Paris: it is not long enough. It was a shame to be standing in the Louvre with two very knowledgeable art historians and not be able to take full advantage of this because we only had three days to absorb ostensibly all the art we could in Paris. On the first day, when we emerged from the metro we were met by bright sunshine overlooking a courtyard which

lay at the centre of our youth hostel. The uncanny familiarity this space held to Yard was amazing; we seemed to be home from home, except in the French yard one was allowed to satisfy one's vices.

Adhering to the rigid and strategically arranged schedule we were immediately whisked off to the Musée d'Orsay. This transformed railway station held paintings that were justification enough for a trip to Paris, in fact Manet's Olympia face-on was enough in itself. A revision lecture and a much needed dinner in one of France's famous cafés should have been followed by a well-deserved sleep, instead we were kept awake lis-



tening to the other youths in the hostel shouting in French. We were up early for another lecture and a visit to the Louvre, where we have pictures to prove we were in front of world famous Gericaults, Delacroixs and the Venus de Milo and both acted as valuable revision. Having been sent to a slightly unsuitable area for our one free evening, we found an English pub to watch Nottingham vs Leeds, and enjoy an English pint. Rodin's house and a revisit to the Musée d'Orsay built up our repertoire of all things French and beautiful even more, and, despite being denied our trip to the jazz club, we still managed to sleep very little. The last day was probably the hardest. Exhaustion had caught up with us

and Picasso's museum held art so diverse it took all the concentration I could summon to appreciate the genius of the artist. Sad to leave Paris, I returned at Waterloo a much more accomplished art historian, but was happy to return to my bed. Finally I have one piece of advice to the next group: remember your towels because they don't provide them!

**ALICE EVE (RR)**

## Granada

A dreary afternoon in mid-April and a selection of 'Spanish' Sixth-formers assemble in Heathrow's terminal two. The mission: to wave adios to the rain and gloom of London, in place of some sun, Sangria and serious Spanish lessons. Our trip was to consist of four days of classes arranged around the annual Semana Santa celebrations, with excursions to the Alhambra and nearby Costa del Sol.

Despite a sunny start, Andalusia provided us with first-hand experience of Spain's huge, inter-climatic regional variations, bringing hailstorms and freezing rain but a day later. Sunday saw us trudging around a sodden Alhambra, the beauty of which, despite the poor weather and many a ruined pair of shoes, was unmissable. From learning about the distinct history of each of the palaces' rooms, we moved into the vast gardens of the summer palace, dotted with bright clusters of lemon and orange trees. The vistas from the wind-swept torreones were one of the most impressive aspects of the visit. Standing high above, one could pick out the contrast between the city's distinct barrios, ranging from the delightful cuevas of the Albazin to the modern blocks of flats, in which many of us were staying.

Back in the centre of Granada, our days were divided between classes and shopping for the girls, whilst the boys passed the time in the local park, playing football and weathering the consequent wrath of the park guard. The classes at the Don Quixote Institute were as lively and animated as they were constructive. Some much-needed grammar revision was aided by the odd evening film and group singalongs to the likes of La Flaca and other Iberian pop idols. The host families were a success across the board, with any strange meal concoctions quickly remedied by the odd pit stop at the local Burger King or Haagen Daaz (although I am pleased to say that everyone sampled the traditional Spanish dish of paella, which, along with the chocolate croissants, became a firm favourite).

At night, 'los ingleses' could be found playing pool at Cabana Tio Juan on Pedro Antonio, or wrestling the crowds when we went to watch the awesome spectacle of the night time processions. Once we had overcome the unfortunate Klu Klux Klan resemblance of the penitentes, it was impossible not to appreciate the beauty of and solemn reverence accorded by the occasion. Accompanied by stirring music and powerful wafts of incense, you couldn't help but be drawn into the home crowd's great pride and honour, as each local church produced its own paso.

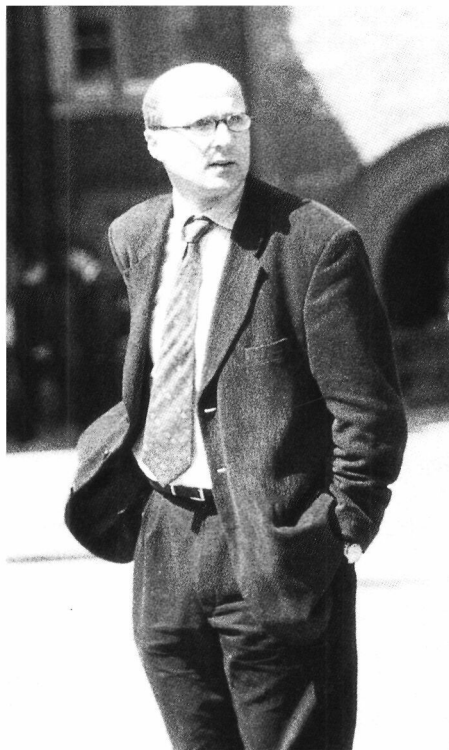
We ended the trip on a warm note, that is to say, with a second trip to the beach where everyone successfully burned themselves a second time round, in true Brit style. Down to our last measly pesetas and swathed in after sun, we boarded the plane at Malaga, relaxed and revived, and ready to face the demands of the next academic term.

I know we all enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, largely thanks to the care and help of Mr and Mrs Craft, who gave us such a fantastic whistle-stop tour of their home region.

**ANNA LUSCOMBE (MM)**

## Vermont

On this year's trip, there were only two members of accompanying staff, Mr Hargreaves and C.D. Riches. We set off on the last Thursday of School amid reports of heavy snow, meaning all the pistes were open. We took the Gatwick Express and then a plane direct to Boston, where we boarded a coach for Killington. We arrived at our condominiums - different to those in the previous years due to a fire in our usual location in the middle of the night. The next day we hired our equipment and started our week of skiing and snowboarding.



We attended ski school in the mornings until lunch, although our instructor mainly followed us around giving us tips on different matters. After lunch we could ski again until 4:00pm, just return to the condos, visit the arcades or take a short bus ride to the swimming pool, sauna and hot-tub. In the evenings, after dinner at the nearby restaurant, there was the opportunity to rent videos, visit the Under 21 Disco at a nearby nightclub or any of the other leisure activities already mentioned.

The slopes were entertaining, especially the snowboard-parks for ski jumping and a very steep mogul run nicknamed The Outer Limits. Unfortunately, as the week went on,

the snow receded by a large amount until large sheets of ice were showing on even the easiest slopes. The very difficult Fusion Zone and Julio were never even opened.

As usual, on the day of departure, a blizzard started up, leaving perfect snow behind us. Even so, it had been a great week (watching teachers trying to ski) and I hope to go again next year.

**JOE MARWOOD (RR)**

## Greece

When Andy Mylne first asked me if I fancied ten days' holiday in Greece, I should have suspected that something was afoot. But, being a gullible sort of chap, I decided that this was an excellent idea. 'Good,' he said, 'I've been looking for an extra pair of hands for the Lower School Greek Trip'. I should have seen that one coming...but, on the bright side, I'd not seen much of Classical Greece and what better than expert guiding by Westminster classicists?

By the time all thirty-three student members of the party had arrived at Heathrow, I was beginning to recall my earlier fears. But there were more pressing problems: would we be able to convince the authorities that Vadim Varvarin was really a Westminster pupil, despite the Russian passport and lack of visa? In the end, this caused only a mild hiccup, and we were on our way, cheered by the news that our hotel in Athens had discovered they were fully booked and we had been upgraded!

The gruelling nature of our schedule was apparent from Day One, when we were roused from our slumbers at the ungodly hour of 7.30am to begin the day's tour of the Acropolis, Agora and so on. Lunch (at the typically late hour of 3pm) was followed by a drive to the Temple of Poseidon at Cape Sounion, a fruitless search for Byron's graffito on the temple and waiting (in vain) for the sun to set. Back in Athens, we were treated to supper by Alex Zafiriou's parents.

It wasn't until breakfast on Day Two, when I came down to see Andy poring over his copy of the Blue Guide, that I realised that he (as the lone classicist) was having to do all the guiding, based on one previous trip to most of the sites. It is to his credit that, over the trip, the party was always eager to hear what he had to say, and that I can still remember most of the anecdotes he repeated. My hopes about expert guiding were certainly realised.

For all the glory of Athens, it was refreshing to put the pollution of the city behind us and head for the countryside. The first stop was the Amphiareon, where, away from the shrill whistling of the stewards in busier sites, we could roam amongst the ruins of the temple and theatre, discover the old water clock and pose for photo opportunities next to ruined statues. The beauty of Greece was further reinforced by the day spent at Delphi. The site's excellent location nestled into the mountains and the fabulous weather helped make this a truly memorable experience. Spurred on by the thought of yet more cheese pie for lunch, the boys competed in a race in the stadium, wisely eschewing the spartan dress code (no pun intended) for Greek athletes.

