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THE GRANTITE REVIEW

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Editorial

Left-wing politicians have accused the Public Schools of many things—but not, unfortunately, of writing clearly subjective editorials on the Pro's of a Public School — matters best left to Headmasters and Politicians. Unfortunately, the fault does not lie with previous editors, instead it's the House that's to blame. In the last few years, Grantites have been too apathetic about our magazine, considering it as nothing more than a vehicle for lists of who received School Colours, and who was a dormitory monitor.

For the first time in years we didn't have to put up a notice (asking people to write), we had more articles offered than ever before. Although some of the items may not seem immediately relevant to Grant's, they do show people what Grantites are thinking.

We've tried to tell people more about the new boys than their names, and we are hoping that we can find out something interesting from the Old Grantites.

Finally, we'd like to point out that we are one of only two official magazines in the whole School, apart from the unofficial disaster "Meringue", a publication hardly worth mentioning.

A Season In Hell

It took me about half a year to realise that there was more to Arthur Rimbaud than a superb name, and perhaps the naive thought that I had latched on to some long forgotten philosopher. Never the less, I was still fascinated. This was particularly due to a quote I read which eventually made me wake up and discover. What I read was this: Arthur Rimbaud was a disreputable, mean, ruthless, perverse, hateful wretch. He was also one of the greatest poets who ever lived.... This intrigued me so much that Rimbaud's name was added to the list of 'greats' who were all waiting to be unmasked in the colossal scope of Grants' Encyclopedia Britannica, such as 'Blake', 'Kerouac' and 'Celine' (whose 'Journey to the end of the Night' I still have not found). The problem was that these mysterious names would remain

in my head until something sparked off an urge for intense knowledge: and then I would be endlessly drugged and influenced by this newly acquired wisdom. 'A Season In Hell' by Ian Thompson, put on by the Cambridge Mummies at the 1982 Edinburgh Fringe Festival, was (although it was no superb play, as it relied heavily on Rimbaud's own material) the start of the vision quest.

A connection was made because the actor playing Rimbaud brought to reality my mental wanderings of his character. With the connection certain, Rimbaud was a figure who could not escape, as far as I was concerned, his own truth. I am desperate to tell you about Rimbaud's life, because I'm sure that one thousand others have found a source of inspiration, that they long to share.

Albert's Bridge Review

From the last minute squeals of anxiety I heard coming from the Ash quarter prior to the first night, I was under the impression that the performance was going to turn out a shambles. However, I was pleasantly surprised by the result.

The acting was, for the most part, highly competent. By far the best performance was Bill Brittain Catlin's Albert (although that was the only sizeable part in the play). He seemed to find it easy to portray Albert's character because it was similar to his own. Albert is introverted, self obsessed, and invoking, observing and criticising the world. From the sanctuary of his bridge Bill was able to convey Albert's all consuming obsession with the bridge, and by moving his body effeminately draped around the scenery implied an almost sensual empathy with it.

The other characters featured John Kunzler who was suitably pompous as a board chairman, Daniel Gane as an arrogant young executive, Paul Skarbek as an ineffectual and Edward Clark totally made to operate in a world removed from efficiency estimations. Charlotte Ellison and Andrew Mackay played Albert's parents the mother a gossipy old cow and the father a self made business man unable to envisage any other worthy way of life. I was not entirely convinced by Alex Goldring's Kate,

Albert's lover; she did not quite capture the growing despair as Albert slowly withdraws from her. Also, I felt that C.J Morrell did not fully empathize with his character and therefore produced an unpolished and incomplete portrayal of the suicidal Fraser.

Credit is certainly deserved for Jenny Ash's direction. It was ambitious of her to try to stage a complicated play but the result was a coherent and well dramatized effort. The use of different parts of the stage for different scenes, negated the necessity of noisy and stumbling scene changes to interrupt the action. The idea of using music was

also an original and effective idea. Tom Hornsby's accompaniment of Albert's speeches on the saxophone added a numbing quality to the action and depiction of Paris by slides and Edith Piaf's 'je ne regrette rien' was suitably atmospheric. The strobe lighting at the end was extremely appropriate for the collapse of the ridge and brought the play to an impressive dramatic climax.

P.S. One of the editors would like to express his sincere thanks to the writer of this piece. He would also like to reassure readers that he is practically better after his relapse and recovering swiftly.



Jazz Group

The departure last term of Tom Hornsby, Eddie Clark, Dan Gane and Bob Guppy also meant the splitting up of the Footloose Five, the jazzy group which made waves in the school music circle.

Tom Hornsby started the band two years ago when he, Dan and myself, the pianist were encouraged by Mr. Baxter to continue playing after he had heard our rather shaky version of the Pink Panther. We took his advice, and the next term we had our very own concert in the dungeons, with Eddie the new addition to the group as drummer, and Andrew Mackay with his tambourine. The concert went well, Eddie astounding everyone with his ukelele playing during Fats Waller's 'Ain't Misbehavin', Tom holding the group together with his brilliant saxophone solos and Dan, whose enthusiasm equalled his skill on the trumpet. He gained popularity when he sang a song about a girl called Caledonia while dancing and caressing an inverted mop, that same term we were the only modern group to get into the finals of the music competition, and, may I add, the only group to be applauded before we played. We did well but admittedly did not win. The house concert came shortly after the competition and all musicians played well and made a great success of it.

The next term Bob came on the scene as Bass player and we acquired the name Footloose Five. Tom was known as 'Toots Tom', Bob as 'Fingerjob Bob', Dan as 'Dan Dare', Eddie as 'Wide Wally' (apparently Wally being his class nickname), I was 'Madadam' and Mac was simply the 'Tambourine Man'. That we knew was our last term, due to exams, so we did a 'Nostalgia' concert in a church hall, in which our five minute spot continued for 3/4 of an hour, a common room dinner, a couple of Birthday parties and our final appearance was at the jamboree, which in fact turned out to be disastrous. When Bob joined the group our repertoire became more varied

and I was finally able to solo.

I would like to thank Tom for helping me learn jazz and everyone in the group who kept it together especially Mr. Baxter for encouraging us to keep together and stay playing that time, two years ago, in the Grant's practice room.

Adam Winter

Grant's House Music Concert

Burren, Patten & co stumbled into the playing space. A few loose chords and the song was underway. There were no screaming crowds or fainting teenagers but a few furtive claps here and there. Next on the agenda was Dan 'Carrot' Gane, some people wanted to hear the solo but a larger majority wanted to laugh at him. His cheers expanded into a frightening level of boos but it was a good attempt.

Tom 'Knock it on the head' Ross the great anti-establishmentarian donned his Mod rags for the more sociable school suit, and if possible emitted a non violent sound. Graham-Maw and Patten the more gentlemanly of the trio played well.

A few boys straightened up, to look at Jenny 'Crack Up' Ash an odd juvenile remark was made about her dress sense but being the new Grantite she tried to fight off her embarrassment.

The eagerly awaited ukelele strumming Clark for his offer of a drink from the shambolic crowd who liked being called the audience and then for the interval 'Parkinsons Theme' which was arranged and played by Adam Winter and Tom Hornsby.

Finally the two pièces de resistance were performed. Mr. Brett and Mr. Burren played their piece rather well amidst some shouts for 'up the revolution!' Charles on piano and Phil Burren was on violin. Mr. Burren was finally awarded his house seniors for two years of hard work. The jazz group which consisted of Adam Winter, Tom Hornsby, Dan Gane and Edward Clark finished off a successful concert.

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Karim In America

I remembered I had to write this article late one Sunday evening, the day before it was due. Not the best of times to produce a fascinating piece about my impressions and experiences of Milton life. However, I lay in bed with my pad across my knees and tried to think of a single moment or event which might best sum up the kind of school it was. In the end, as the shorthand reached the top of my clock, I remembered this scene from my second night on campus, which perhaps sums up best what I am looking for.

It was a Tuesday evening and I had just got back from coffee in the girls dorms, which was a nightly ritual that all the boys were invited to. My room was freezing, as I had still not discovered how to turn the heating on, and instead of sitting down and spending an hour or two of prep time wrapped up in my overcoat I decided to go in search of warmth and perhaps someone to talk to. The first two rooms that I tried were empty and nearly as cold as my own, which did not make me feel too optimistic about the heating system. But I persevered and walked on down the corridor. I came around a corner and walked straight into a plastic dead chicken hanging from a door. I knocked and went in.

The small room was packed, everyone from the floor must have been there. In the corner in a glass case, a spider the size of my hand was feeding on something. Everyone in the room was watching it.