By this time, temple fatigue had started to set in amongst many of the boys, and so persuading them that the train ride up the mountain gorge to Kalavrita was more inter-

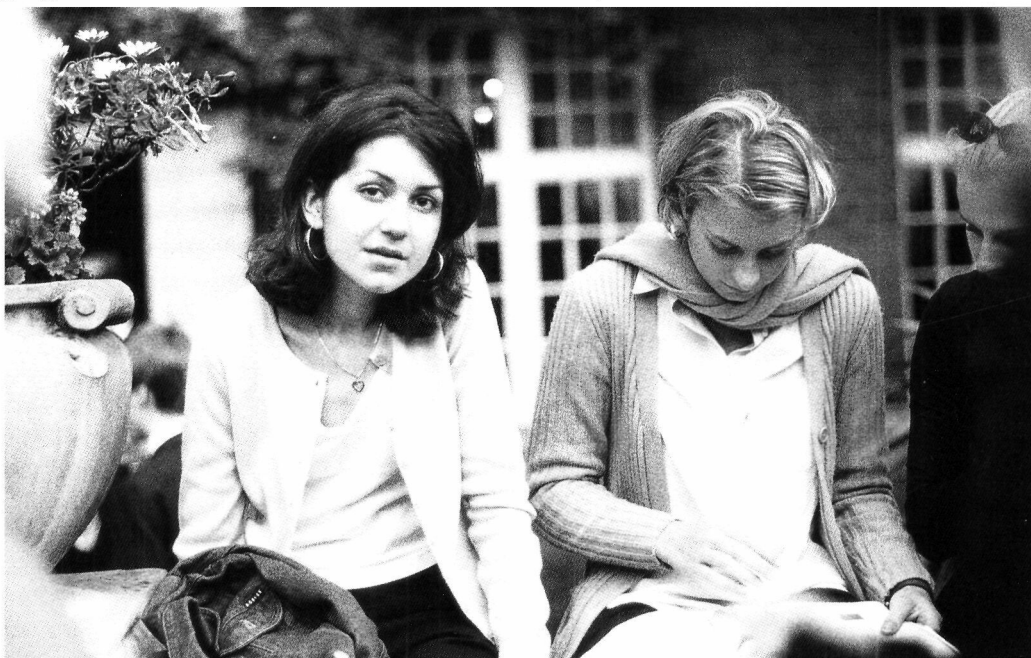
esting than bouncy balls and Game Boys was a difficult task. Even more difficult was prizing away from them those forbidden fruits such as pop-guns bought at the toy shop opposite our lunchtime taverna! Having rejoined the bus, it was on to Olympia, where our attempts to re-run the races of Delphi were thwarted by the presence of Greek television at the Olympic stadium, filming a Greek chap in a rather too daring thong. But, a complete contrast to such excitement (well, there was one camera which had been noticed clicking away...), was had by lunching on beef-noodle-sneeze (sic) at the Greek equivalent of Little Chef and spending a night at the tiny mountain village of Andritsena, a real one-horse town enlivened only by its proximity to the fabulously well-preserved temple at Bassae.

Just as everyone in the group was getting tired of moving on, and in danger of exceeding record levels of huffiness, we arrived at the coastal town of Pylos. This was what we had been waiting for: an afternoon off, relaxing on the beach at Methone. Time for the Fifth formers to run around and let off steam; the long-suffering Sixth formers, George and Miles, to take a break from the Fifth form; and the Common Room to enjoy a quiet ouzo or two. But, punishing schedules being as they are, it wasn't long before it was back to the winding mountain roads and on to Sparta, stopping only for herbal tea and honey.



Our final couple of days were rather interrupted by the Greek General Election. However, we managed to squeeze in the last remaining site at Mycenae before the final nights at Tolon. This shamelessly tacky tourist hot spot, boasting a Tracey Island look-alike in its bay, was the base for exploring Nauplion and the amazing theatre of Epidauros, where we were subjected to various forms of aural torture. For those of you unfamiliar with Epidauros, the theatre has an amazing acoustic, ideal for singing madrigals, German folk-songs and Backstreet Boy's numbers (it was Jack Farthing's idea); as well as the more cultured experience of hearing Johann Koehler recite Pinder's Odes.

Pausing only to buy our souvenirs from the seediest shop on Tolon (the owner seemed determined to sell Ed



Saperia all manner of knives, cross-bows and so on) it was back to Athens airport, where a much more tired Westminster party again chanced its arm with an Olympic Airways flight home. All credit to Andy Mylne for organising such a great introduction to Greece for a non-classicist such as myself and enlivening 'Athenaze' for the Fifth form; to our Greek guides and to the boys of the party for making the whole trip such an enjoyable experience.

**DAMIAN RIDDLE**

# HOME

## PHAB

**J**uly 1999 saw the biggest PHAB Course at Westminster for which we have records - including staff there were nearly 80 people on the course. Willie Booth's dream has lived on for nearly a decade after his departure, and there is a fierce determination on the part of many to see it continue, each summer, to be realised.

By any reckoning, this was an excellent course. We have become more ambitious with time: some of our guests have physical disadvantages of a kind which take up a huge amount of time from their carers, but there is no lack of willingness to learn.

PHAB has its own rhythms and routines, familiar to those who come each year, but all carried out with pace. Workshops in the morning, afternoon visits round London masterminded by entertainments' supremo Jonny White, and some sort of fixed point each evening. A rather disappointing magic show on Tuesday was followed by a superb night out on Thursday at West End Shows, and an impromptu but brilliant in-house musical evening on Friday, led by Nick and Bart Shaw, Charlie Howard and Ed Stevens. And for thirsty souls - plenty of those - there was always a chance to visit the Westminster Arms afterwards. Because of the closure of the Vitello d'Oro we moved our Saturday dinner to College Hall, which most PHAB guests never get to see, with a serious disco in Grant's afterwards. Verdict: a great success. Last year's innovation of the late lie-in on Sunday morning followed by brunch is clearly here to stay. The group photograph was followed by rehearsals on Sunday afternoon which led the way to a superb entertainment for family and guests at 5:00pm. In time-honoured tradition, there was a pizza supper, a trip to The Albert, and farewells the next morning.

The School, as well as private donors, have made much of PHAB possible. What makes it work is a more curious

alchemy. We are not as wheelchair-friendly as we would like to be - witness the long procession of carers carrying wheelchairs up and down College stairs each morning and evening. But there is an army of unsung support - not least, the endless flexibility and care of the staff of College Hall and the Works Department. Above all, there is the extraordinary zest and buoyancy of our pupils, and our visitors. They avoid the mawkishness, the sham optimism that could characterise these kinds of gatherings. Many people who come to PHAB have such chronic problems that all they can do is to endure them. But on a level which does not exclude honesty, a good time is had as well.

For all of us, there is a sense of living a life - albeit just for one hot, weary week - more intensely than at other times. Very few, if any, Westminsters seem to regret that opportunity. When the week is finally over, many never lay it entirely aside.

**TIM FRANCIS  
DAVID HARGREAVES**

## ICYPP

**T**he Inner Cities Young People's Project is an important charity that provides opportunities for us to learn about the problems of our inner cities and for young people of different backgrounds to get to know each other.

Over the last decade over 1000 people have benefited from the courses ICYPP runs both through the school experiences and from forming strong friendships with people whom they may otherwise never have a chance to meet. The major activities take place in London, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham and Liverpool with 74 schools involved in England and Wales ranging from Eton to Westminster to Sedgill.

The course I did consisted of three short stays: the first, in a church hall, in Elephant and Castle where

between the initial awkwardness and bizarre activities, which included a lot of eggs ending up broken on the floor, several times over, we all managed to get to know each other relatively well; in contrast, it can take a lot of years to get to know your schoolfriends.

The second stay was slightly more up-market and we slept in a youth hostel in Guernsey House School on an estate in Lambeth: more bonding, catching up, and then a day in state school. The schools we were sent to varied enormously. Some people felt totally at home while others had the mick taken out of them by the English teachers because of their accents.

However, we probably came out of the third part at Haileybury with more mixed feelings - the girls on the first night in the comfort of our newly furnished dorm, receiving texts from the guys who appeared to have been kindly put in the hell-hole of the school by their mates along the lines of 'Help! 50 blokes in the dorm and communal showers!'

For those of you who perhaps aren't up for overnight stays in interesting conditions or would rather not miss school, there are many other projects involving more voluntary work ranging from working with toddlers to homeless people. There are 12 to 24 hour experiences covering aspects of life in the city and residential Easter and Summer courses.

Easter project placements focus on community-based tasks carried out alongside the local people, for example working in a community café, city farms, or a garden project. The summer placement gives an opportunity for personal contact with people from different backgrounds working and learning in an inner-city environment. Helpers will be part of a team supervising young children working under experienced leaders and receive regular training and support.

As mentioned the ICYPP also runs Easter and Summer schemes. Last

summer, I worked at a play scheme helping children and young adults prepare for the annual Notting Hill Carnival - which all of you will know and many will have visited! As I made my way to Oval House, Kennington, on the first day, I was a little apprehensive. My fears were soon calmed when I met the organisers and helpers at the scheme. Every one was warm, welcoming and friendly towards me, and all worked immensely hard as a team for Carnival. The scheme was very professional, designing elaborate and complex costumes for individuals and some ten foot high models of birds with large metal beaks. I met such a wide variety of people, from world famous designers - involved for example in Rio de Janeiro's own carnival - to the many Afro-Caribbeans who contrasted with my background, to the children themselves who brought liveliness, and sometimes fatigue, to the whole scheme. I helped some of the children to design and construct masks and costumes. I enjoyed the summer scheme so much that I decided to take part in Carnival itself. Imagine me wearing an exuberant costume and face mask, braving the streets of Notting Hill for a full 8 hours dancing to the rhythm of ragga, eating goat curry and drinking.....mint julep! So successful was the project that our group at Oval House won the first prize for the best costumes and band in the whole Carnival. So, my summer placement was full of culture, interacting with children, helping with art and design, and most importantly enjoying spending two weeks with new and different people from myself.

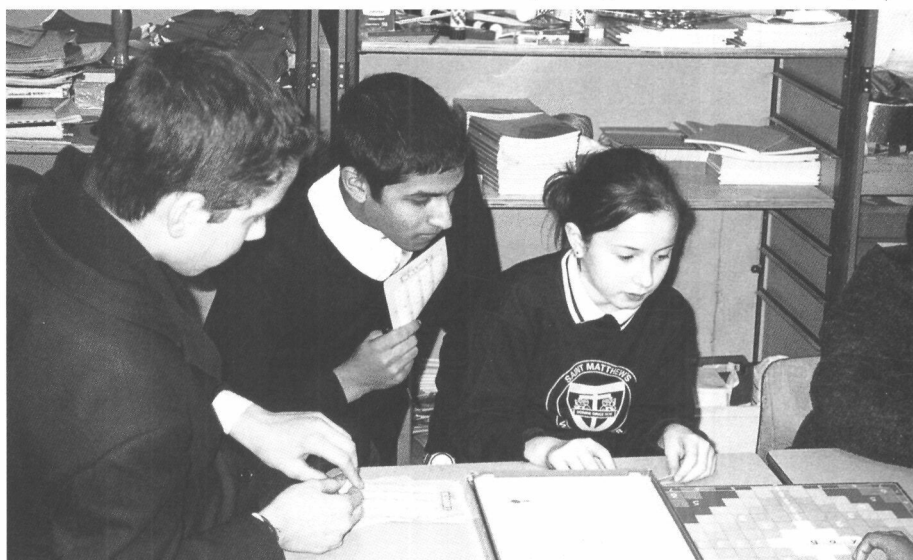
I have talked about the importance of my particular scheme; the overall aim of the Project is 'From ignorance to understanding'. If you like, the aim is to help young people from different social backgrounds, often less privileged, cross the class divide and discover something of each other's world. The schemes help to overcome some of the fears and misconceptions which exist in the minds of young people about the inner city and its communities. The summer play schemes in particular offer the opportunity to help others enjoy

themselves, as well as developing social skills. The ICYPP is expanding from London to Liverpool, Manchester and Bristol. The latter city will be the focus of the money, which is raised in School this year, will go specifically towards providing accommodation for those who hope to take part in projects there.