'He's got it,' someone shouted enthusiastically. As soon as everyone had seen that the spider had well and truly finished off his prey attention lifted swiftly.

'Hey Karim!' someone else said, 'take a seat.' I picked my way through people and lacrosse sticks and sat down in the corner on top of a Milton sweat shirt.

'Do you chew,' said the guy next to me, opening the bottom of his mouth to show me a wedge of tobacco between his lower lip and his gum.

'No,' I replied.

'You should,' he said, 'it gives you a good buzz and is better than smoking.' His gaze returned to the penthouse magazine which lay open across his lap.

'What is it like at Westminster?' The question came from a tough looking guy who was sitting in a decrepid chair with a lacrosse stick in his arms. It was the usual question with which any conversation I had, had with a Milton student had began. My answer was conventional but well rehearsed.

'Very different,' I said, 'we have to wear a suit and tie everyday, and we have a service in Westminster Abbey every morning.' He did not seem very interested in what I was saying. He leant over the left arm of his chair and spat heavily into an empty tin can that lay on the floor next to his chair. I decided to make another attempt to wrench his attention away from his lacrosse stick, which he was spinning skillfully in his hands,

'The worst thing we have is Saturday classes.' He stared at me with what seemed to be a mixture of fear and horror.

'That sucks,' he said, 'That really sucks!'

Karim Suratgar

4 Weeks at Westminster

School (Grant's)

'Adventures and Impressions'

This is the first time that we have been at a boarding school, so all habits and customs were new to us.

Let's start from scratch: the very first impressions of Grant's were not the best, because we weren't accustomed to the small and scraggly studies we had.

Maybe some of you will say: 'Look at these spoiled Germans!' But wouldn't you have felt the same way, if you were in our situation.

This was the only bad impression we've got to mention. Of course there followed some funny events like the first lunch: we sat there eating our dessert, when at once everybody stood up. Afterwards we were introduced by our exchange partners to the table manners.

There was another thing we were afraid of, that was how to make contact with the English and to understand their jokes and idioms. But after a few days we knew the most important expressions and tried to take them up. The problem of coming in contact was solved by some football and snooker matches and

by meetings in St. James's Park. Indeed we felt no real aversion.

Another place, where we met some other English, was the Abbey. You won't believe it, but we enjoyed these meetings very much, and the last day of Abbey we were very pleased when we heard the melody of our German Hymn.

So all in all our impressions were very good, and we would come again if we had the chance to do so. We won't write any more because this sentence is an expression for everything we want to say. Maybe you are interested in what we think about your house-master. It is very difficult to say, because we had only spent four weeks in Grant's and we were visitors. We don't know what you think about him, but we had no problems. Last but not least we want to add a comparison between your school and our school.

Our lessons start at 8.00am and end at 1.00pm. So we have no school in the afternoon, no lunch at school and no boarders. We also have no Abbey and no school on Saturdays. We needn't to wear uniforms in Summer it isn't as sweaty as ties and long trousers.

And we don't really have such a good relationship with our teachers as you, because we meet them only in lessons not in freetime. We hope that you liked our stay as much as we did.

So we say Good-bye to everybody.

The Two Germans.



Special Literary Section:

Seal Cull

Blood upon ice, red in the sea,
corpses strewn of life, left out to bleed,
bespattered in gut, the putrid flesh stinks,
lugubrious eyes now stained for life,
who are we to share them a vice,
and show them malice,
jaws that ripped now drool in death,
eyes that once sparkled, now lay void,
a seal hunter's callous hand carries his
club,
and is weighed down by his conscience,
is sick in the debris,
of wonted waste and wonted greed,
and somewhere in the waste,
a little soul cries with his pelt stained
for some humanity,
for the human apple is rotted from within.

Dan

Poems:Refugee

Scarecrow feet beat on the ashen, dirt
track,
Brown, brazen bodies quivered in the heat
of the sun,
The people gutted and ravaged by War,
sought sanctuary from their inner turmoils,
Dark, sullen eyes, dust filled, looked up to
see nothing,
withered, naked bodies cemented in
blisters,
were reflected in the hardened sun.

The creaky oxen cart passed amongst the
throng,
But to whom did the creaks belong?
to the cart or the ricket-ridden human limbs,
jostling, grabbing match-stick fingers
groped for rice,
all they left behind was houses devoured by
flood and fire,
and the proceeds to the party at Mayfair
were to be
spent on a bowl of milk for Bangli-Desh,
and scarecrow feet beat on the ashen dirt
track.

Trivia Freak

Hanging onto every word,
He's got every record,
Eight of them in all;
5 singles
4 NME interviews
3 pullout posters
1 popstar in a pear-tree.

It's the packaging he likes,
All the trimmings,the stories,
The rare, unpublished photographs,
The big red, ribbon around
The Christmas parcel –
But he can't touch it.
Still,if he did,it

The Gnobolies

Yes, I had succumbed to boredom once more. The Easter holidays seemed to wearily trudge on carrying their tonnage behind them. It was so boring I even contemplated doing some revision, but I checked myself I was still sane. My ten-speed racer, equipped with go faster stripes, streamlining so sophisticated it could have fooled a wombat, had buckled its front wheel, my Mad specials had been confiscated and so my doodle drawings were down to a fine art. Isolated at the top of my dismal abode my room resembled a railway carriage, half converted into a zoo. It resembled a zoo because it was crammed full with the most uninteresting junk, thank god no foreign tourists and it resembled a railway carriage because of its box-like shape, and being isolated provided the excellent services of British Rail. No one ever ventured up to my room because of tales of the hairy squatter, dad, who lived upon the stairs.

Chewing at a particularly succulent piece of Edding Fibre Tip I pondered how I could waste the rest of the Holidays. Keeping fit was the trend but I preferred to continue my slob-like existence. I suddenly was struck by a brainwave I'd do something. In a sudden burst of energy I flopped on my bed and with a somnolent look on my face I drowsed off.

I awoke a few days later to a raucous screeching, the cat had, had its verouka dug out then I noticed a putrid stench and for once it was not me. I surveyed the savannah of my room and then I saw them. There were two of them. Their skin was crumpled and wizened and their faces were lined with great age. They were minute humans and were clad in rags. Their bristly chins glanced up at me, they were only 5 inches tall and for once I felt big. In their little walnut hands they held pipes and one spat at me. Returning the complement I spat back and almost drowned them. Then I noticed there were thousands of the little buggers. I struggled but thousands of them swarmed over me. I was bored. Then a searing pain echoed through my head, just missing my brain by a few feet.

When darkness, which spreads like a cancer incidentally, had finally vanished from my head I looked at my surroundings. I was strapped down by something resembling Bondage Gear on a river bank. The scene was just how I had dreamt it. A stream hissed and pawed over stones and resounded along the bank. Huge purple-headed mountains and bulbous crags of cliffs loomed over me. The cliffs were abundant in gorse and heather, birds called and little people scurried back and forth laden with fruits. 'Let me go, you little buggers.' They didn't reply but said coldly, 'We need your brain.' 'Hell, no!' I retorted, 'It's my second favourite organ.' They were unimpressed and proceeded to go about their boring little lives. I recalled that in my dream these creatures, the Gnoboles, frighten me with threats.

With a surge of strength enough to impress a dead tortoise, I broke free and devastated the habitat. The searing feeling returned and I felt dizzy.

As I looked up to the ceiling of my room I realised no place could be perfect, so what is luxury to me is torture to others. I think that is a profound statement and in my room I am king and my word is supreme.

Dan the Polygon



Jack In The Box

Robert Caber felt his stomach muscles tightening into a sickening knot, as the Escort swerved into Prince Street. He indicated to the driver to stop at the gruesome looking house at the end of the road. The house had loose masonry and was virtually devoured by creepers and an unhealthy looking ivy plant. Darkness's cape had already unfolded and Robert felt his child-hood imagination take over from his radical thinking process. The car thudded to a halt and Caber reluctantly dragged himself from the comfort of the car and waved the driver on. Caber pulled his collar up and turned his back on the rain which was spitting down.

He went forward to the entrance of the house and looked up at the contusion blue brickwork. He thumped the heavy, brass knocker and the sound throbbed around the house, only to be heard by the phantom listeners. He pushed his weight against the door and heard wood splintering, Caber fell forward. The darkness was so dense that it was almost palpable and he groped around for awhile. He fumbled for a match-box and struck a match. The heavenly glow of light seemed to temporarily repel the forces of darkness, he called out, 'Professor!'

For the next few minutes he heard his own voice, distorted by fear, reverberate around the house. He made his way to the staircase. As he set foot on the first stair he felt fungus and smelt the musty, pungent odour of decay. He clambered up the staircase with his match flickering dangerously and came to the first floor. He heard a creak behind him and he spun around, darkness could play funny tricks on a diseased mind.