Would I recommend an ICYPP placement? Mine was both challenging and rewarding. It involved hard graft and teamwork. It gave me the opportunity to meet young people from varying backgrounds.

**RINA SINHA (LL)**  
**JONATHAN RANDALL (GG)**

## Lunchtime Ludo



At first, it seemed the stuff of nightmares. Children, all of them about three feet tall, flooded the room whilst at the same time generating a most unholy sound. Could it be that I had misread the notice? No, this was it. Board games with the children from a local school - St Matthew's. Every Wednesday lunchtime we happy few who had volunteered would be immersing ourselves in the challenges presented by Guess Who? and Operation. Actually, this is as good a time as any to mention something that has been bothering me: whatever happened to board games with decent names? Sure, there are still the old classics like Snakes and

Ladders, but nowadays children seem to be passing their time engaged in games like Ker-plunk and Jenga. And they complain that literacy is going down the drain...

But my fears were unfounded. For these children - who tended to be from six to eight years old - were extremely literate. In fact, in playing Scrabble Junior (with its sensible, practical title) I discovered the true extent of their superior vocabularies - you'd be amazed at some of the weird words our wonderful language contains. Or at least, at some of the words which point-grabbing seven-year olds are prepared to claim that it contains. When it wasn't them cheating, it was the more degenerate amongst us, who had no qualms about arguing over whose turn it was, or what the dice had actually displayed before they quickly picked it up and passed it to the next player.

Perhaps I have made the whole exercise sound a little bloodier than it actually was. Certainly, a lot of fun was had on both sides, and I even like to think that there were some friendships formed during the course of the year. The children from St Matthew's had a chance to play board games with big boys, whilst the children from Westminster proved conclusively that adulthood is still a long, long way away. That said, Mr Wilne, Dr Katz and especially Mr Smith all seemed to be having a rather good time when they joined in...probably one of those inner child things.

**FRANCIS MURPHY (WW)**

# Community Service

Throughout the year a group of Sixth Form and Remove pupils have been helping in local primary schools, which has been of considerable benefit both to the Westminsters and their young counterparts. People went to Millbank Primary School, Soho Parish Primary School, St Matthew's and St Peter's Eaton Square, where they were involved in a range of activities, from helping five-year-olds paint pictures of each other to watching SATS revision videos with older children - no doubt informative for the helpers as well. We all learnt some arts-and-crafts, making plastic flowers and decorative Christmas snowflakes. The helpers at Soho went to their classes' Nativity play, which featured an imaginative millennium bug dance, some elaborate circus costumes and a time machine.

The Headmaster, Mr. Derek Holbird, at Soho Primary School kindly invited his volunteers to a buffet lunch to thank them for their efforts. Hopefully his gratitude reflects the feelings of his pupils and their teachers; the children certainly greet us with enthusiasm, always keen to discuss the latest playground gossip when we see them each week.

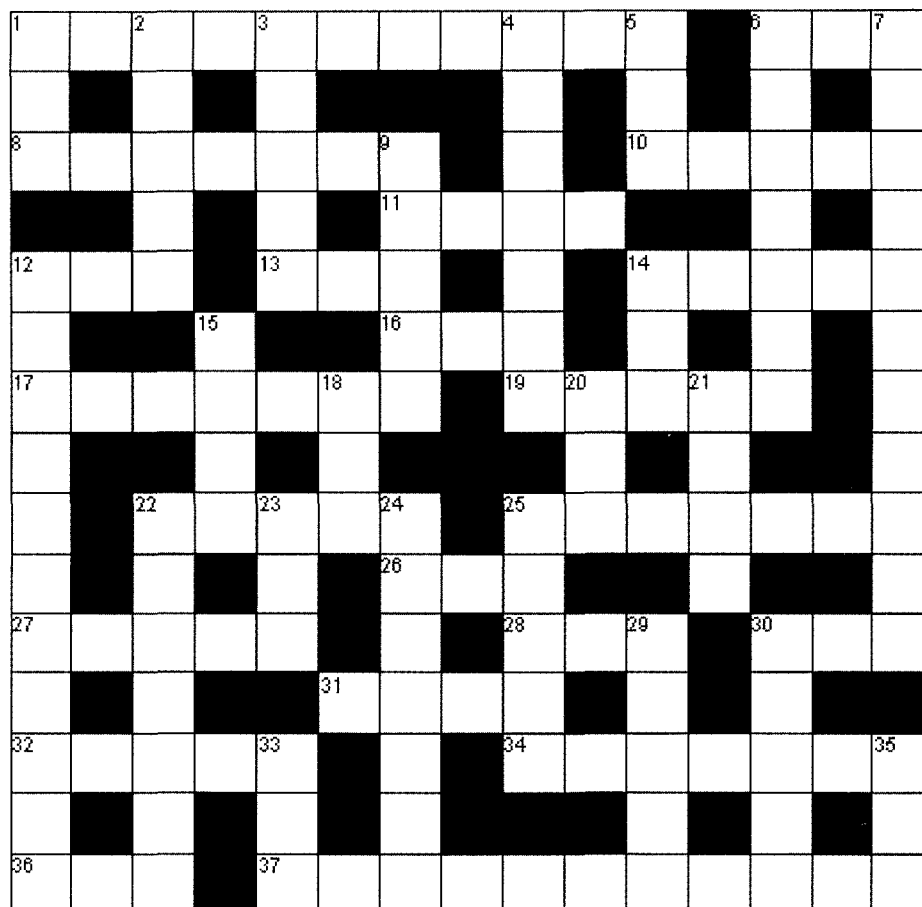
There seems to be a great interest in exploiting the possibilities offered by the internet and fortunately we are in a position to help with this, although it is hard to stop the children from looking obsessively for pictures of David Beckham. On the other hand, the internet did provide some paintings which proved to be useful for art lessons.

We hope that Mr Wilne's successor will be able to build on this year's achievements and that interest will continue to flourish next year.

**ROSEMARY DIXON (PP)**

**FREDERICK VAN DER WYCK (DD)**

# The Crossword



## ACROSS

- 1 NZ spread, a series of links (6-5)
- 6 Footwear for winter sport (3)
- 8 Most saline lake (4-3)
- 10 Rebound (5)
- 11 Hello! (4)
- 12 Tree (3)
- 13 Part of a min. abbr. (3)
- 14 Entity (5)
- 16 Fear (3)
- 17 Registers anything (7)
- 19 Tons (5)
- 22 Water markers (5)
- 25 Native of a province in Pakistan (7)
- 26 French 'yes' (3)
- 27 May have hex. in head, \_\_\_ key (5)
- 28 Negligent (3)
- 30 Transgression (3)
- 31 Space administration abbr. (4)
- 32 Yellow pigment (5)
- 34 Current day Taiwan (7)
- 36 Talk incessantly (3)
- 37 Wildly excited (11)

## DOWN

- 1 Help (3)
- 2 Attend a party uninvited (5)
- 3 Fertile desert area (5)
- 4 Assumed names (7)
- 5 Big Apple abbr. (3)
- 6 Causes swellings (7)
- 7 A passport might be needed here (11)
- 9 Capital of Ghana (5)
- 12 Makes less severe (11)
- 14 'British' drink (3)
- 15 Restaurant listing (4)
- 18 Climbing vine (3)
- 20 Computer part abbr. (3)
- 21 Tediously familiar, \_\_\_-vu (4)
- 22 Porter (7)
- 23 Possess (3)
- 24 Confused? Lisa Mao, an African Republic (7)
- 25 Seasoned rice (5)
- 29 Adapted to a dry environment (5)
- 30 Shallow area (5)
- 33 Sport's official (5)
- 35 Whichever (3)

# STATION

## Cricket

### BARBADOS 2000 TOUR

During the Easter Exeat, a team of 17 players and 4 staff flew to Barbados for a 10-day, 5-match tour. The first team played U-15 school sides; these were considered of equal ability. The tour was organised and managed by Master-in-charge of cricket, Mark Feltham, and 1st team coach and former England test player, Roland Butcher. The matches were arranged so that the team was allowed to change constantly encouraging every member of the Squad to play at least 3 matches. Jim Kershen and Andy Reid provided additional support with coaching and advice; the latter providing photographs of the players during the matches.

The squad were based in Hastings on the south-west coast of Barbados with all the matches taking place locally.

The first two teams were weaker than expected. Foundation School were bowled out for a mere 76 off 18.5 overs with Westminster securing the match for the loss of 4 wickets; Imran Coomaraswamy top-scoring with 20 and Richard Clark finishing on 18 not out.

The following day, Harrison College also offered little resistance. In a reduced overs match, Westminster scored 152 for 4 in their allotted 25 overs. David Stranger-Jones and Alex Cowper-Smith scoring 54 and 41 respectively. Harrison were then restricted to 111 all out with James Japhet taking 2 for 23 off 5 overs.

A weekend break allowed the squad members and teachers to enjoy a tour of the island and a chance to play football against a local U-17 side (Westminster won 2-1; Roland Butcher scoring the winner 10 minutes from full time).

The next two teams offered much sterner competition. Queen's College and Combermere School are considered to be the top two schools for

Cricket in Barbados. Against Queen's College, Westminster were put in on a bowler-friendly pitch and collapsed to 6 wickets down for 7 runs against some very impressive fast bowling. However, a brief rally saw Westminster reach 35 all out off 13.4 overs. Queen's duly completed a one-sided match by securing victory for the loss of 4 wickets: William Yell the pick of the Westminster bowlers, taking all 4 wickets.