As he crept around the floor, half expecting a monster to leap out at him, he was aware of the putrid stench of decay that seemed omni-present. Stealthily he opened the door of the laboratory and the stench like a whip lashed across his face. Suddenly he thought why was he here? The reason being that he had been Dr. Prokoffs friend for nine years. Today at around 6.00pm he was phoned up by Prokoff who sounded highly distressed to come to his house immediately. Caber had obliged the time was around 10.00pm now and Caber wished to be back in his warm, cosy Detective agency where he was boss. He was a young athletic man with vivid features. With an iron fist, his mind now was reduced to that of a child, he felt in his pocket for his Webley Vickers 40:80 and drew it out. He fondled the butt gratefully and released it off the safety catch, and stepped into the laboratory once more. His nose took in the overpowering acrid stink and his eyes began to water. Sweat plastered on him in generous dabs snuggled up against his salty skin. Through the darkness he made out a white mass sprawled across the white-washed operating table.

The match he had first struck was by now a burning cinder. He reached into his pocket and to his horror found out that he had no matches left. Slowly, through the darkness the white mass began to take form as a corpse. His eyes made out more details. Caber was a hardened Detective but he had never seen a body, if that was what it was, so horribly mutilated. The body was punctured in every available crevice by void holes and no legs appeared present. His digital watch chimed 11.00pm and he stumbled forward with a start and crumpled onto the operating table. His head was parallel to that of a corpse and he squealed. It was Prokoff and the facial matter was cruelly torn and ripped. Caber then noticed the note lying beside the professor. Caber put the note up to the light of his digital watch and it read, 'Luna has escaped she is highly dangerous and I think she loves me.....' the note was unfinished and sprinkled in blood. Caber was filled and crammed with revenge for this obscenity but was taken back by awe. The thing that did this must be strong as well as callous. Caber then realised that his puny gun would be no match to the creature's brute strength, he was even willing to forget now about the affair Prokoff had been having with his wife.

It was long standing knowledge that Prokoff loved women and bestowed them with charm and won them over, Caber's wife was no exception. The affair had been long lasting, and Prokoff was useless to argue with. Prokoff had bought her a beautiful amethyst necklace, it was inhuman on Caber's salary he could not afford to keep his pretty but extravagant wife, he had not seen her for a year nearly now, he hated every part of her, her blunt nose, however all this was behind him. Fear is a stimulant and is the best of all drugs for kicks thought Caber. Caber was wide awake

but he crouched in a punitive form in the corner of the laboratory. Then he heard at first it seemed like a low rumbling gathering momentum and then it turned to a pagan bellowing. Caber kept low and could hear something enter the laboratory, was this the accursed Luna? Something made Caber bolt from his hiding place, he wanted to know what thing could cause such an obscenity and truly the thing he saw was an obscenity. The thing was massive and supported on three trunk like legs. The belly sagged to the floor and gurgled hideously, the shoulders were two huge boils bleeding pus. The neck was slim and horny and out of the rusty skeletal head two eyes bulged. The eyes were deep, sad and shiny, its nose was blunt and its lips were thick and rubbery. The thing approached Caber as he emptied the contents of his revolver into the things stomach, but to no avail. The thing lumbered over to Caber in its sluggish, clumsy and elephantine way. And as thin knobby, stumps groped for Caber he noticed the amethyst necklace that was suspended from the creature's neck.

Dan the Polygon.



George. 18 March: Petty France Post Office.

'I'm alright I am. Need no one these days'
Four years in the street he's been,
And at last, in the shelter from the drizzle,
He talks of his possession, his history,
Grab a beer from the gutter and pass it
round,
'no thanks George we don't want any of your
filth,'
But the kids offer him cigarettes to keep him
happy.
'Saw my father die and felt his death grip my
arm,
His heart crumbled like burnt toast.'
The ashes removed him from the death
room.
He stoops to drink and puts the end to an
end.
We want more George, so much more.
'From the bleak pits of Durham I left
And headed for the smoke, bag filled with
dreams.'
Young lad on the prowl for Gold and love.
'My wife died twelve years later,
My London Belle from Finchley Central.'
Caretaker co-partnership ends at the
undertakers,
Finchley bedsit man made redundant.
'Every Christmas I meet my daughters
And place flowers on our father's grave.'
His daughters wave in unison and leave
For Christmas lunch at one o'clock.
'They've got their own lives my Kids,
I don't want to bother them.'
Leave old George to himself in the snow
Own plans, own life, own death.
'I'm alright I am. I have my freedom
In my wanderings to dwell on.'
'God be with you,' goodbye old George,
Your drunken truths soak up my selfish
isolation
For which I strive so foolishly.
Heard your story and grief
And I must consider my belief
In the solitude I narrowly saw.
There is much more George
That I must understand for
I am only a young lamb.
Alive and kicking in my youth,
And your road is miles away.



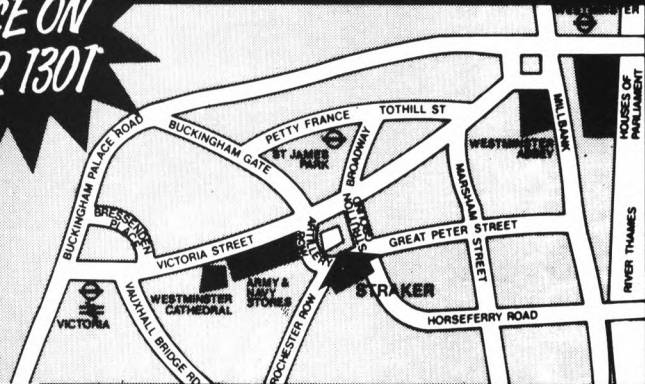
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Letters to the Editor

Dear Mr. Baxter,

Thank you and the Editor for the 'Grantite Review' received today which prompts me to write with what is intended to be recognised as a constructive suggestion.

Inevitably to Old Grantites, who must surely represent the vast majority of your readers, the main or perhaps only interest is to hear a little news of the whereabouts and achievements (if any!) of our contemporaries. I hasten to add that in my case this would make extremely tedious reading.

If a simple little questionnaire were to be enclosed with each issue this might be instrumental in producing something of interest for Old Grantites for inclusion in subsequent issues. Perhaps their co-operation would not be forthcoming.

As it stands the magazine can be of little interest to a great proportion of those to whom it is circulated at such considerable expense.

Best Wishes
Rodney Fuller.

Ed. Constructive criticism is always appreciated and your idea about a questionnaire is being seriously considered as a facet of our 100th issue. We have tried to make this issue of more interest to Old Grantites and others. By being more contemporary we have attempted to show the 'real Grants.'

Dear Sir or Madam,

The last edition of the Grantite Review which the editor was good enough to send me contained an article 'In Retrospect' which contained a copy of the Editorial from the Grantite Review of Play Term, 1918, i.e. just after the defeat of Germany in the first World War. The editor said it would be interesting to know what the writer of it thought twenty years later, i.e. in 1938.

What I felt in 1938 and although I can not pretend to remember doing so I think it almost certain that I wrote that editorial.

What I felt in 1938 was that there was another War with Germany coming and I had therefore joined the Territorial Army in March of that year.

That perhaps is not important: what is important is what the head of Grants thought in November 1945. Did he hope that a better world might emerge, and if so what does he think now?

If it is of any interest, I don't think that it has, I think that, while there are still many kind and unselfish individuals in the world, on the whole there is much more greed and selfishness in England and the rest of the World today than there was when I was a boy at Westminster.

But I hope that is merely the bitterness of an old man. I feel confident that Westminster School is better than ever.

Yours sincerely,
Charles Cahn.

Ed. Excellent letter Mr. Cahn. We really enjoyed reading it and are tempted to call it our 'Prize Letter.' We wish there were more like it and hope other Old Grantites will contribute equally interesting pieces about themselves.