The following day, Combermere showed that they are an excellent side. Choosing to bat first they scored 240 runs all out from their allotted 35 overs including 126 from one of their openers. Westminster's reply was always behind the run rate; Combermere showed that they have talent in bowling as well as their batting, restricting Westminster to 171 for 7 wickets off 35 overs. Gabriel Green and David Stranger-Jones scoring 44 and 45 respectively.

The five match series was concluded the next day at Deighton Griffith's School. Electing to bat first, Westminster put on 145 for the loss of 9 wickets off the allotted 35 overs, Imran Coomaraswamy top-scoring with 32 with Alex Cowper-Smith chipping in with 25. Deighton Griffith's batsmen were well placed needing a further 50 runs with 6 wickets remaining and 8 overs to go with both batsmen well set. However, a remarkable 4 wickets in 4 balls from captain Pierre Bell effectively won the match and secured a series win.

### 1ST XI CRICKET

Since our return from Barbados we have struggled. Losses to Aldenham, Merchant Taylors' and Alwyn's have all shown up a weakness in our batting despite the improved form of David Stranger-Jones and Imran Coomaraswamy. Our best display so far came against Lords and Commons, where we put 194 on the board for seven wickets, Miles MacInnes scoring 46 on debut, before narrowly failing to bowl them out.

Richard Pike and Richard Clark both show promise with the bat but have failed to put any significant scores together. Debashish Biswas, Chris Page, Merlin Hughes, Jon Sells and Afsar Hossain have all bowled well at times but collectively failed to create enough pressure to win

games. Perhaps our most dangerous seam bowler, Ed Rose, and one of our strongest batsmen, Gabriel Green, have played little this term due to exam commitments. James Japhet continues to bowl well and has contributed much with his off-spin.

We have played our games with enthusiasm and a good spirit. It would, of course, be preferable to win more games but to be fair, the opposition has been very strong. The side has considerably more depth than last year and if we can maintain this rate of improvement we should do well in 2001.

The tour was judged a success by all involved and steps are being taken to arrange a trip to Sri Lanka next April.

For additional photographs of the tour please visit <http://homepages.westminster.org.uk/Andy.Reid/web-pages/cricket/barbados2000.htm>

Many thanks to all involved in helping run cricket this year.

**ANDY REID**

**MARK FELTHAM**

# Water

This has been a year of overcoming difficult odds for the Water. There have been a series of spectacular performances by a wide variety of members of the Boat Club. Last summer, Charlie Ogilvie and James David managed to scull the navigable Thames in a double, from Lechlade all the way to Putney, something never before attempted by a Westminster crew. In similar style, the Boat Club entered its first ever team in the Great River Race, an annual 22 mile marathon from Eel Pie Island in Richmond to The Isle of Dogs, finishing first in the J16 and Junior events in the Atlantic rowing boat Marion.

As well as surmounting long distances, Westminster has had to deal with a crisis of age, with far fewer older oarsmen than usual. This did not stop the victory of three J16's (James Summerfield, Jack Holborn and Olly Newton), and a double of Anna Theophilus and Julia Parker, over some of the top junior squads at Hampton and St. Paul's Schools, to win the plate at the first Schools' Supersprints Regatta at Millwall Docks last September.

Those older members of the top squad: Dan Barry, James Woodrow, James Cockburn and Max Bolt, have been critical in the binding together of an exceptionally young First VIII this year. This crew won the Worcester Head during the February Exeat, and went on to gain a very respectable placing in the Schools' Head of the River

and the Men's Head of the River the following weekend. The eight was backed up by a solid second crew, a sparse luxury for a squad of Westminster's size. The extra winter training, and successes in the many

Head races certainly bode well for the events of this summer, although at the National Junior Championships, (which replaces the National Schools' Regatta) competition is in a J16 rather than a 1st VIII. Westminster has an exceptional record to uphold at this regatta, as in 1999 all crews entered made their finals, with gold medals in the J16 and Junior coxed four events. The Junior four was stroked by Olly McGregor, who has since gone on to win a gold medal at the Junior World Championships in the same class of boat.

Technical difficulties have also been defeated, with Pete Sheppard, an experienced coach from Molesey, joining the main coaching staff of CD Riches and Pete Proudley. Nick Maloney, newly returned from his trip to South Africa, has proved invaluable as the new boatman, whilst two new shells have been christened, a quadruple scull and a coxed four, and countless others refurbished and renamed. The Boat Club has taken up permanent summer residence in the new London Regatta Centre at the Royal Albert Docks in addition to the present site in Putney. The training on this Dockland course, which cannot be achieved on the Thames Tideway, will prove essential during the National Junior Championships, held in late May on a similar course in Nottingham.



Girls' rowing at Westminster has reached a greater strength this year with the welcome addition of a new coach, Sue Walker. Last year saw Westminster's first entry into Women's Henley in a coxed four,

which unfortunately missed qualification narrowly, having managed weeks before to reach the final of The National Schools' Regatta. This year has seen top performances from several crews, including single sculls at Scullers' Head and at Gainesville Crew Classic, and a coxed four that won the Schools' Head in the Novice category.

Following the return of Fiona Freckleton from maternity leave, the J14 and J15 squads are beginning once again to train oarsmen to the standard required for the First Eights of years to come. Outstanding performances include the third place in the J14 octuples event at the Schools' Head, as well as competition at regattas such as Hampton and Henley Schools' Heads throughout the winter. At The National Junior Championships, they will compete in two J15 Eights, the second one composed of half J14s and half J15s.

There has also been a move in recent years to encourage rowing at training camps abroad. At the end of the Easter Break, the whole of the Top Squad flew out to Gainesville, Florida, to train on the muddy waters of Newnan's Lake, complete with its ten-foot alligators. Westminster found success at the Gainesville Crew Classic 2000, a state regatta, including spectacular wins for Dan Barry and James Woodrow in a double scull, and Anna Theophilus in a Junior single.

Following these performances, the Club made the front page of the Gainesville Sun, which featured a photograph of Jonathan Avanessian and Praneet Shivaprasad training on the lake in their J16 double.

A second American trip, this time to Boston, Massachusetts, took place in October last year. A Westminster four, stroked by Will Sweet, fought through the Head of the Charles Regatta to gain a

high placing in the Varsity Fours event. In the year ahead, the Boat Club hopes to renew and establish links with clubs overseas so that it can continue to offer the variety of events and activities that it does.

Trips are being planned for Boston, Hawaii, Hong Kong and China in the coming seasons.

Although the Boat Club has had a very successful year, it is with anticipation that we all look forward to events in the run up to The Henley Royal Regatta 2000. Some individual crew successes are anticipated at the other events during this term: The National and Junior Championships, but it has been our goal all year to produce a competent eight for this crucial regatta. Although the crew is younger and less experienced than in previous years, it has been training and racing with the supreme enthusiasm which is the mark of this Club. Although the odds may be stacked against us, as a smaller school team, the strength that Westminster has shown this year in the face of competition is bound, in the end, to pull us through.

Thanks to the continuing efforts of James Summerfield and Charlie Hayes, you can now catch up with all the important Boat Club news on the Internet at <http://www.wsbc.org.uk>.

**OLLY NEWTON (QS)**  
**JACK HOLBORN (LL)**

## Shooting

The 1999-2000 shooting season saw the revival of an Elizabethan vs School 25 yard postal league, based on the McRae handicap scoring system, allowing everyone to compete on a level playing field. Four shooters from the Elizabethans - Geoffrey Pope, Rachel Lomax, Malcolm Mullin and Angus Jackson - set the size of the teams. Over the seven rounds each team member shot against every other. Round 1 got off to an even start with the school team - Alla Doubrovina, Alex Fry, Thomas Wrathmall and Edward Sanders - winning two of its four matches against the Elizabethans. Round 2 and the teams were still tied with Malcolm Mullin winning both of his first two matches.

From then on their slide began, with the School slowly creeping ahead with two wins and a draw in round 3 and 3 wins in round 4 taking them to

13 points to 11. Two more rounds and things were starting to look bleak for the Elizabethans with 2 more wins in round 5 and 3 in round 6 for the School sharpshooters. A 2-2 score in the final round with all matches against your own team-mates left the final score at 33 points to 23 - a rather resounding victory for the School!

On the individual front the competition was much closer with Malcolm Mullin shooting well to stay in joint lead or ahead throughout the league but facing tough competition from Edward Sanders and Alla Doubrovina with the three of them finishing on 10 points having lost two matches each. Geoffrey Pope was the proud winner of the wooden spoon with just one win. Top average for the league with 97.8 was Angus Jackson, who also shot the only possible, while Edward Sanders managed an impressive McRae average of 700.125, outshooting his average in all but one round.

**SARAH JACKMAN**

## Fives

This busy and successful year began by welcoming a particularly keen group of Fifth formers showing great potential. All age groups had matches against other schools: we won 9 matches, lost 8 and drew 1. We have been fortunate to have Matt Wiseman as a coach. Though young, he is a very talented player and everyone has learned a lot from watching him and playing with him.

Ed Rose (LL) has been an exemplary Captain of Fives and I shall be sad to see him leave - he has brought good humour and a competitive atmosphere to the courts. I look forward to Alex Mackenzie (QS) taking over, joined by Imran Coomaraswamy (QS) as Secretary. All have been involved in national tournaments. Alex and Imran won a plate competition in the Northerns at Shrewsbury, Ed and Jon Sells (RR) won the plate at the Abbey Cup in Aldenham and Ed and Imran won their group at the Schools' National Competition at Eton, before being knocked out.

**KEN ZETIE**

# Punting and Skiffing

As the winter months of 1999 spent weight training and playing hockey passed, it was great to get back down to the water again in April. Or at least, it would have been, had the spring tides not prevented us from punting for the first couple of weeks of the Election Term. But, once back on the river, preparations began for the season ahead.

The first event was the Captains' Regatta, to mark the captaincy of Howard Ryland and Alex Dixon. With the presence of many parents - both on the banks and doubling up with their sons in punt races - this Regatta proved to be an enjoyable and fun prelude to the hard work ahead. As always, the Station is grateful to the parents for their support throughout the season.

No less fun was the Punting Dinner at the end of the Election Term, but this year was tinged with some sadness as we said goodbye to Peter Holmes, who was retiring from teaching. To anyone who knows Peter, he has been the embodiment of Punting at the School, and it is thanks to his enthusiasm and commitment that many pupils have grown to love the sport and the river. It is impossible to thank Peter enough for all he has done for the Station.