Dear Sir,

The exchange started predictably with Mr. Huish taking us to a Horvath play in Munich. It was about the gradual fall from purity of a young woman and all the male parts were played by the same man. This had a little to do with symbolism, all the men being after the same thing, but was mostly due to the budgeting I expect. About five days later having spent a few hours in sultry Munich, Charles Wiseman, Aditya Mehta and I arrived at the cafe of the Studio Theatre. We were an hour early and spent our time sipping capuccinos and listening to Charlie's rendition of 'Fur Elise' on the cafe piano. We had come to see a dramatisation of Kafka's 'Penal Colony' but when the lights went out I'm afraid I couldn't suppress my laughter. There was a large bed in the centre of the stage and on one side of it there was a transvestite reading into a microphone with flowers all around his chair, but the most extraordinary thing was that he was sitting in one of those hair dryers one sees at hair salons. On the other side was a woman wearing a plexiglass version of Napoleon's hat and a David Bowie look-a-like wearing dark glasses a suit touted a very impressive umbrella. The whole thing was more like a monologue coupled with perverse ballet, the transvestite read whilst the actors grossly exaggerated any actions the story entailed. After half an hour when the inventor of the machine, or four poster bed, had started to take all her clothes off and make love to the Bowie look-a-like while the oddball in the corner read out that they were discussing the machine's future, I couldn't stand it any more and left. Besides the heat was overwhelming.

Jenny Ash seemed to be the only person who enjoyed it but when she went up to talk to Mr. Bowie I realised that it had nothing to do with her insights into the psychological subtleties of modern theatre.

Almost all the activities here seem to have something to do with Beer. The first lesson we had with the German head master consisted of an enormous discourse on Beer: where it came from, the strongest types, the worst types. The strongest is 'Doppel Block' which is 20% proof, and Beer has been quality controlled by the government since the fifteenth century. Our first major expedition was to Andechs, a monastery on a small mountain where the monks brewed strong Beer to keep them from malnutrition while they fasted. So while we climbed up through forest paths in overwhelming heat we dreamed of strong, cold beer. When I arrived Richard Unger had already consumed unmentionable quantities and while we were there Tim Roberts drank 1 litre in 13 seconds. He later broke that record and now it stands at 7 seconds!

Richard and Aditya caused a panic when we thought they had fallen down the mountain in a stupor, actually they had run down in a fit of keenness.

As something interesting happens nearly every day I have confined myself to the aesthetic aspects of the trip, Beer and the Arts. So I must finish off with our visit to Mr. Brett's concert of Purcell's King Arthur. The concert took place in SchloB Nymphenberg a castle with acres of beautiful gardens. The inside of the ballroom, where the concert took place, was just as beautiful. All the walls had paintings on them and the frescoes looked at their best when the sun had set and the only lighting came from the candles. The atmosphere suited the light exciting quality of the music. I thought it a pity that the contra-tenor didn't have a big part so that Mr. Brett never seemed to have a chance to get into full throat.

I can assure there is plenty more but I should not like to make your publication a vehicle for my memoirs.

Yours sincerely,
James O'Hara.

Ed. May the unreckless adventures of my fellow editor continue in earnest.

Water

The absence of a major house competition in the period under review makes writing a station report rather difficult—suffice to say that the number of house watermen has fallen to an all time low, with no Grantite in any major crew. This decline is by no means unique to this house, though Grants probably displays its most advanced stage: we can only hope for better things to come.

M. Leeming

MENTAL VIOLENCE FOR
CONFUSED MINDS (REVENGE).

the pope said god would accept the
hulocaust as, "an ultimate sacrifice
for the good of all mankind"; how
ultimate? how many more sacrifices
must be endured?

or is this callous negation of human
grief and pain merely a limp excuse
in the face of the "where was god's mercy
in belsen" argument?



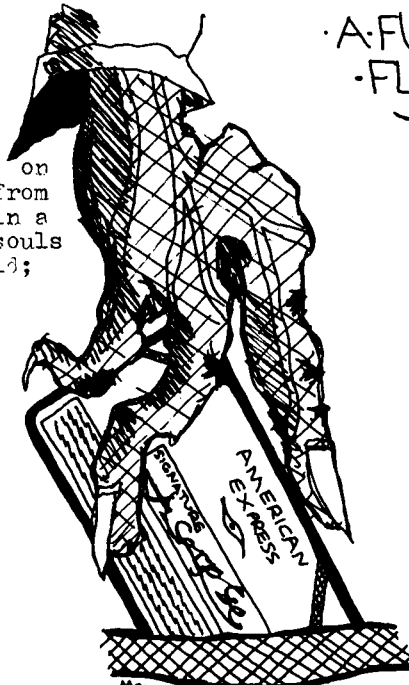
flunkey monkey

auntie felicity reeks
revenge on the paper-
-boy; blue rinse brain;
genuine armpit hair



the date of the offense
remains obscure; the light on
the poppies drains lymph from
blood; red scent absorbed in a
cycle of death from cold souls
dissected on a foreign field;
- stonewall, 1969

sad mental scream



·A·FUNERAL·
·FLOWER·



MOUNT TESLA GOLD.