The season was full of victories. At the Thames Punting Club Championships at the beginning of August, Howard Ryland won the U19 Championship, punting excellently in conditions reminiscent of an Indian Monsoon. He was very unlucky to be deprived of the Dardier Trophy for Canoe-Poling in a closely-fought final the following week at Sunbury. In other Regattas, three more of the Station (James Bullock, Ben Adcock and Hugh Graham) won their Novice Restricted titles, and there were victories at U16 level for Sebastian Savage and Ben Adcock. Also very satisfying was Hugh Graham's victory over Mike Hart (an opponent who many thought invincible) in the Canoe-Poling event at the Ditton's

Regatta. The season finished in more torrential rain at Wraysbury, with a Westminster crew covering itself with dishonour in the Dongola event, managing not only to ram the opposing crew, but also to sink the boat...

As for the season ahead, things are looking even brighter. The Station is the largest it has ever been, with large numbers of new Fifth formers. A group of OW punters at Oxford have started the Oxford Punting Society and, in the inaugural match between the School and the Elizabethan Club on 20th May, the School won by 5-4 after a series of very close races. Peter Holmes has been of great assistance this season too, helping with the training of some of the new boys and, as my time at Westminster also comes to an end, I would like to thank Josh Lewison, this year's Captain, and hope that new staff will soon be found to keep the Station going.

**DAMIAN RIDDLE**

## Tennis

Tennis in 1999 proved a highly popular station, so much so that, as in 1998, additional courts had to be found at Battersea. The lack of space at Vincent Square continues to be a problem for a station that is always over-subscribed. However, on a positive note, we have been able to introduce the sport on an all-year basis, and Indoor Tennis at Queen's in both the Play and Lent terms has been in great demand.

The 1999 fixtures began with the traditional match against the Lords and Commons. We were at something of a disadvantage in that the Remove were unable to play due to the morning start. However, the team equipped themselves well, and although we ended up on the wrong side of a 6-3 scoreline, there were many good performances, notably from Jacob Wilier and Ted Roy who won 2 of their 3 sets.

The following day we travelled to Paddington to play the American School who are usually very strong. Westminster won 4-2, the stars of the show being the spectacular if some-

what inconsistent pairing of Afsar Hossain and Timir Dhoul. Their 9-0 whitewash of a beleaguered opposition was all the more miraculous in view of the fact that Afsar's 1st serve percentage was bordering on the non-existent. Congratulations also to Daniel Potter and Will Matthew who both played well throughout the term, and of course Tara Hacking, who with Tristan Vanhegan formed a formidable 1st pair.

Unfortunately, it would appear true to say that Westminster teams do not travel well north of W8. We were sorely tested in all our matches against UCS, Harrow and Highgate. At least we have the academic league tables to fall back on. Suffice to say we came second in all our matches against north London opposition. However, Ted Roy and Tom Nishiwaki won 2 of their 3 doubles matches against Highgate and, amongst the U14s Sharif Salem and Robert Sawbridge played extremely well. Indeed, Sawbridge looks to have excellent potential and represented the 1st VI later in the term against the Old Westminsters. On that particular note, we are looking to forge closer links with the OWW who regularly make use of Vincent Square for their own club evening on Tuesdays in the summer.

Many thanks to Tara Hacking for proving such an excellent captain and to all the girls for making the station so enjoyable. Indeed, the girls' 3-1 demolition of Queen's College was a particularly good performance. I trust we will be able to maintain our domination again next year. Daisy Leitch and Neda Eslamian look to be particularly useful players.

The end result of the season was: played 9 won 3 lost 6

**SIMON CRAFT**

## The Bringsty Relay

On the 2nd March the annual Bringsty relay was held at Wimbledon Common. Heavy rain, as always seems to be the case with the Bringsty, had made conditions treacherous.



This was something to which David Hargreaves seemed to have been oblivious; he managed only ten paces before falling to the ground in dramatic fashion, though he quickly raced off again. James Furlong also brought a new meaning to the term spectacular change-over when, whilst handing over the baton, he managed to find himself in the biggest puddle on the course after an unfortunate slip - again much to the amusement of all those who witnessed it.

As always the competition between the Houses was fierce - the battle between the Physics department and the Common Room even fiercer with the former prevailing after some sturdy running.

The most notable performance surely belonged to Ted Roy who ran two laps for Ashburnham, with both times placing him in the top five individually (5:34mins, 6:06mins) and was the main contributing factor behind their overall victory.

## EDWARD REILLY (BB)

# Football

## FIRST XI FOOTBALL

### September 99

Hayes Town h	Lost	1-2
Ardingly a	Lost	1-2
KES Witley a	Won	4-1
OWW h	Lost	2-3
Eton a	Lost	0-3
Latymer Upper	Lost	2-6
(ISFA CUP 2nd round)		

### October 99

Lancing a	Lost	0-3
Kimbolton a	Lost	0-1
Forest h	Won	4-0

### November 99

Highgate h	Won	2-1
Brentwood h	Lost	1-5
Charterhouse a	Lost	0-4
Chigwell h	Lost	0-1

### December 99

Aldenhams a	Draw	2-2
Bradfield a	Lost	1-7

### ISFA Sixes at Bolton

### January 2000

Corinthian Casuals	Lost	2-3
--------------------	------	-----

### February 2000

Dulwich a	Lost	0-2
-----------	------	-----

### March 2000

Oratory a	Draw	0-0
Harrow h	Lost	1-6
St. Paul's h	Lost	0-2
Canterbury	Lost	0-1
Higham's Park	Won	6-0
Lancing h	Won	3-1

Played 23	Won 5
Drew 2	Lost 16
Goals: For 32	Against 56

### Other results:

Leavers v Common Room	1-2
A X1 v Westminster City	1-3

### House matches

Sixes:	Winners AH
	Plate HH
11-a-side:	Winners BB

Glancing down the results, you may be forgiven for thinking that this season was a difficult one, when being philosophical about losing was never more severely tested. It is certainly true that the disappointments outweighed the highs but with the exception of a few occasions the team was rarely completely outplayed. We lost a number of games by the odd goal and should have won the games we drew. Frustration was commonplace and the mental scarring from a losing streak was an additional obstacle for the players to overcome. Confidence inevitably takes a dive in these situations and it is easy to lose heart. To their credit a majority of players kept going despite the disappointments and we finished the term on a strong note. It is not always possible to explain adequately why a team is losing - it's a funny old game! But a combination of injuries, to key players, more often than not, and an inability to score from excellent chances at crucial times made for testing times. This put additional pressure on defenders and midfield players alike whose defending technique was not always up to the job. We had talented players in the side but we would have had to be on the top of our game every match to produce a winning season.

Following on from a highly enjoyable trip to Canada we began the season with confidence. We should have beaten Hayes and at least drawn away to Ardingly. We played some good football and looked organised. Our first win came against KES Witley, which was largely due to an exceptional performance by Darius Alamouti, scoring from two free kicks and chipping in with a hat-trick. He masterminded midfield combining great individual skill with an exceptional work rate. Eton was a huge disappointment, played away from home on a hot and humid day. The team looked listless and weary and appeared to lack any creativity. Eton possessed enough athletic ability and directness to prosper from our poor performance. They scored with the last kick of the game to make it three

and the score flattered them. This was not the best preparation for the cup-tie with Latymer although on a day of torrential rain on a narrow pitch in Hammersmith we seemed prepared. In the first minute we had a break on goal from the half way line, with only the keeper to beat and missed. Latymer then scored with a speculative and deflected shot from outside the area and with our keeper out of position the ball looped into the far corner. Another one-on-one with our striker immediately followed and we squandered an excellent chance to draw level. Latymer then broke from the half way line strolling past our defence to make it two within five minutes. A corner then followed and the Latymer centre-half, totally unchallenged, directed the ball into the net. We then scored from a left foot drive by David Weinstein-Linder, but just as we were finding our feet, the Latymer centre-half repeated his feat from another corner. At half time we were 4-1 down. The second half brought out a fighting spirit and we clawed back another goal. We dominated the next twenty minutes but never looked penetrating enough up front. Our exertions in chasing the game proved to be our undoing and, with the defence pushing on and players committed forward, we were exposed at the back. The final 10 minutes realised two more goals for Latymer and we went down 2-6 to a better side. For the next two games against Lancing and Kimbolton our inability to score proved crucial and some thoughtless defending cost us the Lancing game. There was a pleasing win against a moderate Forest team and after half term a welcome win against Highgate courtesy of another free kick from Darius Alamouti and the thirty-yard winner from debutant Babak Barkhordar. The Highgate game was a drab affair but the back-to-back wins put us in good spirits to take on a very good footballing side in Brentwood. We displayed total commitment in the first half and were 1-0 up at half time. In the second half we did not close the opposition down anywhere nearly as effectively and allowed them space to play their passing game. With two ISFA players up front and in midfield we were pulled apart repeatedly at the back and some sharp finishing result-

ed in a heavy defeat. Cup finalists Charterhouse who were enjoying a vintage season then muscled us aside and deserved their victory although with the loss of Alex Cowper-Smith and James Jones in the first 10 minutes we were left rather lightweight up front. David Stranger-Jones was outstanding in goal. The Chigwell game was a travesty and in the first 20 minutes we should have been a clear 4 goals up. This ranks as one of the most inept displays of finishing I have seen and true to form, the only break they had in the first half resulted in a goal. They then went on to dominate the second half and had further chances to score. If a game encapsulated our season then this was it. Against a very good Bradfield side, which possessed known goal scorers and pace on both flanks, we gave another commendable first half performance and, although we defended deep to counter their threat from up front, we even chipped in with a goal to go one up. They equalised before the break, but I felt we had looked organised and capable of withstanding further pressure if required. With twenty minutes of the game to go and having made a tactical substitution, we lost Alex Cowper-Smith to an ankle injury and were down to 10 men. Bradfield had been threatening to get into their stride and demolished us with pace and clinical finishing, scoring 6 in quick succession. In the words of the Bradfield Master in charge, "it was a 1-1 banker which turned into a 7-1 thrashing."

Despite our best preparations we suffered an enormous number of injuries in the first half of the season and with a number of players unable to sustain their form, changes were inevitable in order to try and find that winning formula. With a combination of youth and seasoned players we made the annual trip to the sixes, this year held at Bolton. After a patchy start against Brentwood, where the B & B breakfast played its part, we managed to make the quarterfinals, narrowly losing to QEGS Blackburn 0-1. This was a great team performance and the preparations we made for this seemed to pay off. We looked fit and comfortable in possession, which are two of the key ingredients for a successful six-a-side team.

The Lent term is no longer the soft option as it used to be a number of years ago and is now every bit as competitive as the Christmas term. The style is perhaps based more on physical qualities which at schoolboy level can be every bit as devastating as well-crafted possession football. However many sides are getting more and more technically accomplished and we have to get used to being on top of our game throughout the season. We played well in the second half of term and had to fight for everything. Confidence was fragile but we began to be a more difficult side to beat. We played some excellent football against the Casuals and were unlucky not to draw. The Dulwich fixture produced a gritty second half performance and the team just shaded the Oratory match. We came unstuck against a well balanced and potent Harrow side on top of their game. However, conceding two own goals in the first 10 minutes did not help our cause and we paid a heavy price for the errors. We were not a good enough side to recover from such setbacks. With players returning from injury there was a better balance in the side. Some players who had under-performed during the season clicked into action and we finished the season with two good victories against an under strength Higham's Park (Cowper-Smith's hat-trick) and Lancing, where James Jones scored two stunning goals from distance.

I would like to thank all those players who gave of their time and effort during a trying, but I hope enjoyable, season and I wish the leavers success in their future footballing pursuits. I would particularly like to thank Darius Alamouti who always led by example and deserved a greater degree of success than he received. He became the most important player in the team for all the right reasons and was unlucky not to make the full ISFA U19 team, although he played for the full B-side at Lilleshall and the U19 south side throughout the season. He was joined in the south side by Alex Cowper-Smith, who despite his injuries, caught the eye of the selectors at representative level. It is a great personal achievement for both of them and a positive reflection

on the state of Westminster football. I am sure others will follow in their footsteps. Finally I would like to give a special thanks to all the Masters in charge of both senior and junior teams. We have just recently had the best set of Lower School results perhaps ever, and when you consider the quality of our fixture list and the cramped circumstances in which we have to operate, it should be considered a leading testament to the dedication of the staff of football Station. My thanks to you all.

Players: D. Alamouti, A. Cowper-Smith, E. Roy, M. Roberts, A. Doeh, R. Kirk, D. Weinstein-Linder, B. Barkhordar, J. Jones, D. Freyhan, F. Joseph, E. Mullan, D. Stranger-Jones, D. Lloyd, A. Karageorgis, C. Makhoul, J. Choo, M. Al Kadhi, B. Shaw, E. Reilly, S. Lahiri, E. Stevens, W. Wolton, D. Taylor, L. Obradovic.

**JEREMY KEMBALL**

## **2ND XI FOOTBALL**

After a bright and encouraging start to the season, it was soon clear that with injuries, commitments of various kinds, and players being promoted to the 1st XI that a long struggle lay ahead.

After heavy defeats at the hand of Eton, Lancing and a close win versus Kimbolton, we entered Exeat a little worse for wear. However, our first game post Exeat saw us stage a stunning fightback from 0-3 down to Highgate to draw the match and having enough chances to win comfortably in the end. This was followed by our best display of the season, although losing unfortunately 1-2 to Brentwood. Further heavy defeats by Bradfield, Charterhouse and Chigwell put any hopes of a revival well and truly on the back burner.

A much more encouraging run of results during the Lent Term with our losing only two out of six fixtures lifted our spirits and gave us a feeling of satisfaction after a hard season. A record of played 16, won 3, drawn 5 and lost 8 makes sorry reading but there were a few high points.

The consistent displays of Sriroop Lahiri, Ed Stevens and Bartholomew Shaw were pleasing. Some classy goals by Luca Obradovic and Alex Malamatinas brightened up a few dark moments. I would also like to thank Bartholomew Shaw for his enthusiastic captaincy and support throughout.

Another pleasing aspect of our season was the number of players who progressed from the ranks of the 2nd XI up to the 1st XI.

I very much look forward to next season, hoping it brings as much joy as this past one.

**IAN MONK**

### 3RD XI FOOTBALL

This has been, without a doubt the most successful season for the 3rd XI to date in terms of results and even more so judged by the quality of football. With the core of the team having played together at the same level last year, and as B-teams throughout the school, we had high hopes going into our first game against Ardingly. With the two new centre-backs Johnny Goldsmith and Nick Brough making admirable debuts, and Sam Berrigan-Taplin excelling in his new anchor midfield role, we dominated possession to grind out a 1-0 victory away against a very impressive Ardingly side.

Boosted by that performance, the visit to KES Witley saw a 9-0 victory, despite some wasteful finishing, including three of the best goals of the season: a diving header from Berrigan-Taplin, as well as Obradovic and Ranki sealing hat-tricks with a venomous left-footed drive from a tight angle, and a curling chip from fully thirty yards respectively. That performance saw Roberts, Obradovic and Ranki 'promoted' to the 2nd XI, with the first two appearing for the 1st XI, one of whom returned within three weeks, maintaining that it was out of loyalty to our squad.

A dominant 3-1 victory over the 2nd XI with a badly weakened side, largely thanks to a de Jonquieres treble, then saw a little arrogance creep into

the side. This showed in our first loss, 2-1 against a physically strong, but technically poor Eton team. Our next game saw a poor start, following a three-hour coach journey to Lancing, and we found ourselves 3-1 down at half-time. Corbett then quickly added to his first half strike and, with a few minutes to spare, a mazy run through the box from Lajam, taking a welcome vacation from the No.1 shirt, set him up to complete his hat-trick from close range.

We left Highgate with a hard-fought 2-2 draw, memorable for B-team veteran Vakilian's headed equaliser on his outstanding first of many 3rd XI appearances, however much he knew about it. The next fixture, away to Charterhouse, saw the same score-line but a more assertive performance, with Ranki and Nikbin both striking the woodwork from the edge of the box with five minutes remaining, attempting to double their tallies for the game. Injuries then began to eat away at the squad and two poor performances away against an over-aggressive Bradfield, and a commanding Brentwood side lead to 2-0 defeats, ending the term on a low point.

In January, returning players from injury, newcomers to the squad and the well-managed pitches at Vincent Square saw a majestic Westminster side dismantle a sound Dulwich College side. An early lobbed goal boosted our confidence although we were unable to add to the tally before the interval. Straight after, however, a Ruda cross saw Ranki powerfully head against the crossbar, with the ball rebounding to Rose, who lashed it into the far corner from 25 yards. After that, the only question was how many would we score, but only MacInnes and Berrigan-Taplin were able to find a way past a very quick keeper before the final whistle. Unfortunately, the game was marred by an altercation that led to man of the match Francis Phillips being replaced during the break, and a number of key players being suspended for future games, adding to some fresh injury problems. These contributed to three disappointing, but respectable, away defeats which followed against unimpressive sides

from the Oratory, King's Canterbury and a Harrow side that revelled against a Westminster team that included five regular strikers and no goalkeeper or substitutes.

A return to Vincent Square, and a nearly full strength squad, for our final fixture saw our passing game back to its best in an entertaining game against a similarly styled St. Paul's side, although we deserved a better result, and a more fitting end to the season, than the 2-2 recorded.

The 3rd XI really has had a unique set-up for the last two years, which is all down to Greavsie. The way that he left decisions on how to train, and most team selections to the people who know the qualities of the available players better than anyone: ourselves, is what made our team special. Our Station sessions may have lacked the formality of the other squads, but really helped us to work on realistic match situations and improve our teamwork. While the two of us were in charge nominally, a point was made of sharing the responsibilities, with Charlie Howard, Sam Berrigan-Taplin and Sajjad Vakilian all picking up the Captain's armband throughout the season. A special mention must be made for some unsung heroes of the campaign: Toby Kanetsuka played virtually every game at right-back in his first full season of football Station and never let us down. Charlie Howard and Ahmed Lajam both spent most of the year playing out of position, but almost never complained and professionally applied themselves without fail. Paul Ebied has been the driving force behind most of our good attacking play, either from the right of midfield or through the centre, and certainly deserved more than his one goal. And finally, thanks to Julian de Jonquieres, who grew in confidence throughout the season, and travelled countless hours, never knowing how long he would get to play for.

Goals:	Ranki	10
	Corbett	4
	Obradovic	3
	Rose	2
	Berrigan-Taplin	2
	Nikbin, Vakilian	1
	MacInnes, Ebied	1

Squad: Ranki, Kanetsuka, Berrigan-Taplin, Ebied, Lajam, Howard, Rose, Vakilian, Brough, de Jonquieres, Nikbin, Ruda, Dhoul, Maidwell, Goldsmith, Corbett, Cockburn, Reilly, Wise, MacInnes, Obradovic, Reicher, Akle, Kenny, Phillips, Lillingston, Pike, Barry.

Played 13	Won 3
Drew 4	Lost 6
Goals for 25	Against 17

**DAVID RANKI (QS)**

**ALEX ROSE (LL)**

### U16A FOOTBALL

A season containing so many closely contested games can only be a pleasure for all involved. With ten of our fixtures being resolved with a goal or less separating the sides, the team showed themselves to be a match for all opposition.

The successes were built on a defence of iron. Scarfe and Bacon adapted quickly to their new roles at the centre and together with Guy, enjoying the freedom of the right back, they played all or virtually all the games. The fourth defensive position passed through a variety of hands with Stannard, Brudenell, Gow-Smith, Pimlott and Steppien all making valuable contributions. A zonal approach to defending corners was adopted which proved to be effective, with the exception of the Dulwich match where it failed rather spectacularly.

The central midfield was governed by Saunt, sitting in front of the back four, with Makhoul and Dalton providing width. Alkhadi took up an attacking role, playing behind an attacking pair drawn from Freyhan, Wroe, Macdonald, Attar, Wood and Ratcliffe. As a whole we showed considerable tenacity and stamina and played direct attacking football. Often Wroe or Attar would fill in for missing midfielders and provide added impetus. The pace and anticipation of Freyhan and Wroe always provided opportunities to score and Alkhadi enjoyed playing in a position that allowed him frequent shots on goal.