OLD GRANTITE CLUB NEWS PAGE

The Annual General Meeting and Sherry Party was held Up Grants by kind permission of the Housemaster on Tuesday January 27th. 1983. Mr. D.F. Cunliffe presided.

The following members attended: Cmdr. R.O.I. Borradaile, Mr. K.G. Gilbertson, Mr. G. Illingworth, Mr. P. Hollings, Mr. J.R.B. Smith, Mr. D.C.R. Grieve, Mr. M.B.M. Brown, Mr. S.R. Rodway, Mr. P.N. Ray, Mr. G.B. Chichester, Mr. C.H.H. Lawton, Mr. J.S. Woodford, Mr. J.S. Baxter. After the meeting, members adjourned to the Housemaster's rooms for sherry, where they were joined by Mrs. Baxter, Matron, Head of House and the Editor and Business Manager of the Grantite Review.

The Summer Drinks Party attracted 50 acceptances, and despite torrential rain, the evening proved most enjoyable.

1984 marks the Centenary issue of the Grantite Review and the Club Committee and the Housemaster are planning a special issue and the holding of a celebration dinner.

A reminder that the new club ties are on sale, price £2.75 plus p&p. They are available from the Honorary Treasurer, Peter Hollings who can be reached at 01-636 3676 during office hours.

The Committee is discussing the printing of an Old Grantite postcard and a possible change of date for the Annual General Meeting. Members will be advised of further developments.

We are aiming to make the News Page a regular feature. If you have any items of personal or family interest, please send them to the Honorary Secretary, 76, Pope's Grove, Twickenham, Middlesex.

Notices

Business Manager: John Kunzler
Editors: Paddy O'Hara, William Brittain-Catlin

Due to lack of advertising this year, the Grantite Review has had even less money, despite the help of the Old Grantites. This resulted in a shortage of available space.

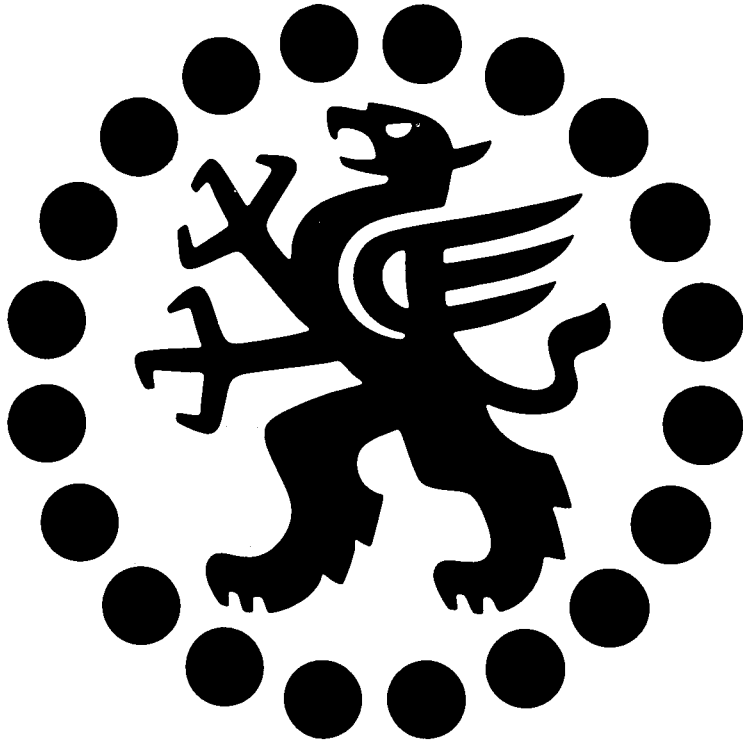
Considering the approach of the Centenary Year, and what will hopefully be a large issue of the Grantite Review, we desperately appeal for some advertisers, and thank all the companies who did advertise.

Old Grantites—please note this date in your diaries:

The 1984 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held
up Grant's by kind permission of the Housemaster
at 6.15p.m. on FRIDAY, JUNE 15th, 1984

It will be followed by
A DINNER TO CELEBRATE THE CENTENARY
OF THE GRANTITE REVIEW

Full details will be sent to you later;
please make a special effort to be with us.



Midland

Come and talk to the listening bank

Midland Bank plc