We chalked up wins against Ardingley, KES Witley, Kimbolton,

Lancing, Brentwood, Aldenham, St Paul's and UCS. It is an impressive list and one for which the coach, after two rather lean footballing years at Westminster, is grateful.

Throughout the season the whole squad demonstrated an openness to new ideas combined with diligence and determination in abundance. The football was of a good quality and the games virtually blemish free in terms of incidents and poor sportsmanship. There are signs that several of them may mature into good quality first eleven players.

Played 15	Won 6
Lost 7	Drew 2
Goals for 26	Against 26

**MARK FELTHAM**

### U15 FOOTBALL

After an exceptional season last year as U14s, it seemed fitting that a squad of boys from this year group should accompany the 1st XI on the pre-season trip to Canada. The time spent in Toronto and Montreal proved to be an excellent experience for all concerned, and for those of us who had not seen the U14s play last year, it afforded initial glimpses of the formidable potential within this squad. The opposition encountered was often extremely strong, and to come away with 2 wins and a draw from five games was highly respectable. The 1-0 victory over a well-drilled and very skilful Niagara Falls club side was probably the high point of the tour.

However, the real test of character for this squad lay ahead - could they emulate their U14 success as U15s? The physical advantage that many of our players enjoyed as U14s would mostly have evaporated now, and many teams, not familiar with defeat at the hands of Westminster, would be gunning for revenge.

The first match of the Play Term saw us entertain Ardingley on a baking hot September afternoon at Vincent Square. The residual fitness from Canada and the heat worked to our advantage, and once Will Stevenson had broken the deadlock just before

half time, the floodgates opened and we triumphed 5-0. After this excellent start, we destroyed KES Witley 7-1 and cruised to a 3-1 victory over Eton, David Taylor and David Weinstein-Linder playing dominant roles in both of these games.

The first really tough game of the term came with the visit of Forest. This was a bruising encounter won by a single scrambled goal from Sherif Salem in the first half. This match illustrated that the strength of this team lay not only in its firepower up front, but also in its uncompromising back four, with captain Rob Sawbridge leading by example. Against Kimbolton we were able to field an experimental side, and inspect some of the players on the fringes of the A-team, who relished the opportunity as we romped to a 9-0 victory. The long away trip to Lancing saw the return of David Taylor to the action, and, in a devastating first five minutes, he and Chris Abell tore the Lancing defence to shreds, crashing in three goals, from which they never recovered. George Gilmore, who had impressed against Kimbolton, was added to the attack and helped to complete a 6-0 victory.

With six wins out of six up to Exeat in the Play Term all was going according to plan. However, it was plain that the two week break had not done wonders for the fitness of the players, and the Highgate fixture proved to be the first stumbling block of the season, just as it was last year at U14 level. The inevitable departure of David Weinstein-Linder to the 1st XI had occurred and illness and injury meant that we travelled to Highgate with a significantly under-strength side. However, we still performed very poorly and lost 2-0 to very ordinary opposition. This was not good preparation for the tough match away at Charterhouse, and we again played some very poor football, giving away possession all too easily, allowing a very good Charterhouse side to run away worthy 4-1 winners.

The team showed their character by bouncing back to win 3-2 at Brentwood two days later. This was a fantastic performance; never before have I seen a Westminster team com-

**station**

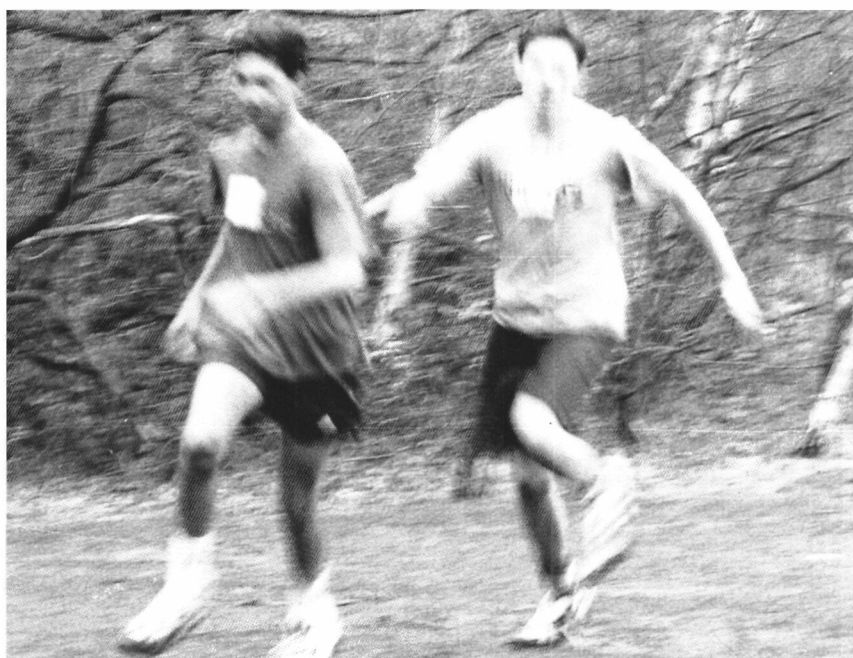
pete so well with very physical opposition, and end up dominating them. Chris Abell opened the scoring with a wonderful strike, Ned Naylor performed heroics in goal to keep us in the game and David Taylor calmly slotted away the winner from the penalty spot.

We could only muster ten fit players to take to Chigwell, where we were rightly hammered 9-1 by possibly the strongest team on the circuit. The Canada sunshine could not have seemed further away, but the spirit of the squad was not broken. The following week we regrouped and got back on track with a 2-1 win over Aldenham in dreadfully windy conditions. For the final match of the term we were at last almost back to full strength to face the mighty Bradfield. This was another wonderful team performance as we came back from 1-0 down to lead 2-1, only to concede a silly late equaliser. Then, in one of the great moments of the season, Jamie Lewis stepped up to drill in a last minute winner through a crowded penalty area, and justice was done!

As we began the Lent Term it seemed a tall order for the team to match their record from last season during which they only lost three times, and drew once. We had already lost three matches, and many hard fixtures lay ahead. The first match of the Lent term showed that the team was coming to terms with the absence of David Weinstein-Linder: a midfield comprising Jamie Lewis, Tom Smith, Cyrus Alamouti and Will Stevenson was starting to look settled and find a more physical, competitive edge. City of London were strong, but once again we won the physical contest, and gained a comfortable 2-0 victory. Westminster City were left reeling by a whirlwind first-half performance and we triumphed 4-1.

The first away trip of the term to the Oratory yielded an easy 3-0 win to set us up well for the visit of Harrow,

who had won the equivalent fixture last year. This was possibly the performance of the season. Harrow started strongly, but we equalised twice, showing a greater desire to win the ball in the air. The second half saw David Taylor in mesmerising form, netting four times in 20 minutes and suddenly we were leading 7-2! The final score was 7-3, and was the first defeat the Harrow side had ever suffered. The St. Paul's game was always likely to be an anti-



climax after this. Sherif Salem had to leave the field of play with a badly cut head, and this disrupted the shape of the team, and we only managed a 1-1 draw.

The following game against Latymer Upper saw the resumption of normal service at fortress Vincent Square. After being badly battered for the first 15 minutes of the match, we gradually began to exert our authority on the game, and by half time the scores were level at 1-1. The second half saw us play some of our most stunning football of the season, Cyrus Alamouti scoring two superb goals, and substitute Jacques Testard finishing beautifully to secure a 4-2 victory. The season came to an end with convincing wins over Highams Park (3-0), and Hampton (5-2).

Although it had seemed unlikely at Christmas, a run of nine wins and one draw had seen the U15As equal their record as U14As - a truly great achievement for which I cannot

praise them enough. Ned Naylor played in goal for every game of the campaign; his bravery and fine shot stopping were vital to our success. His kicking improved enormously over the course of the season. The back four were the basis of every victory; Richard Clark, Will Yell, Rob Sawbridge and Sherif Salem worked tirelessly for each other and were exceptionally strong in the air (so important at this age group) and in the tackle. Arpad and Zoltan Rajeczy

von Burian were also excellent cover in defensive areas when required; Zoltan was a tower of strength against Bradfield, and Arpad superb against Oratory.

The midfield was less settled: Will Stevenson regularly tormented opposition with his skill and quick thinking; Tom Smith played tenaciously and skil-

fully and in various midfield positions, using his striker's instinct to pop up in the box at the right time to score some vital goals; Cyrus Alamouti struggled with injury early in the season, but in the Lent term showed what a marvellously talented player he is, frequently astounding opposition with his skill and strength on the ball and ability in the air; Jamie Lewis played powerfully on the right side and scored several memorable goals. David Weinstein-Linder's long throw always alarmed opposing defences, his work rate and desire to win were always inspirational, as were many of his goals.

The usual front men were Chris Abell and David Taylor. As well as scoring regularly, Chris was notable for tireless running off the ball, constantly winning the ball back in advanced areas. His fitness and temperament were a fine example to everyone. David Taylor hit 34 goals over the season, his skill on the ball and striking ability are fast becoming leg-

endary - but we also saw evidence of excellent aerial ability, a fine passing game and a real passion to win.

The U15B team had a more mixed season; it is always difficult to gain any sort of continuity with an ever-changing side, due to players frequently being called-up for A-team duty. The U15Bs were involved in some exciting games, but often ended up as unlucky losers by the odd goal. U15B stalwarts included goalkeeper Erdem Konyar, Jay Elliot-Purdy, Karim Ladha, Seb Marlow, Jack Seaman and James Smith. Several players featured regularly in both U15A and U15B squads: Tarquin Clarke, George Gilmore, Arpad and Zoltan Rajeczy von Burian, Toby Salmon and Jacques Testard, a natural wide player who has plenty of skill and can cross the ball well. I expect all of these to feature regularly in the U16A squad next season.

I am extremely proud of all of those involved, and cannot praise each individual contribution as much as I would like to within this article. It just remains for me to thank Jaideep Barot and Roland Butcher for their valuable assistance throughout the season, Rob Sawbridge for his excellent captaincy, and all of the parents and supporters who have regularly encouraged and applauded from the touchline. I'm certain there will be more fine football to savour next season.

## NICK HINZE

Full team and player statistics are available on NJH's homepage on the School website.

## U14 FOOTBALL

Following in the footsteps of last year's highly successful U14 side was always going to be a tough task. Yet, perhaps the best compliment that can be given to this year's group is that they did not suffer at all by comparison with the previous year's crop.

A general benchmark by which to measure the success of Junior Football sides at Westminster is whether they can win as many

matches as they lose. This year (as last) that mark was fairly comfortably achieved, as can be seen from the record below.

Indeed, I would go so far as saying that the current U14's often played better quality football than their predecessors, although they did lack the same extraordinary firepower up front.

The season began with a well-deserved draw with Ardingly, where Westminster were probably worthy of the win, but in the end only snatched a late equaliser through Jack Wolton's solo effort. There followed a tough trip to a physically bigger and stronger Eton side who ran out convincing victors by 5-0. However, Westminster bounced straight back with Matthew Webb scoring a hat-trick in a resounding 9-1 triumph against what was admittedly a weak KES Witley team.

Forest presented a much more demanding test, and it was one which the Westminster boys measured up to in a fiercely contested match which could have gone either way before it ended in a creditable 2-2 draw. There then followed a run of three consecutive victories against Kimbolton, Lancing and Highgate. In the first of these the arduous trip to Huntingdon (John and James Major territory) proved a fruitful one, thanks to three spectacular goals from Phillip Wroe, Matthew Webb and Alex Zafiriou. Next came a home win against Lancing, which was far more comfortable than the 3-2 scoreline suggested, and a 5-1 victory against Highgate where Chris Karageorgis was the hat-trick hero.

Buoyed by such success, the team travelled to the football hotbed that is Brentwood School. Defeat seemed to be looming large with a two-nil deficit to overturn at half-time. However, in a really spirited display the U14's fought back strongly to restore and maintain parity with the 'Essex boys' all the way to the final whistle. After hitting such a high, the next two matches proved to be a bit of a low as convincing defeats were experienced at the hands of superior Charterhouse and Chigwell sides.

The former of these proved the more disappointing as the defence went walkabout for much of the game and the team as a whole lacked cohesion. Nevertheless, the team bounced back to dominate the fixture against Aldenham, with 'super-sub' Ollie Garthwaite scoring twice, only to be denied victory by a mixture of poor finishing and a last minute equaliser from the opposition courtesy of a spectacular scissors kick into the top corner.

The Play Term drew to a close with a daunting away trip to a record-breaking Bradfield U14 side. Conditions were so cold that one of the Westminster side had to be substituted showing signs of the beginnings of hypothermia. Nevertheless, the side battled bravely and were never outclassed with the score standing at 1-2 for much of the match. However, as we pushed for the equaliser in the last couple of minutes Bradfield twice caught us on the break to run out 4-1 winners.

So the Play Term ended leaving the U14's with a symmetrical record of won four, lost four, drawn four. The Lent Term would decide whether or not it would be a winning season. Things did not begin well with a convincing 6-2 defeat by a strong and physical Latymer side. Sadly in this game Nez Bagherzade broke his leg badly and was put on crutches for the rest of the season. We hope he is back to full fitness next year.

Following such a morale-crushing experience the U14's showed their resilience to run out 2-1 victors away to UCS, only to be brought crashing back down to earth with a desperately disappointing performance in losing 8-0 to Westminster City in a local derby. The players deserve great credit for the fact that from such a low point they then embarked on a four game winning streak. This run began with a hard-fought 1-0 victory over Hampton in an excellent match, and was continued with a 10-0 drubbing of an Oratory U15C team. This match was made all the more remarkable for the feat of goalkeeper Robin Low who played outfield for the second half and scored FIVE goals. Some sense of normality was

restored with a very efficient 1-0 victory away to Harrow, and, the season was brought to a victorious climax with a 3-1 win at Haileybury where Low was again on the scoresheet.

In summary, it was a very pleasing season by Westminster U14 standards with real progress being made throughout the season. The quality of football played was very high at times and there were excellent performances throughout the squad. I hope that they all keep working as hard in training and matches as they progress up the School.

Ardingly	h	Draw	1-1
Eton	a	Lost	0-5
K.E.S.Witley	h	Won	9-1
Forest	h	Draw	2-2;
Kimbolton	a	Won	3-1
Lancing	h	Won	3-2
Highgate	h	Won	5-1
Brentwood	a	Draw	2-2
Charterhouse	h	Lost	1-6
Chigwell	h	Lost	2-5
Aldenharn	h	Draw	2-2
Bradfield	a	Lost	1-4
Latymer Upper	h	Lost	2-6
U.C.S.	a	Won	2-1
Westminster City	h	Lost	0-8
Hampton	h	Won	1-0
The Oratory	a	Won	10-0
Harrow	a	Won	1-0
Haileybury	a	Won	3-1

Played 19      Won 9  
 Drawn 4      Lost 6  
 Goals for 50      Against 42

The U14A squad was J. Wolton (capt.), R. Low, N. Bagherzade, D. Sen Gupta, W. Oates, J. Farthing, M. Webb, N. Younger, K. Ahmed, O. Garthwaite, A. Zafirou, C. Karageorgis, P. Wroe, F. Gordon, T. Borsay.

**JIM KERSHEN**

## Canada Football Tour

The Canada football tour was probably the most memorable and enjoyable school trip any of us have been on. Although we played some of the best football of the whole season, the focus was on fun rather

than serious competition. The memories ranged from playing in front of a packed all seater stadium and loafing in five star hotels to celebrating Ed Reilly's and the twins Zorpad and Tripod's birthdays in suitable style.

The tour consisted of a 1st XI squad, an Under 15 team, and the teachers. Our first stop was Toronto. We stayed in and ate most of our meals at the University which meant, due to its central location and the freedom we were given, we could really get a feel for the city. During the day we trained on a pitch, cleverly disguised as a field full of weeds, except on match days where we could do what we wanted. We were told it was a good idea to go swimming in the local YMCA for \$15; however being Westminster boys we managed to fool the whole of the staff of the Four Seasons that we were staying in their hotel and were the U19 Arsenal team and so we managed to take full advantage of all their luxury facilities.

The teams we played against in Canada were generally of a much higher standard than those we play over here because they were representing their district. However both teams fared much better than they did in England. The three most memorable games for the 1st XI were our first game in Toronto, which resulted in an epic 2-1 victory, our game in Niagara that we won 8-0, and our game in front of thousands of adoring fans (the Roy and Weinstein-Linder families) at a stadium in Montreal. Both teams performed extremely well throughout, but special mentions must go to Cyrus Alamouti, Dave Taylor, Jamie Lewis and the 'bionic man' himself David Weinstein-Linder.

Congratulations to Bart Shaw for doing his amazing impression of Jaap Stam in defence, Robbie Kirk, Jon Choo (Ted: sharing a room with him was an experience, for instance singing to the Jackson Five in the early hours of the morning), Di Alamouti (Captain Fantastic) Cowper and James Jones with his outstanding left foot.

During the trip the Under 15's and senior boys got on better and better. Many of them found twin brothers in the other years. Tony Doeh and Chris Abell and Alex Malamatinas and David Weinstein-Linder were all overjoyed in finding their long lost brother. Nor should we forget Jez (Mr Kemball) and Jez junior the baboon, who has since mysteriously disappeared. Throughout the tour they were inseparable, Jez senior even insisted on taking him to bed at night.

Thanks must go to everyone involved in organising the trip: Mr Kemball, Mr Kershan, Val, Ian, Mr Hinze and all the Ward-Smiths especially. They made sure we never had a dull moment, taking us to the beach, a theme park and turning a blind eye when bumping into us in seedy bars late at night. They will deny this, of course...

**JAMES JONES (BB)**  
**TED ROY (AH)**

## Fencing

Fencing station goes from strength to strength. The promise of the Lower Shell, on which we commented last year, has been mirrored in a large and equally talented Fifth Form intake.

The season was ushered in with a series of open and age-group competitions at which Westminster was represented, where we all gained valuable experience, and, in some cases National Ranking Points (including the first ones registered by some members of the Lower Shell). These were interspersed with regular inter-school matches throughout the Play and Lent terms, where sufficient numbers and overall levels of skill meant that, for the first time, we were able to field a B-team, which won all its foil matches and suffered only one multi-weapon defeat. However, the other development in the station should soon rectify that: following the arrival of Mr Kennedy at Westminster, we have a dedicated épée group training in the school gym.

The year's main fixtures took place in the final weeks of the Lent Term. First was the National Schools' Team Competition, at which our junior first team, consisting of Matthias Williams (DD), Robert Shaw (GG) and Roland Jones (MM), defeated King's Canterbury convincingly 45-21, to secure first place, while the junior second team finished third. This success was followed by the Public School's Championship - probably the oldest and certainly the most prestigious of the school's tournaments - which, due to the number of entries, takes place over three days. On the first day, the junior foilists won the Christie Trophy by the largest recorded margin, defeating our long term rivals Brentwood. At the close of day two and the senior foil event, Westminster had taken first place in that category and we remained in pole position for the overall championships after the épée results were announced. Sadly, since our sabre coach returned to Hungary last year, we decided not to enter that event, with the result that we were beaten into second place on the final tableau.

There have been a number of very strong individual performances throughout the year. Highlights that we would like to mention are the phenomenal success of beginners Andrew Holgate (DD) and Dominic O'Mahoney (QS) who beat far more experienced competitors to win medals in the Mount Hayes Junior Foil; and Matthias Williams, who won the Ashton Leon Paul U15. The Macfarlane Trophy for best Fifth Form fencer also went to Dominic and Petit Pierre prizes were awarded recently to some of the most promising members of the station, including Patrick Agar (DD),

Thomas Pickup (MM), Jesse Marre (BB), Nikolai Japp (HH) and Christopher Namih (DD).

As ever, on behalf of the station we would like to thank all those involved in Westminster fencing. Also, laying down our foils at the end of the second year in the posts of Captain and Vice-Captain respectively, personal thanks go to our

tireless mentor and Master-in-Charge, Russell Dudley-Smith; latest addition to the station's staff, épée guru, Tom Kennnedy; long-suffering supervisor John Witney; and to the dedicated coaches.

**EDWARD RUGMAN (GG)**  
**OLLIE MARRE (BB)**





